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FAMILY LIFE

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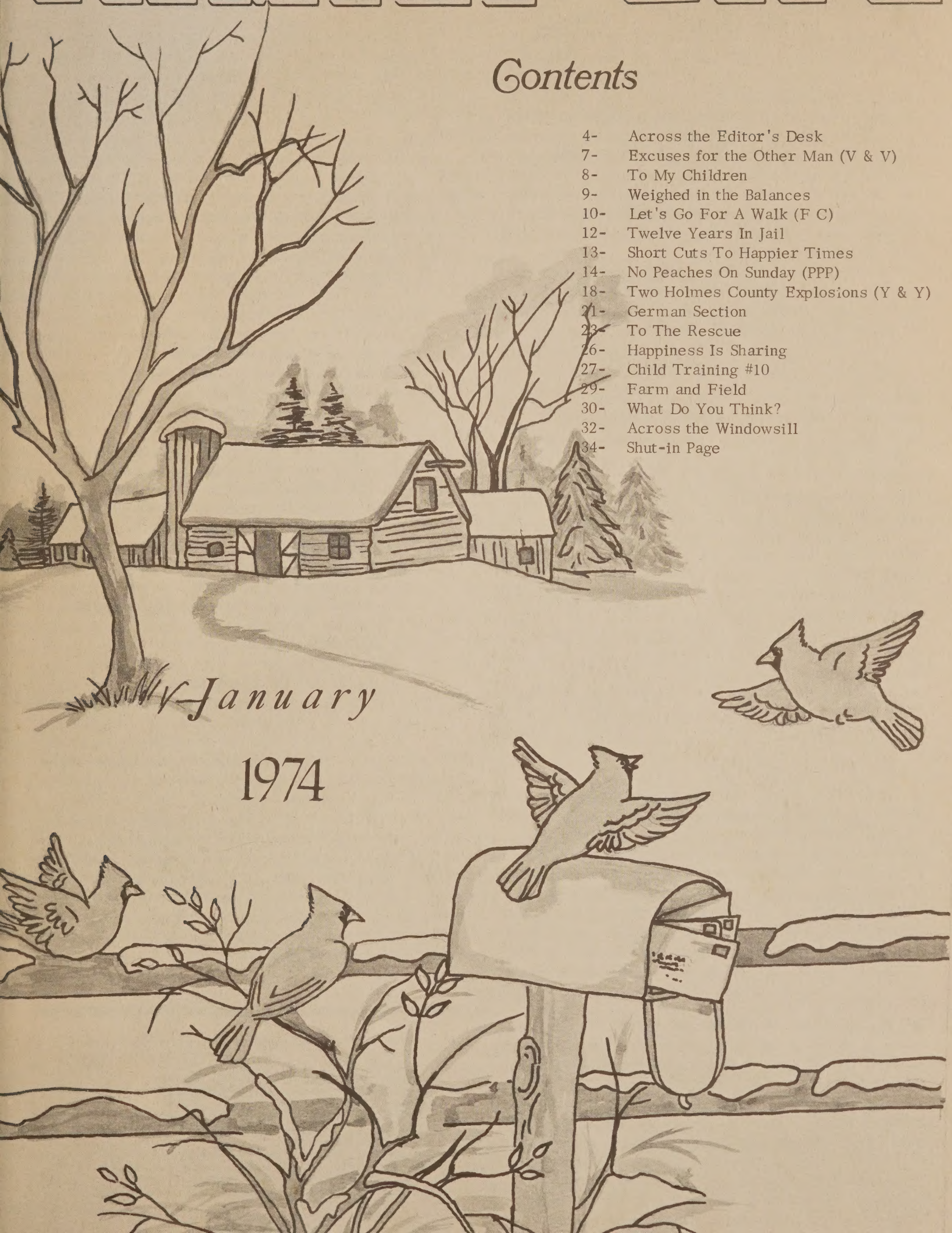

January

1974

Letters TO THE EDITOR

MY BLUNT TONGUE

● When I read "Dick Williams and the Grouch" (November) it reminded me of myself. For I, with my blunt tongue, have hit several of my good friends already. They took it real well, that is all except one of them, who bitterly resented it. I was very sorry afterwards, and nearly bent over backwards trying to make amends. But she would not forgive me. I believe this experience hurt me more than it did her.

There have often been times when I needed correction myself, and my mother has been my truest friend in that respect. I realize now I could have avoided more mistakes if I had wholly followed her advice.

–Pennsylvania

● The "Dick Williams" story took my mind back about 60 years. Although we hauled our milk to a local cheesehouse, our neighbor John Schupbachs (Swiss) took theirs about four miles to the railroad station every morning. The train picked it up and I think took it from Barrs Mill to Canton, Ohio. If they were a little late, Old Dolly had to make up for it down the road.

Yes, things in those days were indeed different. This station had a passenger depot made from an old abandoned box car. There was a department store about 25' x 50' right by the tracks. It sold anything from gum boots to toothpicks, and had a post office, too. The bread for the store came by train from Sugarcreek in a wooden box with a hinged lid. Probably a week's supply at a time. This same building with an addition to it is still there by the tracks. But the tracks and building are moved about 100 feet. An Amish retired farmer is now operating the store. –Mose B., Florida

A NIGHTIE FOR "HOCHA LITE"

● When I read the answers about wearing printed night clothes, I had to think back when I had bought a light printed nightie for our oldest daughter, who was four. I didn't show it to her until one night I got it out for her to wear. She thought it was pretty, but then she said, "Mom, isn't this a nightie for 'hocha lite'?" I was a very ashamed mother, and it made me do some thinking. I believe God was talking to me through our little daughter. –Middlefield, Ohio

● A few words of comment on the question of flowery material for pajamas. How can we feel that using such material for pajamas is wrong while we go to considerable extra work to make fancy patterned quilts, arranging different colors to catch the eye? These quilts we readily and openly display. How about the fancy glassware and wavy patterned dishes which are so prevalent among us? Many of these are on display in glass-door cupboards or at other places. How about the flowery wallpaper that we see in some homes? Or the fancy tablecloths, the embroidered dresser scarves and pillow cases, and fancy towel sets and handkerchiefs? On the day of judgment, how can we answer for these things when in our hearts we know they are just to fulfill the lost of the eye? Satan tried to give Jesus the glory of this world, but Jesus didn't want it. How about us?

–Ohio

WOODBURNING STOVES

● After reading the item about wood burning stoves coming back, (November) I looked through my files and found a newspaper clipping from a number of years ago which might be of interest to your readers:

The winters, years ago, were hard,
  But folks had woodpiles in their yard.
And though it didn't heat much space,
  The wood stove had its saving grace.
It worked in blizzards when it should
  As long as you would feed it wood.
The gas and oil we burn today
  Are so much better, in a way,
But if the power lines go down,
  It well near freezes half the town.
Or if the coal trucks can't get through
  You feel your features turning blue.
The old wood stove would last for years,
  Without the aid of engineers;
But our new furnace stopped today,
  And there was sure a lot to pay.
And engineer (with heat degrees)
  Asked questions till I thought I'd freeze.
Then said, "What's needed, I regret,
  Will take at least three weeks to get."
We closed the house, we'd just as well—
  You'll find us in a warm motel.

–Marvin Rhodes, Pennsylvania

● Sometimes I wonder if the gas shortage might partly have been sent to show us horse-and-buggy people how lucky we are if we'd only realize it. Don't we hire a car too often? Some have a driver to go two or three miles to do their shopping. And what about some of our young boys? Maybe a car won't be such a big thing as they think if they can't get all the gas they want just to hound around. The more I hear about the gas shortages, the more I'm thankful for a reliable horse. Of course, there are times when we need to hire a car, but let's be careful and not overdo it.

–M.H., Indiana

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COON HUNTING

● After reading the response to "Coon Hunter's Wife" I was prompted to write, too. As I am a coon hunter's wife, and oh, how I used to resent it when he came home from work at 5:00 and said, "I want supper ready by 5:30." That meant he was going coon hunting early. Usually we eat at six o'clock. So I would have to hurry and try to get supper with the little ones getting fussy and me nervous. By the time we were halfway through eating, Dad was finished and his "English" neighbor friend was here and off they'd go. My nerves would be in knots the rest of the evening.

Then I decided that he was going to be a coon hunter; I might as well accept him as one and enjoy life with the rest of the family. I sent for some good books and got another Bible story book. Now after supper when Dad is gone, we help each other and straighten up the house and get the dishes done. Then we read a while until bedtime. How rewarding it is to listen to the three, four, and five-year-old tell each other Bible stories as they sit looking at the pictures.

I often have to think that when the children are grown and gone, he'll never know what he missed. The coons will still be here, but the children will be gone, never to be young again. He also gets his vacation each year, a week or more in Canada fishing, and when deer season opens, he's usually with the hunting party.

I just tell myself that even if I don't get a vacation in this life, does it matter that much as long as I get one after this life is over. That's the time to "get away from it all." Then we will leave all our troubles behind, never to return to them. When people return from earthly vacations, they are usually all tired out and it takes a while to get rested up and feel like working again.

Trying to make a hunter give up hunting just to please his wife is like trying to make someone join church just to please his parents. You can't force someone to be a Christian; it has to come from the heart.

-Also a coon hunter's wife

PAGING FROM THE BACK

● I don't know exactly why, but most times when I pick up a magazine, I start paging from the back, and usually all I see is advertisements. But in "Family Life" I'm rewarded with good worthwhile reading.

-Mrs. Wm. Stoll, S. Carolina

THOSE BORING REPRINTS

● Recently you reprinted several articles that appeared in the first years Family Life was printed ("House Without A Hired Girl," and "Two Were Different.") This may be fine for those who haven't received the magazine ever since it was printed, but for us it's simply boring! We are always reading back issues and when the new one arrive, we hurriedly page through looking for new articles. What a disappointment when we find the same story we may have read yesterday.

-Bored, Ontario

TWO WERE DIFFERENT

● I liked the story, "Two Were Different" in November. One thing was that Miriam was contented with the health that she had and with what she could do. I wish that we others would be more often content with what we have and could be happy, even though we can't have all we want.

-Wallenstein, Ontario

MOSES IN KINDERGARTEN?

● Sometimes when I am here at home with my husband at work, my mind travels pretty deep. I remember when none of the Amish sent their children to kindergarten. Now they come and get them and have someone bring them back home. The children are gone a half day every day a week for a year before they start to school. It's not law that they have to go, but sad to say, some of the Amish in this area are sending them. What is, this could lead to more, and they'd start coming after smaller children yet? If we want to be true Christians, why follow the world? I like our children here at home so I know what they do and after they go off to school, they learn others' weaknesses soon enough. Moses could stay with his mother, and not be sent off to be taught by others when he was so young. I'm sure his mother was very busy trying to teach him the way to God.

-Ohio

STILL MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR

● The article "Alone in the House" (October) was a beautiful reminder for busy mothers while the children are small, knowing these are the best years. Too soon they will outgrow those dear, childish ways, and will all have grown and flown.

There is also a lesson for everyone to be thankful for the pleasures of TODAY. Rather than always be hoping for better days in the future, for too often when those days arrive, we will spend them regretting that we didn't enjoy the pleasures of days that are past!

I've noticed that the young girls who were the most discontented to be single, also weren't so happy when they received their wish to be married. Those who looked forward the most to having children, and were complaining that they didn't have any, were the ones who complained the most about the work and trials their children brought. How much happier and more useful we could be if we'd live in the gladness of today, knowing how things are dealt out to us for our good.

Mrs. Alone-in-the-House could still be thankful there are men to cook for, and that she may have the pleasure of seeing them around her table enjoying food she prepared. Just suppose they'd not need her or not care to eat at her table. Worse yet, suppose they did need her, but she wasn't able to do such work. She probably knows of others her age which aren't.

Could not past memories serve to make her happy now, as she is thankful God gave her blessings in those days? Would that not be more pleasing to Him than regretting those blessings are over? Now that she is in her sunset years, surely there'd still be useful things she could do to ease her loneliness. There might be a busy mother in the neighborhood glad to bring buttonholes or mending if she'd know you're willing. Her dropping in would make that many fewer moments. Are there no small children to stay with you while mother goes to town? Is there no busy mother who'd be glad if you'd come to her door with baked things when she's expecting company for threshers? Some older ladies piece quilts for relief, or for other busy mothers, then invite a few ladies in to quilt, thus making one less lonely day.

A dear, widowed grandmother I knew, spent her last years blind. The only pleasure left her was sharing the interests of those working in the neighborhood around her. Yet she seemed thankful for that pleasure and was always contented without complaining, though she spent many a long evening alone. She had learned contentment and thankfulness when young and that virtue remained to grace her older days.

-Needing more gratitude myself

"ACTIVE ANDY" TAUGHT PATIENCE

● I feel the "Active Andy" letters (November) hit home, as I could very well have been Sarah. Our overactive Andy goes to school now, but we still have problems. He is the accident prone type in the family. I have to wonder what he will come up with next. I think we could write a book on him. All we can say is to give plenty of love and the right way of discipline. Without God's help we'd be complete failures, as he tries us to our very last sometimes. He is a Daddy's boy, though, and needs to be around him a lot.

In school he creates problems with the teacher. He is quick to notice if he can aggravate a person, yet in turn he resents it if the person doesn't show him love. I enjoyed reading the letters from the other mothers and any other parents like us. We feel that God sent us this son for a real purpose. I never learned to have patience before we had him. God probably knew what I needed and that was patience, and now I need more than ever! But prayer changes things and I have faith that it will, too.

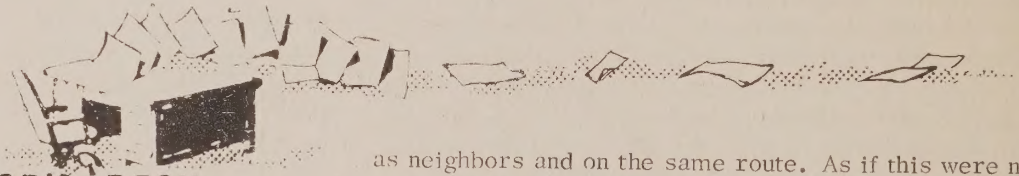
-Hopeful, Michigan

LEAD A CHILD TO BED

● Since we have an "Almost Active Andy" (he's not as bad as Andy in the problem) we read with extreme interest the accounts of what different parents suggest as solutions. Many of them we feel we can probably use in solving our problems. But one suggestion has us stumped. Several letters mention that it is important for these "Active Andy's" to get their sleep and rest, for a tired child is hard to live with. That reminds me of the mice who got their heads together and decided to solve their problem with the cat who kept sneaking up on them. They would put a bell on a cord and tie it around the cat's neck. Then they could hear the cat coming in time to escape. But the catch was, how would they ever get the cord around the cat's neck?

And my question is, HOW do you get an overly-active child to take his nap before he's completely exhausted, and has exhausted you? For example, I'm writing this at 3:30 in the afternoon. Our 2 1/2 year-old son has been awake since 7 this morning, and didn't go to sleep until ten last night. We know he's tired, but he has been in his crib obediently for an hour and a half already, and is still wide awake. If he doesn't sleep soon, we already know that when he finally does, it will spoil his sleep tonight, and we'll all be up late waiting for him to settle down. He fights sleep with his last ounce of waking strength. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. You can put an active child to bed, and you can make him stay there, but you can't make him sleep. At least we can't.

-S., Ontario



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

The historical section of the December issue of Family Life contained the story of an Amish church in Europe two hundred years ago where many of the given names were alike. In fact, according to the records, two of the most commonly used names accounted for half of the boys which were born. Therefore it's not surprising that we find a lot of the same names among the plain people today. We've learned to expect it and to solve the problem by using the middle initial.

But what if the middle initials are alike, also? Recently the girls who take care of the subscriptions noticed that there were two addressing cards for Titus H. Nolt, Route 1, East Earl, PA. They removed the one card but soon received a complaint. Someone was not getting the magazines. Then they made the discovery that there are really two subscribers by that name on the same route. One of them is identified with a box number so this matter has been cleared up.

Sometime ago the same thing happened with a Jonas J. Miller from Fredericksburg, Ohio. His box number was first listed as 231 and then as 232. Surely there wouldn't be two people living side by side with the same name. When inquiry was made, it was learned that indeed there are to Jonas J. Millers living as neighbors and on the same route. As if this were not enough, it also turned out that the wife of both of them is named Katie. Is there any wonder that Martha sometimes makes mistakes?

With postage rates going up, it might be in order to make a few suggestions on how to get the most for your money. When writing to two different persons here at Pathway, or to two different magazines, you do not need to use two envelopes. For example recently we received two letters on the same day from the same person. One of them was addressed to Family Life and the other to Young Companion. We are all in the same building and can easily hand a letter back and forth.

However, it would be very much appreciated if you would use two separate sheets of paper. This makes it much more convenient for us. Also if you are writing to two different departments of the same magazine, then use two sheets of paper. For example if you are writing a comment for "Letters to the Editor" and also sending an answer to "What Do You Think?" then use a separate sheet for each.

It will also be greatly appreciated if you will put your full name and address after each one. If you do not wish to have your name used, then please put this on the paper, too.

From time to time we get letters from people who say they like the true stories in Family Life better than the "made-up" ones, and also hint that perhaps it is even dishonest to print "made-up" stories. We are entirely agreed that the nearer a story can be told as it actually happened, the better it is, and we welcome such stories and use them whenever we can. But it is not always possible, or advisable to use a true story.

Several years ago we received an article about a farmer who did certain things which perhaps he had better not done. From these incidents a lesson was brought out and a warning so that others might not make the same mistakes. What we didn't realize at the time was that the man's farm was described so accurately that everyone who was familiar with the neighborhood recognized it at once. Do you think this worked for peace in the neighborhood? Hardly. We soon received numerous protests from people who wanted to know who the author of the article was. These people thought that the article should never have been published. In the end there were a lot of embarrassed people, including the author.

We believe that many people have the wrong idea of what a "true" story is. We do not think of any of the stories we print as fiction. To us fiction is the kind of made-up story, unrealistic, wild imaginations about characters who live in a make-believe world. This is the kind of story where the good people are always good, the bad people always bad, all problems can be solved by simple magic such as wishing or praying them away. Fiction stories such as this always end up just as the reader would want them to--the bad people are punished and the good people live happily ever after.

Many stories that we print are not "true" stories in the sense that they are actual happenings where every detail actually happened to every character. Instead, they are true-to-life stories. In this type of story the author takes real life characters and puts them together in a story. Many of the events have happened, but not necessarily to the same person. These stories are not wild imaginations, but are true-to-life accounts, many of them having been learned the hard way, either by the author himself, or other persons whom he has known or heard about. Indeed truth is stranger than fiction, and any story of value, whether strictly true, or merely true-to-life, must be based on facts which really happened to someone in real life. The author must be acquainted with the trials and struggles of real life characters. These are really not hard to find for they are all around us. All we need to do is open our eyes and notice what is going on about us. In real life the problems are not solved by wishful thinking, or by only praying. It also takes a lot of work, patience, and perseverance. In real life, the "good" characters don't always do as they should, nor do they have ready-made answers for all the problems they meet. If a story ends good, it is usually because the characters were willing to learn and to sacrifice in order to reach their goal.

It's not as simple as most people think to answer the question, "Is the story true?" No doubt many parts of it are true—similar happenings have happened and are happening every day. Perhaps they didn't all happen to the same person, and nearly always some details need to be added in order to tie the incidents together. Take for example the story in this issue, entitled, "Short Cuts to More Happiness." Is this story true? It is hard to imagine that the author could have written a story like this by just drawing from his imagination-- such incidents and illustrations almost always are taken from things a person has seen and heard somewhere at some time. Some of the very expressions were probably made word for word as they appear in the story. In other words, the story is true-to-life, but it is not what most people would call a true story, in the sense that it is an actual happening. But the problems, the attitudes, and even perhaps many of the incidents are true.

When we stop to think, do we really want true stories, in the strictest meaning of the word? Suppose the author of the story referred to had used the actual names, and the things that actually did happen. Is there any benefit in embarrassing people? The purpose of printing stories is so that we can learn, either from other people's achievements, or from their mistakes (usually from the mistakes). How can a true story be told with all the actual happenings without embarrassing the ones involved? And our goals are not to embarrass people. We do not want to point our finger at certain people for making certain mistakes. All we want to do is profit from their mistakes.

True stories that happened a hundred years ago are much safer to print than the ones which are happening today. But the problem here is that most of the good stories from the past were never recorded, and have long been forgotten. The only way we can use the stories which are happening today is to change the names and incidents, but try to keep the attitudes and the character traits unchanged. In this way we hope we can profit from their mistakes without drawing attention to the people involved.

This will explain why it is not always easy to answer the question, "Is it true?" For how much dare a story be disguised until the person would no longer consider it "true"? What if we change everybody's name, but the story is still of such a nature that those in the neighborhood where it happened will recognize it? So we change a few details. Instead of having the scene take place after church, we have the conversation happen at a quilting. If the woman has three children, we make it five perhaps. And we may change a few other things like that. Is it still true? What if the story is disguised still further? What if two happenings that occurred three years apart are made to take place within two weeks? Is that a true story?

We once received a story from a man. It sounded so true-to-life that we thought it probably was a true happening. How surprised we were when the man added at the end of the story, "As far as I know, none of this story is true." We wondered for a moment how he could have written a story that was so real, and so true-to-life if he got it all from his imagination. But then we saw that he had added, "Please do not sign my name, or my relatives will think I wrote this story about them." Then we understood it better. The story may not have been true in details, but in the ways that really mattered, in attitudes and problems and failures and habits portrayed it was true, too true.

Recently we received a letter from one of our writers who frequently writes true-to-life stories which are not actual happenings in detail. This writer has been criticized by his friends and relatives frequently for writing "made-up" stories. "We have been thinking about the matter for sometime and have come to the conclusion that the next time they say anything about it, I will ask them for permission to write two stories which are true. Both of these stories would involve these very persons who have criticized me in the past. Both of these stories would be amusing and interesting, but I'm afraid they'd also be quite embarrassing." ■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

In 1788 a man named Edward Gibbon wrote a book entitled "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." In the book he sets forth the five main reasons why that great civilization withered and died.

1. The undermining of the sanctity of the home, which is the basis for human society.
2. Higher and higher taxes, the spending of public money for free bread and circuses for the people.
3. The mad craze for pleasure; sports becoming more exciting every year, more brutal and more immoral.
4. The building up of great armies and armaments when the real enemy was within— the decay of individual responsibility.
5. The decay of religion, faith fading into mere form, losing touch with life, losing power to guide the people.

When we remember the old saying that "History repeats itself", it makes one wonder, what yet may be the outcome of present day civilizations.

UFO OVER OHIO

A newspaper report says that a U.S. Army helicopter was overtaken by an Unidentified Flying Object on October 19th. The strange craft was reported to be travelling at about 600 miles an hour but slowed down instantaneously to 100 miles an hour and followed the helicopter for a few minutes. The 4-man crew of the helicopter was frightened and shaken and lost all radio contact during the encounter. They reported the strange craft turned north and after a few moments was out of sight over Lake Erie.

A college in England is at present giving a course in Ufology which consists of a study of the Unidentified Flying Objects. Several years ago the U.S. Army made a long and thorough study of the subject and came out with the conclusion that there is absolutely no evidence to support the sightings of UFO. However, reports continue to persist and many people are convinced there is something to it.

DENIM HARD-TO-GET

For years the Amish have relied heavily on denim goods for their clothing needs. For that reason they will be especially affected by the national shortage of cotton this year. It isn't so much that cotton was a short crop; the shortage is mainly due to exports— nearly half of the U.S.'s cotton crop has been sold to buyers from other countries. The price of raw cotton has zoomed up from 25¢ a pound last year to a present 65¢.

Not only are cotton materials such as denim expensive, but they are in such short supply that they are becoming hard to get at any price. Wholesalers have begun rationing denim goods to clothing stores.

DIZZY ON ALCOHOL

There are very few alcoholics among the Japanese and Chinese people. Why this should be so has long been a puzzle. One explanation for it may be the great shame and social disgrace that Easterners place on drunkenness. Now some authorities feel there may be another explanation. A research team doing work in North Carolina has discovered that there is a physical difference in the way Chinese and American people react to alcohol. Most Americans relax under the influence, get happy-go-lucky, and really feel good. But the average Chinese or Japanese finds that his body rebels against alcohol-- after a few drinks his head pounds, his face flushes, he feels dizzy, and weak, and nervous. The research team believes this unpleasant physical reaction tends to discourage habits of heavy drinking.

Although there hasn't been time to research it yet, it is now being guessed that this same genetic difference may explain why some groups drink so readily (such as American Indians) while others have a less severe problem with alcoholics (such as American Negroes).

CHOKING ON FOOD

The National Safety Council reports that in the U.S. 2,500 people die each year by choking on food. What happens is that the person tries to swallow too large a mouthful and gets it lodged in his windpipe. The most frequent victims are older people who may have poor teeth, and are thus tempted to swallow without chewing sufficiently. If a person has been drinking, this also adds to the risk of choking, since alcohol slows the normal gagging reaction.

Steak is the most frequent food on which people choke. In fact, one study in New York showed that 90% of those who choked to death did so on steak.

If you are present at the table and someone suddenly becomes speechless, is unable to breathe or cough and turns blue in the face, chances are that he is choking. The best thing to do is lean the victim over a chair so his head hangs downward, pound on his back and reach down his throat to remove the lodged food. Otherwise death usually results in from four to five minutes. More people die in the U.S. each year from choking, than in airplane accidents, from gunshot wounds, lightning, or from poisonous snakes.

A TRAIN REVIVAL

With the gas shortage, more and more people are deciding they should find other ways to travel than by private automobile. One way is by train. Trains can move large numbers of people with less fuel than any other means of land transportation now available.

The fuel shortage may well be the best thing that has ever happened, as far as the Amish are concerned. If it continues, public means of transportation, such as bus and train service will likely improve. In fact, Amtrak, the national passenger rail service, has already had to press every available coach into service to meet the upswing in people buying tickets. An Amish couple who recently traveled from Indiana to Pennsylvania by train, report that the service was good, and the coaches were filled-- certainly a dramatic reversal from the trend in the past 20 years. Let's hope it continues.

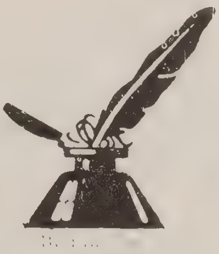
GO EASY ON EGGS

Do you like to have two or three eggs for breakfast? If so, you may be inviting trouble. Eggs are one of the highest known foods in cholesterol, the fatty substance that gets into your blood and can clog up the arteries.

Health authorities say that the maximum intake of cholesterol for the average person should not be over 300 milligrams per day. One large egg contains 250 milligrams, therefore two eggs would be considerably over the recommended amount, to say nothing of other fatty foods which may be consumed during the day. It's only the yolk of the egg which contains the cholesterol, the white part contains hardly any.

Other foods which are high in cholesterol are all kinds of meat, especially fatty meats, whole milk and cream. It is true that some people can consume many times the recommended daily amount of cholesterol without any apparent damage, however for health's sake, it would seem wise to go easy on the richer foods.

Views and Values



Excuses For The Other Man

James Martin sat erect on the buggy, his broad shoulders squared. It was a beautiful spring day and he was hurrying his horse toward home on the gravel road that stretched out ahead of him. His eyes were bright, almost stern, deeply set beneath his overhanging, brushy eyebrows.

Tall maple trees lined the road on each side, creating a beatiful picture. Then there was a break in the trees on the left and James caught a glimpse of a farm with a well-kept set of white buildings just ahead. "Adam's probably out plowing," James thought to himself, as he leaned back into his seat. The farm with the white buildings up ahead held a special interest for James Martin. That was where a young married couple lived, Adam Freys. The reason James took such an interest in the farm was because he had a good deal of money in it, and James took a keen interest in anything where he had money involved.

Suddenly James leaned forward and stared. He was nearing the farm now and could see a woman out in the garden doing something. But it wasn't the woman that made him stare— it was the figure of a second person, working beside her. "Surely that's not Adam monkeying around in the garden on a day like this when he should be in the field with his team," James thought to himself. But as he drove closer, there could no longer be any doubt. It was indeed Adam.

James felt his neck grow warm beneath his shirt collar. "Could have known it," James sputtered. "He's just like all the other fellows his age— doesn't know how to really dig in and get the work done. And then they come to me and want me to loan them money so they can buy a farm. Humppph. Well, he'll never meet his interest by fiddling around in the garden when he should be out plowing."

James hadn't intended to stop at Adam's, but now..., well, with Adam not more concerned about getting his field work done, it was time somebody had a good frank talk with him. James pulled his left line, and guided the horse into the lane. James was a man who worked hard himself, worked from early dawn until late at night, worked, worked, and worked some more. And since he worked hard himself, he had very little patience with anyone who didn't.

Adam and his wife glanced up at the figure so rapidly approaching them. Adam caught his breath. "Oh, oh," he said in a low voice. "Look who's coming." There wasn't time to say more. Both of them could tell by the look on James' face that something had upset him greatly.

James wasn't a man to waste words at any time; much less when he was angry. "Young fellow," he said bluntly. "Just what's going on? You're already going to be late with the spring seeding. If you know what's to your own good, you'll forget about the garden and get yourself out in the field as fast as you can. If I had known this was the way you work, I'd never have let you have that loan."

Then James turned around and walked away, with the long forceful strides of a man who was sure he knew what he was doing. He got on his buggy and drove out the lane, still seething at the thought of young people who were afraid to buckle down and work hard like he had been brought up to do.

Adam looked at his wife, and his wife looked at him.

"You...you should— should have told him why— why you were helping me," his wife faltered at last.

"He didn't give me a chance," Adam said. "He just took for granted that he knew all about it."

James Martin saw Adam in the garden, and from that evidence, he concluded that Adam was rather shiftless, or at the least, wasn't as concerned about his farm work as he should be. But had he stopped to ask Adam for an explanation, he might have understood the situation a good deal better. Here's what had taken place.

Adam had been working hard for the last three days, plowing up the soil. He got up early and made sure he was out in the field before it was too late. And that morning when James had found him in the garden, he had risen at the stroke of five as usual, and hurried with the chores, then harnessed the horses and gone to plow. He worked hard, and his horses worked hard. Then at eleven o'clock he suddenly struck a rock, and broke the point of his plow. It was the last good point he had. There was nothing to do but unhitch and go home. He had to go to town after a new point. On the way home he happened to think that his neighbor, Dick Burns, worked in town at the shop which sold the plow points. Dick always came home for dinner and he would be only too glad to bring along a plow point for him if he knew it. There was a pay phone at the filling station on the highway only a half mile south of them. Instead of driving the eight miles to town after the point, Adam phoned in and asked Dick Burns to bring the plow point. Dick said it wouldn't be any bother at all; he would drop off the point at the end of Adam's lane at noon.

It still wasn't quite dinner time when Adam came back from phoning, so he offered to help his wife in the garden a few minutes. He was barely in the garden until James appeared and gave him his scolding.

"Oh, well," said Adam, after James had left and he thought it over a bit. "We shouldn't take it too seriously.

You know how James is— nobody can get along with him. Besides, if things really would have been the way he thought they were, I guess I would have deserved a scolding."

"But it seems to me he might have done as much as ask for an explanation."

Adam and his wife had a reason to feel they weren't used quite right. James Martin was in the wrong. He blamed young Adam Frey unfairly, and gave him a scolding he didn't deserve.

Few of us would be apt to be as rude and outspoken as James Martin was, even if we felt someone else was in the wrong. And yet in our own way we may make the same mistake that James made, the mistake of judging another unfairly. None of us likes to be judged unfairly by others, and we should do our utmost to avoid judging others that way. Here are a few rules that should help us when we form our opinion of other people's actions.

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCE. James Martin felt sure that he had plenty of evidence to scold Adam for not working harder— he saw him in the garden with his own eyes. But what James forgot is that things are not always as they appear to be. Many times, we, too, may be sure of something— may even have seen it ourselves — and yet we can still be mistaken. We do well to learn that appearances are sometimes deceiving.

GIVE THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT. It's funny how we all make excuses for ourselves, but seldom do for other people. When our baby is cranky, we know that it's because he's teething, or he's due for his nap and is so-o tired, or he has a cold and isn't feeling well. But when it's the neighbor's child that is unmanageable, we don't make excuses. "He always was a bit spoiled and pampered anyhow," we say knowingly to each other. In the same way, if we are curt or rude or angry, we can always think of some excuse to make us feel better— we tell ourselves that the other person provoked us until it was a wonder we didn't say more than we did. But if someone else flies off the handle it's a different story. "My, he's quick-tempered," we say. "Imagine talking like that, and not being ashamed of it."

DON'T BASE YOUR OPINION ON ONE INCIDENT. It's frightening the way we sometimes reject a person we barely know on the basis of one single mistake. We forget that the wrong action might have been the exception rather than the rule. The best housekeeper sometimes has her floors dirty and the kitchen in a mess. A stranger stepping in at that moment will see only the untidiness of the moment— he will not know that usually the house is neat and clean. Is it fair that he should go home and tell his wife that Mrs. So and So is a poor housekeeper? Our lives are made up of many days and deeds, and the best of us have our weak moments. The happiest person is sometimes gloomy. The most generous person is sometimes miserly and tight. The hardest worker sometimes feels like relaxing in the rocking chair when he really should be working. Is it fair that a person is judged upon the basis of one impression by the stranger who is not familiar with the whole of his life? We don't want others to judge us by our bad days; let's remember that others have them, too.

THINK OF WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW. Perhaps one reason why we don't excuse other people as readily as we do ourselves is because we honestly don't know the reasons for his failings. How are we to know that our neighbor has a throbbing headache, he just had a quarrel with his wife, his best cow is sick, and he can't meet the payments on his farm? This was partly what was wrong that James Martin blamed Adam so hard— he honestly didn't know that Adam had been doing his best to get the plowing done. What's the solution? Should we all start minding other people's business so we'll know what's bothering them when they are out-of-sorts? Hardly. Actually, we don't need to know all these things. It doesn't matter that we don't know, as long as we know we don't know. Then, many times instead of being so quick to condemn another, we will say instead, "I can't understand why he did that, but maybe if we knew everything about it, we would feel differently." Let's remember how many things we don't know— we don't know the chain of circumstances behind the action, we don't know how he meant what he said, and most important of all, we don't know how sorry he was afterward for what he did. For all we know he cried himself to sleep, praying to God to forgive him and help him do better in the future.

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TO MY CHILDREN-

I want to tell you about a dream,- it was the most beautiful dream I ever had. It was almost plain enough to be a vision. I know how hard Satan is working on you and what a struggle you have to do God's will and maybe this will help you. I have often prayed that the Lord would send something that would be a help to all of us, and make it easier to do His will. I get so tired of this life and look forward to a heavenly home someday.

In my dream, the Lord gave me a glimpse of what I took to be Heaven. It was a new city, I believe it was the New Jerusalem. There was a King and he was dressed in pure gold and all His servants were dressed in white. The streets were of gold and there were great white pillars of pure white marble.

Do you remember the little brother of yours that died many years ago? In my dream, I held him in my lap! I sat in a chair of white and held him like when he was a little child in our home here on earth. He wanted to show me around and then let me go and get the rest of you. The King wanted me to bring all the family and come. I think you know about how I felt when I woke up.

I get so lonesome for that beautiful home and your little brother. I can still see it just as plain as the morning when I had the dream. I can just see his little face which I haven't seen for years, begging me to bring you all home. Have you ever tried to picture anything more beautiful than Heaven and the face of an angel begging Daddy to bring Mama and the children and come home? I can still see it every day. It was the most beautiful dream I ever had.

It hurts me so much when you are disobedient. I hope I don't ever have to see as much of Hell and the anguished soul of one of my children and have it before my eyes day after day. I don't see how I could stand it.

I am so glad that in my dream I could see Heaven and the radiant gleaming face of our little angel. I have to feel that the King, dressed in gold, wants to show me He is answering our prayers.

Lovingly, Your Dad

Take It All To Jesus

Just take it all to Jesus
And leave your burden there
He will tenderly support you
If you roll on Him your care.
There is sweet unfailing refuge
In His everlasting arms;
In their loving clasp enfolded
Nothing worries or alarms.

Just take it all to Jesus—
The thing that presses now
And trust in Him completely
The when, the where, and how.

May you all to Him surrender—
Your life, your plans, your all—
And prove far above your asking
That He answers when you call.

Just take it all to Jesus,
It's the only place to go
To have your burden lifted
And find solace for your woe.
'Tis a blessedness to nestle
Like a child upon His breast,
Finding there, as He has promised,
Perfect comfort, peace and rest.

-Mrs. Clarence Halteman

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Weighed in the Balances

-Jerrold J. Eigsti

In the fifth chapter of Daniel we read of a king who was weighed and found wanting. He had made a great feast, the king and his servants drank wine out of golden and silver vessels which his father had taken out of the temple of Jerusalem. Suddenly there was handwriting on the wall and when the king saw it, he was sore afraid. He called in men he thought could tell him what it meant, but they were unable to do this. Finally Daniel was called in and the king asked him to interpret the handwriting.

God gave Daniel understanding making it possible for him to tell the king what the words meant. And this is the writing which was written: "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN."

Daniel told the King that this was the meaning of the words: MENE, God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. TEKEL, Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. UPHARSIN, Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians. In that night Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans was slain and the words which Daniel had told him became true.

Let each one of us stop and consider, what would the outcome be if we were weighed in the balances and found wanting? We read of a great Judgement Day in which all the world shall be judged. It is likened unto a man separating the sheep from the goats. Jesus said the sheep will be placed on the right hand and the goats on the left. I believe this should be understood as heaven and hell. Could not this be compared to the weighing in the balances of the aforementioned king?

How can we obtain weight which will count before the Lord? Jesus had the testimony that he pleased the father when there was a voice saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Here seems to be the answer to putting on weight spiritually. Only when Jesus is in our hearts can we expect to have enough weight to come out all right in the balances of the Lord!

There are people who have not accepted Christ, but who feel they live a clean life, are honest, friendly and sober and believe they are just as good as those who are actually Christians. In other words, they live good moral lives, and feel that because of this, God will reward them. These people are apparently unaware of the verse that says we should not be as those who compare themselves among themselves and are not wise. When weighed in the balances of the Lord, these people will surely be found wanting.

Recently a man asked me what church I belonged to and when I told him, he said that although he considers Jesus similar to Santa Claus or of like value, he thinks Christianity is a good thing in the world because it makes the world a better place to live in. I asked him if I had heard right, that he does not believe in Jesus, but he said he does not want to talk about that now. I thought to myself, "How terrible that must be."

On the other hand, just belonging to a church is not enough. No doubt there are many, many people who say to themselves, "I am a member of so and so a plain church. I have nothing to worry about." I am afraid there are many members in our churches today who do only what they have to do, because the church requires it and do not really have Jesus in their hearts. We think of the ten virgins, five were wise and five were foolish. We were always taught to have oil in our vessels, we must obey willingly. God wants volunteers to serve Him. Not only should we be plain people but we should be willing to be plain.

The wicked king was worshipping idols with vessels that belonged to God. Many people think they would never even consider doing such a thing. But we can make an idol out of our own will. Love of money, pride, and the things of this world can become idols to us. If anything like this comes between us and God, then it is serious. If Jesus gets crowded out of our lives, then we will be found too light.

I believe Belshazzar received the sentence he did because he knew what his father done, and still, he was living very wickedly, possibly even more sinful than his father.

Today, we of the plain churches have the teachings of the Old and New Testament, plus the admonitions of our forefathers. This puts on us a big responsibility to live a humble life, and be filled with the Spirit as the only hope of escaping the same condemnation which this wicked king received. If Jesus is in our hearts, then our bodies are holy vessels to the Lord. We should not use these vessels for idol worship.

The Psalmist in Psalm 62:9 says, "Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie; to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity."

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FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

Let's Go For A Walk

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WALKING as a means of getting from one place to another? It seems ours is a generation on wheels. Walking has become too slow, too tiring, too humble a way of transportation. We have become too lazy and too impatient, many of us, to walk even short distances.

I for one think it is too bad we don't walk more. It's one of the most healthful, relaxing, and invigorating exercises. And it has the added advantage of getting you from one place to another, in case you want to be somewhere else than where you're at. Yes, walking can be very practical.

Why then has walking become nearly a thing of the past? Why have our leg muscles grown flabby and our bottoms broader as we ride the miles on cushioned seats?

A hundred years ago people walked a lot more than they do today. Most of us know this without being told, and yet I wonder if we really realize how much our forefathers walked. I wonder, too, if the bonuses they got from walking those many hours weren't greater than the bonuses we get from our fast rides.

Say, why don't we go for a walk right now— an imaginary walk to the long-ago and the faraway. I'm willing if you are. We can maybe see just how dependent our grandparents and great-grandparents were on walking, when they wanted to go some place. Perhaps we better change to clean clothes first, in case we meet some people. Then we'll be ready to start.

WE FIND OURSELVES first of all in a pioneer village in Missouri. The Civil War has just ended. We walk on our toes through the mud in the ungraded street and arrive at the newly-built train station. A crowd of people is gathered there, awaiting the morning train. We pause for a moment to clean our shoes, and then hear the throaty whistle of the steam locomotive in the distance. In a few minutes the train screeches to a halt and passengers get down from the coaches.

Our attention is drawn to one of the passengers. He is a middle-aged Amishman with a long beard. He sees us, too, and comes over to talk to us.

He tells us his name is Jackson Knepp, and that he is returning from a land investigation trip to Daviess County, Indiana. "There is a new Amish settlement starting there," he says.

"Where do you live now?" we ask.

"Here in Missouri," he replies. "In Hickory, County, near Wheatland." He motions with his hand in the direction of his home.

"How far is it?"

"About sixty miles."

"How do you plan to get there?"

"Walk, of course." Jackson Knepp smiles.

"How long will that take you? Three days?"

The smile on our new friend's face widens, and he glances at the sun just peeping over the horizon. "There is a good trail through the forest," he explains. "If I get started right away, I hope to sleep in my own bed tonight. Why? Did you want to go with me?"

"No, no. We're out for a walk, but I don't think we can walk sixty miles in a day."

Jackson Knepp takes leave of us. He is obviously in a hurry to start homeward.

It would have been nice to go to Hickory County to visit the small Amish settlement there, but we have an appointment in Pennsylvania.

SOMEONE TELLS US WE'RE in Lancaster County, but we sure didn't recognize it. We fall into step with a half-dozen Amish youth in their teens and walk with them along the shady forest trail. Wagon wheels have cut twin ruts into the soft soil. Giant trees on both sides of us hang their branches over our heads. The year is 1803.

"Where are you lads going this morning?" we inquire.

"To church."

"Is it far?"

"No, not today. Only about five miles," replies one of the boys, a bright-eyed fellow of about seventeen who seems to be the spokesman. He is barefoot, as are the others, except one lad who is wearing wooden shoes.

"Are your parents coming with the buggy?"

The boys all stop in their tracks and look puzzled. "With the what?" they ask.

"The buggy. You know, the rig."

"I..I don't know what you mean by a bug..a buggy."

"Well, how are your folks coming to church? Did they hitch to the surrey, or what?"

"Oh, now I understand." The bright-eyed boy laughs. "No, they're not coming by wagon. Uncle Jonas is riding a horse, for he has a lame leg, you know. But the rest are walking."

"I see."

"We always walk. How else could we go to church?"

"Uh, huh." We decide to change the subject. "What is your name?" we ask of the lad who has been doing the talking.

"David Beiler. I'm Christ Beiler's boy."

The name rings a bell, and we glance at each other knowingly. This is the David Beiler who later became a well-known bishop in Lancaster County, and who, when he was 75 years old, wrote down what life was like in his youth.

We walk on for a mile or two, past stumpy fields freshly cleared, and past a few prosperous-looking farmsteads. It looks like the Amish settlers picked a good spot of earth when they chose Lancaster County. We excuse ourselves, and sit down on a stump to rest. The boys pass on down the trail, out of sight.

AGAIN WE ARE IN A STRANGE PLACE. We haven't come far in time, but a long way in distance. Somehow we sense that we are in Europe. These steep hills on all sides of us, can they be the Jura Mountains? If so, we must be in Switzerland, or near it. Why don't we walk around a little and maybe we'll meet someone we can ask.

Yes, ahead of us is a small dwelling clinging to the hillside. We missed seeing it at first. There are sheep and a cow beside the barn, so it must be the home of a farmer. The house has a thatched roof.

A man comes down the hill to meet us, and we see that he too is Amish.

"My name is Johannes Schwartz," he tells us in the Swiss dialect.

"Schwartz? That's a familiar name," we remark.

He gives us a welcoming smile. "This is our home," he says, his eyes sweeping the hillside. "It has cost us much sweat and many tears, but for the moment we are free to live our religion, thank God. It has not always been so."

"Are there many of the brethren hereabouts?" we ask.

"Quite a few, but they are scattered. Our nearest neighbors are a half hour away, over in that direction." He points with his finger.

"Where do you go to church?"

"Just now we go up to the Montbeliard area, where there are more of our people. But we are hoping soon to have enough families to have preaching services down here in the mountains."

"Montbeliard? Is that far?"

"About six hours."

"Six hours?" We are puzzled, for we are not used to measuring distance in hours.

"It takes us six hours to walk it. There's a good bit of uphill and downhill trail," Johannes Schwartz explained.

"Have you ever heard of America?" we ask.

A faraway look comes into the man's eyes. "Yes," he says, dreamily. "Maybe some day...if things do not go well here,...we can start a new life in America. If God wills it so..."

SUDDENLY WE ARE WALKING alongside a blacktop road, and everything looks familiar again. From here, using Johannes Schwartz's method of figuring, we can't be more than three-quarters of an hour from home. A car whizzes by, followed by a rumbling semi that blows off our hats in passing. Then there is the snarl of a Honda, approaching from the front and zipping past.

"Clippity-cloppity, clip-clop," comes the sound of a horse approaching. We hear the rattle of steel tires on the blacktop. The young man in the buggy is dressed in his Sunday best, and he would like to give us a ride.

"Oh, we can walk, it's not far," we object.

"But I have room. You might as well ride."

"No, today we want to walk."

The young man looks at us more closely, probably wondering what strange notions have lodged in our brains. He clucks to his horse, and the buggy rapidly disappears down the highway.

We walk on, admiring the flowers in the grass alongside the road, and taking deep breaths of the warm spring air. We think of Jackson Knepp hurrying through the Missouri woods toward his home, of David Beiler walking barefoot to church with the other young men, of Johannes Schwartz and his mountain home, six hours from Montbeliard.

In those days walking was a part of life, and our forefathers thought nothing of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years, walking was the commonest means of getting from place to place. Even Jesus when he was here on earth walked from one place to another, across the width and breadth of Judea and Samaria and Galilee.

All through history, up until recent times, people walked much. Often there was no faster way, no better way, no cheaper way. They walked because there was no choice. They had to get out on their two feet and go.

Everything has changed in our century. We are the odd ones, the queer ones, the ones that are different. We no longer walk.

If Jackson Knepp had lived a hundred years later, he could have phoned ahead and had a neighbor waiting at the train station to meet him, and whisk him home in about an hour. He would have been spared a long and grueling day of walking.

Likewise, if David Beiler had been born in the twentieth century, he would not have had to walk to church services, but like any good Amishman, could have ridden there in ease, seated on a comfortable buggy pulled by a spanking horse.

And the same would have been true of Johannes Schwartz. His descendants that live today in Adams and Allen Counties, Indiana know nothing of six-hour walks. If they need to go such a distance, they can catch a bus and be there in a short time.

They had it kind of hard in the old days. Yet I like to think that some of them, at least, enjoyed those hours of walking. Surely some of them looked forward to those long walks.

For walking can be a relaxing and refreshing experience. A stroll along a quiet woodland path can clear the cobwebs from the brain— and worries and cares of everyday life-- and set the world right side up again. There is something about walking that releases tension and rests the mind. A good brisk walk is not only good for the body and the spirit, it is good for the soul. A walk can draw us nearer to God.

A walk alone can be a time of meditation and prayer. A walk with a friend can be a time of fellowship and sharing.

BUT WE HAVEN'T FINISHED our walk, have we? We are nearly home now, and feeling a little bit tired. The traffic keeps rushing past on the highway, so we keep well over on the shoulder. The warm sunshine bathes our backs, and we stop to listen to a red-winged blackbird's warble. Our walk has been enjoyable and invigorating.

A car slides up to us, and the woman driver sings out "Wanna ride?"

"No, thanks."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, quite sure, but thanks anyway."

The car starts off, throwing exhaust fumes into our faces. But the breezes soon blow the foul air out across the field, and again we can take long exhilarating steps and deep, deep breaths.

Feel sorry for our forefathers who had to walk so much? Not us. We're going to do more walking ourselves.

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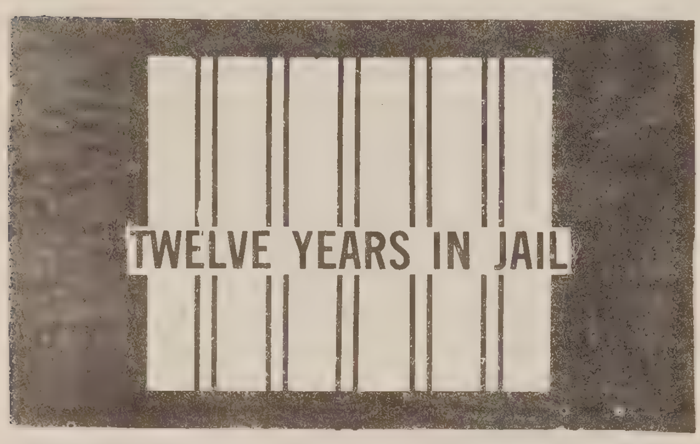
(Editor's Note: In case you're wondering, Jackson Knepp did make it to his home in Hickory County, Missouri that day, arriving there at sunset.)



TWELVE YEARS IN JAIL

The jailor who escorted the prisoner to the cell, slammed shut the heavy oaken door and then peered in at the tall broad-shouldered man. "John Bunyan, you can call for me whenever you are ready to apply to our king for a license to preach."

John Bunyan made no answer. He took off his coat and rolled it up for a pillow. There was no table, no chair and no bed. A pile of dirty straw in one corner served as a bed. One narrow barred window allowed only a bit of light into the gloomy cell.

It was November, 1660 when John Bunyan began serving a three-month sentence for preaching God's Word without a license from the king, and for speaking out against the established Church of England.

The next day Bunyan had visitors. His wife and four children were allowed to visit him in his cell. One child brought him a crock of hot soup, another one a basket full of sandwiches.

"The jailor said you could soon be home with us again," his wife said hopefully. "He wants you to sign a promise that you will not preach again."

John's face clouded. "If the door were open for me right this moment, I would continue to preach the gospel in spite of what the king says, and never deny my God."

Bunyan refused to sign any agreement. Meanwhile the king's agents were busy and within a month, sixty of Bunyan's fellow-worshippers had joined him at the Bedford jail. The prisoners took him for their pastor and he led them in singing hymns and preaching every Sunday.

As the months passed, John Bunyan kept busy at night, writing by candlelight. Several poems he composed were smuggled out of jail and a publisher in London bought them. He also wrote a book entitled "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners" and sold it to a publisher. The income from this book helped support his family. A year passed and then another, and Bunyan remained in his cell because he would not sign the agreement the king wanted him to. When he was finally released he had served six years. He had not signed any agreement but the authorities thought that after so long in jail surely he would not keep on preaching.

His family and friends welcomed him home. "We are having a meeting at the Hartley farm," said one of his friends, "but it would be too risky for you to attend. Maybe you will join us later."

John's face was set and grim. "I shall be at the Hartley home this Sunday," he said.

On Sunday morning Bunyan preached a sermon at the Hartleys and was busy singing a hymn with the thirty men and women who had gathered there when the king's soldiers battered down the kitchen door and arrested him and his friends.

Once again John Bunyan looked out through the bars of his cell. He continued to write to pass the dreary days and nights of his confinement. Another six years passed before King Charles II issued the Declaration of Indulgence that freed Bunyan and hundreds of other religious prisoners in England. At last men and women could assemble where they liked without fear of arrest.

John Bunyan was now busy as a preacher and forming new churches. But three years later Parliament rejected the Declaration of Indulgence and once again soldiers were swarming over the countryside arresting those who worshipped at any place except the state churches.

One of the first men to be arrested was John Bunyan. For the third time in his life and after having already spent twelve years in jail, he was once again returned to his old cell. He was now 47 years old. His brown hair was flecked with gray but his spirit was as strong as ever. He wrote furiously day and night and expected nothing else but another lengthy stay behind the bars. But within six months there was a change in the government and all the religious prisoners were released.

The first Sunday after regaining his freedom, Bunyan brought along one of the manuscripts he had written in prison and read it to the people. "I wrote this during my last stay in jail," he explained. "The title is 'A Pilgrim's Progress from This World To That Which Is To Come.'"

The audience was quick to comment. "Sounds too much like a fairy tale," said one woman.

"It's interesting," said another, "but will the people agree on that?"

Bunyan took the manuscript to a publisher in London and the book was published in 1678. It was printed on cheap paper and the title was shortened to "Pilgrim's Progress". The book was an instant success and brought him quite a bit of money. Bunyan was soon well-known over England. Thousands came to hear him preach.

Bunyan kept on writing books but none of them equaled "Pilgrim's Progress." By the time he was sixty, he was well off financially, had written twenty-two books and many religious tracts and travelled over England preaching the Gospel.

In late August of 1688 he was called to a small village near Bedford to settle a minor dispute at a church. When he was ready to return home, a rainstorm was threatening. His friends begged him to remain overnight.

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"No," he replied, "My horse is fleet of foot and I can soon be home."

He was caught in the rainstorm and thoroughly drenched. He sought shelter at a farm house until the storm was over. Although he was chilling and appeared ill, he insisted upon riding home that night.

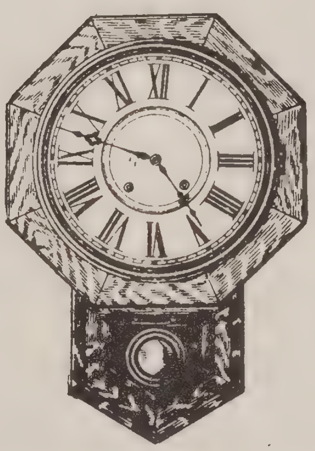
On the next Sunday John Bunyan preached his last sermon at the church. When he went home, he collapsed. The doctor who examined him stated that he had a severe case of pneumonia. Three days later he died.

John Bunyan lived long enough to see his book "Pilgrim's Progress" printed in eleven different languages and more than 100,000 copies sold. This was unheard of in his day. It increased in popularity long after his death and except for the Bible became the largest selling book ever written in the English language.

Before he died John Bunyan said, "My writings have brought me fame and riches but I hope people will remember me as the preacher who fought for what was right, rather than just as a successful author, and a man who obeyed God rather than the king."

Selected and adapted from Sunshine Magazine

Andy's words seemed to repeat themselves again and again in Dora's mind. Finally she stopped fighting them and asked herself where she could have done better.



SHORT CUTS TO HAPPIER TIMES

-author's name withheld

HURRY UP, GIRLS, get the table cleared, then you can start with the Saturday cleaning," Dora Bontrager said crisply. She got a large bowl out of the cupboard in which she was going to mix pie dough. "I'll wash the dishes when I'm done with the baking."

Twelve-year-old Sara Ann got busy immediately, but her ten-year-old sister, Bertha, stuck both hands into the air and stretched leisurely. "Ho-o-o hum!" she yawned. "I wish--"

"Stop your wishing and get to work," Mom interrupted, her voice sounding a bit impatient. "We've got a lot of work for today and I don't want to coax you all the time."

Bertha picked up a plate from the table. "I wish we wouldn't be getting company tomorrow evening. It makes so much extra work."

"You'll enjoy our company just as much as any of us," Mom said. "Sure, it is extra work but if we'd all pitch in and help each other it wouldn't seem like so much." She watched disapprovingly as Bertha carried a single plate over to the sink and set it down. "Stack your plates, Bertha," she reproved. "Think about what you're doing. You'll never get done that way."

Bertha carried the plate back to the table and stacked the other plates onto it. She gathered up the silverware and put them on top of the stack, then carried everything to the sink. She eyed her mother hopefully, longing for a word of approval, but Mom didn't seem to notice. She was busy measuring lard into the bowl of flour. Bertha gathered up the glasses and put them on the sink, too. By this time Sara Ann had put the rest of the things away and the table was cleared.

"We're done," Bertha said.

"All right, now go and start with the cleaning and see how fast you can work," Mom said, not even looking up from her work. "There's that wash in there that has to be folded and put away. Maybe you'd better do that first."

There were seven children in the Bontrager family and Saturday was always a busy day. Today there were extra things to be done, for they had invited two of Dora's sisters and their families for supper the following evening. Besides that, the laundry Dora had done the day before still lay on the dining room table, waiting to be taken care of.

"I should have done that yesterday," Mom said to herself. "But it took me longer to finish the little girls' dresses than I had figured it would." Then she thought of something else she wanted to do. If the little girls were going to wear their new dresses to church, she'd have to press them yet. Dora dumped some milk into the flour and lard mixture and tried to work faster, remembering that she hadn't washed and ironed the organdy capes and aprons she and the girls were going to wear to church the next day either. "I can press those dresses when I light the iron to do the capes and aprons," she thought, trying to organize her work in her mind.

A cry from the living room interrupted Dora's planning and she sighed. She knew without investigating that Marie and Martha, the two "little girls" in the family were having a dispute over their toys again. "Mom, I had the big doll and Martha took it from me," Marie cried, coming out into the kitchen.

Dora knew she should make Martha give up, or perhaps take the doll away from them both, but she took a quicker way. "Just let her have it," she coaxed.

"Martha's still a baby and you're a big girl." She gave Marie a special smile. "Look, you're four already and Martha's only two."

"But Martha'll have a birthday real soon. Then she'll be three and she'll have to give me the big doll if I had it first," Marie said.

"Yes," Mom promised. "The next time I'll make Martha let you have it."

Marie was satisfied and went back into the living room. "Mom said you're a baby," she told Martha. "Ha, ha. Baby, baby."

"I'm not a baby. Daniel's the baby," Martha protested, glaring at Marie.

"Mom said you're a baby because you took that doll away from me when I had it first," Marie returned.

"Marie," Mom called from the kitchen. "That's enough of your teasing."

Marie lowered her voice. "You're a baby," she whispered.

"I am not," Martha argued. This time she stressed her point by seizing the rag doll by its legs and bringing it down on her sister's head.

"Mo-o-m-m-m, Martha hit me," Marie wailed, running into the kitchen again.

This time Mom didn't try to coax either of the girls. "You know better than to call Martha a baby," she said, wiping her hands on a towel. "I told you to stop teasing her."

Mom didn't clean her hands and leave the pie dough for nothing. She spanked both girls, took the dolls away, and gave them orders to play nicely with each other. The girls were both still sobbing when she left them, but they were digging into the toy box for something else to play with.

For a while Dora was allowed to work in peace. She rolled out the pie dough and fitted it into the pans, then poured in the cherry filling. She spent extra time and effort on the pie tops, but she felt it had been worth it when she stood back and admired the beautiful pies. They were pretty. "Now if I can bake them without burning them," she thought as she put the first three into the oven. "Surely out of these five I should have three that are nice enough for company."

Next Dora stirred up a cake. In fact, she made two—one to eat right away and the other one for company. "It would be quicker to just bake a loaf cake, but I think I'll have time to make a layer cake for tomorrow night." Dora pictured a tall layer cake with chocolate frosting

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

NO PEACHES ON SUNDAY

It was the summer I had just turned nineteen, the age at which young boys are apt to notice a lot of things and have a lot of questions. I had my own horse and buggy, it was a beautiful sunny Sunday afternoon and I was on my way home from church. The peaches were hanging thick for harvest as I was going past my uncle's place, whom we shall call Ike Schmucker. I decided to stop in for a visit with my cousin. Just as I drove in, a young man whom we shall call Bob Walters , came driving in, too, accompanied by his wife. Bob had a blacksmith and general repair shop in a nearby town.

My uncle was standing in the yard. Bob said, "Hello there, Ike. It's sure a nice day."

"Yes, it is," said my uncle.

"Say, Ike, I brought my wife down to see about getting some peaches. Looks like you've got a lot of them now."

"Well, yes, we do," Ike answered slowly, "But today is Sunday and we don't sell peaches on Sunday."

"All right, all right," Bob answered. "I just thought we would like to look at them so we would know it we wanted any or not."

"Well, I would rather not show them on Sunday either," my uncle said, trying hard to be nice to Bob.

"But you know it is hard for me to get away from the shop during the week," Bob coaxed. "If we could take a look at them now maybe we could make arrangements to pick some up next week."

My uncle didn't budge. From here the conversation turned from peaches to the prospects for a good corn crop. It was unanimously agreed that a good rain was needed.

"Oh, yes," my uncle said, "that reminds me. I have a piece that's broken on my manure spreader. I have it off already so maybe when you come to look about the peaches you can take it along and weld it. Then I will pick it up the first time I am in town..

"Oh, yes, I'll be glad to do that," Bob answered.

They visited awhile and then Bob said as he got ready to go, "Why don't I just take that piece along for the manure spreader now? Then I can fix it and bring it back to you when I come to see about the peaches next week?"

"I will run and get it right away," my uncle said.

There I sat on my buggy. I saw and heard the whole episode and I could hardly believe what I was hearing. I tried to get Ike's attention as he hurried past me toward the shed to get the broken piece for his manure spreader. But he never noticed me, nor the big question mark which was on my face. I couldn't understand it then and I've often thought about it since, which has been a good many years. I still can't understand it. What did Bob Walters think of this man who refused to let him look at the peaches on Sunday but saw nothing wrong with sending a broken piece of machinery with him on the same day to get it fixed?

-OHIO

■■

that looked as if it could drip off at any moment. She could almost hear her sisters' exclamations when she brought it out. Yes, she was going to bake a layer cake. Loaf cakes were so common.

Before the cakes were in the oven, Mom was interrupted by another dispute. This time it wasn't the little girls; it was the big girls who were having a problem.

"What's the matter in there?" she asked when she heard the fuss.

"Sara Ann's too bossy," Bertha complained. "Just because she's the oldest she thinks—"

"Bertha wants to clean the living room without taking out the ashes first," Sara Ann interrupted.

"Take out the ashes first, and hurry," Dora said. "Look, it's almost ten o'clock already and we haven't gotten very far with our work yet."

A minute later a sour-faced Bertha came into the kitchen carrying the ash pan heaped with ashes. "Marie, come open the door," she called.

Marie came running. She opened the door, standing on the outside to wait until Bertha had passed through. Bertha bumped into the side of the door with the ash pan just as a gust of wind came in through the opening. Ashes were scattered over the ktichen table, on the floor— everywhere.

"Bertha Bontrager, look what you did!" Mom gasped through clenched teeth. "Are you ever going to learn to be careful?"

"You told me to hurry," Bertha defended herself defiantly. She hurried out before her mother could say more.

Mom was waiting for her when she came back. Exasperation showed on her face. "You know better than to talk back like that when I try to correct you," she said. She spanked the third daughter for that morning. "Now I want you to get busy and work faster than you've worked in a long time, or I'll spank you again," she said firmly. "I've had enough of your acting around."

Bertha obeyed. Even Sara Ann was affected by her sister's punishment and worked as fast as she could. They didn't argue now, or boss each other around. They didn't even waste any time exchanging friendly conversation. They just worked.

Dora finished the cakes, then made pudding and jello salad. "My sisters don't come for a meal often, so I'd better feed them well when I've go the chance," she told herself as she carried the jello into the pantry and set it with the rest of the food she had prepared.

Bertha came into the kitchen for the dust pan. Mom watched her out of the corner of her eye. Bertha was the girl everyone said favored her mother. Even Dad said that. "Bertha's you all over again," he had told Dora more than once.

Dora studied her daughter carefully, taking in her blue eyes and blond, kinky hair. "She may look like me, but she's not like me in other ways," Mom thought. "If she were, she'd be more concerned about getting her work done."

Bertha, as if drawn by her mother's gaze, looked up and their eyes met, but only for a fraction of a second. Bertha looked quickly away and hurried back to her work.

Sara Ann came out into the kitchen a little later. "Are you about done with the food?" she asked, sniffing hungrily as she looked into the pantry.

"Everything's done except the cakes aren't frosted," Mom answered. "But it's time to start dinner already and I haven't washed the dishes. You quick run to the basement and bring up some potatoes and a head of cabbage."

Sara Ann obeyed. Soon she was back, carrying the things her mother had asked for.

"Let's hurry and help each other peel the potatoes, then I'll wash dishes and you can dry them," Mom said, planning each minute so as to crowd everything into it she possibly could.

"I think we got a lot of work done this forenoon," Sara Ann said, almost timidly. "The upstairs and the bedroom and bathroom are cleaned and Bertha is almost done in the living room."

"Yes, but we've still got a lot of work for this afternoon, too," Mom answered. "You girls can clean the kitchen. Those cupboards over there need to be straightened up and the stove's got to have a good going-over, too." Already she was planning the afternoon.

Dora and the girls had dinner ready by the time Andy and the boys came in. "Guess what," seven-year-old Ray said excitedly. "Fluffy caught a rat this forenoon. I saw the rat before she caught it." His eyes were wide with excitement. "You should have seen how fast—"

"Well, you hurry up and wash so we can eat," Mom said, interrupting the story in the middle of a sentence. "We don't have time to wait on you all afternoon."

Having Dad and the boys in the house seemed to ease some of the tension between Mom and the girls. Even Bertha seemed to forget the unhappy incident which had taken place and the work that was lined up for her in the afternoon, and joined in the conversation. However, as soon as the meal was over, the relaxedness was over, too.

"You girls hurry and do the dishes," Mom said. "I'll put Daniel to bed, then I'll make frosting for those cakes. As soon as you're done with the dishes Bertha can wash the lamp chimneys and Sara Ann can straighten up the cupboards. And oh, yes, I thought we should wash the kitchen windows, too." She was thinking out loud more than talking to the girls, but they heard all the same.

All afternoon Dora and the girls worked as fast as they could. Their hurrying wasn't in vain, for by five o'clock the house looked spic and span, the wood boxes were filled, and the windows were sparkling. Even Dora seemed pleased with their accomplishment. But the work for the evening was by no means completed, and she went about her work busily until she heard a conversation that jarred her to attention.

BERTHA, YOU HURRY and open the little girls' braids before you go help with the chores," Mom said. "I'll comb and braid their hair before supper. They'll be tired and sleepy after supper."

"I'll be tired and sleepy, too," Bertha said to herself, though not out loud. She did have a question, though, that she did ask. "Are—are we about done for tonight?"

"Yes, almost," Mom answered. "I have some ironing to do after supper and you and Sara Ann need to have your hair braided. But I think maybe that's it." Then she added, more out of habit than necessity, "Hurry now, and do as I told you."

Bertha wondered how she could undo the girls' braids faster than she was undoing them now, but she tried to hurry all the same. "I can't see how Katie Miller can like Saturday better than any other day of the week," she muttered to herself. Katie was in the same grade she was, and several days ago in English class they were supposed to write a sentence telling which is their favorite day of the week, and why. Katie had written, "I like Saturday best, because I can help my mother work." Bertha was sure of one thing—Saturday wasn't her favorite day.

Just then Sara Ann came into the kitchen, carrying the lanterns she had filled. "Katie Miller wrote in her English book that Saturday is her favorite day," Bertha said.

"So what?" asked Sara Ann.

"Well, that's not my favorite day. I hate Saturdays.

Dora was in the bedroom, checking to make sure all the clothes were ready for the family to wear to church the next day. Now she came out into the living room and overheard Bertha's blunt statement. She felt a tinge of guilt, and what she heard next didn't make her feel any better.

"Why?" she heard Sara Ann ask.

"Because we always have so much work and we can never work fast enough," Bertha said. "No matter how fast I work, Mom tells me to work faster."

"You're a slow-poke; that's why," Sara Ann retorted.

"I'm not," Bertha defended. "You're a Mamma's pet. That's what you are."

Mom put a stop to the conversation by walking into the kitchen. "Stop your arguing and hurry and get your work done," she said before she realized what she was saying.

Bertha gave her a hurt look, then turned her back to put on her coat and scarf and followed Sara Ann to the barn.

As Mom braided Marie's hair, her mind was busy. What Bertha had said about hating Saturdays bothered her more than she cared to admit. "But she'll have to learn someday to work hard and to be concerned about the things that are to be done," she tried to soothe herself. But she couldn't comfort herself as much as she would have like to. She knew she had gotten into the habit of nagging the girls. Her urge to get things done and get them done in a hurry had made her be a type of mother quite different from what she had dreamed of being in earlier years.

"I'm not going to tell the girls to hurry one more time tonight," Dora resolved to herself.

ONLY WHEN DORA tried to avoid the word "hurry" did she realize how often she actually used it. More than once she caught herself just in time. "Hurry up and set the table," was such a natural thing to say that she had almost said it again before she remembered. She found out, too, that she didn't just use it when she talked to the girls. "Hurry, Ray, wash your hands and face so we can eat," she heard herself say. And a little later she almost said, "Let's hurry and eat. We have work to do yet tonight."

After supper Dora planned the last part of the day. "Bertha, you wash the dishes, and Sara Ann, you give the little girls their bath," she said, using the crisp voice she always used to give orders.

"Aw-w-w, Mom, do I have to wash the dishes?" Bertha groaned. "I'm so tired."

"I know you're tired, but we all are," Mom said. "There aren't very many dishes and it won't take you long." She almost said "if you hurry," but she managed to bite off the words in time.

"What are you going to do?" Bertha asked.

Mom looked at Dad a little uneasily. "I've got a little ironing to do," she said, not mentioning that "a little" included all the white capes and aprons she and the girls were to wear to church tomorrow.

"Is it something that has to be done?" asked Dad, seeing the look of dismay on Bertha's face and feeling sorry for her.

"Yes, of course it has to be done tonight, or I wouldn't do it," Mom answered, slightly irritated. She knew her husband didn't approve of working late on Saturday evening, but he just didn't know how much work taking care of seven children really involved.

"Well, suppose I help you with the dishes," Dad said to Bertha. "Shall I wash them or dry them?"

"I can do them myself," Bertha said, feeling a bit ashamed of herself.

Dad grinned and helped Bertha clear the table. Sara Ann lingered in the kitchen to watch, for Dad didn't help with the dishes very often now that she and Bertha were old enough to do them.

"Sara Ann, hurry up and get those children into the bathtub," Mom scolded, forgetting herself once more. "Remember that there are a lot of other people around here who want to use the tub yet tonight."

"You mean none of you have had your baths?" asked Dad, looking at the clock disapprovingly.

"I know we should have bathed the children this afternoon, but we just didn't get at it," Dora defended. "We worked and hurried as fast as we could and we still didn't get done like we should have."

"Your trouble is you leave too many things for Saturday," Dad said, not unkindly. But the words still hurt. She pressed her lips in a thin line and managed to keep quiet.

After that Mom forgot all about avoiding the word "hurry." She used it again and again, urging Ray to get his clothes so he'd be ready to use the bathtub next, telling Bertha to undo her braids after the dishes were done, and then she told Sara Ann to bring her the scissors and added, "Don't forget to hurry!" When Dora stopped to consider how it sounded she wondered how anyone around there could forget to hurry!

At last the work was done. The children were in bed. Dora and Andy were alone in the living room. "You look tired," Andy commented, without any special reason.

"I am tired," Dora said, "we worked hard today."

"Couldn't you sometimes take short cuts instead of working so hard?" Andy asked.

"And take the children to church in their everyday clothes?" asked Dora. The frustrations of the day had been all she could take and she had had enough for one day.

Andy sensed that now wasn't the time to talk about the matter, so he suggested that they go to bed.

FOR SOME REASON, Dora lay awake long after her husband was asleep. Scenes from the past day formed in front of her eyes, keeping her wide awake. She felt keyed up and tense, as if she should be up and working instead of lying in bed. "Couldn't you sometimes take short cuts?" Andy's words seemed to repeat themselves again and again in her mind. Finally Dora stopped fighting them and asked herself where she could have taken short cuts. She admitted to herself that she could have saved time by baking a loaf cake instead of a layer cake. She remembered the extra time she had spent cutting fancy designs on the pie tops. She told herself the kitchen windows wouldn't really have had to be washed, and then there were the dresses she had ironed for the little girls tonight.

That was where the real trouble lay. She had worked late yesterday afternoon to finish them, rather than folding the laundry and putting it away. She had really planned to do part of the baking on Friday so she wouldn't have so much to do on Saturday, but finishing those dresses had taken up her time.

"But I've got to watch my chance and do some sewing inbetween," she argued with herself. "I'd never get any sewing done if I always waited until I felt I had the time to do it." Dora told herself the girls did need those dresses, for some of their older ones were getting too short. But she couldn't forget that they each had a freshly washed and ironed dress hanging in the closet all the time—one they could have worn if she hadn't gotten the new ones finished.

Dora tried to tell herself that she should just be glad all the work was done, and that she should relax and go to sleep. But about that time she thought she heard Bertha's distressed voice say, "I hate Saturdays!" Once more her thoughts started churning. Bertha—the girl Andy thought was "Mom all over again." Dora wondered if that was why Bertha had a way of winning her Dad's heart. Was that why he had helped her with the dishes tonight?

Another startling thought entered Dora's mind. Was that why she so often found herself impatient with Bertha—because she saw some of her own faults in her? Dora thought back and tried to remember what she herself had been like when she was Bertha's age, but time had taken the vividness out of the pictures she had in her memory. "I guess I never cared for Saturdays myself, now that I come to think of it," Dora said, smiling into the darkness. But then her smile vanished. "I wish she wouldn't hate Saturdays," she said to herself. "That's the only day I have with her. She's in school the rest of the week, except for Sundays, and then we're usually not at home."

Slowly a plan started forming in Dora's mind. "Our Saturdays have to be more pleasant," she said.

Dora did not sleep for a long time that evening, for once her plans were made, she lay awake thinking about them. The more she thought about them, the more she hoped they would work out satisfactorily for everyone.

THE NEXT SATURDAY DID not come too soon for Dora. All week she planned and practiced putting her plans into action. But she found it wasn't easy. The habit she had formed over the period of years was not to be broken overnight. "It's not enough to just keep from using the word 'hurry'," she reminded herself again and again. "I've got to slow down myself and enjoy my children while I have them."

Finally on Friday evening she was ready to present her plan to her daughters. "How would you like to help me make a batch of carmel corn tomorrow afternoon?" she asked, trying to make her voice sound casual.

"Oh, yes, let's!" Sara Ann said eagerly. Then in a more subdued voice she asked, "But will we have time?"

"I think we will," Mom answered. She almost added, "If we hurry with our work in the forenoon," but she checked herself in time.

"But making carmel corn is extra work and we'll be busy all day long," Bertha said, not sounding enthused at all.

Dora took a deep breath and searched for the right words. "I baked a cake this afternoon, so I'll be able to help some with the cleaning tomorrow forenoon. Do you think we can have the house cleaned by noon?"

"Maybe, if we hurry," Bertha said drily.

Dora looked at Bertha. "She is me all over again," she thought to herself.

Sara Ann interrupted any further thoughts. "Oh, I'm sure we can be done with the cleaning by noon if you help us," she said. "Bertha can wash the lamp chimneys first thing while I—"

"Just a minute, just a minute," Mom said, putting a stop to Sara Ann's planning. "That's something else we want to talk about. Part of our problem with out Saturdays is that we aren't organized. There's always this dispute of who does what. We're going to divide the work you two girls usually do into two shares, then you'll take turns doing them."

A light of enthusiasm set Bertha's eyes aglow. "Yes, lets!" she exclaimed. "Like if I wash the lamp chimneys one week, then Sara Ann's got to do them the next week."

"Right," Mom said. "Why don't you each get a piece of paper and a pencil, then you can take turns writing down the things you want to do tomorrow."

Fifteen minutes later the girls each had a list of jobs they were to do the following day. It was agreed and understood that they would trade lists for the following Saturday. Mom also made it plain that the girls were to do their work and do it right, and if they weren't done by dinnertime, as they easily could be if they kept at it (she carefully avoided the word "hurry") then they could just finish their work while the others popped corn and cooked the syrup for carmel corn.

The next morning the girls could hardly wait to start their jobs. Mom smiled to herself as she saw them race to get their work finished. There was no need to urge them to hurry now. Several times she did have to remind them to do their work right.

The little girls, Marie and Martha, had a dispute about toys again and Dora took the time to straighten them out like she felt she should. After the tears had been dried, she spent several minutes with them at the toy box before she returned to her work.

More than once that forenoon Dora compared this Saturday with the one before. Yes, the company they had invited for Sunday evening had added to their usual work, but Dora knew she could have made things a lot easier. Sure, they had had layer cake and pudding, and a lot of other good things, but had it really been worth it? The little girls had worn new dresses to church, she remembered almost sadly, but if anyone had noticed, they hadn't mentioned it.

Both Sara Ann and Bertha were done with their work in time to help make dinner. They seemed pleased and surprised with their morning's accomplishment. That afternoon Mom and the girls made carmel corn and were finished in plenty of time to take their baths and have their hair braided before supper.

When Dora had made her plans a week earlier she had hoped for results, but she couldn't believe what a difference it had made in her whole family. Andy didn't give the clock the disapproving glances he so often had other Saturday evenings. There was less work and much more time in which to do it. But the change that pleased her most was in Bertha. She didn't come right out and say, "I like Saturdays," but she didn't need to either. The happy look on her face showed it. ■■

Two Holmes County Explosions

-by David Luthy

1. The Exploding Kerosene—1868

Today every Amish home has numerous kerosene lamps. No one thinks of them as modern. In fact, antique hunters collect.them becuase they are old-fashioned. But actually, kerosene lamps are not as old-fashioned as one might imagine. They weren't invented until 120 years after the first Amish left Europe and settled in Pennsylvania in the 1730's. At that time the pioneers sat close to the blazing fire in the log cabin's fireplace if they wanted to read in the evening. Most homes had candles, but they took quite a bit of time to make and were burned sparingly.

The wealthier settlers in pioneer America had whale-oil lamps. This type of lamp was merely a metal can or clay pot which was filled with whale oil. A cotton wick extended into the oil. When it was lighted it gave off about as much light as a candle's flame and was just as smoky. No one had as yet invented the glass lamp chimney which would reflect light and also keep a flame from smoking so easily.

In 1852 a man in Canada discovered a new type of oil to burn in lamps. He refined the oil which is found in coal and called it "kerosene." But most people chose to call it simply, "coal oil." This was a much improved lighting oil. Then in 1859 the first oil well in the United States was drilled near Titusville, Pennsylvania. This oil, or petroleum, could also be refined to be burned in lamps. Rapidly oil wells were drilled in many states. Glass chimneys were invented, and kerosene lamps became a common item in every American home. By 1862 kerosene was such a commonly produced and abundant fuel that it sold for only 10¢ a barrel.

By 1868 nearly every American home had a kerosene lamp, including Amish homes. As is often the case with new products or inventions, new dangers lurked behind progress. No one had ever heard of a candle or whale-oil exploding, but everyone was rather suspicious of this new type of oil— kerosene.

An Amishman in Holmes County, Ohio named Jonathon Mast purchased some non-explosive "Aurora Oil" for his lamps. He and his wife, the former Elizabeth Yoder, lived two miles east of Farmerstown and three miles west of Sugarcreek. He was 31 and his wife was 43, and they had two children, Joseph aged 9 and Mary not quite 4. They also had adopted John Helmuth's fifteen-month-old daughter Susanna.

On Saturday January 25, 1868, some Amish visitors came to the Mast home for the evening. It was Daniel Erb, his wife Caroline, and their three young boys, Levi, Menno, and Daniel Junior. Mrs. Mast was an aunt to Daniel Erb. So it was a family gathering that evening at the Mast home.

During the evening Johnathan Mast noticed that the kerosene lamp was about out of oil. He lighted a candle and fetched the two gallon jug of kerosene. He blew the lamp out and handed the candle to his son, Joseph, to hold so he could see to fill the lamp and also so the company in the room would not sit in the dark. Altogether there were 10 persons in the room— 5 Erbs, 4 Masts, and the Helmuth child.

Suddenly as Jonathan Mast was pouring the kerosene into the lamp, the jug he was holding exploded. In a second the people's clothing was on fire and also the furnishings of the room. Mrs. Erb grabbed her children and ran outside where she rolled them in the snow, her bare hands pushing against their burning clothing. Inside, her husband beat at the flames and got the fire pretty well under control. He was the only person there who could go to the neighbors for help. He was burned but not quite as badly as the others. He left the house and made his way a quarter of a mile to John Stuver's home where he found immediate help. Neighbors ran to the Mast home and managed to save the house from burning to the ground. Daniel Erb was so worn out that he stayed at the Stuver home.

The first person to die as a result of the explosion was Jonathan Mast. He lived for only an hour and was followed in death by his son Joseph a few hours later. A double funeral was held for them on Monday. That same day little Susanna Helmuth died. Then one of the Erb children, Menno, died. A double funeral was held for these two children. Several weeks later Mrs. Mast died, leaving behind little Mary as the family's only survivor. This brought the total of deaths to five.

The other five persons involved in the explosion survived but were scarred and disfigured for the rest of their lives. Daniel Erb, his wife, and two surviving sons stayed at the John Stuver home for six weeks until the doctor thought it would be all right to move them to their own home. A completely covered sled was used to take them to their home four miles away. Daniel Erb lost several fingers and his nose in the fire. His wife's hands were so severely burned that her fingers were twisted and drawn out of shape. It was a year and a half before she could use her hands at all to work with; they never retained their correct shape or strength. Daniel Erb Junior lost part of one ear, and his head had been burned so badly that his hair never grew back.

Why did the kerosene explode? No one today really knows. But it is quite likely that Jonathan Mast had been sold a poor grade of kerosene by mistake. One of the main properties which is removed from oil when it is refined into kerosene is sulfur. Sulfur burns easily and is a major ingredient in matches. Perhaps the kerosene which Jonathan Mast purchased had too much sulfur in it and this caused it to explode.

Regardless as to the cause of the explosion, the event was very tragic. In fact, the local newspaper reported at the time of the explosion: "This is the most terrible accident that has ever occurred in this county." Today it still ranks as one of the most tragic happenings in Holmes County history and in Amish history anywhere.

2. The Boiler Explosion—1882

Fourteen years after the explosion of kerosene in which five persons were killed, another explosion occurred in Holmes County. This time it was the boiler on a steam engine which exploded. Once again five persons were killed.

Steam engines had been invented in the 1700's but had not become common in America until the 1800's. They then replaced the once common water wheel as the source of power to saw or grind with and replaced horse power to thresh grain with. A steam engine consisted of two main compartments— a furnace and a boiler. Wood or coal was burned in the furnace; this in turn heated the water in the boiler creating steam. The energy of expansion caused by the water turning into steam was used to push a piston back and forth.

The original steam engines were not dangerous since the pressure created in the boiler was only 15 pounds per square inch, not much greater that air pressure. Such a boiler could not explode, but it also did not have enough power to run heavy machinery. Later steam engines were developed which had several hundred pounds of pressure per square inch. Such engines could easily run machinery, but they could also explode if someone forgot to set the safety steam valve or if the engine wasn't functioning properly.

Dangerous as steam engines could be, they became a popular item in America. No farming neighborhood was without at least one steam engine. Holmes County's Amish settlement was no exception. One steam engine in particular was owned by Henry Troyer. In 1881 he moved it to a corner of David Helmuth's farm to run a sawmill. Troyer owned both the steam engine and the sawmill. He located it on the Helmuth farm so he could be close to both the road and a stream. Water could be readily gotten from the stream for the boiler, and people could easily bring their logs from the road to the saw.

The winter of 1881-1882 came and the Troyer steam engine stood idle for a number of weeks. In the early part of January the boiler was cleaned out and made ready, but it wasn't until February 17th that Henry Troyer decided to begin sawing logs again. The boiler was pumped full and a fire was made in the furnace, but only twenty-five pounds of pressure could be gotten up. Usually Troyer wanted 90 pounds and had the safety steam valve set at that amount. The engine ran hard as it was rusty. Three days later, February 20th, the engine was working well enough that Troyer began sawing logs. There were a hundred logs waiting in the sawmill yard to be cut. Fifteen to twenty-five could be cut in a day. Troyer did the sawing. George Stutzman, a young married man, was the engineer. George's unmarried brother Michael, aged 30, and Leonard Hershberger, aged 17, were employed at the sawmill as general workers.

On Wednesday, February 22nd, David Helmuth visited the sawmill three or four times. His house was just across the road from it. He felt rather uneasy because Henry Troyer had told him the engine hadn't been working well all week. The men were having trouble keeping up enough pressure to run the saw. Helmuth warned them not to fire the furnace so much that it would blow the boiler up, but they told him they didn't have enough wood to do that.

The men sawed all morning and stopped to eat dinner.

**** WANTED ****

We would appreciate if readers of Family Life would keep their eyes open for newspaper and magazine articles about the Amish. Clip them and send them to us for our files. This would be a much appreciated service. Thanks.

-Historical Editor

In the afternoon several people brought more logs. Fifty-five year old Michael Immel drove into the sawmill yard with a load of logs. Then the two Beachy brothers, Andy aged 19 and Eli aged 16, brought some logs to cut for their father, Benjamin Beachy, whose farm a mile away was within sight of the sawmill. Six logs were sawed that afternoon when the pressure in the boiler dropped to 35 pounds making it impossible to continue. Henry Troyer said to his workers to fire up while he sharpened the saw blade. He had been sharpening the blade a half hour when the engineer, George Stutzman, told him the pressure was at 70 pounds. Troyer stopped filing and took the file to his toolbox some distance from the steam engine. He had just turned and was headed back toward the steam engine when "B-O-O-M" the boiler exploded, an immense cloud of steam enveloping him.

David Helmuth, who had visited the sawmill only five minutes before the explosion, describes the situation as follows:

> "At that time Henry Troyer was filing the saw. George Stutzman, the engineer, came over to where he was filing and asked if he was pretty near done. He answered 'Yes, I am just done; have you got steam?' 'Yes, seventy pounds.' 'Have you got water?' 'Yes, up to the third guage.' Immel was then standing close to the saw and the Beachy boys near the engine. I started to the house and told Immel to come along and get warm, but he said no, they were just ready to start and he would stay and get the lumber away. I went to the house then alone.
>
> "I had gone into the house, warming my hands a minute at the stove, and sat down at the window fronting toward the engine, and was looking out. All at once there was a crash, a big cloud of steam, and the air seemed to be black above and around it with things flying. Soon as I saw it I knew what it meant and jumped back from the window and said 'Take care.' I thought the house would be struck.
>
> "Soon as I got over the first shock, I ran out the back door and rang the bell to call the neighbors. When I came through the gate I saw George Stutzman lying by the fence, stripped naked except his right boot and a shred of his pantaloon. Knowing that he was dead, I ran back into the house and gathered up two or three blankets and threw one over the body."

Of the seven people present at the sawmill when the boiler exploded, five were killed: Michael Immel, Leonard Hershberger, George Stutzman, Andy and Eli Beachy. (The Beachy brothers were Old Order Amish; Hershberger and Stutzman were Amish-Mennonites; and Immel was non-Amish.) Henry Troyer escaped without any injuries. Michael Stutzman escaped with a badly scalded face and a broken leg which was amputated between the knee and ankle.

It is impossible to realize the tremendous pressure that the exploding boiler had unless one reads how far the people and parts of the machinery were thrown. George Stutzman was hurled 132 feet into the middle of the road. Michael Immel was thrown 162 feet. Leonard Hershberger was found 168 feet from the steam engine. Andy Beachy was blown the furthest of all— 336 feet. Part of the boiler weighing 1,300 pounds landed 194 feet from the sawmill, missing Henry Troyer by only a few inches. The cylinder weighing 650 pounds was thrown 210 feet. A 5 foot by 9 1/2 foot piece of the boiler landed 419 feet away. Another piece of the boiler two feet square was thrown over the Helmuth house and buried itself in a field. One end of the boiler with the flues sticking in it smashed a rail fence and big gate. And one piece weighing 75 pounds was hurled farther than anything else— 563 feet.

Someone asked Henry Troyer if he would buy another steam engine. He replied: "I never want anything to do with an engine or sawmill again. I feel too bad for the boys who lost their lives, and for old Immel. And I had too narrow an escape myself. That big piece of boiler with all the flues whizzed within three or four feet of me, while two other pieces of boiler and the body of poor George Stutzman was whirled right over my head. I can never get this sight out of my mind, and will never see a mill without thinking of this awful accident. I will go back to farming, and stick to it, and be thankful that I am left with my life and limbs." It is quite understandable that Henry Troyer could not shake the explosion scene from his memory. Mrs. Benjamin Beachy, the mother of Andy and Eli, was also bothered for many years because of the explosion. She dreaded the approach of a steam engine on their farm.

At the time of the boiler explosion a newspaper reporter wrote: "This was the saddest affair that ever occurred in that vicinity, and it is to be hoped will never happen again." Such a wish was a good one, but as long there were steam engines, there was always the danger of an explosion. Thirty-six years later, in 1918, another steam engine exploded in neighboring Wayne County killing two Amishmen. (Because a report of it appeared in the November 1970 Family Life, it will not be repeated here.)

■■

THE ACHING OF EMPTY ARMS

I was passing by a rack in a bookstore some time ago when a title caught my attention. The book was called "EMPTY ARMS" and I picked it up to give it a quick look over. The author was a mother eagerly waiting in the hospital for a bundle. But God had other plans and she came home with "Empty Arms." Her book was written to encourage other mothers with empty arms.

When we were married, the doctor told us that the possibilities of having children was rather slim. "Don't give up hopes," he advised us, "but don't set your hopes too high."

That was a hard blow to take. We thought it could not be that we would have a home without children. That's what a home is for, or at least it was hard for us to picture a home without at least one child. My husband tried to hide his disappointment but I knew that he was suffering also. We tried to say together, "Thy will be done."

Dear married friends, do you realize what pain your remarks can bring us? To those of us with empty arms, it makes the aching so much greater. Here are a few of the remarks that you have made about us. "They are more concerned about making money than about having a family." "They are taking the modern approach and waiting five years to have children." "They wouldn't have so much time to knit and quilt if they would follow God's family plan."

Dear Friends and mothers, many times I have watched my neighbors, busy mothers, hanging out dozens of diapers and I have had to battle to be able to say, "Thy will be done." Many times I have held your babies and then gone home to sit in my rocker and cry to an understanding husband because the aching of "Empty Arms" is at times so hard to bear. Many times we have listened to your tales of frustration about little Andy who is always into mischief and getting under your feet. Then we look into each other's eyes knowingly for we are both thinking, "If only we had a little Andy!"

So here's a word to mothers. When money barely reaches, when it is washday with heaps of dirty children's clothes to wash and hang upon the line, when you are cleaning house and baby fusses all day long because he's cutting teeth, when mounds of dirty dishes still are on the table and the children need attention, perhaps you feel it would be great to be single again, but then remember those of us with "Empty Arms". Oh, how we'd love to take your place! Pray for us that we can be content to do God's will, even if it is with

—"Empty Arms"

Editorielles —

Das alte Jahr vergangen iſt,
Wir danken Dir, Herr Jeſu Chriſt,
Daß Du uns in ſo großer Gefahr
Behütet haſt lang Zeit und Jahr.

Wir bitten Dich, einigen Sohn
Des Vaters in dem höchſten Thron,
Du wolleſt Dein arme Chriſtenheit
Bewahren ferner allezeit!

Entzeuch uns nicht Dein heilſam Wort,
Welch's iſt der Seelen höchſter Hort,
Vor falſcher Lehr Abgötterei,
Behüt uns, Herr, und ſteh uns bei.

Hilf, daß wir von der Sünd abla'n,
Und fromm zu werden fahen an.
Kein'r Sünd im alten Jahr gedenk,
Ein gnadenreich Neujahr uns ſchenk.

Chriſtlich zu leben, ſeliglich
Zu ſterben, und hernach fröhlich
Am jüngſten Tag wieder aufzuſteh'n,
Mit Dir in'n Himmel einzugehen.

Zu danken und zu loben Dich
Mit allen Engeln ewiglich,
O Jeſu! unſern Glauben mehr
Zu Deines Namens Lob und Ehr.

Nun danket alle Gott.

Was wollen wir Gott danken dafür? Dies wäre ſo viel, ſo ein groß Feld darinnen anzufangen, wir gedenken kaum ein Anfang zu machen in dieſe paar Zeilen.

Bis dieſes vor die Leſer kommt haben wir vielleicht ein neues Jahr angefangen, aber da ich dies Schreibes anfang heißt es November 22, Dankſagungs-Tag.

Dies iſt gerade nicht ein Feuertag von einem bibliſchen Standpunkt oder Herkunft, aber Gott zu danken iſt recht, und ſchriftmäßig allezeit. Es iſt ein Tag wo die Pilger beiſeit ſtellten ſchon zurück in 1621 da der Herr ſie ließ glücklich anlanden in dies Land und ein gute Ernte bekommen, dann haben ſie Gott gedankt dafür.

Wir ſollten dankbar fühlen allezeit, hätten wir ſchon ein dürres Jahr wo wir faſt keine Früchte einzuſammeln hätten, wir können doch dankbar fühlen gegen Gott der uns ſo gnädiglich behütet und bewahret hat. Oder ſind wir vielleicht ſo Menſchen wenn alles gut geht dann ſind wir luſtig und gutes Muts, wenn aber nicht alles ſo gut abſchaft dann ſind wir ein wenig krittlig wie die Kinder? Wir ſind wohl mit Schwachheit umgeben, und zu Zeiten gibt es Sachen wo uns nicht ſo freudig und fröhlich zu ſein dünken, aber die Schrift ſagt: „Darnach wird ſie geben eine friedſame Frucht der Gerechtigkeit, denen die dadurch beübet ſind."

Es gehet faſt nicht ein Sonntag vorüber daß nicht im Gottes-Dienſt der Spruch von David vorgetragen wird: „Danket dem Herrn, denn Er iſt freundlich und ſeine Güte währet ewig." Tun wir es zu Herzen nehmen was es meint wenn wir ſolche Worte ausſprechen. Ein Gott der freundlich iſt, und ſeine Güte währet, etwas wo niemals aufhöret.

Wir haben ſchon in unſerm Artikel vom andern Monat etwas geſchrieben vom alten Jahr, aber wir denken als noch daran wie wir unſere Zeit zugebracht haben, die viele Segen wo wir erlangt haben welches wir Gott danken ſollten dafür, vielleicht vergeſſen wir es zu viel.

Dieweil ich der Weg faſt alle Tag hin und her fahre um an unſerm Haus zu arbeiten denke ich oft an die große Gefahr. Die Machinen ſind ſo häufig am gehen am Morgen und Abend dieweil ſie an ihre Arbeit gehen. Schon ein manches Mal da ich vom großen Weg abdrehen wollten war eine Machine gerade hinten nach. Es iſt zwiſchen zwei Hügeln und iſt wohl gefährlich, aber Gott ſei Dank, wir ſind noch ſo weit glücklich durch kommen. O wie manche Leute kommen ſo plötzlich um alle Tage, daß ſie nicht Zeit haben zu ſagen, Gott ſei mir Sünder gnädig, ja nicht mehr ſo viel als etwas denken können, ſie ſind nur tot und das iſt es. So tun ſie vor Gott erſcheinen.

Wir beten daß Gott uns behüten ſoll vor einem ſchnellen Tod. Wenn Gott es aber immer ſo tun würde, möchten wir denken wie ein Dichter ſagt:

„Ach denke nicht: Es hat nicht Noth,
Ich will mich ſchon bekehren,
Wenn mir die Krankheit zeigt den Tod,
Gott wird mich wohl erhören.
Wer weiß ob du zur Krankheit kommſt?
Ob du nicht ſchnell ein Ende nimmſt?
Wer hilft alsdann dir Armen?

Wenn die Menſchen ſich immer verlaſſen würden auf Krankheits Zeiten, dann wäre ſchon ein mancher in einem unbereiteten Zuſtand in die Ewigkeit verſetzt worden. Gott ſei gedankt, wir haben immer Gelegenheit für Buße zu tun, wir brauchen nicht warten auf Krankheitszeiten. Wenn wir aber dieſe ſchöne Gnadenzeit verſäumen ſo iſt es unſer eigne Schuld wenn wir der Himmel verfehlen, die Seel wo geſündigt hat ſoll ſterben und nicht leben.

Wir leſen in der Schrift von teure Zeiten wo kommen ſollen. Wenn wir ſo über die Sache denken, ſind wir nicht in ſolche Zeiten am leben? Der Preis wo Schaffleute am kriegen ſind, ſo hoch als 5 bis 6 Taller die Stunde. Wer kann ſolch ein Lohn bezahlen? Was zählt es noch geben? Iſt es recht für uns Menſchen einen ſolchen Lohn abnehmen?

Johannes ſchreibt uns daß viel Verführer in die Welt kommen ſind, ſie bekennen nicht Jeſum Chriſtum, daß er in das Fleiſch kommen iſt. Er ſagt, das iſt der Verführer und der Widerchriſt. Wir ſtehen in ſolch eine gefährliche Zeit. Johannes ſagt weiter: „Wer übertritt, und bleibt nicht in der Lehre Chriſti, der hat keinen Gott." Es macht mir ſehr bang, ſind vielleicht viele von uns arme Menſchen, gerade in unſere Alt Amiſche Gemeinden am leben ohne Gott in dieſer Welt? „Wer in der Lehre Chriſti bleibet, der hat beide, der Vater und den Sohn." Tun wir es beweiſen daß wir in der Lehre Chriſti bleiben wollen, oder ſehen wir als weiter hinaus für mehr Fleiſches Raum und Freiheit? Ich habe bang, wir vergeſſen es zu viel daß der Weg eng und ſchmal iſt wo nach dem Himmel führt.

Wir kommen ein wenig zurück, wie vieles uns zuteil geworden iſt im alten Jahr wo wir Gott danken können und ſollen. Gott ſei gedankt wenn wir immer am Tiſch gehen konnten und gute Speiſe eſſen bis wir ſatt worden ſind. Gott ſei gedankt, wir hatten gute Kleider anzulegen. Gott ſei gedankt, wir konnten immer am Abend auf unſerm Ruhelager hinlegen und Ruhe befinden durch die Nacht. Gott ſei gedankt, wir konnten immer in unſere Wohnung eingehen und Beſchirmung finden von allem Wetter. Gott ſei gedankt, wir konnten am Sonntag in der Verſammlung gehen und die holdſelige Worte zuhören, wodurch wir Ruhe finden können für unſere Seele. Gott ſei gedankt, wir konnten Morgends und Abends mit der Familie niederknieen, und noch öfters durch den Tag unſer Gott anbeten um Vergebung für unſere Sünden, und für weitere Leitung und Führung. Gott ſei gedankt, wir hatten Gelegenheit für die Armen zu helfen, haſt du viel, ſo gib reichlich, haſt du wenig, ſo gib doch das wenige mit getreuem Herzen. So konnte der alte Tobias ſein Sohn vermahnen. Gott ſei gedankt, daß er uns behütet und bewahret hat von aller Gefahr, daß wir nicht plötzlich umkommen ſind. Gott ſei gedankt, wenn wir Fehler gemacht haben, daß wir die wieder recht machen konnten. Gott ſei gedankt, daß wir die Sonne nicht ließen über unſerm Zorn unter gehen. Des Menſchen Zorn tut nicht was vor Gott recht iſt. Gott ſei gedankt, wir hatten gelegenheit unſere Schul-Verſammlung haben den vergangenen Abend, da wir die nötige Sachen verhandeln konnten miteinander. Nachdem es vorüber war konnten wir auch ein paar Lieder miteinander ſingen, wodurch wir Gott loben und preiſen können. Gott ſei gedankt, ich ſehe durchs Fenſter das liebe Tageslicht wieder herkommen. So lange die Erde ſtehet, ſoll nicht aufhören, Samen und Ernten, Froſt und Hitze, Sommer und Winter, Tag und Nacht.

Ich ſollte an meine Arbeit gehen, ſo beſchließen wir dieſes Schreibes mit abforderung des Gebets von allen Gläubigen.

Sind wir Gott wert?

Jeſus ſagte: „Ohne mich könnt ihr nichts tun.“ Joh. 15, 5.

Wir müſſen glauben daß vieles getan wird ohne Chriſtus; aber es kann nichts Gutes ausgerichtet werden, daß geltet vor Gott ohne ſeine Hilfe und Segen.

Im Natürlichen, wie bald kann Gott etwas ſchicken daß wir unſere Arbeit nicht mehr ausrichten können. Wir könnten nicht ſo viel als noch einen Odemhauch nehmen, wenn Gott es nicht zulaſſen wollt. Unſer Leben, Tun und Wandel ſtehen in ſeine Händen.

Warum iſt es daß Gott ſich bekümmert wegen uns Menſchen? Wie können wir ſolch einen großen und almächtigen Gott eine Hilfe ſein? Was ſind wir wert zu ihm, oder was tut er für Belohnung davon bekommen, daß er die Menſchen liebt und ſich über ihnen erbarmt?

In einer Hinſicht glaube ich, wir arme Menſchen ſind keine Hilfe zu Gott. Wann haben wir ihm jemals einen guten Rat gegeben, oder ihm geholfen etwas ausrichten daß er nicht tun konnte? Ohne ihn können wir nichts tun, doch er kann ſein Werk gut ausrichten ohne mich.

„Was iſt der Menſch, daß du ſein gedenkeſt, und des Menſchen Kind, daß du ſich ſein annimmſt?“ Pſ. 8, 5.

Ich glaube wir können zum teil ein wenig von einen Begriff bekommen von die Liebe daß Gott hat gegen uns, wenn wir denken an dem Gefühl daß wir haben gegen unſere kleine Kinder. Sie machen uns vielleicht viel Sorge und Müh, und können uns vielleicht doch nichts helfen im arbeiten. Tun wir ſie darum nicht lieben? Sind ſie nichts wert zu uns? Oder was iſt die Belohnung das wir von ihnen bekommen?

Die Sache iſt faſt zu tief um es auszuſprechen; doch glaube ich daß, in ſonderheit alle chriſtliche Eltern tun etwas bekommen von ihre Kinder. Wenn ſie uns gehorſam ſind, und ihr herzlich und kindliches Vertrauen zu uns Eltern beweiſen, iſt das nicht viel köſtlicher und meint mehr zu uns denn alles Silber und Gold?

Sind das nicht gerade die Sachen wodurch daß Gott Belohnung bekommt und fühlt von ſeine wahrhaftige Kinder „Opfere Gott Dank, und bezahle dem Höchſten deine Gelübde.“ Pſ. 50, 14. Weiter in Vers 23: „Wer Dank opfert, der preiſet mich, und das iſt der Weg daß ich zeige das Heil Gottes.“

Wenn die Kinder halsſtarrig werden und ungehorſam ſind, ihr Eigenwille nicht aufgeben wollen, daß wir müſſen anhalten und anhalten ſie zu züchtigen, dann tut es uns betrüben und macht unſere Herzen ſchwer.

Wie ſehr muß es dann Gott betrüben, wenn wir Menſchen ſeine Liebe verachten, ihm ungehorſam ſind, und in Sünden wandeln, und unſer Leben ihm nicht zutrauen?

Aber gleichwie wir eine ſonderliche Liebe fühlen gegen ein jegliches von unſere Kinder, alſo glaube ich hat Gott ein viel, und noch mehr, ſonderliches Gefühl und Liebe für ein jeglicher Menſch, ſie ſind ihm alle lieb und wert, ſo ſie ihm nur ihr Leben anvertrauen.

Joſeph J. Eicher

Winter Musings

How nice in the winter when evenings are long,
When the ice appears and the north wind is strong.
There's more time for reading, and more time for play.
And there's more time for singing, or going away.
There's time to go skating or sledding downhill,
Time to eat popcorn by the fireside still.
Good blankets are blessings and sleeping is good;
Do we thank God enough as we really all should?
But somehow our hearts are soon longing for spring,
Longing for flowers and the robins that sing.
How good it will be to go out and plant seeds!
To watch them come up...oh, oh, here comes the weeds!
Ahhh! Here is some rhubarb, what wonderful pie!
And look at the dandelions, summer is nigh.
The days are much longer and busier, too,
And barefooted children have plenty to do.
Now comes the harvest, beans, berries,and peas;
The hay, wheat and oats gently sway in the breeze.
The pumpkins and corn...what a beautiful fall!
We seem to have plenty, thank God for it all!
The nights are quite cool again, birds go down south;
We all are content to stay inside the house.
It gives us a change as God sends us them all—
First winter, then springtime, and summer, and fall.
Oh! surely, our Father in heaven above
Is goodness, and mercy, peace, patience, and love!

—Mrs. David E. Schmidt

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Slowly Hans crept back up the dark staircase. The feeling of excitement which had filled him since early fall had disappeared.

TO THE RESCUE

By David Luthy

It was the summer of 1870, and the sun shone down on the stone walls of the Hospice* of St. Bernard high in the mountains of Switzerland. But its rays could not brighten the dull gray walls of the hospice which had been carved out of the surrounding cliffs. Nor could it melt all the winter snow, for the air was too cool. The mountains still wore snow-capped peaks, and patches of snow could still be found here and there on the ground.

Thirteen-year-old Hans opened the heavy door of the hospice and stepped outside. He pulled his woolen coat more tightly next to him. "Brrr, it's cold out, and to think it is supposed to be summer." He stared up at the mountain peaks which could be seen in every direction he looked. He began walking toward a stone shed not far away. The sight of wild flowers blooming beside a patch of snow made him stop. "How queer it is up here," he thought as he stooped to touch the flowers. "Summer wild flowers bloom right beside some snow."

It was Hans' first morning at the Hospice of St. Bernard 14,000 feet up in the Swiss Alps. He was anxious to investigate the place, especially the shed where he was headed. Coming to the shed's wooden door, Hans peeked through a small crack. Faintly he could see the forms of several large dogs walking around inside. He could also see other dogs napping on great piles of straw. "So, these are the dogs that are used to rescue people," he told himself. "My, they are huge."

Hans accidently bumped the door with his shoulder as he bent to peek through a larger crack. The dogs inside heard the noise and began to bark. The shed was filled with the deep, loud barking of the dogs. Hans jumped, not from the barking of the dogs, but from the hand which unexpectedly rested on his shoulder. It was his uncle, Paul, the keeper of the dogs. Seeing Hans' startled look, Uncle Paul said, "I didn't mean to frighten you, but I heard the dogs barking and came to see what's the matter. Now I see that it was merely you opening the door to visit them."

"But, but I wasn't going to open the door," explained Hans nervously. "I was only looking at them through this crack." His finger touched the crack between the oak planks of the door. "Oh!" he exclaimed, jumping back. He drew his hand close to him.

"What's wrong?" asked Uncle Paul.

"One of those dogs in there tried to bite me," faltered Hans.

Uncle Paul's eyes grew wide and he laughed. "Now, Hans, this is your first morning at the hospice, and I shouldn't laugh. But you'd laugh, too, if you only knew how friendly these dogs are. They wouldn't bite a boy like you. A robber perhaps, but never a boy. We've trained them to trust people, and most are gentle by nature anyway."

Hans looked rather sheepish. He hadn't meant to cry out like he did, but the tongue of a dog had touched his finger so unexpectedly that he cried out without thinking. "I guess I just imagined the dog was going to bite my finger, for the dogs look so huge."

"They are huge," agreed Uncle Paul. "There are eleven dogs in the shed, and each weighs close to 200 pounds. That's a ton of dogs." He lifted the iron latch on the door. "They are large but gentle. Come, I'll show you."

Hans hesitated but then stepped into the shed and stood beside his uncle. The brown and white dogs came joyfully to greet the visitors. Hans felt his heart pound faster. But when he saw the dogs' wagging tails and their friendly faces, he relaxed.

The dogs licked Uncle Paul's hands, each begging for his attention. Hans marveled that none jumped on him or Uncle Paul. "Don't they ever jump on people?" he asked.

"It's a rare one that does," said Uncle Paul. "They seem to know by nature that they are big and powerful." He reached and took the dog closest to him by the front feet and placed them on his shoulders. The dog's head was as high as his own. "And it's a good thing they don't jump, or they'd knock us over."

Hans patted the dogs beside him. Their thick brown and white patches of fur felt soft and clean. "The black patches of fur around their eyes make them look like bandits," laughed Hans, "but friendly bandits." He let the dogs lick his hands.

As the days passed Hans got to know the dogs better. It became his job each day to help his uncle feed them, water them, and to keep the shed clean. At first he thought he could never learn the dogs' names the way his uncle did, for they looked so nearly alike. But soon he noticed that there was something different about each dog. One had a narrow strip of white fur between its black eye patches, another had a wide one, another had a crooked one. Several dogs had a black patch around only one eye instead of around both eyes. "And the brown and white patches are all different shapes," Hans told himself. "And one dog is bigger than the others—Barry."

Hans soon loved the dogs. They were always glad to see him whether he came to feed them or simply to visit. The affection of the dogs helped to replace the loneliness in his heart for his parents who had recently died. That is how it happened that Hans had left the village where he lived and come to the heights of the Alps to live at the Hospice of St. Bernard. He had come to live with his only uncle.

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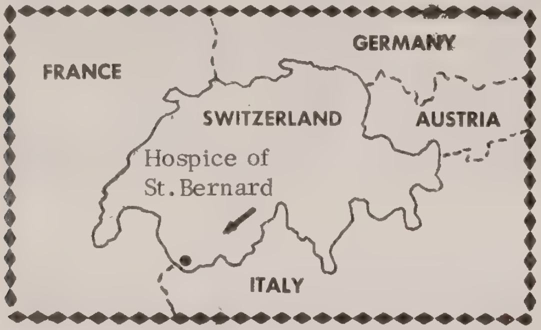
* **hos pice** (hos′pis), a house of rest for travelers. *n.*

The large stone hospice stood among the mountain peaks at the southwestern corner of Switzerland near the border of neighboring Italy. It had been built there a thousand years ago where the only trail crossed the mountains in that part of the country. There was a natural, yet very dangerous, pass through the mountains at that point. A religious community of men, of which Uncle Paul was a member, spent their lives living at the hospice and helping travelers through the steep pass. It was an all-day hike to travel through the pass on foot, and in 1870 that was the only way people traveled through the mountains. The hospice's stone walls gave it a cold appearance. But inside were large fireplaces which warmed the travelers and heated soup to give the people energy to continue their journey across the mountains. Unless he was sick, a traveler could only stay at the hospice one day and night. There was no charge for the food and lodging as the governments of France, Italy, and Switzerland gave money to support the noble work of the men of the hospice.



It had been summer when Hans came to the lonely valley high in the mountains. Now it was fall and the ground was completely covered with snow. Uncle Paul called to Hans when he was finished feeding the dogs, "Well, Hans, do you know what today is?"

Hans shook his head in puzzlement.

"It's the day you have long waited to see— the day the dogs can perform for you. There is enough snow on the ground to show you what smart and valuable dogs they are."

"There are drifts already higher than my head," said Hans. "How deep does the snow get in winter?"

"In some places forty feet," answered Uncle Paul.

Hans shook his head again; this time from sheer wonderment. During the summer months the men at the hospice had told him tales of how the dogs could find people buried in as much as twelve feet of snow because of their keen sense of smell. Hans found it hard to believe, but now today his Uncle Paul would show him how it was done. A feeling of excitement filled him as he thought about seeing the rescue dogs in action. "But no travelers are lost," thought Hans. "Who are they going to find today?"

That afternoon Uncle Paul let Hans' favorite dog, Barry, out of the shed. The other dogs whined to be included in the outing. "Not this time," said Uncle Paul as he closed the heavy door. "You will all get a chance to help before the winter is over."

Uncle Paul and Hans descended the mountain trail until the hospice was quite a ways behind them. On each side of the rough trail were even rougher piles of rocks and jagged cliffs. The trail was covered with a foot of snow and the wind had whipped it into six-foot drifts along the cliffs.

Uncle Paul stopped walking and announced, "This is far enough. Now we are going to play 'Hide and Seek.' I'll go hide in a snowdrift, pretending I'm a lost traveler who was overtaken in a snowstorm and buried. Hans, you stay here with Barry while I go down the trail out of sight. In about ten minutes you can tell Barry to find me."

Hans stood beside Barry and patted his broad head. He watched his uncle disappear from sight as the trail wound around a cliff. He felt the excitement in Barry as the dog sat rigidly, eagerly waiting to be told to go. Hans shared the same excited feeling. "This is an exciting life," he told himself.

Hans had no way of knowing exactly when ten minutes had passed, but finally he told Barry, "Okay, old boy, go find Uncle Paul." With a rolling "W-O-O-F" and a leap forward, the huge dog bounded down the trail. Hans ran behind him. He watched Barry sniff the trail and also the snowdrifts. Suddenly Barry stopped and let out another deep-throated "WOOF" and began digging in the snow. Soon Hans could see that Barry had found Uncle Paul, for he saw part of his heavy woolen coat.

Hans expected that Uncle Paul would climb out of the snowdrift once Barry had found him, but he lay motionless. Barry barked and licked Uncle Paul's face repeatedly. He acted as if he were trying to wake Uncle Paul up. A terrible fear passed through Hans. "Was Uncle Paul covered with snow too long and smothered?" he worried.

Just as Hans was beginning to worry, Uncle Paul sprang to his feet. "Good boy, Barry."

"Why, why didn't you get up right away?" asked Hans, his voice faltering, showing the fear which had gripped him. "I thought maybe you were smothered."

"That's part of the training," explained Uncle Paul. "I should have told you that ahead of time. A traveler can't smother in six feet of snow. The snow is light and filled with air pockets. If it were twenty feet of snow, that would be another matter. A traveler is often so tired from walking through a blizzard that he will lie down and sleep. The snow will cover him. If a dog doesn't find him, he will freeze to death. Barry and the other dogs are trained to bark and lick to wake a buried traveler up."

Several more games of "Hide and Seek" were played. Each time Barry found Uncle Paul. "Are all the dogs as good at finding people as Barry is?" asked Hans on the way back to the hospice.

"Barry is the best," said Uncle Paul. "But really all the St. Bernards are good. What makes Barry the best is his determination not to give up once he senses that someone is in danger. Some of the other dogs don't have quite the second effort that Barry has. And Barry is the oldest and most experienced of the dogs. He has saved over thirty lives."

"How long have these dogs been used at the hospice?" asked Hans.

"This breed of dogs was developed right here at the Hospice of St. Bernard 600 years ago," explained Uncle Paul. "Now everyone calls them St. Bernards."

When Hans had first come to the Hospice of St. Bernard he had resented that there would be snow on the ground most of the year. Now after Barry's performance of life saving, he liked the snow. It was exciting to think that this winter he would actually see people saved by Barry and the other dogs.

Hans, however, did not have to wait until winter. The opportunity came within the next week. The sky became so thick with snow that the men in the hospice burned candles all day. And each hour the men took turns going with different dogs out in the blizzard.

"Can't you wait until the blizzard is over?" asked Hans.

"No," answered Uncle Paul. "A blizzard may last several days. Then it would be too late. A person can starve to death or freeze. We need to send teams of men and dogs out every hour to check the pass."

Each hour passed and men came back to the hospice. As soon as they entered, other men departed to continue the constant watch of the long, steep pass. It was Hans' job to keep the fireplace in the hospice's kitchen well filled with wood so the men would have a place to warm themselves when they returned. He also helped to stir the soup which hung in an iron kettle in the fireplace. The thick hot soup would give the men new strength to go back outside several hours later.

The door to the kitchen opened. Uncle Paul and the other two men of the hospice who had been with him entered. Their long coats were heavy with snow and their faces were red from the cold air. Then Hans saw the forms of two strangers being helped into the kitchen. They looked completely exhausted.

As the weary travelers sat beside the fire and ate the welcome soup, they warmed their chilled bodies. Gradually they gained strength and began to tell of their journey and how they had become lost in the blizzard.

"We left Italy and it was pleasant weather," explained one of the men. "As we climbed higher each day into the mountains the air became colder and the trail steeper. We saw lots of snow on the cliffs, but the trail had only about a foot of snow covering it. We hoped the pass would be open. It's a day's journey through it, and as we had barely begun entering it a blizzard came up."

"We thought about turning back," said the other man, "but the last village we had seen was quite a ways behind us. We hoped we could reach this hospice before the blizzard struck in full force."

"But," continued the first speaker, "the snow came down so thick that we could barely move forward. We trudged along, though, as best we could. We must have wandered off the trail for suddenly we were in a deep drift. It was like falling into a deep pit. There was snow on all sides of us. It must have been an hour that we lay there too confused and cold to try and get out. Then we saw the snow around us being parted as if by an angel of God. And there stood a giant dog!"

"It was Barry," explained Uncle Paul. "We men thought there were no travelers to guide through the pass and were turning to come home. Barry was sniffing the drifts and suddenly let out a tremendous bark. We knew instantly that he had found someone."

"That makes 38 people Barry has saved," said one of the men of the hospice.

"I'll give Barry an extra big supper," Hans thought to himself.

That night as Hans was sleeping he was awakened by the sound of the hospice's large bell slowly ringing. Hans had helped in the kitchen until he had been so sleepy that someone else had taken his place beside the fireplace and sent him off to bed. Now he sat up in bed and listened. "Yes, it's the tolling of the bell," he told himself. "Someone must have died for the bell rings so slowly." A shiver passed through Hans as he dressed to go downstairs— a shiver partly because of the coldness of the unheated room where he slept but mainly because of the tolling of the bell.

STORIES

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Quietly Hans descended the steps to the kitchen below. The room was lit by only the glow of the fireplace. But Hans could see several men of the hospice gathered in front of it. He did not know if he should enter the kitchen or not. Silently he stood in the darkened doorway where he heard the men telling how one of their own had perished in the blizzard. "It was as if the whole side of the mountain came tumbling down," Hans heard one of the men say. "Brother Samuel and his dog Rufus were covered in an instant. My dog and I were just far enough separate from them that we escaped the avalanche."

"Buried under forty feet of snow and rocks," said another man. "It isn't the first time one of us has been killed this way. But that does not make it any less sad."

Slowly Hans crept back up the dark staircase. The feeling of excitement which had filled him since early fall had disappeared. In its place came a sickening feeling. "Some people are saved and others are killed trying to save them," he told himself. A new thought bore heavily on his young mind, "Why do the men choose to live up here and risk their lives?"

Hans slept fitfully the remainder of that night. The life at the hospice which he had thought was adventurous now appeared puzzlingly dangerous. "Why do the men risk their lives?" he wondered over and over.

The next morning a simple funeral service was held for Brother Samuel. His body was not there and would not be found until the spring thaw, perhaps not even then. The funeral sermon was short, but it brought the answer which Hans had been groping for in his troubled thoughts. "The Bible teaches us: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' All men should be friends for we all are created by the same God. Brother Samuel was living true to this teaching when he died trying to rescue anyone who might be trapped along the mountain pass."

The blizzard lifted after another day but the spirit of the men of the hospice did not lift as quickly. They were still saddened by the death of their fellow worker.

A month passed and then another. During that time Hans saw the different dogs rescue travelers. But a few times the dogs found the people too late. They had died. Each time a group of men and dogs went out to search the pass, Hans thought of Brother Samuel and how he had given his life trying to help others. Hans worried that suddenly an avalanche of snow and rocks might slip unexpectedly from a cliff and kill Uncle Paul. Then Hans would be all alone.

In February during a snowstorm Uncle Paul and Barry were gone from the hospice checking the pass. The time when they should have returned came, but they did not return. "Perhaps they have found a traveler and are having a hard time getting back to the hospice," suggested one of the men. "I think several of us had better go down the trail and help them."

Just as the men were about to leave, the hospice door opened and Uncle Paul entered. His face wore a very concerned look.

"What is the matter?" asked the others.

"Barry disappeared," announced Uncle Paul almost with tears in his voice. "I called him and called him, but he did not come to me. I searched for him somewhat but was afraid I'd get lost without his keen sense of direction."

"Barry is a smart dog, he'll find his way back," one of the men said comfortingly.

"Maybe an avalanche..." Hans started to say but stopped, for he could not bear the thought of Barry being killed.

"No, there was no avalanche," said Uncle Paul. "I would have heard it. An avalanche has a thundering, roaring sound."

The next day the men searched for Barry but could not find him. Then that evening as Hans was carrying food to the dogs in the shed he saw a large form slowly coming up the trail. An eerie feeling swept over him. Then he recognized the form as Barry. "But what makes him look so strange?" wondered Hans as he ran toward the dog. "Barry, here boy," called Hans.

The dog's head raised slightly as he recognized Hans' voice, but he lacked his usual alertness. "Are you hurt?" asked Hans as he reached down to touch Barry. Then his hand felt something other than Barry's fur. He drew his hand back sharply and stared wonderingly at Barry's back. In the faint moonlight Hans saw that a cloak was tied around Barry's back. Nervously he untied it and gasped as he found a small boy under it. The boy was unconscious and nearly frozen. "But he is yet alive," thought Hans. "I must quickly take him inside to the others."

Hans lifted the boy and carried him to the hospice. The men could hardly believe Hans' story of how he had found him. They took the boy and cared for him while Hans went to look after Barry. Uncle Paul went with him.

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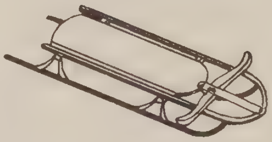
"Good, boy," said Uncle Paul hugging the dog, tears coming to his eyes. "Once again you did your best to save a life. But, my, you look worn out. Come, Hans, let's lead him inside the hospice by the fireplace. It took almost all the dog had to carry the boy on his back up the steep trail. Hard telling how far he came with him."

It was several days before the little boy's mother was found. What Hans had thought was a cloak was actually her shawl. She had used it to tie her child fast to Barry's back. Then she had died. Her son, though, lived.

The story of Barry's heroic saving of the little boy spread from the mountain valley to the villages below and from there to foreign countries. People everywhere were talking of the St. Bernard dog who had saved so many people's lives. Everyone admired him, but no one more than Hans. For Barry, like Brother Samuel, had taught Hans a great truth— that the noblest deeds of courage are done, not to help one's self, but to help others.

■■

Junior Storytime



HAPPINESS IS SHARING

-Mollie Zook

"I'll never go sledding on Trappers' Hill again," Bennie muttered to himself, flinging another piece of wood with a bang into the box on his sled. "Never!" Grasping the draw-rope, he trudged slowly to the house, pulling his loaded sled with determined jerks. "Why, Dannie's new, red and yellow sled would simply glow, alongside this dull, 'brown hack'" (as the boys had called it the night before). Besides, the bought sled steered so easily, while Bennie had to kick his feet into the snow, and twist his body, to guide his homemade sled around the curve on Trappers' Hill.

Bennie did not stop to think how happy he had been only a month ago when his parents gave him the freshly painted sled for his birthday. Nor did he remember how he and his friends had enjoyed the rides on that first day of sledding.

Bennie had admired the strongly-built sled, and was delighted at the speed it gained going down Trappers' Hill. Dad had fastened metal bands to the bottom of the wooden runners, which were soon polished smooth and slick, from sliding over the frosty, crusty snow. But that was before Dannie appeared on the scene with his flashing new sled, a gift from his parents.

Mother saw the gloomy, sullen look on Bennie's face, when he filled the woodbox that evening. But she pretended not to notice.

"I want you to take this pan of cobbler to Walters, as soon as your sled is empty," she told him. "The box on your sled is just what I need to pack the cobbler in, to keep it warm. Sarah has had her hands full since Walter broke his leg. This is for their supper, so do not play on the way over. You may sled awhile on Trappers' Hill on the way home if you wish. But remember to be at home by dark."

Bennie's gloom deepened as he forced his reluctant feet to hurry on. How he wished he would not have to pass Trappers' Hill tonight, but there was no way to avoid it. The boys would surely be there, on a splendid evening like this, for the snow squeaked and whined under the runners of his sled.

When Bennie reached the Walter Miller home, Sarah was ready to go to the barn to milk. She had bundled up the two children to take them with her.

"That solves the supper menu," Sarah called to Walter, as she put the pan of cobbler into the warm oven. "Tell your mother we appreciate her thoughtfulness," Sarah smiled her thanks to Bennie. But he thought she looked tired.

When Bennie turned to go, both of the children had climbed into the box on his sled. "Ride! Ride! We want a ride," they begged.

"You must not ask Bennie for a ride now," Sarah told them, "Bennie is ready to go home."

"I don't need to go right away, so I'll give them a ride to the barn," Bennie offered. When they got to the barn, both of them called, "More ride!"

Bennie continued to pull the sled back and forth, around the barnyard. How they laughed and cheered, when he ran down a small grade in the yard, the sled gliding swiftly and smoothly behind him. Before he realized it, Sarah had finished milking the cow, and the few other chores that she had to do.

"This has been a real help," she told Bennie, "I got the work done much sooner tonight, with someone to care for the children. Thanks for keeping them for me. I can see that they really enjoyed the sled ride. That box on your sled is so nice for a child to ride in."

How happy Bennie was as he pulled his sled homeward. His face reflected a cheerful heart. Somehow, he no longer envied Dannie with his new bought sled. Bennie came to Trappers' Hill just in time to see Dannie and his sled disappear around the bend.

Bennie glanced at the fading light in the sky. Lifting the box from his sled, he flopped down on his tummy, ready to go.

"I think I have time for one ride," he said, as he gave himself a shove with his feet. When he came to the top of the hill again, he pulled his sled home.

"You must have had some good sledding tonight," Mother guessed, when Bennie came in.

"I did," Bennie answered, his face aglow with excitement. He told her of his joyful time with the children at Walters.

"Now I know what changed the expression on your face," Mother exclaimed, smiling down at Bennie. "You see, joy is catching. You cannot bring joy to someone else, without bringing some into your own heart." ■■

CHILD TRAINING NO.10

(ANSWERS)

To Spoil A Child

KATIE LAPP HAD COME over to help her married sister, Malinda, pick raspberries. They were just well started when a car drove in the lane and stopped in front of the house.

"Oh, no," sighed Malinda. "Not Mrs. Smith. She's wanting eggs, but I do wish she'd leave that little Terry at home."

"Why?" asked Katie, curious. They looked toward the car, where plump Mrs. Smith was slowly getting out from under the wheel. The opposite door popped open then slammed shut, and there was a dash of blue across the yard.

"Watch a few minutes and you'll know," said Malinda, setting down her basket of raspberries and starting for the house. "Terry's the worst spoiled brat I've ever seen. He's a sight. He's into everything and his mother can't do anything with him."

"TERR-R-RY!" shouted Mrs. Smith. "You leave that pretty little kitten alone."

Katie stared as four-year-old Terry grabbed the kitten by its tail and began swinging it back and forth.

"You stop that!" barked Mrs. Smith, wobbling hurriedly after her boy. But Terry kept just out of her reach, laughing aloud as the kitten snarled and his mother screamed. In a moment they had disappeared around the corner of the house.

Katie turned back to the raspberries, but now and then Mrs. Smith's voice drifted to her, shouting, "Terry!"

TEN MINUTES LATER the Smith car had left, Malinda had returned to the raspberry patch, and peace and quiet had settled back down upon the farm.

"It's a crime what those people are doing to that boy," remarked Malinda, shaking her head.

"Looks like he's badly spoiled all right."

"Spoiled is the word. But it's not the child's fault," said Malinda. "He's the one I pity. He'll grow up selfish and completely miserable. But you know we have Amish parents making the same mistake."

"Surely not to that extreme," objected Katie.

"Well, maybe not, but they're spoiling their children— letting them have their own way too much. I sure pity a spoiled child."

"What makes them do it?" asked Katie. "How comes parents don't know better than to spoil a child?"

"You're good at asking questions," laughed her sister. "And I could ask a whole basket full more. There's lots of things about spoiling that puzzles me, and it worries me, too. I wish they'd bring up the problem in FAMILY LIFE sometime, in the Child Training questions, you know."

"Why don't you write and suggest it," said Katie.

****

A NUMBER OF QUESTIONS about spoiling children appeared in the August-September 1973 issue of FAMILY LIFE. Many readers responded, telling how they felt about spoiling, and relating their experiences.

Question: WHAT DO WE MEAN WHEN WE TALK OF SPOILING A CHILD?

Answer: To define it in a few words, spoiling a child is letting him have his own way. Spoiling in its purest form is letting the child's selfish nature develop without restraint, to let it grow like a bad weed. It is pampering the child, indulging him, fussing over him, while never crossing his will, never making him surrender, never acknowledging authority. -Father of Ten

Q. IS SPOILING A CHILD REALLY SO HARMFUL?
A. A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame...Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell. -(King Solomon)

A. To spoil a child is to place him in the center of an unreal world of his own and persuade him he is something special. It sets him on a false pedestal from which he must sooner or later fall. It hangs a millstone around his neck that is seldom cast off even in adulthood.

Spoiling a child is a crime against God and mankind, for it is contrary to God's clear commands (Proverbs 13:24, 19:18, 23:13-14; 29:15; 29:17; Ephesians 6:4; Hebrews 12:7). Spoiling ruins lives, weakens the character, and has kept many souls from the narrow way. -A Concerned Parent

Q. WHAT ARE THE UNDERLYING REASONS THAT PARENTS SPOIL CHILDREN?
A. The main reason we tend to spoil our children is because it takes much more effort to correct them than it does to just let them go. -Arkansas Mother of Four

A. I would say the number one reason for spoiled children is that we stop short of breaking their will. To continually shout at a child, or even to slap or punish him, may still be a long way from breaking his will. For example, if we tell a child to pick up his toys and he refuses, there are two ways to deal with him. The first is to scold or slap him, then go pick up the toys yourself. The second is to continue punishing him till he gives up his will and picks them up. The first way a child stays pouty and has self-pity. The latter way he becomes happy and submissive.
-Father of Ten, Pennsylvania

A. I could list a whole line of reasons— pride in one's children, unconcern, lack of self-confidence, not understanding children, and more. -Missouri Father

A. Sometimes parents just don't want to face the music, as the saying goes, of breaking a child's temper. You hear people excuse such parents with, "sie sind so gutmaenich," but are they? No. And the longer they put it off, the harder it gets. -Grandmother from Lancaster

Q. IS IT TRUE THAT THE YOUNGEST CHILD IS ALWAYS SPOILED?
A. No, I don't think it's always true, but it often is.
-Grandmother C.

A. I sincerely hope not— for both my husband and I are the youngest child! -Still on the Climb

A. My mother was a youngest child and if she ever was spoiled, she outgrew it long ago.
-Mrs. K., Pennsylvania

A. I was the youngest in my family and know from experience that the youngest child tends to be spoiled. My parents disciplined me and made me obey, but I just naturally didn't need to share as much, had no one younger to spoil my things, and had a room of my own at a young age. I sometimes felt like blaming my family for spoiling me until a minister shared this thought one day. He said God has planned our lives just like He wants them, even before we were born. He wants some to be the youngest in the family, some the oldest, some in the middle, some boys, some girls, because He has certain lessons He wants to teach them, and certain roles He wants them to fill.

We may as well admit it, the oldest child faces certain problems (perhaps because the parents are inexperienced with their first child), the middle child often feels "left out", and the youngest has a tendency to become selfish and spoiled. I believe it will help us to realize that God has a purpose in placing each one of us in the family where He can best teach us the lessons He wants us to learn. -Eager to Learn More

Q. WHY IS THE YOUNGEST CHILD MORE LIKELY TO BE SPOILED?
A. The youngest child does not have to give up to others as often, or share as much, especially if the gap in ages is very great. For this reason he is likely to become spoiled, if the parents are not on guard.
-A Father

A. The youngest child often gets too much attention from the older children. They love to tease the baby when he's at the cute age, and then all at once the baby is bigger and those things that were cute aren't anymore. Then the older children accuse father and mother of spoiling the youngest in the family, and don't realize they are also in the game. -Mrs. S.

Q. WHAT ABOUT AN ONLY CHILD?
A. I would think it harder to keep from spoiling an only child, but I have seen them well-mannered, unselfish, dutiful, really above-average in every way.
-Snyder County Father

A. An only child stands a good chance to be spoiled, I feel mainly because such a child doesn't learn to share with others. -Lancaster County

A. I have seen spoiled ones, but also ones that were kept much stricter than where there was a big family.
-A Grandmother

Q. WHAT CAN BE DONE WHEN GRANDPARENTS OR OTHER RELATIVES SPOIL YOUR CHILD?
A. I'd like to know too. A mother and three of her children were at Grandmother's house for dinner. She had made sweet corn and some other things. The little boy is very fond of corn, so he didn't want to eat hardly anything else. His mother told him to eat his other food before he gets more corn. But he just poked around— this was wrong, that was wrong.

Finally the mother was ready to go home and he hadn't eaten all his food yet. So she said, "You have that all eaten till I have the horse and buggy up by the house."

When she came up with the rig, he started crying and came to the door. The mother told him to hurry and eat if he wants to go along. So he went back to the table and the mother waited.

The boy was crying a little yet. The grandmother came to him and asked him if he was full. He said, "Yes." So she took his plate away and told him to go. Of course, the mother knew he couldn't really be full, not more than he had eaten. His mother then spanked him for not minding.

Now I would like to know, shouldn't the grandmother have left the boy alone instead of telling him he could go? Is the boy going to learn to mind in cases like this?
-A Worried Mother

(continued on back cover)

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

Melvin Miller had just finished loading up a wagon load of corn when the sleek new car pulled into the lane. The well-dressed salesman climbed out and came walking with a big smile on his face.

"Hello there, young man," he called to Melvin. "That's sure a nice looking load of corn you've got there. Husked it all by hand, didn't you?"

Melvin nodded his head and the salesman went on, "Not often you see a load of corn like that these days. When it's picked with the picker, the ends of the ears are usually shelled off. I bet they pay you a good price for that at the elevator."

"We're not selling it," Melvin replied. "We're mixing up a batch of laying mash."

"Oh, so you're mixing your own laying mash?" the man exclaimed with a big smile. "Well, I've got something I'd like to show you here. I think I can save you some money and also save you a lot of work besides."

As the man was looking through his attache case, Melvin's Dad came around the corner of the barn. The next fifteen minutes were spent looking at some literature on the laying mash the salesman was selling. "The price grain is today, you simply can't afford to feed your own grain," the salesman said. "Our feed is not only cheaper, but it is also better than what you can mix at home."

"We'll think it over," Dad said. "If we're interested, we'll let you know."

After the man had left, Melvin said, "If what he says is true, why don't we just sell our corn and buy his laying mash. That would be a lot easier, and the way he says it would be cheaper, too."

"Well, let's go ahead and mix up this batch and then this evening we'll figure over it," Dad answered. "It's true that grain is higher than it's ever been before but his feed is also higher than it's ever been before. It's very seldom you can get a cheaper feed than by feeding up your own grain."

That night after supper, they got down the feed tables off the shelf and started figuring. The salesman's laying mash contained 15% protein so they worked out a mash with that amount of protein. The Millers bought a concentrate and to make a ton of feed they usually put in 400 lbs. of the 35% concentrate. They also used 100 lbs. of a good grade second cutting alfalfa meal to furnish vitamins. Then they put in enough corn and oats to balance the ration to make it come out to 15% protein.

Using the table below, make up such a ration and figure out the cost per ton.

	% protein	cost
Laying concentrate	35%	$7.00 per cwt.
Alfalfa Meal (best quality)	16%	$2.50 per cwt.
Shelled corn	9%	$2.52 per bushel (56 lbs.)
Oats	12%	.80 bushel (32 lbs.)

The laying mash the man was selling cost $130.00 per ton. Was the Millers' home-mixed ration cheaper than this? If so, how much?

We will print a list of those who send in the correct answer but your letter must be postmarked not later than January 31, 1974.

IDEAS FOR ALL AROUND THE FARM

Recently while grinding feed, we couldn't find our belt dressing so we used sorghum molasses instead. It worked better than the belt dressing we had been using. (Editor's note: If you have no sorghum, try honey or pine tar.)

-A.Y., Mo.

Here's a tip for when you want to go down a steep hill with a wagon which has no brakes. Stick a sturdy pole through both back wheels which will lock them.

- M.R., Pa.

A good and economical remedy for diarrhea in calves and also a preventative is to give them one egg three times a day. The eggs can be fed whole by pushing them into the throat and breaking them against the teeth.

- E.M.H., Pa.

To break hiefers in to milk, use the nose lead and tie it up tight. Then have someone to hold her tail up high at the stump, pushing it up as far as it will go. In time as she gets used to milking, release the tail and then the nose lead by degrees until you just hang it on loose the last few times. This works very good for most hiefers but there are exceptions.

-E.M.H., Pa.

Do you have any time or labor saving ideas which would be of value to others? If so, send them in. But they must be short and to the point. If necessary, include an illustration or sketch. For each one accept for publication, we will pay one dollar. Unused suggestions can not be returned.

A NEW ONE FOR ME?

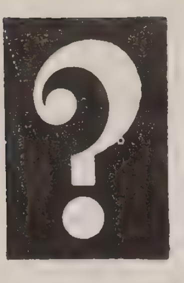
He came to my desk with quivering lips,
the lesson was done.
"Dear Teacher, have you a new sheet for me?
I have spoiled this one."

I took his old sheet all soiled and blotted
And gave him a new one unspotted.
Into his pleading eye I smiled,
"Do better next time, my child."

I came to His throne with quivering lips.
The year was done.
"Dear Master, have you a New Year for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took my old year all soiled and blotted
And gave me a New Year, unspotted.
And into my tired eyes he smiled,
"Do better, this year, my child." - Selected

Deadline: January 25th

WHAT DO YOU THINK



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In our community it is customary for parents to bestow many things to their children when they get married such as furniture, bedding, dishes, and even horses and cows. Sometimes the parents are still in debt and don't have their farms paid for yet. In such cases, wouldn't it be just as well to let the children start on their own while they are still young and able to work? Someday the children will inherit the farm anyhow. What do you think?

????????????????????????????????????

ANSWERS TO THE NOVEMBER QUESTION– THE WOMAN WHO WAS HAVING MOTHER-IN-LAW TROUBLES

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE to go through. I have learned that you have to ignore a lot of it. But time has a way of changing things either for better or worse. In my case it was for better. I feel the best thing is to depend on the Lord for guidance. We should watch our own ways and habits while we are still young so that we don't get into the same things when we get older which we don't like others to do. -Delaware

YOUR QUESTION SOUNDS as though your mother-in-law might be lonesome. Probably going over to her sometimes and bringing her some news might help, or giving her something to do that she can do at home. You know what she is interested in. It seems she wants to be in contact with you. Try being friendly and overlooking her shortcomings. Do something nice for her at times but do not buy presents. Returning good for evil can work wonders. It would also be a good example for your children as the time might come all too soon that you will be the mother-in-law and then things will look different.

-Also a mother-in-law

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT'S LIKE for we don't have any privacy in our house. I usually think I want to ignore it and forget it and my husband tells me that I might someday do the same. That's true enough but just the same I thought I would let you know that other people have some of the same problems. Sometimes when she comes to the kitchen, she will go to the window where the flowers are and say, "My, but they need water," or "The baby needs a clean diaper." This hurts me very much and makes me feel I can't do anything right.

-Pennsylvania

ARE YOU REALLY TRYING with God's help to overcome your hard feelings and jealousy toward your in-laws? Self-pity can be a great hindrance in our Christian lives. I, too, felt too much like you in early married life, having lived with in-laws all the time. But God has helped me to realize that many times my faults outweighed theirs. He has also helped me to have love where hard feelings used to be. I hope you will not wait until too late to ask their forgiveness for not always having treated them kindly. Grandma was sick a lot the last four years and has gone on to her reward. I have thanked God over and over again that she didn't die in earlier years when I felt too much like you do now.

I realize your mother-in-law may be hard to deal with but your attitude will not help her change her ways. Remember, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger " (Prov. 15:1).

-A Not-Perfect Daughter-in-law

WE, TOO, HAVE A PROBLEM, although it isn't mother-in-law trouble. It's my own mother. When father died, she made her home with us. Our children were small and Grandma was a big help so I could help my husband more. She planned the meals, took care of the little ones, and did whatever had to be done. She also disciplined the children. At the time it didn't bother us so much for we were both young and had plenty to learn.

But finally it got to the place that if I planned something with my husband without first consulting Grandma, she was insulted. Soon she was telling me we have too many children, so instead of looking forward with joy, I went about my work with a heavy heart.

We tried hard not to let her come between us, but it's hard to work together like a husband and wife should under such circumstances. Now the children are grown and things have changed. We no longer need Grandma's help around the house but she still insists on planning our meals. She's insulted if we don't do as she says. How can we honor and obey our parents and still be submissive to our husbands? -A Troubled Daughter

WE ARE CALLED IN SCRIPTURE to be partakers of the Divine Nature. Where not enough self-denial is present, these problems come to light. It is true that one can be overbearing and mingle in another's business which is not a Christian virtue. On the other hand, not looking at the problem as it really is can also make a barrier. You should face your mother-in-law with the suggestion that the problem does exist and that you want peace. Each must be willing to lay aside what is overbearing to the other. If you can not come to peace and reach an agreement then you may need help from the ministers to find out where the trouble lies. If we get sick, do we not get outside help? Is the spiritual life less important? Where such problems exist there is often still too much of the carnal nature and a lack of prayer. Difference in the way people are brought up can also cause problems.

-Tennessee

IF YOU HAVE CHILDREN of your own, it's not good for them to see that there is friction. It takes a lot of patience, but I think you should be able to tell her how you feel about it. The Bible says a man should cling to his wife. -Indiana

I HAVE THE BEST MOTHER-IN-LAW so I don't know what it would be like to have yours. My in-laws mind their own business and when they see we need help, they'll gladly help but they never try to mind our business for us. They never make fun of me, even if I don't do as they would do. Sometimes I wonder if I appreciate them enough.

Pray to God to help you like them even if they aren't what they should be. I hope this trouble doesn't make bad feelings between you and your husband. There's nothing nicer than a peaceful marriage. -Kansas Reader

OUR PARENTS DID SO MUCH FOR US when we were small. It hurts me very much to hear people talk about their in-laws like that. I have no father or mother, no father-in-law or mother-in-law to turn to to ask advice.

But I love older people and I've cared for the elderly, some till they passed away. I get attached to them and it is hard on me when they pass on.

It is very hard on old people when they can not work any more. They just have to sit and wait until God calls them home. Life is too short to have hard feelings. Maybe our in-laws see some mistakes we make, too, and it is hard on them, but they are afraid to say anything.

I think if we would show love and kindness and give them a little to do now and then, it would make a world of difference. If we have the love of God as God has for us, then all will be well. -Also a Mother-in-law

I, TOO, HAD THIS KIND OF PROBLEM for many years. You were lucky to get help while the children were small, this I did not get. Pray for patience and more patience as all things usually change some time. It did for us after twenty-one years. Now as we look back, we feel that our efforts were appreciated.

-Ontario

WITH SADNESS IN MY HEART I read the question about the mother-in-law trouble. I wish I had a mother-in-law. My husband and I are both in our early thirties, both his parents and my father are gone and my mother lives in another state. I am lucky if I see her once in two months. I wish I had a mother-in-law close by to help me and to ask advice from at times. I long to confide in an older person. I have no one to turn to.

-Mother Of Seven, Ohio

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW AND I are opposites in many ways. This is fine for some instances but would hardly do to work side by side regularly. Yet I hope the Lord gives us grace to love one another in time of need, which is all the time.

I try to remember that my mother-in-law is our children's grandmother. I'm thinking yours is, too. And what grandmother does not love the grandchildren? I try to allow her love and return it personally. -Missouri

I THINK YOU NEED a good dose of salvation and a big helping of godly love! It appears that your love for your mother-in-law has worn off. Breathe a prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Search your heart and when you get yourself in place I feel certain a lot of the trouble will have vanished. -I Still Love My Mother-in-law

YOUR PROBLEM SOUNDS FAMILIAR to me. For a long time I used to wonder. "Why, why, why?" Then I heard a minister say that everyone has a cross to bear. He said our cross in life is the one thing we would most like to get rid of. Without doubt, mine is mother-in-law problems.

The next day while doing my washing, my thoughts went back over the sermon. I thought of others and their crosses. A friend with several retarded children, a young widow with small children, an acquaintance whose husband was in a mental institution, another whose husband was nearly always dissatisfied with her and also with the church, a neighbor whose husband didn't always return home every evening after work. Would I rather have one of those crosses? No, I would choose my own. I have healthy children and a kind and loving husband, even though there are heartaches and many problems and it takes much patience and many prayers. -Pennsylvania

IT SEEMS TO ME like you're trying the wrong things to solve your problem. You say you have tried to ignore her, and have told her you don't need her help, and you are also hinting that she can go on trips.

No one likes to be ignored so this will not do any good. Apparently your mother-in-law wants to help you so surely you can find some things that she can do. If you will recognize her talent in some things (surely she has talent in some things if she was able to bring forth a man like your husband) then she may be much better satisfied. Although going on a trip could be a pleasant experience, few people like to be sent on trips to get them out of the way. Surely there must be better ways to solve your problems.

-Hoping You Can Find An Answer

I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T have the love toward your mother-in-law as you should have. I lived with in-laws, too and I have learned that things don't always go my way. Maybe I did things they didn't approve of either. We need patience and plenty of it! But one thing I learned, if we want to love them, we must not have bitter thoughts against them. When I criticized their actions, I soon saw that my love was stunted. To overcome this, I prayed for help. Somehow, I feel much of our trouble comes from lack of understanding.

We had our trials but love won out at last and things have changed. I believe things can also change in your home if you appreciate it when she wants to help. Let her know she is wanted, and give her some jobs at times. Ask her advice on small matters and then with a touch of humor, tell her you like to ask advice but the final decision is still yours to make, for you are the one to suffer if things don't work out.

God can mend the breach, but if we want His help then we must walk in His ways and keep the Golden Rule, regardless of what others do. -Wishing you the best

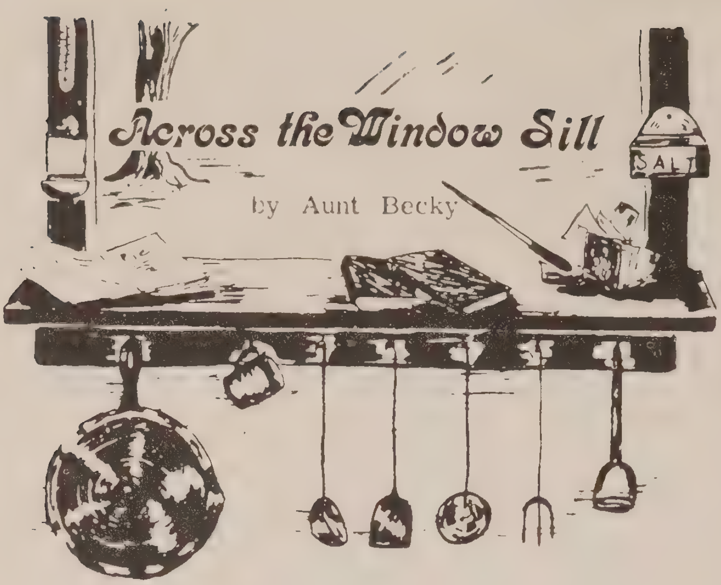
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I would do if I were in your place but I have been made fun of and something like that does not insult me any more. Maybe if you would help her along if she tells others what she does for you, she would see you don't care. You should be able to praise her for what she does for you. It appears to me there is more involved in the question than what is brought out.

-Florida

I WONDER IF YOU REALIZE how much you are saying about yourself. I believe anyone who reads the question can see that it looks as if you do not like your mother-in-law. The first statement that gave me this opinion is where you wrote, "I've felt like telling her to mind her own business but I don't want to do that." My guess is that you have said that more than once, perhaps not with words, but with actions and looks that spoke more rudely than any words would have.

You also mention the unwelcome advice your mother-in-law gives. Who of us finds it easy to take advice from

—continued on inside back cover



Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

BY PATIENCE STRONG

WHAT did you do for me?" said I,
As I watched the dying year.
"I would settle accounts with you
Before you go from here.
You failed to bring me all the things
You promised at the start:
Fulfillment of my hopes and dreams,
The wishes of my heart."

The Old Year opened his fading eyes
And said reproachfully,
"I gave you all I had to give,
But what did you do for me?
I gave you opportunities
And chances that you spurned—
Many mercies undeserved
And happiness unearned.

"Had you only known," he said,
"I was a friend to you."
And as the Old Year breathed his last
I knew his words were true . . .
I have been most ungrateful
And it's too late now, I fear.
Forgive me, Lord, I'll wiser be
Throughout the coming year.

◆◆◆

We are nearing the time when we close the volume of the Old Year and optimistically look toward the new. The words of George Burger are very suitable for this time of the year (and always): "By God's grace I will forget those things which are behind and press forward to new heights. I will, like David, lift up my eyes unto Him from 'whence cometh my help'; like Abraham, trust completely in His guidance; like Enoch, walk in daily fellowship with my Heavenly Father; like Moses, choose to suffer affliction rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; like Daniel, commune in prayer with God regularly; like Job, be patient under all circumstances; like Caleb and Joshua, refuse to be discouraged; like Andrew, strive to lead my brother into a closer walk with Christ; like John, lean upon the bosom of the Master and partake of His Spirit; like Stephen, show a forgiving attitude toward all who seek my hurt; like Timothy, study the Word of God; and like my Lord himself, overcome all earthly allurements by refusing to succomb to their enticements. Realizing that I cannot hope to achieve these objectives by myself, I shall cling to the promise that 'I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me.'"

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SOMEONE SENT IN THE DEFINITION of a busy, happy mother: The mother who works in the garden, sews, bakes, fixes meals and willingly takes care of her family, has a full and meaningful life. The woman who pushes a few buttons, fixes instant meals and thaws out ready-mix dinners, — all of which an eight-year-old can do— feels no sense of achievement and then wonders why her life is dull.

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A friend from Missouri wishes to see more peanut butter recipes. I hope some of the readers will have some to share.

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LUNCH BOX BLUES

This is the time of year when you may get into the "lunch box rut." When the children say they are tired of having the same thing all the time, and the school term is only about halfway through. Perhaps we mothers all have something in common here; we like to pack nourishing lunches with variety, and yet stay at an economical level. Maybe a few suggestions would be in order.

The sandwich is a lunch box mainstay so I will give a basic recipe for ham salad which our children especially like. Grind together the following:

1 ring bologna
1 dozen hard boiled eggs
1 qt. sweet pickles (other kinds may be used)

Mix all together with a little salt and miracle whip. Some of the pickle juice adds zip too.

This mixture keeps well for several weeks when stored in tupperware in a cold temperature, providing your children don't find it when they come home from school. Watch when the ring bologna is on sale at your local grocery store, then buy several for it can be frozen for future use.

Most children also like peanut butter. Instead of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, try adding sliced, hard-cooked eggs to the peanut butter sandwich. This adds protein in case you are out of meat.

During the winter months, we feel that buying fresh vegetables or fruits once in a while is a good investment. The vitamin A in vegetables and vitamin C in fruits, especially oranges, help to keep colds and flu at a minimum; so the lunch box should include them too.

Do your children like celery? If they aren't too fond of it, try filling the celery "trough" with peanut butter or cheese. This is a nourishing lunch box addition.

Do your children have a wide-mouth thermos? This may sound expensive, but it is not in the long run. Here is a chance for variety and simple good eating on cold winter days. Any leftovers can be used such as noodles, macaroni and cheese, vegetables, yes, even mashed potatoes and gravy! (Fill the thermos in layers of potatoes and gravy.) Any kind of soup can be used. Often I plan the evening before and make a little more of whatever is on the supper table. In the morning you merely have to heat it while packing lunches. Incidently, the hearty hamburger soup in FL was a big hit at our house. The first thing one of our scholars said was, "I want some in my thermos tomorrow!"

We also watch when weiners are on sale. I heat these and cut them almost through lengthwise. Put them in the thermos piping hot; the children have a warm sandwich for a change.

I would also like to hear from other mothers for more lunch box suggestions. -Mrs. A.B., Indiana

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ORANGE-PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM (6 qt. freezer)

9 eggs, beaten (less eggs may be used)
3 3/4 cups white sugar

Beat eggs and sugar together thoroughly. Add: 1/2 package orange Kool-ade and 1 13 oz. can crushed pineapple or juice. Pour into freezer. Heat one quart rich milk. Pour into freezer. Add cream or milk until the freezer is several inches near full. Add 3 dissolved junket tablets. Stir. Leave set 15 minutes, then freeze. (Variations: Omit pineapple and Kool-Aid and use vanilla or lemon. Brown sugar may also be used instead of white.) -Indiana

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SOUTHERN BAKED CHICKEN

1 tender chicken, cut into serving pieces
1/2 to 1 cup buttermilk
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons paprika
1/4 teaspoon leaf thyme
1 cup flour
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 stick butter

Mix flour, salt, pepper, paprika, and thyme together. Dip pieces of chicken in buttermilk, then dredge with flour mixture. Melt butter in shallow baking pan in 400° degree oven. As pieces of floured chicken are placed in pan, turn to coat with butter. Sprinkle each side generously with Accent seasoning, and very sparingly with garlic powder. (Garlic is optional) Bake, skin side down in a single layer at 400° degrees for 30 minutes. Turn chicken; bake 30 minutes longer or until tender.

-Mrs. Nelson Horst

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TAFFY

1 quart white sugar
1 pint cream
1 tablespoon paraffin
1 pint light Karo

1 tablespoon gelatin dissolved in 1/4 cup cold water. Combine all ingredients and boil until it forms a hard ball in cold water when dropped from a tablespoon— 250° on candy thermometer. Pour onto a well-greased cookie sheet. When cool enough to handle start pulling. When an ivory color is obtained pull into a long thin "rope" and cut with kitchen shears. -Ohio

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MY FAVORITE OATMEAL COOKIES

2 cups brown sugar
4 cups oatmeal-quick
2 cups flour
1 cup nuts
1 1/2 cups shortening
4 eggs
1 cup raisins, ground
1/2 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon soda,dissolved in 1 tablespoon water. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Drop with teaspoon. Bake in 400° oven. -Mary Ann Schlabach

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HOW TO CLEAN COW STOMACH

To those who save cow's stomach which is delicious when prepared right, here is the way we clean ours:

First,rinse stomach in clear cold water. We cut up the stomach in parts, then soak it in 1/2 to 1 gallon of fresh lime in cold water from 1/2 to 1 hour or until the inner lining peels off easily.

Clean all the lining off, then rinse several times in clear water. I let it set in salt water a day or two before cooking to eat. If cleaned proper it is nice and white and leaves no odor. —Mrs. Dan S. Hilty, Geneva, Indiana

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CINNAMON BUNS

Scald: 1/2 cup milk
Stir in: 1/2 cup sugar, 1 1/2 t. salt, and 1/4 cup shortening.

Cool to lukewarm. In the meantime measure into bowl: 1/2 cup lukewarm water, 2 t. sugar and sprinkle with 2 envelopes (or 2 T. dry yeast)

Let stand 10-15 minutes. Stir and add to milk. Add 2 eggs (well beaten). Work in about 4 cups flour. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Divide the dough and roll each half into a 9 x 12 rectangle. Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle each half with a mixture of:
1 cup brown sugar, 2 t. cinnamon, and 2/3 cup raisins.

Roll up as for Jelly roll. Cut into pieces about 1 inch wide and place on greased pans. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake at 350° about 35 minutes. Frost while warm with the following icing:

1 cup powdered sugar, 1/4 t. vanilla and milk to make stiff icing. —Mrs. Joe K. Zehr, Ontario

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Guter Vater im Himmel Du,
meine Augen fallen zu,
will mich in mein Bettchen legen,
gib Du mir auch Deinen Segen!
Lieber Gott, das bitt ich Dich,
bleib bei mir, hab aucht auf mich! Amen.

◆◆◆

Some Mothers Write

Whenever I do any baking our children always pull up chairs to watch.

Today as I was adding oatmeal to my cookie dough our three-year-old asked, "Are those eggshells?"

-Mrs. A. A. H.

Our 2 and 3 year olds had lots of baby kittens to play with and had to be reminded quite often to be kind to animals. One day Miss two-year-old needed a spanking for disobeying. After crying a bit she looked up into her daddy's face with her big shiny eyes, while the tears spilled down over her cheeks, and sobbed, "Why, Daddy, you must always be kind to animals!" -Mrs. I. H.

One evening the house was quite messed up from three lively preschoolers playing inside all day. They weren't one bit enthused about helping to clean up. Then I told them they should always do their work as if they were doing it for Jesus. Drooping faces turned into bright eyes and sunny smiles and the oldest one said, "Then we'll be Jesus' disciples." Turning to his sisters, he assigned them names, " You girls can be Simon Peter and Andrew, and I'm Bartholomew." And did they ever clean up fast! It was so amusing. Then to top it all off, after their work was done they pretended they were fishing. -A Maryland Mother

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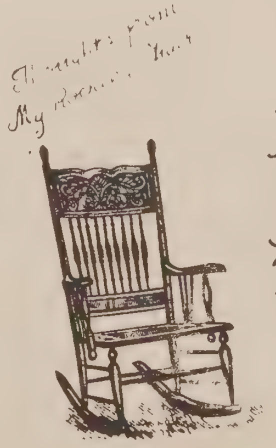
Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Whisperers are gossipers, so it is said;
They think they're important but it's all in their head!

— Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Is any amoung you afflicted?

...let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms (James 5:13).

And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me (Psalms 50:15).

Oh, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.
That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God.

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
Lord, give us such a faith as this
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

It was on Sunday evening, December 12, 1971 when a throbbing pain developed in the sole of my left heel. I was doing my chores at the time. Little did I know that this was the beginning of some severe pain and that this was the last time I would be doing my chores for a while.

I was able to sleep that night yet but by the next morning the left foot was blue and swollen and quite painful. By Tuesday afternoon the soreness had drawn itself up into the left hip. There was no rest to be had that night. Towards morning the pain started also in the right foot. The weight of the quilts became almost unbearable. By mid-afternoon the next day I was put in a bed in the K. W. Hospital. This bed was mine for the next nine days. The hours of the first five days were long and painful. Both of my ankles and knees were hot and swollen. The doctors still didn't know what caused my trouble. But the following day it was diagnosed as rheumatoid arthritis. This is a disease for which there is no cure— so the doctors said.

The last few days in the hospital went better. The fever and swelling became less, and I was allowed to go home. Eight weeks later I let my hired help off for the first time, although I was still using a cane. I thought it interesting to do my chores alone again.

While I was sick the neighbors willingly took over. Everything was well looked after. The manure yard was cleaned. And one afternoon twenty men or more came with two teams and cut my wood. By evening there was a year's supply of wood stacked beside the woodshed.

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth" (I John 3:18). This love— in deed and truth— was indeed shown to us in many ways during the time of my illness.

Let us pray that God in His gracious ways may call us each and everyone in the way that He knows best; and that He grant unto us the strength and faith to accept His calling.

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty" (Job 5:17). -Ammon H. Martin, Ontario

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NOTICE- Check your income guide book before filing your next income tax. Some countries have special deductions for the handicaps.

We Have Learned

Through the illness of my husband I have learned to more fully trust in the Lord in anything that happens or that we do. My faith is strengthened when I realize that He even sees the sparrows that fall. He feeds and cares for the birds and animals; why wouldn't He do this for us too? Why worry when we can pray? We have found how true it is that He will give back to us full measure, pushed down and running over. What a merciful Lord and Saviour!

Here's a poem that seems dear to me after hearing many frets, and worrying about what we should do— and shouldn't do— during my husband's serious illness:

Have faith and the mountains will start to move,
The darkness will change to light,
For miracles come when we walk by faith
And not by our human sight.

Sometimes we tend to lean on our own knowledge too much and forget to pray and ask our Lord to do as He wills and sees best. What He sends does not always look like the best, but afterwards we can look back and see what a perfect pattern He had laid out for us.

Sometimes our heartaches and pains seem unbearable, but when they are past they look small and we wonder why we worried when we should have let our Lord lead us with His Hand.

In a time when there is serious illness we receive much advice. As one man stated: "Advice is cheap," and at times we questioned whether the Lord had led friends to say as they did. We learned that we must live one day at a time and not look into the future, and try to plan it. We want to let our Lord plan it for us. He loves us and will never forsake us if we trust Him.

When someone says, "Oh, don't do this," or, "Don't do that," thinking it can't turn out right, my heart goes out to them. I'm afraid they may not know the Lord as they should. Let us help to encourage our shut-ins and not discourage them! They, too, have their spiritual struggles and we can help them if we try.

-Mrs. Nate A. Wickey, Monroe, Indiana

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT- Our cover was sketched by Mrs. Alta Hershberger of Selinesville, Ohio.

IN-LAW TROUBLES —continued from page 31

someone we don't like? We resent it, no matter how good the advice may be.

The third thing that gives you away is when you mention that she tells it around when she does something for you. Accepting help from a person we don't like isn't any easier than accepting advice from such a person. We especially don't want other people to know that the person who is so "bad" (in our opinion) would do anything for us or anyone else.

I don't doubt but your mother-in-law might be meddlesome. But the best thing any daughter-in-law can do is try to see things through her mother-in-law's eyes. Remember, within a few years the picture may have changed. You may be the mother-in-law then and who knows what age will have done to you by then.

-A Mother-in-law's Daughter, Ohio

LONG AGO WHEN I WAS a daughter-in-law I had the following written on my heart and mind, determined that I would practice it if I were a mother-in-law:

I would not search for faults.

I would not intentionally hurt anyone's feelings.

I would not laugh scornfully at anyone's mistakes.

I would give advice in a kind way when needed and asked for.

I would help them in time of need, but it would be good to let them ask occasionally, otherwise leave them alone.

Last but not least, I'd find something to do like sewing or knitting to earn something - health permitting.

I find this works wonderfully.

-Once A Daughter-in-law

I DON'T HAVE A MOTHER-IN-LAW. Neither am I one, but I can't help feeling sorry for both of you. Usually when I hear someone talking about the faults of another of how hard "so and so" is to get along with, I have to think of two things. The first is "There must be another side to the story," and the second thing is "The one who is talking is telling more about himself than the person he is talking about."

Your letter is no exception. May I tell you what you were telling about yourself this time? From your letter I understand that you are easily hurt and insulted. If this is true, you are not only making it hard for yourself, but also for those you live with. I know from past experience that it takes much love and patience on both sides. When love is lost, all is lost. There are so many situations in life we can not change, so the best thing to do is accept them as they are and by the grace of God make the best of them.

Please do try to get along with your in-laws. Look for their good points. Try overlooking the unpleasant things and do something to make them happy. I believe you will never be sorry. Time is fleeting and before you know it, you will have taken your mother-in-law's place in the "daudy house" and unless you have really learned to get along with your mother-in-law while you were young, chances are you'll find it just as hard to get along with your daughter-in-law when you are older. When the tables are turned—what then?

-Ontario

OME REMEDIES and suggestions

RED BEET POULTICE

I have used red beets a number of times and feel we ave saved doctor bills. When I was a small girl I had a ery sore hand with red streaks to my elbow. An old eighbor lady said to put on a red beet poultice. Cut eets into half and scrape on inside and put on cloth. Tie on sore. It healed up right away. When my daugher went to school the nurse brought her home one eveing at 3:30 saying she has a fever, a lump under her rm and streaks from a scratch on her finger. I knew I ould hardly make it to town for the doctor for I had hores to do. I put her to bed, gave her a laxative, and ut poultices of red beets on the sore, changing a few imes during the night. By morning she was much better nd soon was all right again.

A few years ago I went to visit my parents. The first vening there, Dad stepped on a tack. He soaked his oot and put somethong on right away, for he is a diaetic. This was Tuesday evening. By Thursday mornng he couldn't put his shoe on anymore. We went to the tore for him and bought red beets, then applied a poulice at noon. By evening he was much better and by Friay morning he could wear his shoe again. I don't think have ever used this remedy that it failed to help.

-Indiana

ROST BITE REMEDY

ounce olive oil
ounce turpentine
1 ounce peppermint oil
1 ounce ammonia

ix and bottle. Apply to hands when they are frostitten. (This is an old remedy that Mother used when we ere children to soothe frostbitten hands. -SMW)

• • • • • •

The Friendly Beasts

Jesus our brother, strong and good,
Was humbly born in a stable rude,
And the friendly beasts around Him stood,
Jesus our brother, strong and good.

"I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown,
"I carried His mother up hill and down,
I carried her safely to Bethlehem town;
I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

"I," said the cow all white and red,
"I gave Him my manger for His bed,
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head;
I," said the cow all white and red.

"I," said the sheep with curly horn,
"I gave Him my wool for His blanket warm,
He wore my coat on Christmas morn;
I," said the sheep with curly horn.

"I," said the dove, from the rafters high,
"Cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I,
We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I;
I," said the dove, from the rafters high.

And every beast, by some good spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell,
Of the gift he gave Immanuel,
The gift he gave Immanuel.

Author Unknown

EPIPHANY

The sixth day of January is kept as a holiday throughout many of our Old Order communities and is known as "Old Christmas." Just what is the day and why is it kept? What does history have to say about this holiday?

The correct name for this day is Epiphany (pronounced "ih-pif-eh-ni" with the accent on the second syllable). In the early church it was the third greatest holiday, following after Easter and Pentecost in importance. The oldest known reference to the day is made by Clement of Alexandria who was born about 192 A.D. He says the Christians in that area spent the whole night before January 6th in lecturing from the Scriptures and the day of Epiphany was spent in feasting.

Epiphany is traditionally accepted as the day on which John the Baptist baptized Jesus in the Jordan River. It was sometimes referred to as the day of birth of the Saviour but this was strictly in a spiritual sense. It was commonly held that Christ's divinity was made known to man on that day instead of the day of his birth.

Several hundred years later December 25th had become accepted by the Roman church as the birthday of Jesus. In the year 385 A.D., Chrysostom wrote a sermon mentioning the fact that December 25th was now considered the date of the Saviour's birth.

Throughout the years, January 6th has been observed as a feast day. Since that time numerous other events have come to be connected to that day such as the visit of the three wise men to the baby Jesus, the wedding at Cana and the feeding of the four thousand. At one time water was drawn from the springs and rivers on the eve of Epiphany and saved for baptism throughout the year. Evidently from this practice numerous superstitions have sprung such as one which says that in some areas the water in the rivers turns to wine on this day. Others believe that the horses and cows in the stable talk on the eve of Epiphany while others believe the Christmas rose comes up and blooms on this particular night.

One explanation as to why this day is commonly called Old Christmas, is because the calendar has been changed and what was originally December 25th is now January 6th. It is true that ten days were dropped when the change was made from the Julian calendar to the Gregorian Calendar in 1582. The reason for this was that the Julian calendar gained a day every 150 years. By the year 1580, spring was beginning on March 11th instead of on March 21st. The correction of ten days was needed to put it back to where it originally was. Even if we were to count these ten days, it would still not explain away the other two days as there are twelve days between December 25th and January 6th. (America did not accept the Gregorian Calendar until the year of 1752.)

It is interesting to note that one of the old writings makes the comparison, that even as God finished his works of Creation on the sixth day, that He also made manifest the Saviour of the world (at Jesus' baptism) on the sixth day of the year.

■■

CHILD TRAINING -continued from page 28

Q. IS IT POSSIBLE FOR PARENTS TO BE UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE SPOILING THEIR CHILD?

A. Yes, I believe it is possible to spoil a child unawares. I hope if we ever do, someone will warn us in love and concern, and that we can then own up to it and correct it. -Mrs. K, Pennsylvania

A. A spoiled child is always to be pitied and parents are shirking their duty in not training them. I believe i is the duty of close friends to warn them about rearing their children properly. But I will confess that this is touchy thing, to talk plainly with them.

-Mrs. S. of Lancaster

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A. I admire the ones that have asked me whether I kne this or that is being done by our children, and how I fel about such things. -Pennsylvania

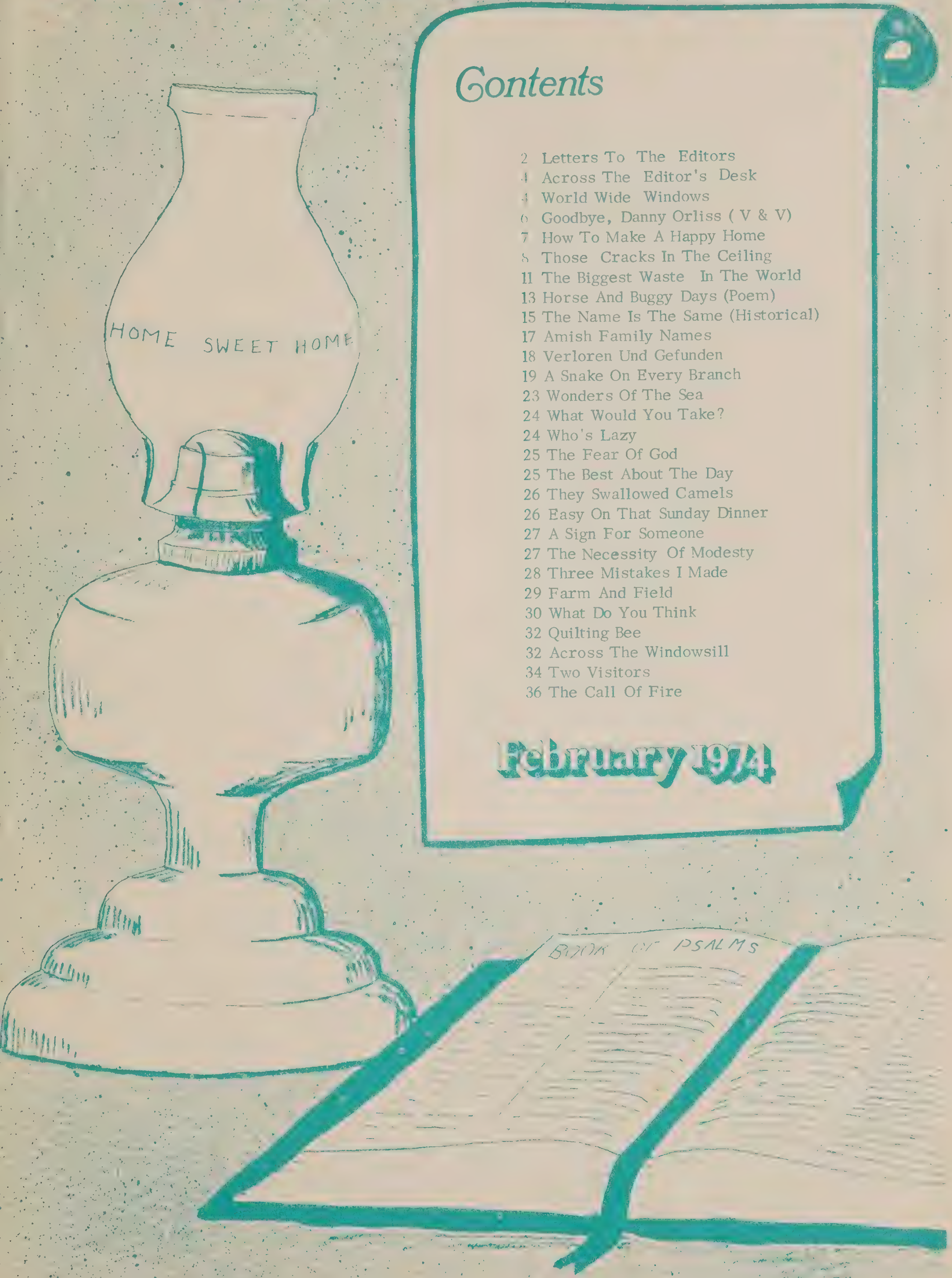
A. Our knowledge is in part, and I feel it could indeed be possible for even well-meaning parents to be blind t their own faults. If close friends see that we are possibly unaware of some bad habits in our children, or feel they could share with us some helpful advice, I surely hope they feel free to do so in Christian love. We need each other's help. -Missouri Father

* * *

God did not create woman from man's head, that he should command her, nor from his feet, that she should be his slave, but rather from his side, that she should be near his heart. -Hebrew proverb

* * *

FAMILY LIFE



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February 1974

Letters
TO THE EDITOR

FAUCETS STILL OPEN

● I think the article "Turn Off The Faucets" (December issue) was very much to the point in bringing out the cause of drift in our plain churches. I know of a father whose son was in the instruction class for baptism, who said to the bishop, "My boy is not fit to be baptized." The father knew his son was living in sin and did not want to give him a false hope. By doing this, the father was helping to build up the church. Too many parents hide the sins of their children so they can be baptized and taken into the church. Baptism is not the changing of the old life. It is merely the seal of a good conscience toward God.

It seems so many things are wanting to creep in among the young folks if they start copying off the more liberal Mennonite churches. And it seems some parents are even trying to help in bringing in these things. Can't they see where it leads to? But we are glad to see that there are still young and old who are trying hard to keep up the standards of the church for we believe this is pleasing to the Lord. -Lancaster,County

CAREFUL HOW YOU SAY IT

● The story "Somebody Is Stretching The Truth" in the December issue reminded me of a saying I once heard which said that way over half the lies you hear are not true. In his one hundred rules of Christian conduct, which Christopher Dock wrote many years ago, No. 60 is,"Wenn du etwas wieder erzaehlest das du von andere gehoeret hast,so setze nichts dazu,damit du dem Lügengeist nicht in die Stricke fallest". (In repeating what others have told you, add nothing lest you be caught in the net of the spirit of lies.) -A.B.M., Ephrata, Pa.

THE SORROW OF GOING ASTRAY

● I just got through reading the article "Mothers, Do Not Weep" in the December issue and it made me feel like crying. I often think that if God takes away our children while they are young, we should be thankful. Of course we would be lonesome for them for awhile but the sorrow would be nothing compared to seeing them get a little older and then going astray (and perhaps leaving the world in that condition). Bringing up our children in the Lord is one of our greatest tasks but what if they grow up and we suddenly find that we have failed. But of course, I know we do all fail but my constant prayer is that God will keep his hand over us and help us so that our dear little children will not go wayward.

-Mrs. C.W., Indiana

MORE THOUGHTS ON CHILD TRAINING

● I was glad to read the comments on overactive Andy. I have a nephew who is into everything. His mother is always on the go, leaving him with a babysitter which is something I don't like to see. But if I say something to her that I think he needs more love instead of being screamed at and spanked, she tells me, "Sure, you can talk because you don't have any children yet." She even told me that I probably know all about raising children. That hurt as I had only wanted to help her. No, we don have any children yet, but Lord willing we hope we soo may have. I hope and pray we won't have to scream at our children to make them behave. -Looking Forwar

● I appreciated the Child Training Answers No.9 as I, too, grew up in a home where there was a lot of tensio Also at times when I was working out. I often wondere if I'd ever have enough nerve to get married; but whe we were led together we discussed it and re-discussed it until we felt we understood each other. By facing the facts we felt that we had learned something from our parents' mistakes and we hoped that with God's help, it would be different for us and I am glad to say, so far i has been. -Still Room For Improveme

HOW DOES IT REALLY SOUND?

● In the comment on the article "How Does It Really Look?" it says that smoking should be done away with and with this I readily agree. But what I don't agree wi is the statement which was made as follows: "By our dress, people can see that we are Christians," and al "It erases any effect that his plain clothes might have had."

Isn't this about the same as saying that if we wear plain clothes then we have a clear ticket to Heaven? I know you do not mean it this way but could it not be understood in this way? Can we not write without putting so much stress on our plain clothes? I think plain clothes are necessary but we should have convictions t wear them in honour of our Lord and Saviour and to show what we stand for? -Woolwich Township, Ontari

ANSWER- The dictionary defines the word "Christian" as, "A person professing belief in Jesus as the Christ; or in the religion based on the teachings of Jesus." Ou plain clothes should show to the world that we profess t be this kind of people. What the article meant to say was that if our actions are inconsistent, then the world can see that we don't really believe what we profess. As you point out, our clothes should show what we stan for, and must not be mistaken to mean that everyone w wears plain clothes or everyone who professes to be a Christian will get to Heaven.

AN UNPRODUCTIVE PASTIME

● I would like to quote a bit of information which I have found in an encyclopedia concerning the history of tobacco.

Tobacco has had bitter enemies as well as firm

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friends. King James I disliked the odor of this "sot-weed" and forebade its use in England, but without much success. Tobacco farming in early Virginia was frowned upon because it tempted farmers to neglect needed food crops. In early New England, there were laws prohibiting smoking because it was "a non-productive pastime." The book also states that in the U.S.A., people spend twenty million dollars a day on cigarettes alone. Think of what all could be done with this money to feed a hungry world. It has always puzzled me how this habit ever came to be accepted by the plain people in the first place. -Waterloo County, Ontario

● I hope you will continue to discourage the use of strong drink and tobacco. It is a sad sight to see plain people in town or at a sale light up a cigar or pipe or even a cigarette with an air of confidence that they are defending the faith. No doubt they frown on anyone who dares to raise a voice against its use. They think such people are unfortunate victims of some new idea and quite likely to end up joining some more liberal church.

I was reading in an old book printed in 1888 and here are a few notes of interest from the book.

Poem Of Rye

I was made to be eaten and not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn, not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing when put thru a mill,
As a blight and a curse when run through a still;
Make me up into loaves and your children are fed
But if into drink, I'll starve them instead.

From the same book is the following account of tobacco:

In the month of November, 1492, Columbus discovered Cuba, he sent some of the sailors to explore it. When they returned they reported that the natives carried with them firebrands and puffed smoke from their mouths and noses. They supposed this was the way the savages had of perfuming themselves. They declared they saw the naked savages twist large leaves together and smoke like demons.

From the wild barbarians of America, the smoking habit was after some years introduced into Europe where it was adopted, not only by the lower classes but also by those in high authority. Even princes and nobles participated in the new-found intoxication.

-D.H., Selinsgrove

COOL BEFORE COVERING

● I found your food poisoning article interesting (December issue) but I have a question. I was taught at home that meat should always be thoroughly cooled before it was covered. Since then I have found that many people will put it into a jar or leave it in a saucepan and cover it tightly and set it away. Can you tell me, should meat be cooled before it is tightly covered. Mom always stressed this and with chickens or noodles or anything containing a broth, she was extra particular about it.

-Holmes County Daughter

ANSWER- Your mother acted wisely in cooling before covering. The idea is to cool it as quickly as possible, and covering food will retard the cooling process.

● Your article, "Food That Isn't Fit" says that canned meats and vegetables should be thoroughly cooked on opening the cans. Does this mean it is dangerous to eat cold hamberger right from the can? When I open a can of string beans I sometimes eat several before heating them. Is this also considered dangerous? -M.H., Ind.

ANSWER- It does and it is. Canned foods that are neither sweet nor acid should never be eaten directly from the can before heating. Fruits and berries are usually both sweet and acid and therefore are safe. Meats and vegetables are neither and therefore it is possible for botulism to grow in them. Don't eat them from the can, and as the article points out, don't even lick your fingers before the food is heated. Heating kills the botulism poison.

ONE DAY AT HOME

● The comments on coon and deer hunting tempted me to write. My husband likes to hunt, too, but it's mostly squirrels and rabbits. He works out so there's not much time for hunting except Saturdays. Naturally, that's the day we are anxiously looking forward to his spending the day at home and helping us.

But he has a friend down the road who so often asks, "Why don't you come over tomorrow and we'll go hunting?" It's so disgusting to me. I don't always want him to say, "My wife doesn't want me to." This man also has a family and it seems to me, he ought to stay at home that day, too.

I have a very kindhearted husband and he won't go if I say "No." Of course I would much sooner have him at home. I wouldn't mind his going for a couple hours but when he's with this other man I never know when he'll be home.

Can't you fathers realize that when a mother is at home alone she is in charge of the children to try to raise them the way they ought to be raised. But when the husband has a day off, it would mean so much if he would stay at home and help her. -Young Ohio Mother

MORE ON CHILD TRAINING

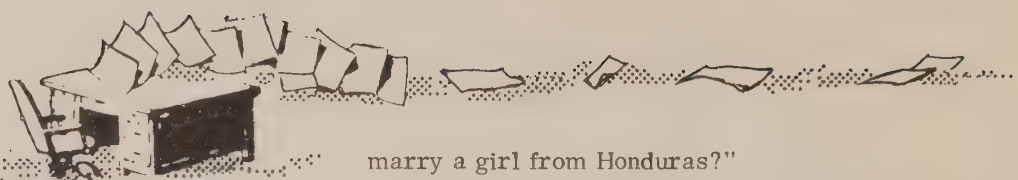
● I would like to see more articles and questions and answers on child training from babyhood on into the teens. Also more articles and advice to help and encourage busy tired mothers. I just wish I could have had the help which is in the magazines years ago when we were raising our family. -Mrs. I.W.Z., Pa.

● I grew up in a home where feelings were not as they should have been much of the time between my parents. My mother told me many tales about my father's relation and on the other hand my father often made insulting remarks to my mother. Those things really hurt us children and I try hard to teach our children nothing but respect for their grandparents (on both sides). I would not want them to know that circumstances were like they were in my home. -Name Withheld

TEMPTED BY WHOM?
Once in awhile there might be a day,
yes, that I may be able to say

I was led into temptation by a neighbor -
through his vain and unglorified labor

But eleven times out of twelve
temptation comes from
a heart owned by myself.
-Melvin Martin



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

In the historical section of this issue is a list of 126 family names found among the Old Order Amish churches. No doubt some have been missed, so if you know of any family name which is not in this list please let us know.

It is not always easy to define what is meant by a family name. Also what the term "Old Order Amish" denotes. We have to make a line somewhere so for this list we are using the following definition. A family name means that there is a man by this name and also that he is the head of a family. By Old Order Amish we mean such groups who adhere to the general principles of the Amish churches and also use horse and buggy as a means of conveyance.

It is evident that new family names are constantly being added but it is also true that old family names are constantly being dropped. At the turn of the century there were numerous names found in the Amish churches which now no longer exist. There are several reasons for this. Sometimes it happens that the last members with a certain family name happen to all be daughters. Although the blood relation goes on, the name is lost. But by far the most common cause is where families drift off, go to more liberal churches, or even into the world. That's the sad part of the story.

Do you know of any family names which have been lost during the past 25 or 50 years? If so, would you kindly let us know.

In the article "House Without A Hired Girl" in the October issue, Joseph Stoll of Honduras made mention of Dawdy and Mommy Gascho. One of the readers wrote in to inquire where the Gascho name comes from. The person asked: "Is it an Amish name, or did Joseph marry a girl from Honduras?"

The Gaschos have been in the Amish church in America for a longer time than many other common names, (including my own). About the year 1820 Christian Gascho emigrated from France to Waterloo County, Ontario. In 1854 at the age of 57 years he was ordained a minister and later bishop. The church he had charge of is now known as the Leichty and Nafziger churches. In 1949 they affiliated with the Beachy Amish. At that time there were a number of Gascho families in these churches and in 1954 one of them moved to the newly-formed Old Order Amish church near Aylmer, Ontario. There are now three families with the Gascho name in the Aylmer area and this is where Dawdy and Mommy Gascho live.

This month's "What Do You Think?" question is something different inasmuch as it didn't really all happen to one person. It is based on things which happened to three different people and there are five or more aspects which we hope the readers will give their opinions on. Just what is our responsibility and how far should we go in trying to avoid injury or damage to other persons? We think everyone who drives a horse and buggy on the roads should give the question some serious thought.

Family Life's newest section, the Farm & Field page, seems to be drawing quite a bit of attention. We received nearly one hundred replies to the silo problem, of which four-fifth had the correct answer. We also received a number of hints for the farm and home, which we plan to use from time to time.

One young farmer's wife, in commenting on the farm page, wrote, "Now I don't have to coax my husband to read Family Life anymore."

Do you have other questions you would like to see discussed? Or do you have suggestions for other material which would be of value on the farm page? If so, please send them in. ■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

TOMATOES—RED OR RIPE?

Do you buy any tomatoes from the store during the winter time? If so, it will be to your advantage to buy only vine-ripened tomatoes. Nearly all the tomatoes sold in stores during the winter time come from either Florida or Mexico. But about 80% of the Florida tomatoes are picked green and are artificially ripened in chambers containing ethylene. This is a flammable gas manufactured from petroleum and which has a disagreeable odor. But for some reason, tomatoes which are exposed to this gas turn red whether they are ripe or not.

Mexican tomatoes, on the other hand, are allowed to grow to maturity on the vine. A tomato grows to maturity before it begins to ripen. The only way to tell if a green tomato is mature is to cut it open. If the seeds are black and hard, it is mature.

At the first sign of ripening, the Mexican tomatoes are picked and packed for shipment. They continue to ripen enroute and in storage. By the time they appear on the grocer's shelves, they are ripe and red.

Tomatoes which are picked before maturity, like the bulk of the Florida tomatoes, will not ripen regardless of where they are. Only by exposing them to ethylene gas, they can be made to turn red, which makes them appear ripe. But inside they will still be hard and tasteless. They can not be expected to have the vitamin content or nutritive value that vine-ripened tomatoes have.

Since it requires much more labor and expenses to produce a vine-ripened tomato than a gas colored one, the Florida growers have persuaded the U.S. Department of Agriculture to put restrictions on the importation of Mexican tomatoes. In other words, it appears as though they have succeeded in looking after their own selfish interests instead of the good of the consumer, who, after all, is paying for the produce.

The Florida tomatoes are grown by huge corporations, not on family-sized farms. Some of these huge farms contain as many as 5,000 acres. One-eighth of the Florida tomatoes are grown by one company, the Gulf and Western tomato farms which has an annual income of one and a half billion dollars.

The next time you buy fresh tomatoes, see that they are vine-ripened. You can't always go by the color.

JUST WHAT IS DOCTOR BELLS?

For several generations farmers in Canada have been depending on Dr. Bell's "Veterinary Medical Wonder" (VMW for short) to cure a long list of ailments in their horses, cows and other livestock. The directions that come with the box suggest that it's good for almost anything: colic in horses, calf scours, shipping fever, lack of appetite, fever, cough, colds, inflammation, etc. According to the label, it's good for practically every animal including sheep, hens, cats, and Holstein cattle.

Several years ago the medicine attracted international attention when customs officials in Australia seized a shipload of merchandise which was being smuggled into that country. Included in the merchandise was a large quantity of "Dr. Bell's."

Many of the old-timers declare there's nothing equal to this dark stuff in the little brown bottle, but others are not so sure. What is actually the truth about Dr. Bell's VMW?

For the most part it's a stimulant. Dr. Bell's contains equal parts of three plants, two of which are poisonous—deadly nightshade and aconite. The third plant is foxglove from which the powerful heart stimulant, digitalis, is made.

The truth, then, is that this medicine contains nothing to cure any sickness your animals may have. It will stimulate them for a few hours and make them APPEAR better, the same way as if a person drinks a few cups of strong black coffee. The coffee may perk him up but when the effect wears off, he will be as run-down as before.

One farmer in Eastern Ontario, after seeing how Dr. Bell's gave his listless calf a boost, decided he could use a little of that himself so he took a few drops of the same medicine. He got more than he asked for. He became jittery all over, his heart beat madly and his arms shook uncontrollably for two hours.

Some farmers think that perhaps it may not do any good but at least it won't do any harm. The opposite may be true. As long as it's kept to the recommended dosage, it probably won't do any harm. But the dosages are small, five drops for a new-born calf and 30 drops for a Jersey cow. Trouble is, most people think if a little helps, a lot will do even more good. Too much Dr. Bell's will kill an animal outright. Worse yet, if a child should help himself to one swallow it could easily be fatal. For besides, the three plants mentioned before, Dr. Bell's contains one other active ingredient—strychnine (one of the most powerful poisons known).

At the current price of $6.00 for a few ounces, the letters VMW on Dr. Bell's should perhaps not stand for "Veterinary Medical Wonder" as much as for "Valuable Money Wasted."

WORRY-FEAR-PRIDE-AND UNTRUTH

These are among Satan's most profitable tools. He tries them on all of us if we give him the chance. Let's have a good look at worry. How many can say they never worry? Worry is what we do while we should be trusting in God. If we put all our trust in God at all times under all conditions, then we have nothing to worry about. God takes care of it all so why worry?

Next comes fear. We fear because we know that we don't obey Him at all times as we should. If we will obey Him at all times, that is the end of fear.

Pride is what makes us hold our head so high that we miss the most important things of life, so we stumble and fall.

Last is untruth. This is the first tool that Satan used to deceive man. All those who lie are Satan's servants. Liars are not believed, even when they tell the truth.

-Simeon Bauman, Conestoga, Ontario

"BLACK LEAF 40" NO LONGER APPROVED

The Federal Drug Administration (FDA) recently placed nicotine sulfate on the "off list" as an insecticide to control lice and mites on poultry. For generations this product which is derived from tobacco scraps was applied to the roosts. It gave a slow release of nicotine fumes which filtered up through the feathers while the birds were on the roost.

Newer and more sensitive tests now indicate that residues of nicotine sulfate are detectable in eggs when this product is used.

Other insecticides are now available which may be safely used on poultry but farmers are warned not to store any insecticides in the poultry house.

TINY BLACKFLY CAUSES RIVER BLINDNESS

It is estimated that in Africa twenty million persons are infected with a disease called "river blindness" carried by a blood-sucking river fly. The fly is no larger than a gnat but people who are bitten by it become infected with small parasitic worms which live in the victim's skin and finally get into his eyes causing partial or total blindness.

It is estimated that in many areas as many as 80 per cent of the people are infected. The younger generations are moving elsewhere leaving millions of acres of rich farmland go to waste. Many villages are dying out.

Several drugs are known to be effective against the disease but the toxic reactions they can cause often kill the patient instead of curing him. The little blackfly has also been found in some parts of Asia, as well as Central and South America.

AN ORGANIC PLOW

The New Jersey State Agricultural College recently received a gift of a hand-wrought iron plow which is said to be more than 100 years old. According to a newspaper clipping, the farmers of that state at first refused to use the iron plows because they believed the iron "would poison the soil." In many parts of the world today, a wooden plow is still used to break up the soil. ■■

Good~by, Danny Orlis

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

John Wagler paused, his hand on the frosty latch of the barn door. He glanced over his shoulder to see a long, sleek car pulling into his driveway. "Hmmm," John said to himself. "I wonder who that is. Probably a salesman of some kind."

The man in the car noticed John outside the barn and drove on out. As he stepped from his car, he said, "Hello. It's pretty snappy this morning, isn't it?"

"Hello. Yes, it's cold enough."

The man extended his right hand. "I'm Aaron Smit," he said with a smile.

John shook hands.

"I'm calling on dairy farmers in this area about their mineral needs. Do you have a few minutes? I'd like to show you what we have in the line of supplements for livestock."

John invited the man to step inside the barn with him out of the cold wind, and for the next fifteen minutes he listened to his salestalk. But he thought the man's products were almost too expensive, so he said he didn't think he would buy any.

"That's perfectly all right," Aaron Smit said. "I'll leave my card, and if at any time you change your mind, let me know."

Then he started talking about religion. "You people are Amish, aren't you?" Aaron asked.

"That's what they call us," John said.

Aaron smiled a wide smile. "That's what I thought. Well, you're wonderful people. You believe in Christ, too, don't you, and in being born again?"

"Why, er, yes— yes we do," John stammered, a bit taken aback by the praise and the blunt question.

"I thought you did," Aaron said, smiling again. "Well, that's wonderful. It's a blessed thing to be born again, to know your sins are forgiven, and be able to lead others into the kingdom. Some of my neighbors think I'm out of my head, but I talk of Jesus wherever I am. I'm supposed to be selling mineral, but my greatest joy is leading souls to Christ."

John Wagler fingered the leather on his watch fob. When he made no comment, Aaron continued, "Huh," he chuckled, "last week I was visiting with a Catholic priest and he thought I was talking nonsense when I told him about the joys of being a soul winner. So I asked him what he thought an apple tree was for. 'Why to bear fruit,' he said, as if he thought I should know that much. I told him that was right, an apple tree would be useless if it didn't bear apples. And a Christian is like a tree, too. If we don't bear fruit, we're useless. The souls we lead to Christ are the fruit of our lives. If we don't lead souls to Christ, I don't see how we can consider ourselves as Christians. The Word will convict men today yet, just like it did in Paul's time. Why, just for an example, over the weekend I was driving home from Chicago. I picked up three hitchhikers on the way, and was able to lead them all to Christ."

Aaron Smit talked a while longer, then said good-by and was on his way. John finished his morning chores, his thoughts strangely troubled by the things Aaron had said. One thing especially bothered John. Aaron had said that an apple tree that didn't bear fruit was useless. And he had said that in the same way, a Christian that didn't lead others to Christ was also useless, fruitless, and probably not even a Christian. "If that is true, I'm not much of a Christian," John thought to himself. He was almost ashamed to admit it, even to himself, and yet he had to. "Really," he said, "I can't remember that I ever led anyone to Christ. Yet Aaron talked as though winning souls was something he did nearly every day— in fact, he said he converted those three hitchhikers on the way home from Chicago."

Let's take a closer look at these doubts that troubled young John Wagler. Is it true that all of us should be able to "lead people to Christ" nearly every day? If we aren't winning souls to Jesus, does that mean we are trees that are bearing no fruit, and therefore of no use to the Master?

It is to be feared that Aaron Smit made the common mistake of mixing truth and untruth together. That Christians are to bear fruit is indeed the truth. John the Baptist came preaching that men are like trees, and must bear fruit, good fruit, or else be cut off at the roots: "Therefore every tree which bringest not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire" (Matt. 3:10). Jesus cursed the fig tree that failed to bear fruit (Mark 11:14), and told the story of another tree in a man's vineyard that was threatened because it bore no fruit for three years. The tree was only spared one additional year in hope that it might yet bear fruit (Luke 13:8). There are many other Scriptures as well that give abundant proof of the importance of fruit in the lives of Christians.

Yes, what Aaron Smit, the mineral salesman, said about fruit was true. But when he implied that winning souls is the fruit Christians are to bear, he had things mixed up a bit. People like Aaron make it sound as though there isn't much to it, as though leading a soul to being born again is very simple. They talk of it matter-of-factly as though it were an every-day experience. In fact, one famous evangelist is reported to have said that he counts the day lost in which he does not lead at least one soul to Christ. Aaron Smit claimed he picked up three hitch-hikers and converted all three— that's a 100% rating.

John Wagler found himself troubled by the contrast when he couldn't think of a single soul he had led to conversion. But if John had stopped to think, even a little simple arithmetic would have tipped him off that something was wrong somewhere. If all Christians won souls at the rate Aaron Smit claimed to, the whole world would be converted in a matter of a generation or two. For each convert would win other converts, and those converts in turn would win others. It would have a chain-letter effect of exploding numbers.

The Scriptures clearly teach that God has never expected Christians to multiply at this rate, or he would not have foretold that in the end time true believers would grow fewer and fewer.

Another thing that might have helped John Wagler straighten out his doubts would have been to ask what became of those three hitchhikers who were converted in one day by Aaron Smit? In what ways were their lives different the next day, the next week, the next year? If they were the kind of people that could be talked into such a serious commitment in a few hours, how long would it take someone else to talk them out again? In other words, were they really converted? Or did they merely agree to the simple, one-two-three steps of conversion out of politeness to the man who gave them a ride, and walked away from his car, chuckling to themselves at the idea that the man apparently took them seriously.

If the fruit of Christians is not converted souls, what is it? We need only turn to Galatians 5:22 for a list in plain English: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance..."

These fruits, and not the number of souls converted, are the true measure of the worth of a Christian. To the extent that in our daily lives we yield fruits of love, joy, peace and other Christ-like virtues, to that extent we are disciples of Christ, regardless whether in the process anyone is converted or not. (It should be made clear, however, that in many instances where Christians have much of these fruits, there is a greater drawing power to the church. Our lights are often dimmed and our witness damaged by the lack of the fruits of the Spirit.)

We should stay away from this cheap brand of Christianity in which all we need to do to be converted is to nod our head in agreement when someone asks us if we feel lost, are sorry for our sins, and would like Jesus to live in our hearts. Nothing so serious and worthwhile takes place with such utter ease. Deliverance from Satan's grasp is a struggle, an up-hill climb. Birth, even the natural birth, is accompanied by pain, blood, and travail.

Unfortunately our thinking has been flavored too long by songs like "Winning Souls For Jesus," (page 529 in Church & Sunday School Hymnal). The second stanza of this song says, "Wait no longer for some more convenient season, Souls are dying 'round you, let them not be lost. Talk or sing of Jesus, they will yield to reason; Tell of their redemption, what a price it cost." Souls are indeed dying around us, but the last thing they will yield to is reason. The Bible nowhere gives us any right to believe that we can go out and convince people to be Christians by merely talking or singing of Jesus. In Acts 7 Stephen made the most powerful plea, gave a tremendously logical discourse, but his listeners certainly did not "yield to reason." Instead they stopped their ears, ground their teeth together, shouted with rage, and stormed upon him like wild animals.

Another source of this it's-easy-to-be-a-Christian—you-can-be-a-soul-winner-too type of influence can be traced to cheap fiction books like the Danny Orlis series. In these books, the main character, Danny Orlis, gives his testimony freely and witnesses to the people he meets in the most unlikely places. Many of his listeners end up being converted.

Whether we realize it or not, this type of reading does much harm in that it gives a false impression of the seriousness of conversion and of a Christian's life. We are indeed to bear fruit, and that fruit, in turn, may influence others to commit their lives to Christ. But if we feel that winning souls IS the fruit we must have in order to be faithful disciples of Christ, it can only lead to frustration or compromise. Frustration, because we will soon find, if we are honest, that most people really don't want to hear about the Gospel. Compromise, in that if soul winning in itself is our goal, as time goes on, we will become so anxious for converts that we will begin revising our message to suit the people. This has been the downfall of many mission efforts. Only by making the fruits of Galatians 5— love, joy, peace, etc.— our goal as individuals and a church, can both frustration and compromise be avoided. Then we will be willing to suffer any reproach, bear any cross, pay any price to be fruitful Christians— and in the end more true conversions will result from such a living witness than by any number of Danny Orlises standing on the street corner shouting to passers-by, "Hey, Mister, are you saved?"

If we live Scripturally and bear the fruits of the Spirit, and yet no one is converted, that will be no reason to feel we are failures. Like Apollos and Paul (I Cor. 3:6) we will realize that our job is to plant and water, but God must give the increase. If we are earnest Christians, yet cannot say we have ever led a soul to Christ, then let us remember that Noah of old preached for 120 years without a single convert. ■■

How To Make A Happy Home

1. Learn to govern yourselves, and to be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health and trouble, and soften them by prayer, patience and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger. Pray before you speak or act and conclude that Christ would have done the same in your place.
4. Remember that valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is often more precious.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose developments we must expect, and which we should forebear and forgive, as we often desire forgiveness and forbearance ourselves.
6. Never return a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers.
10. Study the character of each one, and sympathize with them in their troubles, however small.
11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.
12. Learn to deny yourself and to prefer others.
13. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.
14. Be gentle but firm with children.
15. Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.
16. Do not allow them to go wherever they please on the Sabbath-- or at any other time.
17. Do not furnish them with much spending money.
18. Save something against a day of trouble.
19. Remember the grave, the judgement seat and scenes of eternity, and so order your home on earth that you shall have a home in heaven.

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THOSE CRACKS IN THE CEILING

Eva thought she knew exactly what she needed; if only....

-Author's Name Withheld

EVA SNYDER PUMPED VIGOROUSLY. When the pail was full she carried it quickly to the porch and dumped it on the floor. Then she reached for the broom and started scrubbing briskly. Eva sighed. The boards were rough and near the kitchen door they were worn down to the bare wood. Numerous coats of paint had been applied but it had chipped and broken off again unevenly. A new coat of paint would make it look better, but Eva wondered, is it really worth it? Before another year, it will start chipping off again.

When she had finished sweeping away the last puddles of water from the floor, Eva opened the screen door to go into the kitchen. The door gave a lunge, and she saw that the bottom hinge was loose. For weeks already, she had noticed that the screws were loosening and now the hinge was off altogether. Going inside she gave the door a few hefty jerks to wiggle it back into place. If only she had a screw driver, she could fix it herself. "Oh, if only—" she sighed to herself. Then she went inside.

As she turned herself around she caught sight of the worn linoleum on the kitchen floor. It seemed to her that all her floors were in bad shape. Again she sighed to herself, "Yes, that's another thing. If only..."

The house on the outside needed paint, and the storm windows should be done over before winter set in. "If only we had those aluminum outfits like Henry Ebys," she sighed to herself. "No need to take them down every spring and then put them up again each fall."

Eva looked at the clock. It was past eleven already. Where had the morning gone? Quickly she got a few potatoes from the pail in the cellar way, put them in a pan and pumped water on them from the pump at the kitchen sink. As she started peeling them, her mind went once more to Henry Ebys. She wondered if they ever had anything in need of repair. Sometimes they replaced things merely because they were tired of the old ones. Their home looked so prim. And-- ahh, that nice sunporch!

Eva's shoulders jerked involuntarily as she thought of the sunporch and her knife slipped off the potato she was peeling, almost cutting her fingers. She had always longed to have a sunporch, ever since she was a small child. Her mind went back again when she had played at Hilberts, their next door neighbors. Flowers bloomed in the sunporch the year round. Mrs. Hilbert kept her sewing machine in one end while her daughter, Marlene, had her dolls in the other. Eva had often played there and how she wished her parents would build a sunporch. But they hadn't, and so far Eva had gone through life without one.

Her mind went back again to their visit last Sunday at Henry Ebys. Since then so many little things were bothering her which she hadn't thought of before. On Monday morning she even noticed the makeshift latch on the woodshed door. The people who had lived here before had put in a large spike and it worked fine. She had never thought about changing it, but now it bothered her every time she went through the door. She had not seen anything like that at Henry Ebys.

As Eva sat peeling the last of the potatoes she noticed that the kitchen chairs were chipped and dull. The window pane behind the sink was cracked and the kitchen cabinet was loaded too heavy with dishes on top. As Eva went to pump some water over the potatoes she thought of the water tap at Ebys. No pumping there. As she stooped to get a kettle from the bottom cabinet door, she thought of the spacious cupboards which Ada had. Why, they stretched from one corner of the room almost to the other. If only...

A cry from the bedroom drew her attention away from what she was thinking. Little Betsy was awake. Eva quickly went to the cellar for a jar of meat and on the way down she noticed the odd looking cellar steps which creaked each step she took. Hurriedly she got the meat, put it in a pot and set it on the stove. Then she went to get the baby.

As she opened the bedroom door there were more of those tormenting thoughts. How untidy the bedroom looked. Clothes were hanging about on hooks, Sunday shoes were lined up against the wall and the floor, such wide boards and uneven, and they were needing paint. The faded off plastering on the walls needed a new coat of paint badly, and oh, those horrible cracks in the ceiling. She hadn't noticed before how bad they really looked. But now when she compared it with the nice new wallpaper in the Eby bedroom, she realized she couldn't stand it much longer. "Oh, if only..." She threw herself on the bed so she could better think over how bad her lot in life really was.

No, not that she wanted to have it like Ada. She had admired Ada's wallpaper but mentioned that she would be reluctant to put wallpaper in a bedroom because it is not so easily cleaned.

"Oh, it's washable," Ada had answered. "Just feel how smooth it is. Henry wouldn't hear of it either at first but I just kept after him until he gave in." Ada had laughed a little and then went on, "You have to do that with these men, sometimes. This wallpaper was rather expensive but I guess you get what you pay for."

Just then the baby's whimper brought Eva back to life again. "Come, Betsy," she lifted the infant from the crib. "I came in here to get you and then I forgot about you when I saw our horrible bedroom and started dreaming about another one. Such a silly mother you have!" She kissed the baby on the forehead.

After putting the baby in the playpen with some toys beside her, Eva got a dish and went to the garden to get some lettuce. Here again she saw some things that bothered her. The garden fence was old and bent, in places there were holes almost big enough for the calves to get through. Once a calf did get in and what a time Eva had in getting him back out again. Then she had taken some baler twine and mended the hole as best she could. Henry Ebys had put up a new board fence— painted white. If only...

All week these thoughts had plagued her. She must talk to Daniel about it. Didn't he notice these things or didn't he care?

At the dinner table Eva almost came out with it several times but didn't quite make it. Maybe this evening she would bring it up, or perhaps by that time she would feel differently and wouldn't have to say anything. But all afternoon things kept going wrong for Eva. She noticed many more things which she hadn't seen in the forenoon. She glanced out the window and caught sight of the leaning washline post and the sagging line. If Daniel were around she would mention that to him right away and then maybe he could have it fixed so she could use it on Monday morning. But Daniel was busy at the barn, and Eva did not get time to mention it until after supper. When the chores were done, Daniel settled himself into a chair to read. Betsy had been bathed and put to bed.

Eva got the polish and started touching up the baby's shoes. "Tomorrow will be Sunday," she mused to herself. "We will go to church in the morning but maybe we can make a call with someone in the afternoon." Somehow she was glad that it would not be at Henry Ebys again.

Eva set the shoes on the sewing machine where they would be handy the next morning. Turning to Daniel she said, "Oh, yes, I was going to ask you this afternoon if you would have time to fix the washline for me. Will I have to hang out the wash again on Monday morning the way it is?"

"Why, yes," answered Daniel, "it slipped my mind again. But I don't know when I could possibly have done it for the week was so crowded with work the way it was."

"Why can't we rebuild the washhouse? It ought to be done and then if you fixed the new washline with the end inside like Ada Eby has hers, I wouldn't have to stand out in the cold to hang out the wash."

Daniel was surpised. "But- but you didn't figure on having it this year, yet, did you?" He sat up and looked at his wife somewhat astonished as if to see whether she meant what she was saying.

"Oh, Daniel, if that were the only thing, I could easily make it," the color was mounting on her forehead and her breath came in short gasps. "Everywhere I look there's something that ought to be fixed. How and when do you think we will ever get started fixing things up?"

"Many things, you say?" There was a surprised and questioning look on Daniel's face now. "I— I didn't know you felt that way about it. What things do you mean?"

Eva wished she hadn't said anything about it, but now that she had started, she just as well go ahead and tell him. Was he blind or why hadn't he noticed all these things before? "The porch floor is in such bad shape that it's hard to do anything with it. I've always hoped that sometime we could have a sunporch so why can't we do it now? The linoleum on the kitchen floor is almost worn out. The hinge has come loose on the screen door and the door is ready to fall off. Why couldn't we get a new aluminum screen door and aluminum storm windows? And the floor in this room is so old that we ought to have a new floor, and if we fix the floor we'll have to do something about those awful cracks in the plastering on the ceiling, just look at it there and there and there!"

Daniel's face became very sober as he glanced at the ceiling. "I'm sorry, Eva, I never noticed them before. How long have they been there?"

"I— I've seen them all week," Eva answered, and then went on, "and when we have nice floors, new walls and ceilings, of course, I'll need more cupboard space. Maybe all along that wall, there."

Daniel was strangely silent for a few moments. Seeing that his wife was apparently at the end of the list of things she wanted to have done, he asked, "Where would we get all the money to do those things? My father would say he has no money to lend for luxuries and your father wouldn't give it to us either for things like that. I want to get these things fixed up for you what I can and maybe someday when we have our debts paid off, we will be able to do some of the other things which need to be done. But I don't see how we can manage it for several years, do you? I hope you know I want to do everything I can."

"Oh, yes, I know you are doing everything you can," Eva answered, "and I am sorry I said so much. But these things and many more have been bothering me all week."

"Why were they bothering you worse than usual this week? Do you think it was because of where we..."

Daniel did not finish his question and Eva seemed to be lost in thought. After a while Eva answered, "I'm afraid it is. It's because I saw how nice Ada has it." Eva felt ashamed of herself.

"I'm sorry," Daniel said. "I just never realized those things bothered you. You always seemed to be happy and contented."

Eva noticed that he was sad and quiet the rest of the evening. It made her feel bad, too. If only they had never been at Henry Ebys. But no, that was not the answer. She must work at herself. That night she lay awake for a long time hoping and praying that God would help her to be more content. Daniel was a good husband and she should be happy with her lot. And little Betsy was worth more than a spic and span home.

The next day the sermon went to Eva's heart. She had to wonder if others felt the same way, or was it because of her guilt? The minister talked of "being contented with such things as ye have," and she had been so discontented. He went on to say we should not covet that which is our neighbor's. Eva felt her face getting hot. Maybe he knew of what she had been thinking the past week. On the way home, Eva said, "I thought it was a good sermon. Almost as if he was talking to me!"

"I guess he was talking to all of us," Daniel said, "Could we maybe go to visit Joe Martins a turn this afternoon?"

"Oh, I'd like that," Eva answered. "I was there only once to help after the fire. I'm anxious to see what it looks like now that they've moved into their new house."

Suddenly Daniel remembered their visit last Sunday. Had he said the wrong thing by suggesting to go to Joe

Martins? Would seeing a new house upset Eva during the coming week? He hoped not, for now it would be almost too late to back out.

That afternoon as they neared the Martin home they could see the new house from far off. The white siding and green roof made it stand out against the blue sky as it was situated on a slight rise. As they drove up the lane a big collie dog came bounding toward them barking loudly. Betsy awoke with a start and gazed about with wondering eyes. She caught sight of the big dog and cuddled closer to her mother.

When they stopped by the gate, Joe Martin came out and commanded the dog to be still. Joe came walking toward them and said, "Come right in, we were just waiting to see if anyone would come."

"Maybe you wanted to rest?" Daniel questioned.

"Oh, no, we've already done that," Joe answered as he shook hands with Daniel and Eva. "Just go in," he said to Eva. "Katie will be out in a minute. She was just putting the baby to bed."

Katie appeared in the doorway and held out her hand to Eva in a soft, sincere manner. "How nice of you to think of us today. Here, I'll hold the baby while you take off your wraps. How old is she already?"

"Eight months," Eva said laying down her bonnet. "Time sure goes fast, doesn't it? To think, the summer is this far gone already. I suppose it did not go so fast for you, when you were waiting for your new house to be finished."

"Well-ll, yes and no," Katie said slowly. "It seems in some ways like a long time since the fire and in other ways not so long. But we are glad to be in our own home again."

"I'd think so," Eva answered.

"After having to do with so many make shifts during these months, we now appreciate our new home all the more." Tears glistened in Katie's eyes. And then she added, "And we are all here yet."

Eva nodded knowingly as she remembered how smoke had filled the upstairs so that they could barely rescue the two older children who slept there. If the family dog had not aroused them when he saw the flames licking at the roof they might have perished.

Katie pushed a chair toward Eva. "Sit down." Then seeing that Eva was looking around, she asked, "Or would you like to look around a bit first? Here is the sitting room."

Eva noticed how simply the house was furnished. There was a small table, a chest of drawers and some chairs. The flooring was of second hand material and not especially nice.

"We want to get some linoleum but we'll leave it for the time being," Katie said. "I don't mind the bare boards. We're thankful we have something to walk on."

In the kitchen, Eva looked around and said, "I like your kitchen. It's exactly the right size and well lighted. Are you planning on putting in cupboards later?"

"I'm quite well satisfied without cupboards and a drain sink. Levi H. was the carpenter and said the cupboards go there and two small windows over the sink, without even asking us about it. I didn't say much but Joe and I talked it over that night. We thought it would not be right, when the church is helping us to pay for the new house to take advantage of their money. There are some in the church who don't have in-built cabinets or running water so we didn't feel right to use their money where it's not necessary. Aunt Annie gave us the kitchen cabinet. It's not finished as nicely as some but has lots of room."

Eva smiled. "I've got one just about like it, and I like those big doors at the top."

"Yes, I'm well satisfied with it," Katie went on. "That dry sink is from Williams. They had it in their summer house and an antique dealer had been trying to buy it. Now they gave it to us. Wasn't that nice of them?"

"This nice glass cupboard over here we got from Brother Aarons. They wouldn't take much for it either. So now I think I've got plenty of space for my things. Anyway the morning after talking this over we told Levi 'no cupboards or drain sink'."

"I can see now that it isn't necessary at all," Eva agreed with her friend. "Sometimes I get kind of dissatisfied with the way we have things, but to think how you lost everything you had."

Katie nodded sadly. "Yes, if we had the choice, we would still go for our old house where the plaster was cracked and the floors were uneven and chipped. But since that is not possible we want to be happy with a modest home. I think there's more of a blessing in 'doing without' than in having everything exactly the way we would like to have it. After all the Bible says we should lay up our treasures in Heaven."

"I think you are right," Eva answered. "It seems to me you have found the true meaning of the verse where it says if we have food and raiment, we should be content."

"We try to be but I can't say that we are always as contented as we should be," Katie answered. "But we have so many examples in the Bible, for instance the one about the rich man and Lazarus. It says the rich man had his good in life while Lazarus had nothing. When we think of this, we have lots of reason to be concerned about which we are choosing, whether it is that which is pleasing to God or to ourselves."

"I think we should try to live simple lives," Eva said.

"If our home were too nice, I'd feel guilty if folks like Enos Weavers came in," Katie said. "Have you ever been there?"

"No, we haven't," Eva answered, "but I know we should. They are at home nearly all the time."

"If you've been bothered with discontented feelings like you were telling me, you should see how they live. And they seem so happy. Enos can do very little since the accident and there are eight children to provide for. If you talk with them you soon feel they have more faith than the average person."

On the way home, Eva told her husband about her visit with Katie. "Next Sunday afternoon let's go to Enos Weavers."

That evening as she was getting supper she looked at the floor boards and they didn't look half as bad as they had a few days earlier. The linoleum didn't seem to be worn nearly as bad and and the cabinet wasn't at all crowded. What of it if she had to set some of the pots and pans on top of each other. But the biggest change was in the bedroom. The clothes hanging around on hooks weren't in her way at all, and the cracks in the ceiling were barely noticeable. As she thought of these things she hoped that her house would never be in such a condition as to make anyone weak or dissatisfied. After all, it was a very good feeling to have in the heart, to be contented. ■■

The BIGGEST Waste in the World

-David Wagler

DO YOU KNOW how much corn and concentrates it takes to put a hundred pounds of gain on a steer? In round figures it will require about 800 lbs. of corn and 62 lbs. of soybean meal (or ground soybeans) plus about 400 lbs. of hay. How much food value is in the grain which the steer consumes? Is it worth more or less than the hundred pounds of beef which the steer produces? Let us take a look at the figures.

The book "Feel Like A Million" contains a table showing the composition of ordinary foods, such as the protein, carbohydrates, fats, calories, vitamins and minerals. From this table we learn that 130 grams of cornmeal contain 475 calories, which figures out to approximately 1650 calories per pound. Soybeans are listed at 351 calories for 100 grams which figures up to about 1545 calories per pound. Using these figures, 800 lbs. of corn would amount to 1,320,000 calories and 62 lbs. of soybeans would come to 95,790 calories. Adding these two together we have a grand total of 1,415,790 calories which the steer ate to produce the hundred pounds of beef (not mentioning anything about the hay he ate.) In other words, if the corn and soybeans had been used for human consumption, they would have furnished nearly a million and a half calories.

Now, how much food value is in the hundred pounds of beef? A good steer will ordinarily dress out to about 55% of its live weight. By the time it is boned out, it will lose another 10%, leaving about 45 lbs. of beef for each hundred pounds of live weight.

Now using the same tables we find that a serving of beef (100 grams) contains 235 calories. This would figure out to approximately 1060 calories per pound. Using this as a basis we can soon find out that 45 pounds of beef would contain 47,700 calories. The steer consumed 1,415,790 calories to produce 47,700 calories worth of meat! This is a ratio of almost 30 to 1!

For many years, for as long as we can remember, there was a surplus of grain in the United States and Canada. Feed was cheap. Only a few years ago oats were selling in western Canada for as low as 40 cents a bushel. So farmers fed it to livestock and realized a nice profit from the deal as there was a demand for meat.

Today there is still a demand for meat but the picture has changed considerably. There is an acute shortage of grain; so severe that predictions are for $1.00 a loaf for bread before spring. What can we do and where will it end? Has there ever been a grain shortage before? If so, how was it solved?

The answer of course is yes, there have been grain shortages almost every year during the past fifty years in some parts of the world. The countries of Asia have long been contending with grain shortages, some years so severe that thousands of people have died of starvation. The people in South and Central America take good care of their corn crop and when they have a good yield they eat well. When they have a poor crop, they eat less. To them, the idea of feeding corn to livestock is wasteful.

The people of India and the surrounding countries have meat on the table perhaps not more than once a month. The countries of South America produce quite a bit of meat but it is almost all produced on grass, from land which is not suitable to raise corn. But for the people in the United States and Canada, there has always been plenty of meat and a still more plentiful supply of grain. That is, until this year.

During the past year there have been shortages of various food items. The price of protein foods and feeds, meat, and raisins has skyrocketed overnight. Sugar has nearly doubled in price. What does it mean?

Several years ago the United States had a surplus of more than a billion bushels of wheat. The government was also buying up huge amounts of corn, potatoes, pork and various other items. Today these surpluses have all vanished and the world is crying out for more. If this trend continues for the next ten years, what else can we expect but world famine because there will be no surplus or reserve stocks to draw upon.

IS MEAT NECESSARY

Many people believe an abundance of meat is necessary to supply the protein needs of the body. It is true that protein is an essential and very important part of our food because the body relies on this for proper growth and normal functioning. Protein is the chief ingredient of protoplasm which is the living substance of every cell in our bodies. Where there is no protein, there is no protoplasm and therefore no life. When there is insufficient protein, growth stops. Many undersized adults are small because they got too much starch and sugars (candy, cakes, pies, etc.) and not enough proteins. Adults, too, need protein to constantly renew their body cells and to build new blood cells. With too little protein, a person becomes listless and his body organs fail to function properly.

There are two main groups of food materials which our bodies need. One is protein for growth and rebuilding. The other is energy foods such as carbohydrates (starches and sugars) and fats. The body must have these energy fuels to burn in much the same way as your washing machine motor must have gasoline before it will operate.

There is still a third group of foods which are necessary to regulate and harmonize the working of the different parts of the body. These are commonly called vitamins, minerals, hormones, enzymes, etc.

DO WE HAVE ANY CHOICE?

Can we have a normal and healthy body without eating meat? There are some groups of people who are vegetarians and do not believe that meat is healthy for the body. Although these people seem to be able to get along real well without it, yet we can not agree with them that meat is unhealthy. If we understand the Bible right, meat is a healthy and acceptable food when properly used.

But the question that does come up which is hard to get rid of is, whether it is necessary to eat as much meat as we do. In the face of a world food shortage while people are already dying of starvation, is it right that every man, woman, and child in our land should consume on the average 235 lbs. of meat (including poultry) every year? Especially so when we take into consideration that much of the meat is produced at the expense of edible grains at a 30 to 1 ratio.

Would it not be wise to consider whether or not a portion of this meat could be replaced with some other food which would be more economical and just as healthy? Are the proteins found in other foods as good as those found in meat?

Health authorities tell us that there are different kinds of proteins, and these vary in quality. All proteins are made up of amino acids and there are 32 different kinds of these amino acids. But there are actually only 8 basic ones and if the body has these 8, it can manufacture the others it needs from these. A food which contains all 8 of these amino acids is said to contain a complete protein. Most meats contain complete proteins but many other foods also do. Some foods such as gelatin (jello) contains quite a bit of protein but it does not contain all the 8 basic amino acids; therefore, it is considered a lower grade protein. Following is a list of common foods which contain complete proteins. This chart also shows the number of grams of protein an average serving furnishes:

COMPLETE FIRST CLASS PROTEIN FOODS

Food	Amount	Grams Protein
Animal origin		
Brains	2 med. pieces	10
Cheese, American	2x1x1 inches	12
Cheese, cottage	1/2 cup	19
Eggs, whole	2	12
Halibut	1 serving	19
Beef, cooked	1 serving	18
Lamb roast	1 serving	16
Liver, beef, chicken	4 oz.	25
Milk, whole	1 pint	16
Vegetable origin		
Almonds, unblanched	1/2 cup	18
Brewer's yeast	1 heaping tblsp.	10
Buckwheat flour	1 cup	15
Corn meal, yellow	1 cup	12
Lima beans	1/2 cup	6
Peanuts, roasted	1/2 cup	19
Peanut butter	1/2 cup	19
Peanut flour	1 cup	59
Peas, dried, split	1/2 cup	7
Soybeans, dried	1/2 cup	35
Rice, brown	1/2 cup	8
Soybean flour	1 cup	45
Sunflower seeds	1/2 cup	35
Whole wheat flour	1 cup	15
Wheat, shredded	1 biscuit	12
Wheat germ	1/2 cup	16

HOW MUCH DO WE NEED?

Doctors do not always agree on the amount of protein which is needed by an average individual. If a person has been protein-starved he will need more for some time than the average person. It is not considered wise to eat an excess of proteins as any amounts which are not needed for body building are changed into energy fuel. But too much can cause problems in the circulatory system and may also cause such disorders as arthritis.

Protein is the growth food, therefore children will need more of it according to their body weights, than adults. But even adults need sufficient amounts for renewing and rebuilding the body. Following is a table showing the minimum recommended amounts of protein at different age levels:

MINIMUM DAILY PROTEIN REQUIREMENTS

Ages	Grams	Ages	Grams
1-3	40	13-15 boys	85
4-6	50	16-20 girls	75
7-9	60	16-20 boys	100
10-12	70	Adults, men	64
13-15 girls	80	women	55

NON-MEAT FOODS TO BOOST OUR PROTEIN

By carefully planning and planting our gardens and orchards we can produce foods to supply a considerable portion of our protein needs. Foods which we cannot raise can be purchased. Considering the high price of meat, it can be a lot cheaper to buy such foods as nuts, sunflower seeds, soybean flour, etc.

NUTS

Nuts are among the highest in protein and the richest in calories of any foods on the market. A serving of cashews (2 1/2 oz.) will furnish 14 grams of protein and 400 calories. A pound of cashews has 90 grams of protein and 2700 calories. A pound of beef has about 80 grams of protein and 1060 calories.

Peanuts are an even bigger bargain. One pound of peanuts will contain about 120 grams of protein and 2300 calories. With beef at $1.35 a pound, peanuts will give you about $2.35 worth of food value per pound.

Walnuts have only slightly less value than cashews. It is estimated that an English walnut tree, bearing a full crop of nuts will produce as much food value as the meat which can be produced on one acre of good pasture in a year.

Peanuts can be dried and freshly ground into flour. A small portion of this can be used in baking bread and pastries to replace some of the regular flour. Peanut butter is an economical food which is similar in food value as whole peanuts. It, too, can be used in baking.

SOYBEANS

For centuries millions of people in Asia have depended on the soybean for their protein needs. It is now becoming an important food in other countries and is sometimes called the "poor man's steak." It has also been termed the "true gold from the soil."

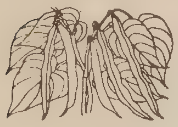
Soybeans are one of the highest known foods in calcium, phosphorus and iron. They have so much calcium that they are considered to be an alkaline protein, which puts them in a class almost of their own.

Soybean flour can be bought at food stores or it can be made by freshly grinding up the whole soybean. This can be used to replace a part of the flour in baking bread and other goods. Adding as little as one cup in twenty to wheat flour brings up the protein content of the finished product considerably. Figured according to the price of beef, a bushel of soybeans is worth around $100.00.

SUNFLOWER SEEDS

In some countries of Europe, sunflower seeds make up a regular part of the diet. The hulled sunflower seeds have about twice as much protein as wheat. The flour gives a nutty flavor to baked goods and can be used to replace 10% of other flour without any change in the recipe. The seeds are excellent to eat for quick energy when used as between-meal snacks.

BEANS



All kinds of beans such as field beans, navy beans, kidney beans and lima beans are legumes and therefore rich in protein. They can be easily grown in the garden and can furnish pleasant variety for family meals.

WHEAT AND WHEAT PRODUCTS

Wheat flour contains a fair amount of protein but the refined bread flour has one-third of the protein removed. It also has less vitamins and minerals. This can be improved by using all or part whole wheat flour, or portions of the soybean or sunflower seed flour. These are rich in nearly all the vitamins and minerals.

Wheat cereals are richer in protein than corn cereals. Grape-nuts or shredded wheat will give you 50% more protein than corn flakes or rice krispies.

Wheat germ (commonly called wheat hearts, wheat embryo, or cream of wheat) can be bought separately and is very rich in protein. It can be used in baking or for salads, soups and casseroles. For added nourishment, add some to the flour when baking biscuits.

CUTTING DOWN ON SATURATED FATS

A large percentage of the fat which is contained in meat and animal products such as milk, cheese, or butter is saturated fats. It is generally considered that too much of these can have a harmful effect by causing deposits of cholesterol in the veins and arteries.

But the substitute protein foods such as soybeans, nuts and sunflower seeds have very little saturated fats. It is nearly all of the vegetable origin and therefore unsaturated. Although it has not been proven that eating saturated fats can in themselves cause trouble, still it may be wise to limit their intake.

ECONOMY OF HOME GROWN FOODS

Everyone knows what the effect has been of the rising prices during the past year. When meat doubles in price, it adds up to quite a bit of additional expenses for the year. But when corn doubles in price it really does not effect the family which has cornbread for supper every evening and mush for breakfast. This is due to the fact that since it takes about thirty times as much feed to produce a pound of cornmeal, the difference in price is measured in pennies for the cornmeal, but in dollars for the meat.

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

No, we don't believe it would be wise to quit eating meat and start eating only cornmeal every day. But by carefully considering the facts, we should be able to come up with a plan which will enable us to do with less meat while at the same time conserving our energy, our money and perhaps also our health.

Soybeans can be bought from farmers or from the ele-

Horse and Buggy Days

Back in the pre-modernistic days—
The days of long ago—
When people had old-fashioned ways
And things moved on quite slow,
It seemed we had more time to pray,
More time God's Word to search
And quite a bit more time to go
To worship in the church.

We didn't have so much to do
To run us all day long;
We didn't see so much that's new
To lead us in the wrong.
We had no speeding cars back then
To take us far and wide;
We had more time to be true men,
And in God's grace abide.

We had a lot of time to spend
In studying song and praise;
A lot of precious time to lend
A helping hand. To raise
Our sons and daughters in the right
And settle them in truth
That they might shun the things that blight
And be a nobler youth.

Back then the neighbors went about
To prove their love and grace;
They blessed and helped each other out
Along life's Christian race.
They visited from home to home
In sickness and in health
And never thought so much to roam,
Or work and scheme for wealth.

Those far off days we know are gone
And things have changed around
But God's good grace continues on
In spite of sight and sound.
Therefore in spite of all the rush
Let's tarry, pray, and wait;
And when there is a blessed hush
Hear God from heaven's gate.

-Selected

vator and ground into flour. All you need is a small grinder (or even a hammermill will do). Peanuts can be bought from wholesale supply houses in bulk at a substantial savings over what they will cost in the store. Get a few bushels of wheat from your neighbor if you don't have any of your own and grind it for flour.

Now is the time to plan ahead for next summer. Try to get some edible soybean seed, for cooked soybeans in tomato sauce are as tasty a treat as you can get. Plant your own soybeans for future use, selecting a variety which is low in fat content. Plan on raising your own wheat, you may even wish to grow a half acre of spring hard wheat which is even better for baking bread than the winter wheat. Grow your own soup beans and other kinds for variety. A row of sunflowers through the garden should produce a lot of seeds, but unless you have a huller available, you may have trouble in getting them hulled.

These are only a few suggestions. Look over the following list for there are countless ways to make use of the higher protein foods. There are so many varieties available that each person should be able to work out something to suit his own tastes and circumstances.

PERCENTAGE OF PROTEIN IN COMMON FOODS

Vegetables, fruits and berries	
Apples	Tr.
Apricots, fresh	1.
Asparagus	2.
Bananas	1.
Beans, green	7
Beets	1.3
Blackberries	1.
Cabbage	2.
Canteloupes	1.
Carrots	1.
Celery	2.
Corn, sweet	4.
Swiss Chard	1.
Cherries	1.
Cocoanut	Tr.
Cucumbers	0
Dandelion Greens	3.
Eggplant	2.
Gooseberries	1.
Grapefruit	Tr.
Grapes	1.
Kohlrabi	2.
Lettuce	Tr.
Oranges	1.
Peaches	Tr.
Pears	1.
Peas, green	7.
Pineapple	Tr.
Potatoes, Sweet	2.
Potatoes	2.
Prunes	2.
Pumpkins	1.
Radishes	2.
Raspberries	2.
Rhubarb	Tr.
Spinach	2.
Strawberries	1.
Tangerines	1.
Tomatoes	1.

Other Foods	
Almonds	18%
Bacon, crisp	19
Barley, whole	13
Beans, navy or field	22
Beans, lima	21
Beans, soy, dried	38
Beef, cooked or raw	18
Brains, beef	10
Bread, whole wheat	12
Bread, white	8.5
Buckwheat	10
Butter	0
Buttermilk	3.3
Cake, Angel food	7
Candy, choc fudge	0
Cashew nuts	19
Cheese, cheddar	25
Cheese, cottage	12
Chicken	22
Clams	11
Codfish	16
Corn flakes	6
Corn starch	0.6
Cornmeal	9
Corn, pop	9
Cream, table	3
Eggs, boiled	14
Flour, whole wheat	12
Flour, refined	9
Gelatin (jello)	70
" " ready to eat	1
Graham crackers	10
Ham, boiled	19
Herring	19
Macaroni	6
Milk, fresh, whole	3.3
Milk, fresh, skim	3.3
Millet	12
Molasses, blackstrap	5
Mushrooms	4
Oatmeal	15
Oats, ground	12
Peanut butter	13
Peanuts, hulled	28
Peas, dried	25
Rice, cooked	7
Salmon	20
Shredded wheat	11
Sugar, white	0
Sunflower seed hulled	28
Syrup, corn	0
Wheat, hard spring	14
Wheat, soft winter	10

Books on Health

FEEL LIKE A MILLION This book emphasizes the importance of proteins in the diet. Also contains a long list of common foods showing the amounts of proteins, carbohydrates, fats, calories, vitamins and minerals in each one. Price 75¢

LOW CARBOHYDRATE DIET, commonly called the airforce diet. Helps to take off unwanted weight. $1.00

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LOOK YOUNGER, LIVE LONGER by Hauser 95¢

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CHURCH AND THE SONG

The church resembles a beautiful song
When brethren in unity and love are strong.

How joyous when together their voices they raise
As they sing of redemption, love, mercy, and praise.

When all the brethren live in sweet accord
'Tis a joy to behold as they work for the Lord.

With brethren in discord it doesn't take long
Till each thinks the other is all in the wrong.

Oh, why should I yield when I know I am right?
(I'm reminded of children who bicker and fight.)

The church is in sorrow, peace there is none
Until each wants only God's will to be done.

If they forgive like children— forget who was wrong—
Then the church once more can be like a song.

When all sing together and all in His tune
Then each can with Christ our Saviour commune.

— Mrs. Enos Burkholder Family Life

YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

The Name Is The Same

By David Luthy

Today there are 126 Amish family names in America, running from "A" to "Z" — Albrecht in Ontario to Zook in Pennsylvania. Forty-two of the names were not found among the Amish families in Europe but entered Amish society in America.

New family names have come among the Amish in various ways: an orphan was taken into an Amish home; a hired hand married an Amish daughter; a boy converted to the Amish faith. In each case the boy brought with him a family name that was different from the already existing Amish names. For awhile his name seemed strange to people in settlements other than where he lived. But as generations passed and the descendants bearing the name increased, few people realized that it had ever been anything but an Amish family name.

Because of its "newness", such a family name never slipped into Amish society unnoticed— that is except for one case. An orphan boy did enter Amish society unnoticed for the simple reason that his family name was the same as an already common Amish family name— "Fisher."

The "Fisher" name has been present among the Amish in America since 1750 when Christian Fisher Sr. settled in Pennsylvania. In 1757 his son, Christian Jr. was born. Later Christian Jr. married and moved to Lancaster County. Today the "Fisher" name is the third most common Amish name in that county with over 175 household heads who bear it.

A little over 100 years after Christian Fisher Sr. immigrated to America, another "Fisher" arrived. This man, however, was not Amish and did not settle in Pennsylvania. He located in Ohio. His name was John Adam Fisher.

People immigrating to America and bearing the "Fisher" name often came from England where that family name is very common. Or they came from Germany where the name is spelled "Fischer." After several years in America the German "Fischers" usually adopted the English spelling of "Fisher" because America was an English-speaking country. That John Adam Fisher was not from England is evidenced by the spelling on his tombstone using the German spelling, "Fischer." But did he come from Germany? Not exactly. Records indicate that he came from the German-speaking area of Switzerland.

It is not certain in what year John Adam Fisher came to America. One record says 1852 and another 1854. The second date is most likely the correct one. Nor is it known for certain if Mrs. Fisher reached America with her husband or died at sea. Some sources say she died during the ocean crossing; others say she made it to Cleveland, Ohio where she died the day she arrived having given birth that day to a son, John K. Fisher. Whether Mrs. Fisher died at sea or in Cleveland, she left her husband with five children to care for: Theodore, Tena, Hannah, Magdalena, and the baby John K.

John Adam Fisher was not wealthy and could not hire someone to care for his children. In fact it is said that he owned only the clothes he had on. Taking the children with him, including the baby, he traveled to Holmes County and the Amish settlement near Mt. Hope. He asked around if there was anyone who would take his children into their homes. It is not known into what "English" or Amish homes all the children were placed, but the baby John K. was given a home by an Amishman, Simon Keck, and his wife.

At first glance "Keck" does not seem like an Amish family name for there are no Amish people with that name today. Whether it had been an Amish family name in Europe or entered Amish society in America is not known. But it definitely was an Amish name, for several family record books show "Kecks" were married to Amish partners in Holmes County. Simon Keck was one of them. He was born in 1819, presumably the son of David Keck who in turn was the only son of "Pioneer Keck" who was an early settler in Walnut Creek Township of Holmes County. His neighbors on every side were Amish.

Simon Keck married Sarah Miller, the daughter of Amishman Isaac Miller. No children were born to Simon and Sarah; so they took two foster children into their home. One was Nancy Miller, the daughter of Amishman Peter Miller. The other was John Adam Fisher's baby, John K.

John K. Fisher was a seven-month-old baby when he came to live with the Kecks. He was not adopted; thus, he retained his own family name. Actually he was legally bound to Simon Keck through an indenture. Why an indenture was used for a seven-month-old baby is not known, but there likely was a good reason. Had John K. not later copied off the indenture, no one would have ever guessed that there had been one. But he copied it off and kept it all his life in his farm record book, or "Day Book" as it was called. Following is a copy of the indenture with the spelling, capitalization, and punctuation left exactly as John K. copied it:

> This Indenture witnesses that John Fisher of the County of Tuscarawas and State of Ohio of the first part and Simon Keck of the County of Holms and State of Ohio of the other part witnesses that the said Fisher doth hereby bind and Covenand his son John K Fisher a child of Seven Month old Born the 14 day of September. A.D. 1854. the said Fisher hereby covenants and agrees to that his son shall well and faithfull do anney perform all resonable orders that the said Keck hall ask him to do untill he the said John K Fisher shall arive at the age of Eighteen years if he shall so long live and the said Simon Keck doth hereby covenant and agree to furnish and supply the said child with sufficient Bording & Glosing duing his sirvise and he he further

> agree to do send the child to school when the said child arrive at the age of six years annually. Tow.2 Month untill he the said John K Fisher shall arrive at the age of sixteen years and said Keck further agree to be kind and Paventally to the said and to furnish the said child with Two commen wearing suids when he arrive the Eighteen years In witness where of the aprove said parties have here unto set ther hands and this 14 day of April. A. D. 1855. seald and delevert in the presence of Danel Shrock
>
> John Adam Fisher seal
> Simon Keck seal

One of the terms of the indenture was that John K. was to attend school for two months between the ages of six and sixteen. Luckily John K. kept a record of his schooling in his "Day Book." Following is a summary of it:

Winter of	Days Attended	Teacher
1861-1862	86	George Smit
1862-1863	92	Levi Irvin
1863-1864	86	Henry D. Holderbaum
1864-1865	75	Henry Perkky
1865-1866	69	Eli E. Holderbaum
1866-1867	58 1/2	Pauline Cranz
1867-1868	71	Pauline Cranz
1868-1869	72	Joslin Z. Yoder
1869-1870	34	John D. Ewing
1870-1871	38	Adam Knopp
1871-1872	14	Willie Olmstead
1872-1873	11	Soville Swards
1873-1874	23	Paulina Freck
	Total 729 1/2 days	

The record of John K.'s schooling is very interesting for it shows that he began school at age seven, one year later that the indenture specified. But he attended school each winter for 13 years, or until he was 19 which was three years older than the indenture called for. Also the total number of school days differed from the amount required by the indenture which specified "two months" yearly. Schools were likely open, then as now, only on weekdays— an average of 21 days a month. That would mean John K. was to attend school 42 days a year for 11 years for a total of 462 days. His school record shows that he attended 729 1/2 days— considerably longer than the indenture required.

Another interesting fact which the school record shows is that John K. attended school during the year in which he married. He attended school in 1874 (likely in January and February only) when he was nineteen. In September he celebrated his twentieth birthday. Then on the last day of 1874 he married Polly Yoder.

John K. Fisher and his wife Polly set up housekeeping on the Simon Keck farm one mile south of Mt. Hope. Actually they had no choice for John K. was still legally indentured to Simon. It is true that the original indenture signed by Simon Keck and John Adam Fisher had expired on John K.'s eighteenth birthday in 1872, but John K. had at that time freely entered into a second indenture. Following is an exact copy of it except that the harder-to-read words are explained in parentheses:

> September 14 A D 1872 I Promised Simon Keck To Stay Three years under His Command and Work For Him as Before If I Ceeb (keep) My Prommis said Keck Prommist To Give Me Three Hundert dollers $300.00 and 1 Buroh (bureau) and 1 Beet (bed) 1 New ax and Maddog (mattock) and One New sise (scythe) and worf (Pa. Dutch for shovel?) amd Bording (boarding) & Closing (clothing) and when the time Is up Tow (two) Commen waering suids (suits) dis I shall have all when I arrived My Twenty First year dis Indenture Shall Hold From date Till September 14. A. D. 1875.
>
> That we prove with ouer Hand with witness with Nancy D Yoder September the 14 day of A D 1872
>
> John K Fisher seal
> Simon Keck seal

This second indenture was to expire on John K.'s twenty-first birthday in September of 1875. But John K.'s record book has an entry:"March the 24 A D 1876 we Settlet Dis Indenter IN Full." Why the indenture was not settled until six months after the specified time is not known. Perhaps John K. was required to serve longer because he had married before reaching 21.

John K. and his wife remained on the Keck farm when the second indenture was fulfilled. Simon Keck was 57 by this time and likely glad his foster son would continue working for him. John K.'s "Day Book" has some details about the farm work, but the entries are sketchy and incomplete. One set of entries, however, is quite interesting. During the summer of 1877, when his second indenture had been completed barely over a year, John K. wrote on page 70 "John Fisher what I owe him 1877." At first glance it would appear that this refers to what Simon Keck owed John K., but several lines down the page is an entry which reads: "John Adam Fisher workt For me." John K.'s real father was alive and had worked for him!

The record shows that John K. paid his father 75¢ for a day's labor, 37 1/2¢ for a half day, and 55¢ for a three-quarter day. Altogether he owed his father $6.05. Then on page 71 of the "Day Book" John K. recorded what his father owed him— a total of $2 for 1 1/2 day's labor plus 75¢ for butter.

John Adam Fisher died in September of the year he worked for his son. He was buried in a township graveyard which once had a Dunkard church house beside it until the church house was removed. The graveyard is near Mt. Hope along the road at the corner of Amishman Sam Bowman's present land. John Adam's tombstone can still be seen with its German spelling of "Fischer."

John K. and his wife Polly raised seven children on the Keck farm. (Three others died young.) In February of 1894 Polly died at the early age of 37. In October of that same year John K. married Anna Miller. She was 25 and he was 40. They continued living on the Keck farm.

The following year, 1895, Mrs. Keck died. The next year her husband died. It is said he was a very large, strongly-built man, and his coffin nearly did not fit through the house door. He and his wife were buried in the Joas Raber Cemetery one-fourth mile west of the present Bowman Harness Shop. The Kecks willed their farm to John K. Fisher, their foster son. John K. and his wife and children did not live on the farm for many more years. In 1900 they sold the farm and moved to Geauga County. (The farm is presently owned by Bishop Dan P. Schrock.)

John K. and his second wife, Anna, had seven children. In 1905 she died at age 36— one year younger than his first wife. This left him with fourteen children, seven from each marriage. Four of the children were married, but the other ten were yet living at home. Tragedy struck him again the following year when his house burned down. None of the children were killed, but most of his possessions were destroyed. He and the children moved in with a neighbor, Noah Petersheims, for a few months.

Then John K. purchased a 70 acre farm northeast of Hayes Corner in the Middlefield area.

After living on the 70 acre farm for only a few years, John K. decided to trade it on land in the new Amish settlement in Alabama. For some unknown reason he did not take any of his children along to his new home. The ten unmarried children were left behind in Geauga County in various Amish homes,including some of his married children's. All were placed under the guardianship of Christian D. Byler who was the father-in-law of John K.'s son, John Jr.

John K. lived in Alabama until the spring of 1925. By then the Amish settlement had dissolved, and he was the last Amishman to leave Alabama. He went to Holmes County, Ohio where he lived for several years at the home of Preacher Dan Wengerd. Then about 1927 he moved back to Geauga County where he lived at the home of his son John Jr. until his death May 25, 1930.

Forty-three years have passed since John K. Fisher died. His descendants have increased so that there are now 29 Amish household heads bearing the "Fisher" name— 3 sons, 17 grandsons, and 9 great-grandsons. Two live in western Pennsylvania where one is an Amish bishop. The other 27 live in Geauga County. Their name is the same as that of the Amish "Fishers" in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, but their history is quite different!

PART 2: THE STORY OF MAGDALENA FISHER

As mentioned earlier in this article,the immigrant John Adam Fisher had five children (perhaps more) at the time of his wife's death. As has just been shown, one son, John K.,was raised in an Amish home, accepted that faith, and has many Amish descendants bearing his name. He also had a sister who came among the Amish in the same way he did, but her "Fisher" name was lost through marriage. Magdalena,(or Mattie, as everyone called her,) Fisher was born March 27, 1850 in Switzerland. When her mother died and her father sought homes for his children in Holmes County, she was placed in the home of an Amishman named Isaac Miller. It is not known for certain who this Isaac Miller was, for there were several with that name in Holmes County at the time. But it was likely Henry Miller's Isaac who was married to Catherine Miller who was a sister to Simon Keck's wife, Sarah. Records show that this couple, as in the case of the Kecks, was childless. They are quite likely the couple who took young Magdalena Fisher into their home.

Magdalena married David Kauffman of Holmes County on January 3, 1875. This was three days after her brother John K. married on December 31, 1874. The Kauffmans raised a family of eight children. In 1897 they moved to Newberry in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan where a small Amish church was trying to take root amo the lofty pine trees. But the settlement failed and the Ka mans moved to Oscoda County in Lower Michigan in 1901 There David died in 1906. Magdalena remained there as a widow until her death on October 4, 1928. Both are buried in the Amish cemetery of the Oscoda County settlement.

Sources say that Magdalena never saw her brother John K. after she moved to Michigan. This is quite possible for the descendants of both today know very little about each other, indicating there were no close family connections. Also, Magdalena's obituary in the newspaper in 1928 made no mention of her brother. Quite possibly John K. grew up thinking more of himself as a "Keck" and Magdalena thought of herself as a "Miller" even though they shared the same family name of "Fisher."

(Special thanks to Mrs. Eli J. Mullet, Noah Miller, Jacob J. Mast, Paul E. Kaufman for the information they supplied.)

Amish Family Names in 1973

Albrecht
Allgyer
+Anderson
+Barkman
+Bawel
Beachy-Beechy
Beiler-Byler
Bender
Blank
Bontrager-Borntreger
+Borkholder-Burkholder
+Bowman
Brandenberger
Brenneman
+Bricker
Christner
+Chupp
Coblentz
+Cross*
+DeLagrange
Detweiler
Diener
+Duckworth*
Eash-Esh-Esch
Ebersol
Eicher
Erb
Farmwald
+Fehr
Fisher
+Flaud
Frey-Fry
+Fussner*
Garber
Gascho
Gingerich
+Girod
Glick
Graber
Hartzler-Hertzler
+Headings
+Heinrich*
+Helmuth
Herrfort*
Hershberger
Hilty
Hochstetler-Hostetler
+Huyard
Jantzi
+Jess
+Jones
Kanagy
Kauffman
Keim
Kemp-Kempf
King
Kinsinger
Kipfer-Kuepfer
+Kline
+Knepp
+Kramer
+Kuhns
Kurtz
+Lambright
Lantz
Lapp
+Lee
Lehman
Leichty-Lichty
Lengacher
+Leslein
+Luthy*
Marner
+Martin
Mast
Miller
Mishler
+Mullet
+Neunschwander
Nisley-Nissly
Otto
Overholt
Peachey
+Peight
Petersheim
Plank
Raber
+Renno
Richer*
+Riehl
Riegsecker*
+Roche*
Ropp
Schlabach-Slabaugh
+Schmidt
Schmucker-Smucker
Schrock
Schwartz
Schwartzentruber
Sharp*
+Shell*
Shetler
Smoker
Speicher
Steury
Stoll
Stoltzfus-Stoltzfoos
Streicher
Stutzman
Summy
+Swantz
+Swarey
Thomas*
Troyer
Wagler
+Wanner*
Weaver
Weirich*
Wengerd-Wingard
+Whetstone
+Wickey
Wittmer
Yoder
Yutzy
Zehr
Zook

+ indicates this family name entered Amish society in America
* indicates there is only one married man or widower with this name

Ja, Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!
So ist's, so wird's auch Wahrheit bleiben.
Was uns die Bibel sagen kann,
Was alle Boten Gottes schreiben,
Was Adam anfangs schon gehört,
Was Moses drauf in Bildern lehrt,
Was die Propheten alle preisen,
Was uns Johannes Finger weisen,
Geht alles einzig da hinan:
Ja, Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!

Ja, Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!
Das hat sein eigner Mund gelehret;
Vom Vater, der nicht lügen kann,
Ward dieses Zeugnis auch gehört,
Der Geist bezeugt es uns mit Macht;
Was die Apostel vorgebracht,
Was Petrus sagt, was Paulus treibet,
Was Jesus liebster Jünger schreibet,
Das heiszt, wie niemand leugnen kann;
Ja, Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!

Ja, Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!
Lasz alle Welt uns anders sagen!
Der Zweifel mag, so sehr er kann,
Das Jawort immer niederschlagen,
Es bleibt doch ewig ausgemacht
Und was man jemals vorgebracht,
Dies Wort des Lebens zu ermorden,
Das ist zu Schimpf und Spott geworden.
Das nein ist völlig ausgetan:
Ja, Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!

Verloren und Gefunden

Wir lesen von einem Sohn der sein Gut gefordert hat vom Vater. Der Vater hatte zwei Söhne, und es war der Jüngste, der sprach zum Vater: "Gieb mir Vater, das Teil der Güter, das mir gehört." Der Vater teilte ihnen das Gut.

Es dünkt uns dieser Sohn gedachte in seinem Herzen, nun habe ich viele Güter, warum bin ich so angebunden hier daheim? Ich kann gerade so wohl fortziehen für mich selbst und erwähl was ich tun will. Das haben schon manche Kinder getan, fort gezogen vom Eltern-Hause, mit die Gedanken, ich weisz besser als wie meine Eltern tun, und sind so hingegangen zu ihrem eigenen Verderben.

Dieser Sohn sammelte alle seine Güter zusammen, und zog ferne über Land; aber O Weh, daselbst brachte er sein Gut um mit Prassen. Das meint Los oder frei. Der Englisch sagt: Dissolute, unrestrained. Ich brauch mich unter niemand sonst seine Anweisung begeben.

Es sind schon viele Kinder diesen Weg gegangen gerade wie dieser verlorene Sohn. Es ist hie und da eines der sein Irrweg gesehen hat und ist zurück gekommen; aber der gröszere Zahl sind als noch am gehen zu ihrem Verderben.

Dieser Sohn wovon wir geschrieben haben hatte bald sein Geld und Gut verschwendet, er hatte nichts mehr für Speise kaufen und fing an Hunger zu leiden. Ist dasz nicht bedauerlich? Und es war alles seine eigene Schuld. Er ging hin zu einem Bürger deselbigen Landes, der schickte ihn auf seinem Acker die Säu zu hüten. Er begehrte seinen Bauch zu füllen mit Trebern die die Säu aszen, doch niemand gab sie ihm. In diesem jämmerlichen Zustand dachte er einmal wieder an seinem Vater, der hat ja viele Tagelöhner, die Brods die Fülle haben, und ich verderbe hier im Hunger. Ich will mich aufmachen und zu meinem Vater gehen, und will sagen zu ihm: Vater, ich habe gesündiget in den Himmel und vor dir, ich bin nicht mehr wert dasz ich dein Sohn heisze. Es scheint er hatte nicht alles gesagt was er im Sinn hatte, denn der Vater fing an zu reden zu die Knechten ob er fertig war. Gehet hin und bringet ein gemästet Kalb und schlachtet's, lasset uns essen und fröhlich sein, denn dieser mein Sohn war tot, und ist wieder lebendig worden; er war verloren, und ist wieder gefunden worden.

Geliebte Leser, wir wollen dieses lassen tief zu Herzen gehen. Sagen dasz ein Mensch tot war, und wieder lebendig worden. Er meinte nicht dasz sein Sohn natürlich tot war, aber tot in Sünden, und wieder aufgewacht von seinem Sündenschlaf. Nach meinem Dünken ist dieses bald so ein wertvoll Gleichnisz das wir haben im ganzen Neuen Testament.

Da ich dachte von diesem Gleichnisz zu schreiben komm es mir in die Gedanken von manche Jahre zurück da ich noch bei die Junge war. Eins von meine Kameraden erzählte wie er und drei andere von eine andere Gegend einstmal auf der Jacht gangen sind weit droben in Staat von Neu York. Sie gingen hunden wie wir sagen in grosze Büschen und Wälder von tausende Acker. Einen aus die Vier ist verloren gangen. Die andere wuszten nicht mehr wo er war, und er konnte sie nicht mehr finden. Ich habe die Erfahrung nicht, aber sie sagen wenn einer verloren ist, meint er vielleicht er will in einer Richtung (direction) gehen, aber er tut nicht, er gehet gewöhnlich rings umher. Endlich hatten sie ihn gefunden. Er war sehr erschrocken, und sah ganz bleich aus. Er selbst sagte: Du weiszt nicht wie Jemand fühlt wenn sie verloren sind in solch ein groszer Wald. Wir wollen dieses ein wenig vergleichen mit wie jemand fühlt wenn er ein geistlich verlorener Sünder ist, auszer aller Verheiszung Gottes ausgeschlossen.

Der natürlich verlorene Mensch draus im Wald musz sich endlich ganz aufgeben, dasz er die Richtung nicht mehr weisz, er weisz nicht mehr welchen Weg er am gehen ist, ob es Nord, Ost, Süd oder West ist. Ist es nicht so nach dem Geistlichen, wir müssen erkennen dasz wir arme verlorene Sünder sind, auszer die hilf von oben. Wenn sie einmal so fühlen dann kann ihnen geholfen werden, Gott hat noch niemals jemand verstoszen der zu ihm kommen ist im rechten Sinn. Wenn er fühlt, ich habe nichts für mich selbst vorzuhalten, nein, alles ist Dein, O Herr, sei mir armer Sünder gnädig.

Wir denken wieder zurück im letzten Teil von unserm Gleichnisz. Wo sie alles bereit hatten zu essen war der älteste Sohn am heim kommen vom Felde. Er hörte dasz etwas ungewöhnliches am angehen ist. Er rief eins von die Knechte und fragte was das wäre. Der sagte ihm:

Dein Bruder ist heim kommen, und dein Vater hat ein Kalb geschlachtet und ein Essen bereitet. Er wollte aber nicht herein kommen. Da ging der Vater hinaus und hatte ihn noch eingeladet. Ja, sagte er, so viele Jahre hab ich gedienet und dein Gebot nie übertreten und du hast mir nie ein Bock gegeben dasz ich konnte mit meine Freunde fröhlich sein; aber dieser dein Sohn der sein Gut umgebracht hat mit Huren, ist heim kommen und du hast ihm ein gemästet Kalb geschlachtet, und er ist zornig worden. Der Vater sprach zu ihm: Mein Sohn, du bist allezeit bei mir, und alles was mein ist, das ist dein. Du solltest aber gutes Mut sein, denn dein Bruder war tot und ist wieder lebendig worden, er war verloren und ist gefunden worden.

Dieser Sohn, wie es mich dünkt, konnte es nicht gut leiden dasz sein Bruder zurück kommen ist und seine Sünden bekennt. Hätte er das recht sehen können so wäre er auch fröhlich gewesen mit die andere; er hätte sich auch erfreuet mit dem Vater und gesagt: Ja, mein Bruder war tot und ist wieder lebendig worden; er war verloren und ist wieder gefunden worden.

Wir wollen sorgfältig sein in die Gemein. Wenn Jemand irren tut vom Weg der Wahrheit und sehnt seinen Fall, dann wiederum begehret Frieden zu machen mit Gott und seiner Gemeinde, wollen wir doch acht geben und das Gefühl nicht verleiren. Es dünkt mich es ist ein wenig hart für uns das rechte Gefühl behalten gegen alle Leute. Wenn dieses wäre wie es sein sollte wäre nicht so viel hinterredes wie es oftmals scheint zu sein.

Ich gedenke dies Schreibes wieder zu beschlieszen. Wir denken als öfters, haben wir etwas geschrieben das lesens wert ist? Kann es eine Hilfe sein zum wohlgeneigten Leser? Wir wissen wohl, wir können nicht predigen um Menschen gefällig zu sein, wenn wir so tun würden dann wären wir Christi Knecht nicht. Und es ist mit dem Schreiben wohl ein wenig wie mit dem Predigen wo angenehm ist, und so auch ein Schreibes zum Druck bringen wo angenehm ist. Aber der natürliche Mensch vernimmt nichts vom Geist Gottes. Es ist ihm eine Thorheit und kann es nicht erkennen. ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION

When Marie reached the top of the slope, she stopped and looked back, expecting to see a big snake following her.

A Snake On Every Branch

-Elizabeth Miller

MARIE TROYER STOOD FOR a moment in the delightful coolness of the springhouse. Then remembering that her mother was waiting, she filled her bucket with water and hurried toward the house. As she did so, she glanced toward the field on top of the hill where her father and two neighbors were cutting and shocking wheat. Any other day she would have been glad to bring them lemonade, but today she dreaded it. She had to cross the small wooden bridge that spanned the creek which divided the Troyer farm. And Marie was afraid to go near that bridge— dreadfully afraid.

It wasn't the bridge Marie was afraid of, or the water that flowed lazily underneath it. No, Marie loved the creek. She and her older sister had played in it many times. They had sat for hours on the bank, watching the tiny fish that swam in the clear water. They had made nets with their handkerchiefs and tried to catch minnows. They had waded in the stream, stirring up the water so that it looked muddy and uninviting. They had stood on the banks after a heavy rain, watching in awe as the water rushed by. At a time like that the creek wasn't a friend to play with, but a rough, angry giant the Troyer children had been taught to respect with reasonable distance.

Marie carried the water into the kitchen and set it on the sink. Mom was slicing lemons into a stainless steel kettle. Marie stood and watched as Mom took the masher and squeezed the juice from the lemon slices. She could almost taste the cool, sweet lemonade in her mouth.

"Go put on your shoes," Mom said, adding sugar to the lemons. "You'll need them to walk through the wheat stubbles."

"Why can't Ella bring the men lemonade?" Marie asked, looking hard at the floor. "I— I don't want to."

Mom looked surprised. "You don't want to?" she asked. "Why not?"

"It— it's too warm," stammered Marie, trying to think up a good excuse without telling the real reason why she didn't want to go. After all, she was eleven and she was ashamed to admit that she was afraid to cross the "snakey bridge," as the children called it ever since that day last summer when they had first seen a snake on the bridge.

"Of course it's warm," Mom said. "That's all the more reason why you should go bring the men a cold drink. Don't you think they might be warm, too?"

Marie felt ashamed of herself, but her fear was even

bigger than her shame. She tried again. "May Ella and I both go?"

"No, I need Ella to help me," Mom said. "Reuben can go with you if you don't want to go by yourself."

Marie groaned. Taking Reuben would be worse than going alone. He was only five and couldn't run very fast. "I'll go by myself," she said.

Reuben, having heard his name, came running. "Yes, I want to go along," he said eagerly. "Mom, may I?"

"Yes, put on your shoes and you can go along," Mom said generously, not even looking at Marie. She poured the water Marie had brought up from the springhouse into the kettle and stirred the mixture briskly. "Hurry up, Marie," she urged. "I want you to get this lemonade out to the men before it loses its freshness."

Marie found her shoes and put them on. They felt tight and uncomfortable, making Marie more miserable than ever. "Mom, I want to go alone," she grumbled when she came back into the kitchen. "Reuben is too slow to tag along."

Mom gave Marie a hard look. "A while ago you were complaining because you didn't want to go alone, and now you're complaining because you can't go by yourself. It's time you stop being so contrary." She poured Marie a tall glass of lemonade and gave her time to drink it. Then she handed her the half-gallon jar and hurried her out the door.

As soon as the house lay behind, Marie made one last attempt to discourage Reuben from going along. "We have to cross the 'snakey bridge'," she reminded him.

"I don't care. I'm not scared," Reuben said stoutly. "Are you?"

Marie didn't answer. "Of course he's not scared," she thought to herself. "He doesn't know all the things I know about snakes." She shuddered as she remembered the evening the children had found a dead snake on the road on the way home from school. It had been a small one, a garter snake about a foot long, but it had led to big stories about huge snakes that wrapped themselves around their victims and strangled them. Listening to those stories and looking at the pictures the boys at school found in the encyclopedia, Marie's fear of snakes had grown. The thing that frightened her more than anything else was the mysterious force Abe Miller, an eighth grader, had claimed snakes possessed. He had said it was dangerous to look a snake in the eye, for if you did it could "freeze" you in your tracks so that you couldn't run or move or even as much as yell. All you could do was stand there and watch while it crawled toward you, and finally either strangled you or bit you, depending on what kind of snake it was.

It was by listening to the boys' stories that Marie learned other things she hadn't known about snakes. Instead of staying on the ground like she had always thought they did, the boys said they climbed trees and sometimes dropped down on unsuspecting victims. Another thing they had said was how fast snakes could crawl. Listening to the boys, Marie had given up all hopes of being able to outrun one, should a snake ever be on her trail.

Walking toward the "snakey bridge," Marie tried to remember how many times they had seen a snake either on the bridge or on the rocks close by. There had been that first time when she was only about five. She and Ella had been in the field with Dad and had decided to go home. They had almost been on the bridge when they had seen the ugly black creature stretched out its whole length in front of them. They had turned around and run as fast as they could, back to the field. Dad had tied his horses and come with them as far as across the bridge, but all they could see of the snake was the crooked line it had left behind in the dust. From that day on the girls had always been wary of the area around the "snakey bridge." Marie was sure they had seen snakes at least three or four times each year since that first time, and was convinced in her own mind that a whole family of them lived under the bridge. Maybe by now there was more than one family. Surely, by this time the snake they had first seen had children and grandchildren. Another chill ran down Marie's back. "Just think how big that snake will be by this time," she thought. She imagined seeing a snake as big as those she had seen pictures of in the encyclopedia.

Just then Marie had an idea. "Let's take a shortcut," she suggested. Without waiting for Reuben to answer, she left the lane that led to the bridge and began to cross the hay field. Reuben followed without asking any questions.

Even though Dad had made hay from the field only a few weeks ago, the second crop was off to a healthy start, making it hard for Marie and Reuben to walk. When Reuben fell behind, Marie stopped and waited for him. Then the two of them slowly made their way through the tangled grass. Finally they reached the fence. Marie held the barbed wires apart for Reuben, then did the best she could herself. To her dismay, she heard a r-r-i-p-p just when she thought she was through.

"Oh-h, you tore your dress," Reuben said, his eyes big and round.

Marie knew the triangular tear in her dress would take some explaining, for if they had stayed on the lane they wouldn't have had to cross any fences. But the damage was done and there was no way of undoing it.

The creek was wider than Marie had expected it to be, and the grassy banks were swampy. "We've got to take off our shoes," she told Reuben. "We'll never make it across without wading."

Reuben obeyed, but not without a bit of complaining. "We should have gone the other way," he said.

"And crossed the 'snakey bridge'?" Marie asked impatiently. "You should have stayed at home; that's what you should have done." She waited until Reuben had taken off his shoes, then she tossed them across the creek. "Come on, follow me," she said, offering him her free hand.

They waded through the swampy banks, sinking down to their ankles. Marie stopped and turned up Reuben's pant legs, then they splashed on. Finally they were at the creek and were able to cross it by stepping from rock to rock. On the other side of the creek was another swampy area, not as wide as the first had been, but overgrown with tall grass. Carefully and slowly they made their way through. Then picking up their shoes, they crawled up the steep bank on their hands and knees.

"We can't put on our shoes because our feet are dirty," Reuben said.

Marie looked down at her own muddy feet. "We'll just have to carry them," she said. They were in the wheat field now, but they had quite a ways to go before they reached the place where the men were working. Before they had taken a dozen steps, Marie realized why their mother had insisted that they wear their shoes. The stubbles were sharp and the ground was hard and rough.

"Wait on me," Reuben whimpered. "My feet hurt."

Marie looked helplessly at her brother. "Why don't you wait here by the fence until I come back?" she suggested.

Reuben, however, did not like the idea of being left behind. "I can go along if you don't go too fast," he said, reaching for Marie's hand. Marie was carrying the lemonade in one hand and her shoes in the other, but by tucking her shoes under her arm, she managed to give Reuben a hand to hold on to.

The progress across the field was slow, but finally they reached the uncut wheat. They stood and waited until Dad came to them with the binder.

Dad pushed his hat back on his head, looked at the children's feet and at the shoes they were carrying, and guessed which way they had come. "Why did you come through the hay field?" he asked, taking the lemonade Marie offered him.

"It— it's not as far that way," Marie said, avoiding the real reason.

"But my, it's hard work, walking through the hay and crossing the creek," Dad said.

"Marie tore her dress and we couldn't put our shoes on because our feet were dirty," Reuben said.

Dad got off the binder and started rubbing the dried mud from Reuben's feet. Marie did the same to hers. Before long the two of them had their shoes on again.

"I'll take the lemonade along and give it to the others," Dad said. "They're all the way over on the other side. Thanks for bringing it." He got back on the binder seat and looked down at Marie and Reuben. "Don't try to take the short way home. Go down the lane. It's so much easier." Then he called to the horses and the binder started again.

Marie took Reuben's hand and they slowly walked toward the gate. There was no other way about it; they had to cross the "snakey bridge." Just thinking about it made Marie's heart go, "Thump, thump, thump!"

"Do you think there'll be any snakes on the bridge?" asked Reuben, as if sensing Marie's fear.

"I sure hope not," Marie said, trying to make her voice sound brave. She was trying to make up her mind which would be better, to run as fast as they could, or to go softly and sneak across the bridge so as to not disturb the snakes that lived under it.

"May I take my shoes off now?" asked Reuben as soon as they reached the edge of the wheat field.

"Yes, let's take them off," Marie said, glad to get rid of her own shoes. Even though she had tried to rub the mud from her feet, they felt gritty and uncomfortable.

With their shoes in their hands, the two made their way down the dusty lane toward the bridge. Marie squinted her eyes and was relieved to see that no long, black object was stretched out on the bridge. But that still didn't assure her that they wouldn't see a snake on one of the many rocks that lay along the bank of the creek. She even imagined a huge one lying on one of the branches of the big tree that was just on the other side of the bridge. What if it dropped down on her, wrapped itself around her and killed her, then swallowed her whole?

A shudder ran through Marie's body. She stopped in her tracks. When Reuben looked at her questioningly, she took his hand and forced herself to walk on. "Let's be real still and sneak across," she whispered. "And if you see a snake, don't look at it. Just turn your head the other way and run."

THE CRUST OF BREAD

I must not throw upon the floor
The crust I cannot eat
For many little hungry ones
Would think it quite a treat.

My parents labor very hard
To get me wholesome food,
So I must never waste a bit
That would do others good.

For willful waste makes woeful want,
And I might live to say,
"Oh, how I wish I had the bread
That once I threw away."
-Selected

Reuben remained silent. Not even a question escaped his tight lips.

Slowly, cautiously, silently— step by step they were nearing the bridge. "Thump. Thump. Thump." Marie could hear her heartbeat in her ears. She gave up trying to be brave. She was afraid— very, very afraid. She couldn't help it that she was eleven. She was still afraid of creatures that made you freeze in your tracks so that you couldn't move. She was afraid of something that could bite you and make you die within a few minutes. Or even worse, jump out of a tree and wrap itself around your body and strangle you. She had read someplace that some snakes could swallow a pig, and she knew she didn't weigh as much as some pigs did. And Reuben was even smaller than she was.

Marie wanted to run, but she forced herself to walk. However the minute they had crossed the bridge, the fear that had coiled up inside Marie like a spring let loose-- she ran. Dragging Reuben behind her, she ran as fast as the two of them could manage. When they reached the top of the slope, she turned around and looked back, half expecting a big, black snake to be following them. She was prepared to run for her life— run all the way to the house.

Much to her relief, there was no snake following. All she saw was the dusty lane, the bridge, the big tree, the rocks. But even then Marie knew her relief was only temporary. Without any doubt, Mom would send her to the field again tomorrow with a cold drink for the men. She knew she would be just as afraid tomorrow as she had been today.

"Why don't you like snakes?" Reuben asked, relaxing now that they had safely crossed the danger area.

"Because they bite people and make them die," Marie said. Then she told him some other things about snakes. By the time they got back to the house, Marie knew one thing; if she would have to take lemonade to the field again tomorrow, she wouldn't have to take Reuben along. The look in his eyes told her he was just as afraid of snakes as she was.

THAT EVENING AT THE supper table, of all places, the subject of snakes came up. It started when Reuben asked, "Dad, why did God make snakes?"

→ → →

Dad, who was so used to Reuben's questions about unusual subjects, didn't even stop spreading butter on his bread. "I guess because he wanted to," he answered. "He made snakes for the same reason he made birds and all the other animals."

Reuben was silent for a few minutes, then he said, "I wish God wouldn't have made snakes. Then we wouldn't have to be afraid to go across the bridge."

This time Dad was surprised by what his son said. He stared at Reuben, his hand stopping halfway between the plate and his mouth. "Afraid to cross the bridge?" he asked. By now he was no longer looking at Reuben, but at a very red-faced Marie. "I hope that isn't why you waded through the hay field and crossed the creek today."

"And tore a big rip in your dress," Mom added.

Marie swallowed hard, but the lump in her throat was too big to swallow. It was bad enough being afraid, without having her parents scold her. She tried to blink back the tears that insisted on gathering in her eyes.

Dad and Mom looked at each other. The subject of being afraid of snakes was dropped then and there. But later the same evening when Marie was helping Dad in the barn, it came up again. "Do you know why I didn't like the idea of having you wade through the hayfield and the creek today?" he asked.

"Because it took us longer that way," Marie guessed.

"That was one reason, but I had another one," Dad said. "I knew you were afraid of snakes, and coming through that swampy place beside the creek, you were in danger of meeting up with one."

"B- but," Marie stammered, not believing her ears. She shivered, even though it was a warm July evening.

Dad waited.

"I— I thought the snakes were up by the bridge," Marie said, finding her tongue at last. "We've seen them out on the rocks and even on the bridge."

"That's true," Dad said. "But that's in the spring and fall when they are out sunning themselves. See, their body temperature changes with the weather. When it's cool, they're out in the sun, trying to keep warm. But when it's warm like it was today, they're likely in swampy places or in tall grass, trying to keep cool."

Marie didn't answer.

"You don't have to be afraid of snakes," Dad said. "The ones we have around here are perfectly harmless. In fact, they do a lot of good. They catch mice."

"Mice?" Marie said. "I— I thought they ate pigs and—and ducks and things like that."

Dad chuckled. "Surely you don't think the little snakes we have around here eat big animals like that!"

"That snake we've seen back at the bridge isn't very little," Marie defended.

"But it's still not big enough to eat a pig. I don't know where you ever got that idea, but those are the huge pythons found in some tropical lands. They're the largest snakes in the world, and they aren't to be found anywhere around here," Dad said. "All we have around here are garter snakes and blacksnakes and maybe a few other harmless ones. Why, in all the years I can remember, I've only once heard of anyone getting bitten by a snake in this community. That was a man who was mowing hay and he happened to mow a snake in two pieces. About the same time the mower blade got crammed with damp hay and he got off to release it. Then the crippled snake bit him in the arm."

"Did he die?" asked Marie, her eyes wide with fright.

"No. It was a blacksnake. He didn't even go to the doctor. Blacksnakes aren't poisonous," Dad said. "Being bitten by a blacksnake wouldn't be any worse than being stung by a bee."

Marie refused to believe it. She had been stung by a bee more than once, and even though it was painful, being stung didn't hold the terror being bitten by a snake did.

"If you only realized it, snakes are just as afraid of you as you are of them," Dad said. "My guess is that's the reason you didn't see any along the creek today. They saw you first and crawled away and hid."

"Then— then they don't chase people and make them freeze so they can't move like Abe said they did?" Marie asked.

"Abe who?" Dad was trying hard not to laugh.

"Abe Miller said in school that if you look a snake in the eye it can make you so that you can't move," Marie said.

"No wonder you're afraid of snakes, the monsters you've imagined them of being," Dad said. "You've picked up bits of information here and there and then you let your imagination run wild. You've put all the things the different harmful snakes do together and imagined the ones on our farm do them all."

Marie looked at the ground, feeling ashamed of herself, but relieved all the same. She had to ask one more question. "D-do the snakes we have around here climb trees?"

"I've never seen one in a tree," Dad said, "although I've heard stories about them cleaning out birds' nests. You probably imagined a snake on every branch of that tree back by the bridge."

Marie didn't try to deny it, even if her imaginations had never been *that* wild.

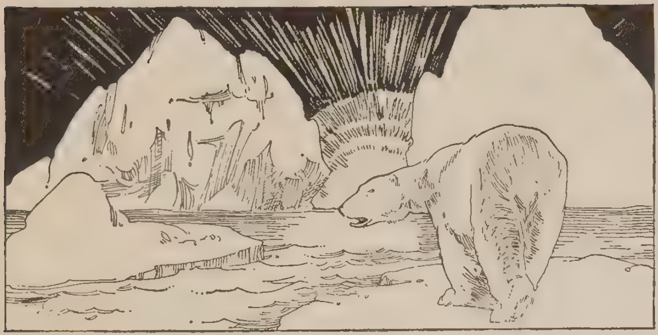
"You're not the only person who's formed monsters with their imagination," Dad said. "Why, simple things like being afraid in the dark and being afraid of staying alone are results of too much imagination. People imagine the worst, then they're afraid of the things they imagine might happen. Nine times out of ten, the things they imagine might happen never do."

Marie noticed the horses had finished their supper of oats and corn. "Shall I turn out the horses?" she asked.

"Yes, please," Dad said. "Then we'll be done with the chores." He paused, then added, "I'm going out to shock wheat a while yet tonight. Why don't you go ask Mom if you can go along? You can help carry the sheaves together."

"All right," Marie said eagerly. She was glad for the chance to cross the "snakey bridge" with Dad. Being with him would help her keep from imagining the worst. If they walked across it twice tonight, maybe she would be able to do it alone tomorrow without meeting any imaginary "monsters."

When God is our companion
As we walk the road of life,
There is help for every problem
And grace for care and strife!
And we'll find that we've been happy
All along the path we've trod,
When in faith we've made the journey
Hand-in-hand along with God!



Wanderers of the Sea

You probably have read something about icebergs in your geography book. Perhaps you know where they come from, what becomes of them, and why sailors fear them. These are some of the things about which this article tells you.

Icebergs are wanderers of the sea. Every spring as we are beginning to watch for spring flowers and birds, the sailors are on the look-out for these great mountains of ice which start to drift southward. They are very beautiful sights with their rainbow colors, but the sailors realize the danger of running into them and go many miles out of their way to avoid them.

Where do these great floating islands have their births? Most of them came from Greenland's great ice fields. In this cold country snow does not melt from one year to the next, so Greenland is almost entirely covered with a sheet of ice and snow more than a mile thick in places. These great piles creep slowly down the sides of the slopes leading the way to the ocean. They move very slowly, only a few inches or a few feet a day, until at last they reach the sea.

Each day they are pushed a little farther from the land and sink a little deeper into the water. Waves beat against them until great caves are worn in their sides. The force of the water also causes great cracks to cut their way through the ice. Suddenly with a roar like thunder a great mass breaks off and goes crashing into the water. This is the way a young iceberg is born whose long journey may last six to eight months.

Icebergs are of many different sizes, from the small ones called "growlers" to great masses a mile or more across. They may be as high as three hundred feet above water, but that is only a small part of their actual size, because icebergs float in water with only a very small part of them showing above the surface. Only about one-eighth of an iceberg shows above the water.

In the daytime or in clear weather they are sights of great beauty. Their pale green surface is shaded to brilliant blue in spots. The great caves which are worn in the sides by the waves reflect a deep purple. At dawn and at sunset they are changed to gold and rose. As they drift along, sparkling in the sunlight, they look like fairy castles or temples. At night they glow with a strange white light.

New icebergs are being formed constantly. A great parade starts on its way early in spring. In the months of April, May, and June they reach the streamers' paths. The cutters of the United States Coast Guard are kept busy watching for them and sending out warnings to vessels.

After they start to float they gradually melt in the warmer ocean water and the rays of the sun. From time to time, great pieces break off dropping into the water with a loud crash. It is dangerous for vessels to get anywhere near because huge splinters are likely to fall at any time. The largest bergs may travel two thousand miles before they disappear, but they are never found farther than four hundred miles south of Newfoundland.

When an iceberg begins to melt rapidly it is more dangerous than ever. Sometimes it becomes top heavy and turns over directly in the water. When it turns over it makes a hoarse roar which is followed by a huge crash. As the iceberg melts further, rivers of water flow down its sides. Lakes form on its surface and great cracks appear. Finally it bursts with an explosion like thunder. Pieces are thrown far and wide which soon melt in the warmer waters. Then the iceberg is no more.

Icebergs are often surrounded by thick layers of fog which completely hide them from sight. This fog often makes it difficult for sailors to see them and keep out of danger. They have caused many shipwrecks and have been the cause of much loss of life. It is no wonder that even though they are like beautiful fairy castles, sailors do not want to go near them. ■■

A LESSON FROM THE SNOWFLAKES

One day in a peaceful valley the snowflakes started falling one by one. One little flake landed on a blade of grass beside the lily pond. A cow came grazing along and said, "Hello my friend."

The snowflake had been beautiful, glittering and white, but so fragile and tiny the breath of the cow soon devoured it.

More snowflakes continued falling and the ground was soon covered quite deeply. The wind grew strong and the night grew colder and darker, but the snowflakes clung together in heaps and the drifts grew deep and wide.

Next morning when the people awoke, they exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful sight to see!"

The drifts were deep and wide and strong. The men's large equipment could hardly move it. As the sun came out it was a valley of glittering beauty. Pure, clean and white. All this was made of tiny, fragile snowflakes.

United we stand— divided we fall.

-W., Pennsylvania

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WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE

-by Melvin L. Yoder

We as Christians look forward to that glorious day of reaping. But if we are to reap good, then we must sow good seeds. So I will lay down my reading material which I have been enjoying (Family Life) and write a few lines hoping that in so doing, I may sow a few good thoughts which may in turn produce seed worth reaping. I do not know much about writing but I know enough about it to understand that it takes effort. There have been many times when I would have liked to write concerning certain articles but always seemed like the effort was too great. The reason is simple. To sit and read interesting articles by other writers is so much easier and more interesting than making the effort to write.

Whenever the children are overactive and everything seems in turmoil and disarray, I so often think of the following poem, which also came to my mind when reading "Alone In The House." I wish those who feel their homes must be spotless could memorize the words:

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow,
Would the prints of rosy fingers
  Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice cold fingers
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track;
How these little hands remind us
As in snowy grace they lie
Not to scatter thorns-- but roses
  For our reaping bye and bye.

Once when calling at the house of a friend the talk turned to the children. Thinking they had four children, but seeing only three, I asked, "There are four, aren't there?"

The grandmother, who was also there, spoke up and said, "Don't make it any worse than it is. Three is bad enough. I don't know what she would do if she had four to take care of."

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The house was spotless. Needless to say these words cut deeply. They still hurt us as much as they did several years ago when they were spoken. I doubt whether time will erase the hurt these words inflicted for we fear exceedingly for the soul of anyone who feels that having three little angels to care for is bad.

Tonight an incident at the supper table reminded me again that if a child grows up to be honest, respectful and unselfish, it matters very little if the house was tidy or not. Our tableware consists of a set of silver and a set of stainless steel and at times they are mixed together. Tonight little Miriam noticed that my spoon was tarnished and did not look its best. Thereupon she scolded older sister for giving Daddy an old spoon and without hesitation she exchanged her shining stainless steel spoon for my old one and proceeded to eat her supper. I will use the words of a poet to ask you, what would you take for such priceless children?

What would you take for that soft little head
  Pressed close to your face at time for bed,
For that white dimpled hand in your own held tight,
  And the dear little eyelids kissed down for the night?
      What would you take?

What would you take for that smile in the morn,
  Those bright dancing eyes and the face they adorn,
For the sweet little voice that you hear all day
  Laughing and cooing, yet nothing to say?
      What would you take?

What would you take for those pink little feet,
  Those chubby red cheeks and that mouth so sweet,
For the wee tiny fingers and little soft toes,
  The wrinkly little neck and that funny little nose?
      What would you take?

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WHO'S LAZY

Let us take care of who we say is lazy. I once knew a young man who looked the picture of health. He was tall and husky but some said he was lazy. This was because he was rather slow and rested a lot. But before he was very old, he died of heart trouble. So it proved that he was not feeling well and for that reason did not work as fast as some. This young man was not known to complain but did what he could willingly.

My father also had a bad heart for as long as I can remember. And often times he could not work for weeks at a time. There were many who thought he just did not care to work especially so after the doctor told him his heart was good. But I now feel that maybe the doctor told him this so he would not worry about it and help him to recover faster.

When he had a sick spell he would not go to church or any other large gathering for he said it was hard for him to breathe. Some people made fun of this, too, and thought it was just his notion. A man I know well told me recently how sorry he is that he used to say this about my father, for now he is the same way and sometimes has to go home from church because he can not breathe comfortably. During the spring when Father was 61 years old he overdid himself in the sugarbush and was ill all summer and died in November.

I feel if a person is healthy in body and mind, he is usually willing to work. There are many other ailments besides heart trouble that might give one a tired-out feeling. My father was on oxygen for several weeks before he died but when he was ready to go, he refused to have it. He asked that all the children come to his bedside and he waited for those to come who had already gone to bed. He told them he saw something coming and knew his end was near. He warned us about hochmuth and about the church trouble that was yet to come. This was long before some of us realized what he meant. He named names and told us to beware of these people. It all came true as he had foretold it.

He also told us he does not want a long obituary for that is not for the common people. A big write-up is not what he wants, nor memorials in later years.

During all this time his breathing was normal. When he had finished talking he lay back on the pillow and life fled in an instant.

This is not written as a complaint against anyone but thought maybe it will make us stop and think, before we say too much along this line. -Ohio Reader

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The Fear of GOD

"For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him." Psalm 103:11.

In my younger years it was hard for me to understand how we could love and fear God at the same time. On growing older, and as the Lord gave me more understanding, I came to realize that to fear God did not mean to fear Him as in the same sense as we fear thieves and murderers but to be fearful lest our work on earth might not be done well enough when the time comes to meet Him.

While thinking of this one day, the thought came to me that it might be explained in this way:

A certain contractor had two carpenters working for him and since he had to leave on business, he instructed each one what was to be done in his absence. After his master had left, the one man began thinking about it and said to himself, "The master is a righteous and merciful man and he is paying me much more than I am worth. I want to do the work He has assigned to me to the best of my ability so that he will not be disappointed or angry with me when he returns."

So he set about with fear and trembling to do the work which the master had given him. When the master came back he was well pleased with the attitude and the work this man had done. Although there were some things which he had not done exactly as the master had wanted them to be done, he was merciful and saw that the man had worked to the best of his ability. He said, "Fear not, my friend, the job is well done."

But the other man when his master had gone away, said to himself, "Why should I slave and labor so hard while my master is journeying in a far away land. No need to hurry so and suffer discomfort in working, for I am a skilled workman and I am not getting nearly the wages I deserve. There is still plenty of time to do what the master has told me so I will take life easy, and eat and drink and have a good time."

When his master returned he had accomplished almost as much as the first man, but the master found him eating and drinking and totally unconcerned about the task he had given him. The master found that, like the first man, this one, too, had made mistakes. So he called him to give account of himself and said to him, "Why did you not follow the instructions I had given to you? Were you not afraid that I would come back and find you idle when you should have been concerned and working?"

My wish is that we may be able to serve the Lord with fear and trembling so that when He comes to call us home we may hear the glad voice that says, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." -Illinois

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The Best About the Day

One of our family practices which has become quite meaningful during recent years is to go around the family circle each evening and give each one a turn in telling what they liked best about the day.

I hadn't really realized how much this meant to the children until this summer one day when I gave the children each a turn in painting a can to put flowers in. While painting his can, I overheard the five-year-old say to his sister, "You know what I'm going to say tonight when they ask me to tell what I liked best about today? I'll say painting the cans."

I can still remember some of the things the children have said during the years. Of course, sometimes they just say the same thing, such as that they got to play outside. One time one of the children said he liked best that the whole family helped pick up rocks. One night our son said what he liked best about the day was that he got to stack wood. Another time the 8-year-old said she liked best when Daddy wiped dishes so she could peel potatoes. Sometimes the best part of the day for them is going to Grandpa's house, or getting to go along when someone goes away somewhere. It varies quite a bit and is interesting and challenging. We feel it is well worth the extra time and effort it takes.

Sometimes we turn it around and have them say what they didn't like. At times this shows us parents up when they say they didn't like when Mama lost patience with them or some other thing which they noticed.

We hope that as the children grow older they will feel free and confident in coming to us with their problems, if it is easy for them to share them when they are small.

I guess I could sum this up by saying what I like best about the day is the privilege of saying what I like best, whether it's in prayer to my Heavenly Father, or out loud to my family in the evening, or in writing it on paper to share with others.

I believe that in getting them to think about the things they like best, it tends to make them more thankful for these things. It may differ at different age levels, and with different experiences, but I think it should increase each year.

I hope we will be able to appreciate the things which we like best and to be thankful for them before God takes them away from us. Perhaps then we would realize how much we truly have to be thankful for.

-Wanting To Be A More Thankful Mother

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They Swallowed Camels

-Anna J. Miller

We must search ourselves
whether we're wicked so that
We'd swallow a camel and strain at a gnat,
And if Christ in our lives
finds the same disgrace
That He utterly condemned in the Pharisee race.
Blind guides were they,
though "aristocrats",
They swallowed a camel and strained at a gnat.

They prayed long in pretense
and the widow houses distressed;
The greatest honor sought-- in fine religious dress
But still they paid tithe
of the anise perfume
(But at the Jewish feasts loved the uppermost rooms,)
Of cummins- of mint—
much honor did draw
But omitted the weightier matters of law.
As judgement, and mercy,
and a living faith
In the risen Lord and His saving grace.

The outside of their cup
and the platter were clean
So nothing unrighteous by men would be seen.
But full of extortion
and of excess within,
Filled with wickedness, so was molested with sin.
Christ strictly warned
of such to take heed;
They outward appear most beautiful indeed.
Like whited sepulchres
dead man's bones within;
He saw that their hearts were unclean through sin.

So ourselves we must search
and most honestly face
For if Christ in our lives
finds the same disgrace,
We too are found guilty
and as wicked as that—
To be swallowing a camel and straining at a gnat.

Easy On That Sunday Dinner

We're invited to the Millers next Sunday for dinner. A few of the other neighbors will also be there and we look forward to spending the afternoon visiting and rehearsing church and neighborhood events.

Now Mrs. Miller has a way of preparing a meal that knows no second place. Tender chicken fried to a golden brown, green peas fresh from the garden and there is the dish of new potatoes mashed and buttered brown, and crisp new lettuce with sour cream dressing. Then there is the pudding and dessert and just as we settle back thinking we have enough, here comes the chocolate cake with rich icing and the cherry pie.

We have probably all had the privilege to sit down to a dinner table prepared for us by a generous and good cook. But watch out, for at such times it is especially important for us to "be temperate in all things", and not make a glutton of ourselves.

However at these very times is when we have that tinge of uneasy feelings (and perhaps it is well that we do) as we sit down to such a richly arrayed table, that our minds begin to wander. Then we think of countries where there are many homes with empty tables, where hungry, poverty and misery prevail. Are we willing to share our crumbs with the less fortunate or is their lot no concern of ours? Could it be that someday we will hear the words, "Ich war hungrig gewesen, etc."

Or do we like to feel a tinge of pride when we hear words of praise about the good cooks among the plain people?

As we add years to our life, we find that many a Sunday dinner— prepared by skilled hands and fit for a king— has come and gone. But those which really stand out among the rest were the ones which were not so richly arrayed. Oh, yes, there was plenty to eat of the plain and simple things of life, but with the awareness that, compared to many tables around the world, we are living in luxury. I like to think that we have Sunday dinners to feed our bodies, not feast our bodies, and what is more important, to visit with each other and feed our souls. I like to see a table loaded with simple foods. When our family goes somewhere for Sunday dinner, I hope they serve us what they have— and make no apologies. That is the kind that seems the most nourishing to me.

-Virginia

FAIRY-RING MUSHROOM

The cause of Fairy-rings is the growing habits of mushrooms. The mushroom does not seem to be able to grow in the same place for a long time so they spread out and grow in a wider and wider circle. Thus the decayed mushrooms in the center fertilize the soil making the grass greener inside the circle.

A Sign for Someone

The day was past, the children all tucked in bed. The house was quiet once more as I walked to our east kitchen door to see if husband might be coming in. He had gone out after supper to finish some chores.

As I looked out, the rays from the full moon met with the snow on the ground, thus creating a majestic appearance. The stars were twinkling out of a clear sky and the full moon shone into our door when I opened it.

As I gazed out, I saw a wondrous sight. In the sky was a perfect "V". In the center of it was the moon, shining down brightly. The clouds had formed a "V" so perfect that only the Almighty God could have made it this way.

As I gazed at it, I wondered, "What does it mean?" Five minutes later when I returned to look for it again, the clouds had drifted away. The next morning while choring, I told my husband about it.

"Probably a sign for someone," he said.

While milking, I pondered over his words. Who was that "someone?"

For several weeks, I had been troubled over different matters. There is so much unrest in the world, the corruption in the government, the threat of communism, and now the shortages and high prices of many things in the world. What a turmoil and confusion. Where will it end?

And then there are other things even more serious—the falling away of Christians from the churches. Children are disobedient to parents and parents are disobedient to the church. Our community has been greatly shocked recently when one of our well-thought-of and respected friends left his wife and small children to live with a divorced woman. How can this be? Our hearts ache for the family.

These and many other troubled thoughts plagued me as I thought of these things the next morning. Tears came to my eyes as I heard our innocent children laughing and playing in their own carefree manner. Oh, if only we could shelter them from the influences of this cold and wicked world where so much unrighteousness seems to prevail.

Where can we look for help? For me, the "V" in the skies pointed to another calm, clear night some 2,000 years ago when a babe was born in a manger. He came to take away the sins of the world. There is our only hope. There is our strength and peace if we will turn to our Heavenly Father for help. He will supply all our needs if we can only learn to trust Him.

I believe that "someone" who needed a sign was me. It gave me new courage as I realized there is still victory high above our restless world if we will only look up. God is still on the throne and He is stronger than Satan. He can give us victory over sin, discouragement, fears, misgivings and doubts. In the end He will be victorious over all. -Mrs. C. K., Iowa

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The Necessity of Modesty

Recently I read the article "It Does Make A Difference" in Oct. '72 Family Life stressing the need of modesty, especially in women's dress. I would say, it truly does make a difference, especially to us young Christian men, whether or not you are dressed modestly. Often when walking or driving along the road, especially through towns, it is necessary to look the other way from the almost naked women walking on the streets. Then I have to think, "Lord, have mercy on them."

This makes me appreciate all the more those in our own churches who still try to dress decently and modestly. But at times I notice there are some who, it seems, aren't quite willing to dress according to church standards. This has often been a burden on my heart. I am still young - in fact only 18 years old - but not too young to notice such things already. Maybe I am also not too young to give you some advice.

Young girls and women, if you want to have a Christian husband, never shorten your dresses or make them form fitting to show off your body. This may be the style in the world but no Christian boy will ever go for anything like that. Perhaps you will need to wait a number of years for a husband but the Bible says we should wait upon the Lord and He will renew our strength (Isaiah 40:31).

To the married women, you also have a great responsibility to your daughters. Do your duty and teach them and be a good example to them (Titus 2:3-5). It would seem to me that the dress should come at least to half ways between the knees and the floor and I would sooner see it a few inches longer than shorter. Remember, by dressing modestly you are not only doing what the Bible requires, but you are also making it easier for us to have wholesome thoughts at all times.

-ONLY, Your Brother In Christ.

Note: Part of this article appeared in the November issue but due to an error, a large section of the article was omitted. Here it is as it should have been published the first time.

THREE MISTAKES I MADE

I was raised in a Christian home. From childhood, my parents taught us many truths from the Bible and I had great love and respect for my parents. During those childhood years I can't remember ever talking back to my parents. The first time I did I was old enough that I should have known better.

Then one day something happened in the family and I lost patience with my mother and I talked back to her. After some time I realized this was wrong so I didn't do it again. At times I felt I should ask her to forgive me but I know that some of the rest of the family were doing the same thing.

After some time, I made up my mind to ask her forgiveness. But I kept putting it off and during this time I lost that great love I had for my mother.

As I look back now, I can see that I made two big mistakes up to this time. The first one was that I talked back to my mother. The other was that I was too proud in my heart to go and ask her forgiveness.

During this time I knew I wasn't as close to God as I would have liked to be. At times when I was invited with my parents to visit relatives or friends, I chose to spend the day at home. Oftentimes I would read the Bible or religious magazines and the history of the lives of many great Christians. I was hoping this would draw me closer to God but Satan had blinded my eyes that I could not see what the trouble was. But I realized I still hadn't found peace.

One evening I went to my mother with the intention of asking her to forgive me for two different things that I had done. When I asked her about the first one, she told me she could forgive me for everything. Before I could ask her to forgive me for talking back to her someone else came into the room and I left it at that. She had said she could forgive me for everything so that would include talking back to her also. I was glad I had talked to her.

Several years went by and by this time Mother passed away. I was married and busy raising a family. But then I lost my health and for some time I was not well. Then I began to trouble myself and Satan told me I was lost because I never asked my mother to forgive me for talking back to her. Now it was too late. I was tormented for three and a half weeks that I could hardly think of anything else. While I was making meals or sewing, or whatever I was doing, it was always in my mind; something was constantly reminding me, "Lost, lost, lost, when a hundred thousand years are over, it will only be the beginning of eternity and I will be in hell."

Satan also told me not to tell my husband for he had enough troubles in life without being bothered with mine. Whenever my husband was around, I tried to be as cheerful as possible. He never suspected the anguish I was going through.

Every night when I went to bed, I heard the same thing— Lost- Lost- Lost, eternally lost. These were my last thoughts before going to sleep and my first on waking. I never really lost very much sleep for I have always been a sound sleeper.

Then one night after three and a half weeks, I went to bed as usual. After sleeping a little while I had a dream. I dreamed I came to a large group of people who were singing and shouting at the top of their voices. This is what they were singing so earnestly, "THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST CLEANSES FROM ALL SIN." Each time they came to the last two words "ALL SIN" they sang so much the louder. I can't explain how I felt, but in my heart I knew that it meant every sin. Soon I was singing and shouting with them. Then I awoke and thought to myself, "What a strange dream."

In the morning when I awoke, I recalled the dream. But during the day Satan tempted me several times. By the time evening came, all fear had left me and I believed that God had sent me the dream to give me peace.

I thanked God over and over again for coming to my rescue. Then I realized that after making the two mistakes, I had also made a third one. I did not have the faith that the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from All sins. I should have realized that it was Satan talking to me, telling me I was lost because I had not asked my mother for forgiveness and that it was now forever too late. God does not expect us to do anything which is not possible.

Dear brothers and sisters, don't make the mistakes I did. If you have wronged anyone, ask them for forgiveness and do everything you can to make it right. Then when you have done all you can, believe it that the blood of Christ cleanses us from ALL SINS. The word of God tells us, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John 1:9). ■■

FINDING FAULT WITH FATHER

Don't complain when the weather is not nice— when you think it's too rainy or too dry, too stormy or too hot.

Don't complain when reverses in life set in, and your fondest dreams, beyond your control, are shattered, and your hopes evaporate in spite of your desperate attempts to cling to them.

Don't complain when financial burdens come upon you as a flood, perhaps through fire, sickness, or accident, which you could not control.

Don't complain when death comes to your home and takes a loved one whom you felt you could not part with.

Don't complain when age creeps up on you and you feel signs of weakness in your body and those things which at one time were easy for you now are extra burdensome.

Don't complain when you are rebuked for your stand for the Lord, and it seems you are not appreciated as you once were.

Don't complain when hunger, sorrow, grief, yes, even death comes your way— Jesus faced these, too.

Don't complain— lest you be caught finding fault with Father. He controls it all and knows what is best for you, and you would not want to find fault with Him.

-A.S.C.

FARM & FIELD

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

It was fertilizer ordering time. When the salesman pulled into the Miller farm, he had with him a price list of about a dozen different analyses of fertilizer. The Millers had already sent a soil sample to the experiment station last fall, so they had an idea what nutrients their soil lacked. The returns had indicated that the fields where they wanted to plant corn were low in nitrogen, medium in phosphorus and medium in potash. They would spread manure on as much of the land as it would cover. The rest of the corn would be side-dressed to furnish additional nitrogen.

"Which analysis is the best one for us, and the cheapest?" Dad Miller asked.

"Here's the price list," the salesman answered. "You'll have to make your own decision."

Dad copied down the prices and then he said, "We'll let you know in a few days which one we want."

That evening he got the boys to help him figure up which fertilizer would give them the most for the money. Here are the prices of several kinds in which he thought he might be interested.

3-18-9 @ $62.00
4-12-12 @ $58.00
6-24-24 @ $96.00
8-32-16 @ $112.00
6-16-16 @ $78.00

Dad also noticed that on the price list were listed the following raw materials: Ammonium Nitrate (33 1/3% nitrogen) $100.00; Superphosphate (45% phosphate) $90.00; Muriate of Potash (60% potash) $75.00.

Using these raw materials as a basis, can you help the Millers figure out which of the above analysis would be the cheapest for them?

(Note: This is not intended to influence anyone to buy any particular analysis of fertilizer, as prices vary greatly from year to year and from area to area. But if you can figure out the above problem, then you will also be able to figure out which fertilizer is cheapest in your own case by using current prices as a basis.)

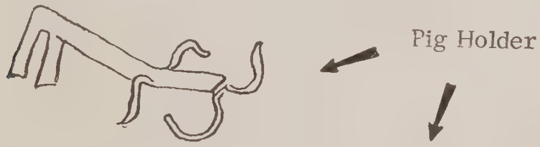
All answers must be postmarked, not later than March 1, 1974.

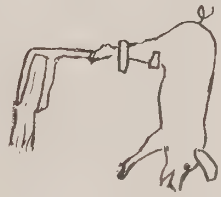
FARM HINTS

Does your driving horse shy about paper along the road? Try tying it in a stall with newspaper in the manger and loosely tacked along the sides. It cured a friend of mine's horse. -D. L., Ontario

To thaw out frozen pipes in the barn, I put hot water in a compressed air sprayer and spray it over the pipes. -A. E., Aylmer, Ontario

To keep gloves warm while milking, fix a wire rack over the lantern to put the gloves on. -M.B., Hazelton, Iowa





Here is a sketch of a baby pig holder which can be made out of iron and welded together. It can be placed over a partition board. -J. L.H., LaGrange, Indiana

When you have cleaned the cylinders of the manure spreader, brush on used motor oil and you will be surprised how easy it will be to clean them next time. -A.M.K., Fredericksburg, Ohio

To bait mouse traps, take cotton and soak it in lard or bacon grease and fasten it to the trigger of the trap. This serves as a double attraction as the cotton itself is attractive to them for nest lining. -E.M.K., Fredericksburg, Ohio

An old milk can makes a good sow feeder by cutting the can off at 8 inches from the bottom and bending the edge back. Save the handles of the can for door pulls on the barn or milk house. Upper part of can may be used for outdoor flower pot. Lid may be used for pig creep feeder. -M.E.H., Baltic, Ohio

Bolt an old horseshoe to each harrow section to serve as a handle to lift the section for cleaning out trash. Nail holes are enlarged for fastening shoe to harrow. -E.M.K., Fredericksburg, Ohio

The silo problem proved to be harder than it looked. A number of farmers failed to take into account that the silage at the bottom of the silo is packed tighter than at the top. The way to solve the problem is to first find out the total number of tons in each silo. The Miller silo had contained 135 tons and the Hostetler silo 114 tons. Next find out how many tons were already fed off. The Millers had fed off 20 feet or 68 tons. The Hostetlers had fed off 20 feet or 62 tons. Next subtract what had already been fed out from what was in the silo to start with and you will find that the Millers still had 67 tons left on Groundhog Day, while the Hostetlers had only 52 tons left. With an average spring, the Millers will probably be all right but the Hostetlers had better either buy some hay, or sell a few cows.

The following persons sent in the correct answer:

PENNSYLVANIA - Leroy Zimmerman, Mohnton; Simeon V. Rudolph, Carlisle; Dennis W. Martin, Richland; Marvin Rhodes, Port Trevorton; Edward S. Good, Port Trevorton; Lloyd Glick, Gap; John R. Peachey, Belleville; Sylvia S. Martin, Ephrata; Mrs. Willis Z. Martin, E. Earl; Joy C. Bergey, Morris; Elvin M. Martin, Souderton. OHIO - Robert A. Miller, Dundee; Rudy O. Byler, Middlefield; John J.C. Miller, Shreve; Loyal Yoder, Hartville; Gideon B. Troyer, Millersburg; Paul Chupp, Holmesville; Ben Eicher, Sugarcreek; Stephen Miller, Uniontown; Albert A. Miller, Millersburg; Andy C. Miller, Butler; Daniel W. Hostetler, Butler; Andrew A. Miller, Dundee; Ivan J. Miller, Charm; John E. Raber, Baltic; Andrew Schrock, Shiloh; Daniel D. Mast, Orrville. INDIANA - Paul H. Schwartz, Monroe; J.A. Lehman, Middlebury; Harvey J. Miller, Ligonier; Marion J. Bontrager, Middlebury; Freda A. Lehman, Shipshewana; John S. Graber, Grabill; John Leroy Hochstetler, LaGrange; Edwin L. Kuhns, Bremen; Gerald J. Hochstetler, Middlebury; Abraham N. Graber, Loogootee; Paul Wagler, Montgomery; Alvin Yoder, Wolcottville; MISSOURI - Wm. Schrock, Macon; Henry D. Yoder, Fortuna; Esther Wenger Tunas; Ernest R. Bontrager, Bowling Green; Dale Hostetler, Halfway; IOWA - Eldon T. Miller, Kalona; Menno S. Borntrager, Hazelton; Daniel S. Borntrager, Hazelton; Marvin Miller, Kalona; Perry E. Bontrager, Kalona; KENTUCKY - Daniel Coblentz Guthrie; Daniel Beachy, Guthrie; Leroy Schlabach, Trenton; VIRGINIA - Clayton H Martin, Dayton; Joseph D. Mast, Amelia; Nelson Showalter, Dayton; Marvin H. Showalter, Dayton; ONTARIO - Lester J. Hershberger, Clifford; John Bowman, St. Jacobs; Menno B. Martin, St. Clements; Joe L. Jantzi, Milverton; Ammon M. Bauman, Wallenstein; Omar Eicher, Aylmer; Clare Frey, Elmira; Ezra Wagler, Aylmer; Edward Martin, Waterloo; Noah M. Brubacher, St. Clements; OTHER - David S. Mast, Hartly, Del.; Jacob J. Yoder, Dover, Del.; Martha and Mary Otto, Sulliva Ill.; Alvin Mast, Augusta, Wis.; Roy S. Martin, Hagerstown, Md.; Ira Stoll, Guaimaca, Honduras; Ora Stoll, San Ignacio, Belize. ■

Deadline: February 28th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

Question:

Young Sam Shrock pulled in his high stepping horse as he neared the sale barn. He frowned when he saw that the parking lot was filled with cars and that he would not be able to tie his horse along the fence where he usually did. Going down the street one block, he found an empty space right beside an electric line pole. "I'm lucky to find a spot this close to the sale barn," he said to himself.

As he was tying up his horse he noticed two little boys playing in the yard. Immediately they came to look at Sam's horse, and the one boy wanted to pet him. The horse snorted and pulled back. "Stay away from the horse," Sam warned. "You will make him tear loose if you're not careful."

The other boy was looking at the brightly colored whip protruding from the whip socket. "You make him go fast with the whip, don't you?" the boy exclaimed.

Sam was worried that they would tamper with his buggy so he warned them saying, "Listen, you stay away from this buggy. That horse is wild and he doesn't like strangers. You might get hurt if you don't stay away. Now go and play and leave the horse alone."

The two boys turned and went reluctantly back into the yard. As Sam walked to the sale barn, he turned and saw the two boys standing in the yard looking longingly at the horse. "They better leave that horse alone," he said to himself. "If they monkey around with him and cause some damage, it will be their fault, not mine."

Fifteen minutes later when Sam had finished his business, he started back toward the buggy. As he came around the corner, he was shocked to see the two boys sitting on the buggy. One of them was pulling back on the reins and the other one was hitting the horse with the whip.

"No, no! Don't do that," Sam called and started running toward the buggy. But it was too late. The horse backed up, then lunged forward, tearing the halter. Then he turned sharply into the street, upsetting the buggy. The two boys flew across the sidewalk. The horse dragged the buggy until he hit a car and then he was loose.

Ten minutes later the horse was stopped and brought back by a neighbor who had been on the way into town. The buggy was wrecked, and there was a big dent in the fender of the car. One of the boys was holding his arm and crying, "It hurts. It hurts." The arm was twisted at a queer angle. Apparently it was broken. Sam told himself over and over again, "It's not my fault; I told them to stay away."

Was Sam right? Was he morally or legally responsible? Who should pay the expenses for 1. The injuries to the boy. 2. The damage to the automobile. 3. The damage to the buggy? What do you think?

-Questioning

ANSWERS FOR THE ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF THERE IS SUCH A THING AS BECOMING A VITAMIN ADDICT.

YES, I THINK A PERSON can become an addict to vitamin pills. I don't believe it's necessary for the normal person to take vitamin pills as I believe God made our bodies to function without these. There may be exceptions for those who are convalescing from a sickness.

However, we must eat properly. Plenty of fresh fruits and raw vegetables are important. I know these are expensive in the winter time but not as costly as vitamin pills, doctor bills, shots, etc.

-One Who Has Tried Both Ways, Mo.

I DON'T TAKE FOOD SUPPLEMENTS unless I have to. I eat raw foods, all I can get but at this time of year such foods are scarce. So now I, too, am taking a food supplement. But these, at best are only a crutch.

-One Who Tries To Go Without Crutches

I CAN'T SEE HOW SOME PEOPLE can take so many pills. I know of some who take many pills with each meal and these add up to a lot in a day. You get into some homes and see them on the sink, in the cupboard, on the windowsills and even in the icebox. I have heard it where people get together that all they can talk about is how good their vitamins are. It's sickening to us to see how some people go overboard with this.

Some people say they won't go to a medical doctor anymore. I don't think they should be so sure of themselves, for what will they do if something serious overtakes them? I take some vitamins, too, but I get them from a medical doctor. If we live a Christian life, then how can we be tossed about with every wind of doctrine by the slight of men and cunning craftiness whereby they lay in wait to deceive. I believe if they would spend as much time reading God's Word as they do in reading health books, they would be better off.

-No Vitamin Addict

THE WAY SOME CHILDREN EAT, we couldn't depend on raw foods as the only source of vitamins for them. Our children take extra vitamins, especially vitamin C during the winter months. And since I am a nursing mother, I need extra iron. I don't think a person can become addicted to them for after all, we can't live without vitamins.

-M.H., Indiana

I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD PUT VITAMINS in the same class as drugs. I have never heard of anyone having withdrawing symptoms when going off vitamins like they do when going off drugs.

Food nowadays does not have everything in it that some people need. What we can raise in our own gardens and especially what we can eat raw is by far the best.

-E. Miller, Indiana

IF THERE IS ANYTHING SUCH as being a vitamin addict then I guess I am one. I get sick in the winter if I don't use them.

-S.M., Ohio

EATING AS MUCH RAW FOODS as possible is advice with good common sense. We are a large family and use some vitamins over the winter. Sometime ago we listened to a talk on nutrition and came to the conclusion that we are missing out on many of the good things of life. The man having this unlimited supply of knowlege incidentally also sold vitamins. We were persuaded that we needed the large Economy Pak. He emphasized the point that we were saving a lot of money by taking the large size. We did not ask the price so were a bit surprised to say the least when the invoice said the Economy Pak costs $129.00.

When he thought our supply was about exhausted, the salesman returned but to his regret, we had not become addicted. I asked him how many vitamins we should take so we did a little figuring. So many adults, children, etc., we came up with the following: Nine children, plus parents at so many capsules per day for 365 days a year would come to $750.00 per year. For ten years it would be $7,500.00. -D.H., Selinsgrove

I AGREE WITH THE ONE WHO ONCE said it does not make sense to put a large amount of our vitamins in the garbage pail in the form of potato peelings, the outer leaves of lettuce, cabbage, etc., and then buy vitamin pills.

I try to eat a lot of raw foods when they are in season, yet I also take vitamins, especially over winter. I have often wished I could do as some women, eat as they wish, work hard and still be healthy without taking vitamins. But as far as health is concerned, I have learned that some have been given one pound and others five pounds. I have also seen the bitter struggle that some have had who always had good health and then lost it, especially if they had looked down on others who were always going to the doctor or taking pills.

When I was young I never took vitamins regularly but as I grew older I saw I could not hope to work as hard or harder, nurse a baby, get up several times a night and not feel tired and tense. Then I started taking vitamins and soon felt quite a difference. Perhaps having a "maud" would have worked just as well. -A Mother, Pa.

I'M AFRAID THE GOOD RESULTS a lot of people get from vitamin pills are the same as so many persons get from taking the little pink coated sugar pills. A doctor in a nearby town recently made the statement that he makes the most money and also seems to get the best results from giving these harmless little pills.

Our chiropractor told us he would be afraid to recommend vitamins for fear of upsetting the body balances. He thinks there is a danger of getting too much,especially since the average person does not have a lack of these vitamins. -I.S., Pa.

PEOPLE CAN'T BECOME ADDICTED TO vitamins, but their minds can become deceived by the vitamin salesman with his high-pressured talk. I believe in taking vitamin pills...when necessary. They have been a great help to me, when I took the right ones. One tried to tell me to swallow a great deal of vitamin C to ward off colds. Even whole handfuls. People do this and still come down with flu. A doctor told me that the vitamin A and D builds up resistance to colds. I got a bottle 1-A Day of these at the drugstore and found out that the vitamin salesman doesn't know everything. Since then I haven't had much flu or colds, and a bottle of such vitamins are cheap and last a whole winter. The vitamin salesman's principle motive is to make a lot of money, the way it looks. If we'd refrain from eating so many sweets and starches we would feel better and wouldn't be needing so many factory made pills.

-Not Completely Sold On Them

I FEEL THE ANSWER IS "YES." Of course the taking of vitamins is not the same as getting into the tobacco habit or being addicted to drugs, but my dictionary defines the word "addict" as follows: "To give oneself up to some strong habit." I am afraid for many people this is what it amounts to. This is not to say that no one needs vitamins. Some people do. Also some people need additional minerals. Expectant mothers need extra iron.

However, I do not feel that the average person who has a well balanced diet and gets fresh air and sunshine, will lack in vitamins. Too many people compare vitamin preparations to the feed supplements which we feed to our livestock during the winter. This is a faulty comparison since our cattle nearly always need a protein supplement to balance their diet of farm grown grains which are low in protein. People who have a balanced diet including some meat and foods such as milk and beans will usually get plenty of protein.

It is true that we sometimes feed our livestock a vitamin and mineral supplement also during the winter, but this again is a very poor comparison. If people lived on two or three foods like our cattle live on hay and corn and perhaps a little oats, then we would no doubt have vitamin deficiency as no two or three foods contain all the vitamins and minerals we need. But we have a much more varied diet including meat, cereals, fruit, vegetables, legumes and a lot of other things. In Asia many people get sick and die every year from scurvy because they live chiefly on herring and rice, two foods which contain no vitamin C. But here in this land we have never seen a case of scurvy because one good helping of vegetables a day will supply us with the minimum requirements of vitamin C, and we also get additional amounts in many other foods we eat.

-I'll Take Mine In Foods

* * *

BELIEF

You have to believe in happiness
    Or happiness never comes.
I know that a bird chirps none the less
    When all that he finds is crumbs.
You have to believe the buds will grow,
    Believe in the grass, in the days of snow;
Oh, that's the reason a bird can sing—
    ON HIS DARKEST DAY HE BELIEVES IN SPRING!

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

Mothers who like to see who can have the fattest babies ought to listen to what Dr. H. Claire Amstutz, a well-known Mennonite doctor has to say on the topic. "Mothers who compete to have the fattest baby do the dear thing irreparable damage. Fat babies develop an increased number of fat-storage cells which cry out to be fed forever after. Probably our biggest enemy is over-eating, especially in rich foods. All groups of people who have a reputation for long life, have diets that are low in calories and in animal fats."

CASTORIA

Boil 1 pack senna leaves in 1 quart water down to a pint, then strain. Add 2 cups sugar. Boil a little longer and then bottle.

The Quilting Bee

They begin to gather soon after eight;
One by one they stop at the gate.
We welcome them in and the women who drove
Will warm their fingers at the old wood stove.
They remove their wraps and each takes her place
Around the quilt sitting face to face.
When every guest has found a chair
We give instructions, "Sew here, sew there."
Needles and thread are passed around—
7 betweens are the best to be found.
The sewing begins with many a jest
And more guests come to join the rest.
Soon the pattern is being outlined,
As stitches and gossip fly unrefined:
"Did you hear what happened to old Ben Zook?
He fell on the ice and hurt his foot."
"James and Bertha are published at last."
"David D. R. has his arm in a cast."
"Emory B. Miller's baby is sick."
"Edna Mast crushed her toe with a brick."
We are ready to roll, "Unscrew that bar;
It will be noon before we get far."
All too soon its twelve o'clock
And out to our kitchen the women flock.
A tempting meal we tried to prepare
And appetites are settled there.
When limbs are stretched and the dishes away
Then back to the quilt troops the party gay.
The gossip resumes, "Did you hear that Kate
Had Abner Yoder for her latest date?"
"My thimble is lost. Did you see it somewhere?"
"May I have the recipe for chocolate square?"
"There's a new dry goods store where things are cheap;
They've the loveliest print, and satin, and crepe,
Someone starts to hum a tune
Soon lusty voices fill the room.
Popcorn and drink— eat all you can—
And sandwiches too, egg, cheese and ham.
All too soon it is time to go home.
But what do you know, the quilt is done!
Our fingers hurt for we stitched so fast;
We're all so tired but we're finished at last.
Oh yes, its work but you'll all agree
It's a jolly old time, that quilting bee!
That evening as I lay in bed
I thought of all that had been said.
Poor Ben Zook, I must pay him a call;
He's a very old man for such a fall.
And then I think of the other side
When gossip had taken a hastier stride.
Those unnecessary things that had been said
I could feel in the dark, my face grow red
Had I stretched one story a little perhaps?
Or given someone a few needless raps?
Had some fellow pilgrim been thoughtlessly mocked?
As I remembered I was deeply shocked.
If Jesus had come as a guest today
Would He have hung His head in shame and dismay?
Who is to blame for gossip and jest?
I can't point at others—I'm as bad as the rest—
I must try to take Jesus along with me
And make it a different quilting bee.

-Almeda and Martha Martin

With the coming of winter the quilting fever is running high again. After days of stitching, it's always thrilling to unroll the finished quilt from the frame; and it never fails that we don't marvel at its beauty. This past year I received a pineapple pattern for a plain quilt from my friend Lydia Ann Beery of Virginia. Not until it was quilted did I fully realize the loveliness of the pattern. (This is so much like a person's life. Others do not see the beauty of it until it is finished. That is also the way it was with Jesus and other Bible characters— while they lived they were misunderstood and criticized. Years later people still marvel at the beauty of their lives.)

Making a nice quilt is something in the line of art— the plain ones being even more fascinating than the pieced ones. While piecing a quilt friends have made the remark that they question the practice of buying material, cutting it up, and then sewing it together again, when the pieced quilt is not warmer than the plain ones; saying they are also more expensive and more time consuming.

Thanks to Mrs. James Sheeler who wrote about the error that occurred in the Cheerios Bars recipe. The 16 oz. semi-sweet chocolate should have been "One 6 oz."

Mrs. Marvin Bender of Kalona gives advice concerning the lunch bucket: "...if you have trouble with the frosting sticking to the waxed paper, or whatever you wrap it in, try slicing each piece in two, horizontally. Then slip the bottom half on top, with the frosting in the middle. Sometimes we fix it this way at the table because we think it tastes better with the frosting in the middle."

Lately I was in a home where toothpicks were placed in the top of a loaf cake to keep the plastic cover from touching the frosting. It worked.

From Illinois comes: "To make a dreary day cheery, clean out a closet and see what you can find."

Thanks to those who sent in soda cracker recipes. Some of the recipes do not differ much so we'll print the various kinds and let the mothers be the judge as to which one is the best. Since the soda cracker dough needs to be rolled very thin, I've wondered about the possibility of putting it through a noodle maker.

The price of soda crackers in our area has soared to $1.06 for two pounds. I suppose many a homemaker is glad for ideas and recipes and advice on how to cut corners in spending these days.

A mother from Elmira, Ontario wants to know what can be done to keep creosote from forming in the chimney and running down the walls. Does anyone have any suggestions?

For a quick and also delicious hot dish, heat one quart of tomato juice, or whole tomatoes. Add sugar and pepper to taste and a lump of butter. Pour over broken toast or broken soda crackers. Cover, and let stand a minute before serving.

SODA CRACKERS #1

14 cups white flour
1 cup lard
2 tablespoon salt
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon cream of tartar

Sift together dry ingredients. Cut in lard. Mix with buttermilk to roll. Roll thin, cut into pieces, and sprinkle salt over top. Bake in hot oven.

-Mary Yoder, Butler, Ohio

SODA CRACKERS #2

7 1/2 cups white flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup butter and lard
water and milk to make a soft dough
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt

Roll it out very thin, the size of a cookie sheet pan. Put it on the pan, then cut it into squares with a pizza cutter and sprinkle salt on top. They can be cut like cookies too. Bake in hot oven.

(Maple syrup added to the liquid makes a good taste.)

-Susie Yoder, Ohio

SODA CRACKERS #3

1/2 yeast cake
1 1/2 quart flour
1/3 cup butter or lard
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 pint warm water (scant)
1/2 oz. salt
1/4 cup sour milk or water

In the evening set sponge of yeast, warm water, and flour (sifted). Let raise over night. In the morning work in the lard, salt and soda which have been dissolved in the warm water. Work all ingredients together thoroughly, using more sifted flour-- enough to make a stiff dough. Pound with rolling pin and double over. Keep repeating until dough is smooth. Then roll out into a thin sheet and prick holes in it with fork. Cut out round or square and bake on cookie sheets. Bake in hot oven. Have pans heated before putting the crackers on them. It takes but a few minutes to bake them.

-Mrs. Allen M. Weaver, Pennsylvania

OYSTER CRACKERS

7 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 cup butter and lard

Rub together. Then add enough water to make a very stiff dough. Roll very thin. Cut and prick with fork. Bake in hot oven until tinted brown-- 350° for 10 to 12 minutes.

-Ruth Witmer, Virginia

PANCAKE AND WAFFLE MIX

4 cups white flour
2 cups cornmeal
3 teaspoons salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
2/3 cup liquid shortening (for pancakes only half of the shortening may be used)
2 cups buckwheat flour
1 cup raw wheat germ
4 teaspoons soda

Mix together thoroughly. This may be used immediately or stored away in a cool place for later use. When using take equal amounts of mixture and milk. (Sour milk is best.) For pancakes use 1 egg to 1 or 2 cups of mixture. For waffles, take 1 egg to each cup of mixture.

-R.N. W., Virginia

GERMAN POTATO SOUP

4 med. or 2 lge. potatoes
1 medium onion
2 hard cooked eggs
2 T. butter or oleo
1 T. flour
3 cups water
salt and pepper to taste
1/2 t. celery salt
1/2 t. parsley flakes

Dice potatoes. Cover with cold water and set aside. Melt butter in pan. Add chopped onion. Stir till light brown. Add flour and stir till light brown. Pour water off potatoes. Add 3 cups fresh water. Cook until done— but not mushy. Add small amount of potato liquid to onion-flour mixture and blend. Slowly add to potatoes, stirring gently until well blended. Heat until mixture thickens slightly. Add eggs and seasonings. (We like to eat it with toast or pretzels.) —Mrs. Emma Stauffer, Ephrata

EIN TISCHGEBETE FÜR KINDERN--

Herr Jesu, segne diese speise,
Uns zur kraft und dir zum preise! Amen.

Heavenly Father, bless this food,
For Thy praise, and for our good. Amen.

Some Mothers Write

One day when I came into the kitchen our daughter asked, "Mama, do you call a man that looks like a witch a witcher because he is called a widower?"

-A mother from Indiana

I was in the patch hoeing the other evening when our 8-year-old said, "Mom, aren't we glad God made the weeds grow, or nothing else would grow." -E.K.,Ohio

Once when the rockets were going to the moon, our first-grader asked, "Mom,what would happen to the men on the moon if Jesus should come while they were there; they couldn't be found anywhere on the earth." He knew that the Lord's children will return to heaven with Jesus and the rest will burn. -Mrs. Y.

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

"Forced" obedience is no obedience.

— Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

I'M NOT GETTING OLD

YOU TELL ME I am getting old...I tell you that's not so!...The "house" I live in is worn out, and that, of course, I know...It's been in use a long, long while;...it's weathered many a gale;...I'm really not surprised you think...it's getting somewhat frail....

The color changing on the roof,...the windows getting dim,...The walls a bit transparent...and looking rather thin,...The foundation not so steady...as once it used to be...My "house" is getting shaky,...but my "house" isn't me...

My few short years can't make me old...I feel I'm in my youth...Eternity lies just ahead,...a life of joy and truth...I'm going to live forever there,...life will go on— it's grand!...You tell me I'm getting old?...You just don't understand...

The dweller in my little "house"...is young and bright and gay;...Just starting on a life to last...throughout eternal day...You only see the outside which...is all that most folks see...You tell me I'm getting old?...You've mixed my "house" with me!

-Author Unknown

Two Visitors

The doctor snapped his black bag shut and stood up. He smiled at Grandma Beachy. "You're getting along fine," he said. "You can begin being up now, but lie down and rest when you get tired. Of course you can't expect your strength back as soon as you could if you were 28 instead of 82, but the tonic I gave you should give you a good appetite, and the vitamins will help build you up and you should soon be on the go again."

"Good news," said her daughter Lucy, "Grandma's house will be a lot nicer with her moving around in it; won't it, Harvey?" she asked the curly-haired little boy by her side.

He nodded his head shyly, and the big smile on 6-year-old Laura's face showed she thought so, too.

"It will save Lucy a lot of steps if I can help myself," said Grandma. "She has so much to do."

"That isn't the main reason we're happy, though," answered Lucy. "We're just glad to have you better again."

Each day found Grandma a little stronger. She was able to come across the enclosed porch and have her meals in the big house with John and Lucy and their family, but she still seemed discouraged and blue.

One morning after breakfast she had just returned to her house and lay on the davenport to rest. She heard the back door open, and heavy footsteps coming through the kitchen.

"Hello," said her cousin Dan Mattie, coming through the living room door. "Did I wake you up?"

"No," answered Grandma, "I wasn't sleeping. I'm just resting. Come in and take off your wraps and take a chair. You surprised me."

Cousin Mattie hung her wraps on the hall tree and settled herself in a comfortable rocker.

"It's a nice morning," said Grandma.

"Yes, the sunshine is nice," answered Mattie, "but it's hard to walk in the snow. My, how thin and pale you look! You must be real sick."

"I had the flu," said Grandma. "I was in bed three days then up, then I got a backset and was in bed over a week, but I'm getting better now."

"Dan said he heard you are getting better but I said you can never tell," said Mattie. "I said I'll just have to go and visit you before it goes like it did with Joas Lizzie. We heard she was sick, but I was making that quilt, I couldn't go right away, and the next week we heard she died and I never got there at all. My, you look pale. Don't you think you have anemia?"

"The doctor didn't say anything, and I am feeling a lot better than I did," replied Grandma. "I just get tired quickly yet."

"Yes, that's the way anemia acts," said Mattie. "You get tired and have headaches. These doctors are too unconcerned; I'd get him to run a test and see if you don't have anemia or something. I do believe they said Joas Lizzie had anemia, too; she had a stroke. Didn't you have a stroke, too?"

"No," answered Grandma, "I just had the flu."

"That was the way my mother started in when she died," said Mattie. "She had the flu then it was just one thing after another. She was in bed three whole weeks, and I almost gave out till she died. I had my family to work for too, and it was such a strain on me."

On and on Mattie talked, with only an occasional "Yes." or "Is that so " from Grandma. She could hardly keep awake. Outside she could hear the children talking as they played in the snow. She could hear Lucy singing as she went about her work. They are busy and happy, thought Grandma. Suddenly she realized Mattie had asked her a question. "I didn't understand you right, what did you say?" asked Grandma.

"I declare," exclaimed Mattie, "you are weak and tired. I just asked if you remember what year lame Andy died. It was before our Lydia was born, I know that."

"No, I don't remember," answered Grandma. The clock began to strike. "Oh, my," said Mattie, "Is that eleven o'clock already? Where did this forenoon go to? But I told Dan not to expect me home early. I seldom get started to visit you, and when I'm here we're just going to visit until we're satisfied."

I've been satisfied for awhile, thought Grandma wearily, but she didn't say anything.

Mattie got up and reached for her wraps. "Well, I have to go," she said, "I hope you won't be in bed long. It's so hard for the ones who have to take care of you. If you don't want to ask the doctor yourself I'd get Lucy to ask him to see if you don't have anemia. They don't tell you everything sometimes."

"I'll think about it," said Grandma. She breathed a sigh of relief as Mattie waddled out the door. Was Mattie right? wondered Grandma. She was so tired and her head ached. If only she could have died in her sleep like her husband did several years ago she wouldn't be a burden for Lucy and her family.

Half an hour later when Laura came running over to call her to dinner she was sleeping soundly. They let her sleep until the family had finished eating then Lucy came with a tray of steaming hot food, followed by Laura, Harvey, and baby Susan. "Grandma, do you want to eat now?" asked Lucy.

Grandma opened her eyes. "My, did you bother to bring me a tray? I should have gone to the table and saved you that work, but I wasn't hungry, just tired. I'm still not hungry," she said.

Lucy looked worried. "Let's check your temperature," she said. She was relieved to find it normal. "Maybe you could eat over here by the window," she suggested. She pulled Grandma's chair where she had a good view of the outside yard with its glistening white snow.

"It's a pleasant place to sit," said Grandma, "but I don't know how much I can eat."

"You just eat what you want of it," said Lucy.

"I made the rice pudding," announced Laura. "Mother showed me how."

"You did?" said Grandma. "I believe that was the first thing your mother learned to make."

"Yes, I remember," said Lucy, "and I was just about Laura's age, I think. Come on, children, let's go and give Grandma a chance to eat."

Grandma looked out the window. The puppy was playing with a bone. On the trunk of the old pear tree two nuthatches were expertly creeping along with heads down, hunting for insects. She could hear their grave "tweet, tweet" now and then. Gradually her tense nerves relaxed. The beef stew tasted as delicious as it smelled, and before she knew it Grandma had eaten nearly all of it, and also her lettuce, salad and rice pudding. When Lucy came to get her tray and bring her mail, Grandma was again sleeping on the davenport.

An hour later she heard the door open and a cheerful voice called, "Hello, Aunt Sarah, are you home?"

"Yes," answered Grandma, "Come on in. Oh, it's Katie. I thought it was your voice."

"Yes, it's me," said Katie coming in. "How are you behaving?"

Grandma smiled. "I try to," she said, "but today noon I just slept instead of helping with the dishes."

"Fine," said Katie, "if you were tired that is just what you should have done. There's plenty of time to help when you are stronger."

"If I ever get stronger," said Grandma. "This is the third time I have been sick this winter. Sometimes I feel I'm such a bother, I wonder why I'm still here."

"You older people are worth more to the rest of us than you realize," said Katie. "God has a plan for everything. He needs you yet for something."

"But I can't help and only make more work for Lucy and her family," said Grandma. "Though I know it's true that God's ways are better than ours."

"I didn't mean that kind of work," said Katie. "My mother was a big help to me after she couldn't work at all. It helped just to know she was there and cared enough to pray for our family and the church, and I'm sure her prayers helped me many times."

Grandma looked thoughtful. "I hadn't thought of it in that way," she said. "All concerned parents pray for their children and I guess that would be helping. God can help in many more ways than I could if I was in the best of health."

"That's right," said Katie. "Even invalids can help sometimes. Do you remember the old lady that was in our local hospital years ago named Cora Floring?"

"I can't think just now," answered Grandma.

"You know there was an item in our weekly paper that read something like this," said Katie. "The nurses cheer the patients, but who cheers the nurses? If the nurses are tired and discouraged they visit Cora Floring's room, and they never fail to feel better when they leave. And who is Cora Floring? She is a bedridden invalid whose condition is such that they can't care for her at home. But her friendliness and cheerfulness make her room the brightest spot in the hospital."

"I remember now," said Grandma. "I think I saw her once. It wasn't that she didn't have pain, but she never seemed to think of herself."

"Of course it's work for us take care of our parents," said Katie, "but I felt I could never repay the debt I owed them, for taking care of me when I was small, for making me obey and teaching me to be a Christian. All I could do was pay interest on it. And if I know Lucy right I think she feels the same way."

Grandma drew a deep breath. "She always says she is glad to take care of me," she said, "but I know it takes a lot of her time."

"It took a lot of yours to take care of her long ago," said Katie, "and how I loved to come over here with Mother and my sisters and play with your children. Remember how we used to go mushroom hunting? We seldom found any, but we'd come back with our hands full of wild flowers; it was such fun."

"Your mother and I enjoyed those days, too, visiting and working together like sisters do. And if the children had such a day off to play they usually worked faster the next day."

"Do you remember the time we stayed in the woods so long and got caught in a rain?" asked Katie. "I can stil see you and Mother laughing at the way I looked."

Grandma smiled. "Yes, I remember that," she said. "You looked so funny. Do you remember when a coon looked down from the porch roof of your old shop and you children told us there was a young lion up there?"

Katie laughed. "Yes, I remember just how excited we were. Those were happy days. But I really must be going. I want to go to town yet."

"But you've just come!" exclaimed Grandma.

"I've been here an hour," said Katie, "and I'd like to stay longer but then it would get too late to do my shopping. Take care of yourself, and I hope to see you and Lucy and the children at our house one day when you are well enough again to go away."

"We'd all enjoy that," said Grandma. "Stop in again when you can." She was chuckling softly to herself at old memories as Katie drove out the lane.

A week later Lucy met Katie at the Parent-Teacher's Meeting. "Say, what secret tonic did you give Grandma the day you visited her?" she asked.

Katie laughed. "None that I know of," she said. "Is she better?"

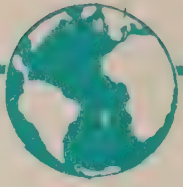
"I could scarcely believe my eyes how much better she seemed in the evening than she was at noon," said Lucy, "and she gained ever since."

"A dear friend once told me, 'If you can't take a little sunshine into a sick room, don't go!' so I always try to think of something pleasant to talk about," said Katie, "but I can't do it the way my friend can."

"Well, you must have dropped enough sunbeams that Grandma discovered the sun was still shining," said Lucy. "If nothing turns up she intends to go to church with us Sunday."

-By a Friend

THE WORLD AROUND US



IT TURNED OUT TO BE A KOHOUTEK

A new word has just been formed which may soon find its way into the dictionary. The comet which was supposed to be the spectacle of the century turned out to be a KOHOUTEK! Don't be surprised if you hear this word frequently from now on to denote something which makes a big promise but turns out to be a big disappointment.

Very few people got to see the comet, Kohoutek. In fact we have not yet learned that anyone in the U.S. or Canada saw it without a telescope. We do have a letter from Central America saying that it was seen there on the evening of Jan. 8th and for a number of evenings after.

Astronomers tell us a comet is made up of dust and gases. When it nears the sun the gases light up from the heat of the sun. It turned out that Kohoutek was more dust than gases, and never lighted up as expected. It seems even the scientists can be drastically wrong in their estimations!

THE CALL OF "FIRE!"

A warm fire can be our friend these winter days but it can also be our enemy. No wonder the call of "FIRE" in a city can cause great alarm. Today you may not find out about a fire until the next day but history tells us that centuries ago entire cities burned to ashes. In those days the law required that whoever discovered a fire shall call out, "FIRE, FIRE," and all who hear it must pass on the warning by yelling, "FIRE." Every able-bodied man was required to report to the scene of the fire with buckets, sprinkling cans and ropes.

A line was formed and water was dipped out of cisterns, wells, or rivers and passed from hand to hand to the last man on the line, who poured it on the fire. This man would frequently ask to be doused with a bucket of water to cool himself.

A hundred years ago the fire engines were drawn by horses. The steam engine which powered the pumps was kept burning at all times, ready to go. The horses were kept in box stalls and were trained at the sound of the alarm to run to their proper places. The harnesses were suspended from the ceiling and fixed to open from the bottom. When the horses were in place, a lever was pulled to drop the harness on the horse's back. Then the harness was buckled and the horses hooked to the engine and on their way to the fire.

In the bigger cities there would be several fire companies and they sometimes rivaled each other. It so happened at times that instead of playing the hose on the fire, they would fight each other and douse each other, thus giving the fire a greater chance. Later a law was passed that the first fire company to arrive at the fire would be in charge and would have the authority to give orders. Since that time, this method works satisfactorily.

One of the greatest fires in history was the Chicago fire in 1871 when a cow kicked over a lantern. Seventeen thousand buildings were destroyed, 250 lives were lost and nearly 100,000 people left homeless. London burned down in 798 A.D., and a four-day fire in 1666 destroying 13,000 homes. Constantinople burned to the ground six times between 1750 and 1926.

What are the causes of a fire? Even today when most buildings are made of fireproof material such as bricks, or cement, there are still serious fires. This is probably due to the increased use of gas, gasoline, and oil furnaces. Some are also caused as a result of sabotage, riots and arson.

Not only should we be concerned about the fires which destroy material possessions but much more about the fires which cause so much desolation in the church. What causes these fires? Probably the same things that cause the material fires, the use of explosives, the playing with fire, carelessness, envy, too much heat at one place. Sometimes we act like the firemen of old, we fight each other instead of fighting the enemy. Perhaps there is confusion over who is to be the greatest in the kingdom and while we are quarreling, the fire makes much headways and does much damage, many lives lost and whole families homeless.

The story is told of two birds which were fighting over the same worm. Both were determined to get it but the cat was watching and so both birds lost their lives on account of their fighting each other.

Let us be more careful and watchful, not only of the fires which can destroy our earthly homes, but also of those which can rob us of our eternal home, the house not made with hands.

-A.B. Martin, Pa.

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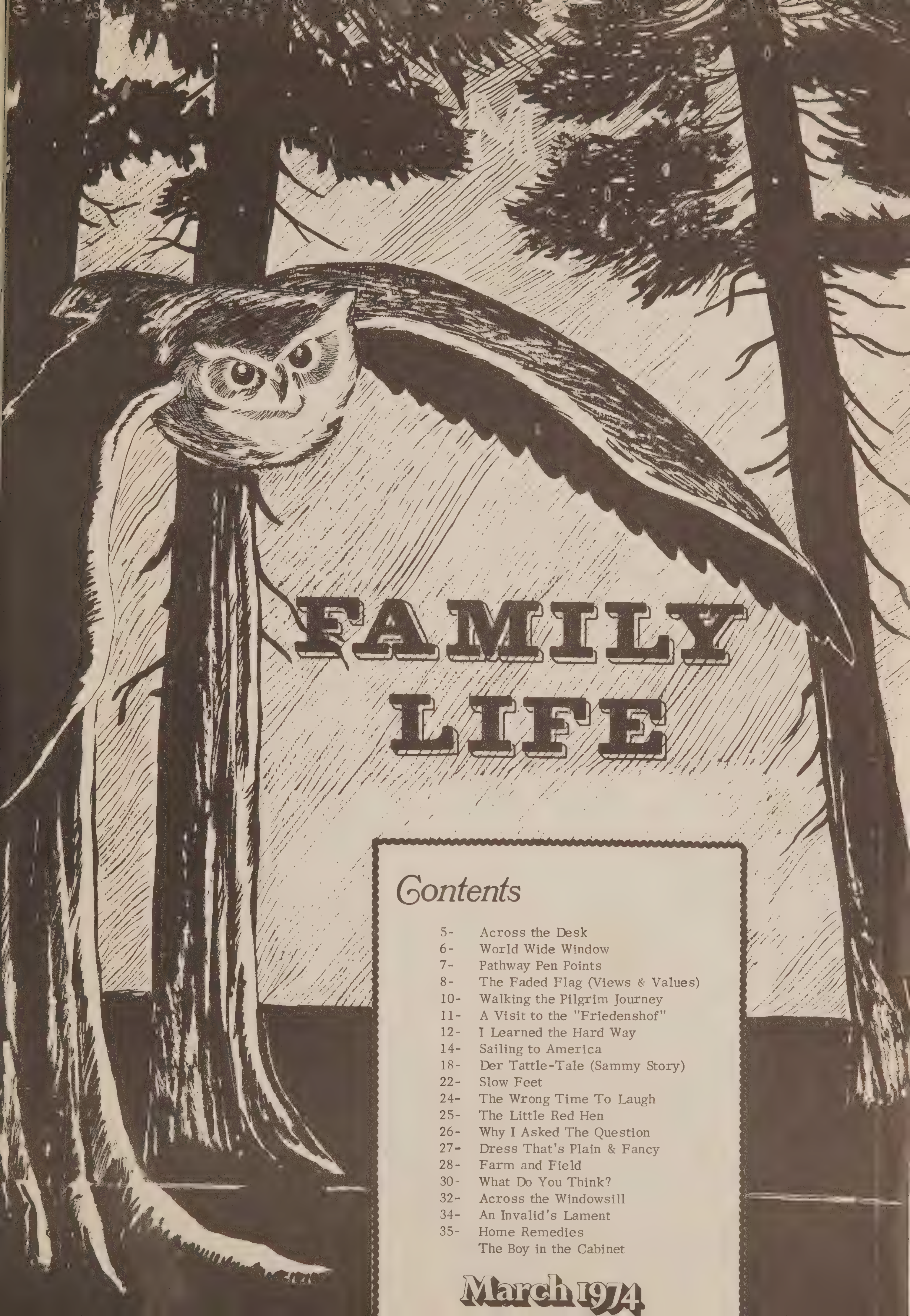

FAMILY LIFE

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March 1974

Letters
TO THE EDITOR

THIRTY MILES WITH A COW

● After reading the interesting article, "Let's Go For A Walk" (January issue) I discovered another story from Amish history which would have been nice to include in the account. It is about a walk once taken by Bishop Leander Keim of Kansas. Here are the words as he wrote it, "We lived the first year in Mcpherson County, Kansas. There was a small Amish church there but has long ago faded away. We moved over here (to Reno Co.) with wagons, being about 30 miles. I walked nearly all the way leading a cow. Made the trip in one day."

How's that for a walk? -David Luthy, Ontario

A DISTINCTIVE NAME

● Mention was made in the January issue about so many people with the same name in a community.

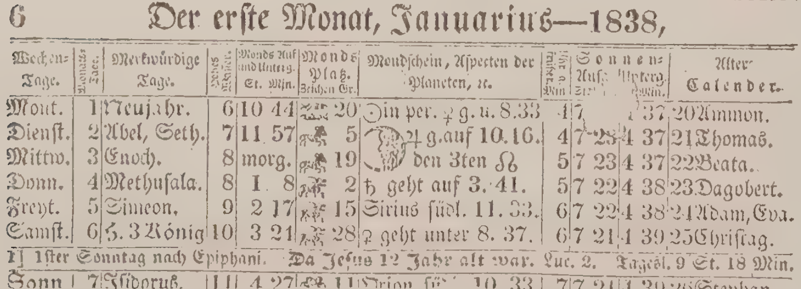
My father's name was Ananias Miller and his father's name was Benjamin Y. Miller, so my father went by the name of A.B. Miller. In 1907 my parents moved from Haven, Kansas to Thomas, Oklahoma with 9 children. In 1908 the first mail route started through the community. I well remember seeing the mailman coming a mile away that first morning. He had a new enclosed mail buggy painted white with a team of mules hitched.

A difficulty came up on the route as there were two A.B. Millers. Since his mother's name was Catherine, my father decided to use the initials, A.B.C. Miller. He went by this name until the time of his death in 1926. One day a man came along, I think it was a cattle buyer or a salesman. He wanted to see my father so he asked, "A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.J.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.—R.U. at home today?" -A Son from Stuarts Draft, Va.

EPIPHANY OR OLD CHRISTMAS

● In your article on Epiphany in the January issue you state that 10 days were dropped from the Julian calendar in 1582 and that America didn't accept it until 1752. By this time it would have been necessary to drop two more days to correct the time. I remember when I was a little boy, my dad told me the calendar was set back 12 days as the seasons didn't match. The German calendars up to 1900 or near so have both the old and the new times in them (see enclosed photostatic copy.) You will notice that January 6th on the left hand column is the same as Dec. 25 on the far right which is the Julian calendar. It also mentions for that day under the heading "Merkwuerdigen Tage" the following: "H. 3 König" which means this was held as the dayon which the three kings brought their gifts to the Baby Jesus. I believe Epiphany and Old Christmas are two different things.

-J.M.H., LaGrange, Indiana



6 Der erſte Monat, Januarius—1838,

Wochen-Tage.	Monats Tage.	Merkwürdige Tage.	[illegible]	Monds Auf und Unterg. St. Min.	Monds Platz. Zeichen Gr.	Mondſchein, Aſpecten der Planeten, rc.	[illegible]	Sonnen Aufg. St. Min.	Sonnen Unterg. St. Min.	Alter Calender.
Mont.	1	Neujahr.	6	10 44	♒ 20	☉ in per. ♃ g. u. 8.33	4	7	37	20 Ammon.
Dienſt.	2	Abel, Seth.	7	11 57	♓ 5	☽ ♃ g. auf 10.16.	4	7 23	4 37	21 Thomas.
Mittw.	3	Enoch.	8	morg.	♓ 19	den 3ten ♌	5	7 23	4 37	22 Beata.
Donn.	4	Methuſala.	8	1 8	♈ 2	♄ geht auf 3. 41.	5	7 22	4 38	23 Dagobert.
Freyt.	5	Simeon.	9	2 17	♈ 15	Sirius ſüdl. 11. 33.	6	7 22	4 38	24 Adam, Eva.
Samſt.	6	H. 3 König	10	3 21	♈ 28	♀ geht unter 8. 37.	6	7 21	4 39	25 Chriſtag.
1] 1ſter Sonntag nach Epiphani.				Da Jeſus 12 Jahr alt war. Luc. 2.				Tagesl. 9 St. 18 Min.		
Sonn	7	Iſidorus.	11	4 27	♉ 11	Orion ſüd. 10 33.	7	7 21	4 39	26 Stephan

EDITOR'S NOTE- Since that time another day has been dropped so now December 25 Julian time comes on January 7th on our calendar.

● The article "Epiphany" was interesting to me. There has been quite a bit of discussion about this day. Some of our people do not keep it, others keep it as a day to visit, really not knowing why it is kept. Others keep it strictly as a day of fasting and prayer.

Some years ago I looked up the word "Epiphany" in the dictionary and the meaning it gave was "Commemorating the manifestation of Christ to the Magi." Magi is defined as the three wise men who came from the east to Jerusalem to do homage to the infant Jesus.

This is the best answer I have found yet and it is why I keep the day, a special day to worship the Christ child as the wise men did possibly two years or more after his birth. -Goshen, Indiana

● I question whether Jesus was baptized on January 6th. After his baptism, he would have spent 40 days in the wilderness in 45 degrees weather. Then coming back to the sea of Galilee he found some men sitting on the shore mending their nets about the middle of February, and this wouldn't be much warmer.

Simon already knew of the divinity of Christ when he was brought into the temple at 8 days of age. I fear we sometimes try to fit certain events into certain days for our own advantage.

The saints of old served God by fasting and praying. Today it is by feasting and visiting.

-R.W., Hartville, Ohio

MORE SHORTCUTS NEEDED

● The story "Short Cuts to Happier Times" (January issue) fit so well in my home that I could almost hear my echo on a Saturday. It seems I always let too much work for this day and start too much. I felt like reading the story over again right away but guess I'll wait till Friday evening. Hoping it will help. -M.Y., Ohio

● The "Short Cuts To Happier Times" was an interesting story. I feel, too, there's too much work left for Saturday but living on a farm with a family to care for, it seems there are always things left for Saturday. I believe it is God's will that we try to finish our work in

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plenty of time so we can be rested for the church services the next day.

I feel the children come first. Which is the more important, a happy child or a spotless house? Once when we were getting ready to go to Grandma's house, after getting the boys ready, I told them, "Now try and stay clean and don't crawl on the floor until we go."

The oldest one looked at me soberly and asked, "But Mother, when we get to Grandma's house, may I play on the floor then or must I still keep my pants clean?"

His remark made me feel ashamed of myself. We wear our clothes for warmth and to cover our bodies. Why, then, must we mothers sometimes make so much unnecessary fuss to keep the children clean? We should try and appreciate them in their happy, carefree childhood days for they are young only once.

-Mrs. D. S. W., Pa.

● I feel like Dora in the story. We have 3 boys and 3 girls. I hope this story will help me to realize there are more important things in life than new clothes, a spic-and-span house, and fancy food.

-Mrs. Martin, Pennsylvania

● When I was younger I felt exactly like Bertha did. I hated Saturdays because of all the work that was always to be done and then getting to bed late. What school child would look forward to Saturdays under such conditions? I don't mean that children shouldn't work on Saturdays but there is an extreme. I thought it was such a good idea to plan something special for the Saturday afternoon. It showed the mother's appreciation toward her daughters for work well done.

I am now in my 20's and have still not entirely outgrown my dislike for Saturdays.

-Another Opinion, Illinois

● Any mother with a large family knows it's sometimes not easy to make time and patience reach around. Not many of us have the wisdom to always make the right choice between what is necessity and what can be safely left undone. I think if there would be more understanding and helpful husbands like Dora's, there'd be a lot fewer mothers in mental hospitals and also more happy families.

-Pennsylvania Mother

LESS STRETCHING NEEDED

● In the article "Someone Has Been Stretching the Truth" (Dec. issue) mention is made of the talk that is sometimes heard when people move to a new community. Our bishop recently said this is not right and that such people will have enough to face without this opposition from the brethern.

Another point I thought about is that when someone wants to move who has never done financially well, the people will say, "How will they ever make it away from the family and all?" No doubt there is some truth to this. On the other hand when others want to go who have done well, they say, "Why, they already have a farm. What do they want there?"

-Once Moved to a New Settlement, too

SHUT THE MONEY FAUCETS

● I agree with the article, "Turn Off the Faucets" in the December issue. It can be applied in so many ways. Here in our community, why do so many of the boys have cars? The older folks and the parents would like to do something about it but they don't seem to know what.

Most of these young people have far too much money. Last fall my brother-in-law was working at a place when their boy came home from work. It was Friday evening and he gave his Dad four twenty dollar bills, asking if that is enough. Then he gave his sister a twenty dollar bill to go to the dry goods store. His take-home pay was $219.00 for the week. This left $119.00 for the boy. This is a large amount of spending money for a week. I wonder if this is not the faucet through which a lot of our troubles come, such as cars, worldly clothing, drinking, tobacco, dope and all that goes with these things. Unless we first turn off the faucet we'd just as well keep on mopping and accept these things.

-A.T.Y., Indiana

CARRIED OUT THE SLOP PAIL

● I was glad to read Mrs. N.W.'s letter as to how their trials have strengthened her faith. I know from experience that people can give advice, who I am sure do not know what they would do under similar circumstances. Then it would look like a different picture to them.

Like when a certain man's house burned down, one of his neighbors afterwards came to him and asked why he didn't carry out the things which were of most worth and had a lot to say how he'd have done it. It so happened that a few years afterward , this man's house did burn down and the first thing he carried out was the slop pail. It just goes to show how little we really know what we would do if we were in someone else's shoes. Encouragement and prayers and a few kind words can go a long ways in helping to lighten someone else's load.

-A Sympathizer

MORE ON THE IN-LAW PROBLEM

● When I read some of the answers to the sister with in-law problems I felt sorry for her. She doesn't need more scoldings, but encouragement and understanding. I often think back to my own frustrations as a young wife and mother while living with a domineering and meddlesome mother-in-law. I hardly knew what it was all about. After 20 years, I have learned to accept what cannot be changed. During these times, it gave me encouragement when someone was sympathetic.

We need our parents and when young and older people live together then I think it is the parent's responsibility to take the lead in making for a peaceful atmosphere. A young couple is often just married and that in itself is an adjustment to make. Often they are totally unprepared for living at home. Surely the older people know what

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it's all about and are in position to give encouragement and advice in a peaceful way. I could have shouted for joy when I read some of the letters which gave proof that there need be no problems between in-laws if all do their duty.

–Striving for that Goal

● I was surprised to read of so many women having mother-in-law troubles. The reason for this is my wonderful mother-in-law and I appreciate her even more after reading those letters. It's my mother-in-law who so willingly watches the children when we go to town, or I help my husband with outside work. It's my mother-in-law who brings over a tasty dish or a freshly baked pie or cookies for supper, or offers to do my weekly mending when I'm extra busy. Also it's my mother-in-law I go to for advice when the children get sick. I feel she has had experience after raising a big family. How thrilled the children are when Grandma comes over for a little chat!

When I see how fast she is aging or how her footsteps falter, I try even harder to make life more pleasant for her here on earth until that day when she receives her eternal reward.

-A Daughter-in-law, Berne, Indiana

MEANING WHAT WE SAY

● I appreciate the child training articles and comments. I believe most children will need a few spankings but if they realize that we always mean what we say, they will learn to be obedient. Just like a horse, if you never let him get away while breaking him, he probably won't be a runaway. But if he gets his way once or twice, it will take a lot of extra precautions to keep it from happening again.

I remember back when we were young, if we were supposed to go to sleep we always did– when Dad was around the house. We didn't resent it, either. But when Mother was alone in the house, we would take advantage of her. We had already learned that she didn't always do what she said she would.

I wonder if this is not one of the roots of our problems in the homes, schools, and churches. Some minor rules are not enforced and we learn that we can occasionally bend them and get away with it. Soon we think we can bend some bigger ones, too.

--Indiana

PLEASING THE CHILDREN

● There's a world of truth in the words which Aunt Becky wrote in the December issue, "It's a miserable home where the parents try to please the children instead of the children pleasing the parents." Life is too short to make it miserable by allowing the children to talk back to their parents. In our home, we were allowed to express ourselves but to sass our parents or talk back in a loud or unkind manner was never permitted. I'm forever grateful it wasn't, especially since I have seen places where children do these things. Who is to blame for such ungodly behavior? Surely it's not the children's fault.

The Bible tells us to bring up our children in the "Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn." Zucht means discipline and discipline means training and when necessary punishment. Vermahnung means to admonish which means to warn and reprove. So it is actually telling us we should bring up our children, training them to obey rules, and to warn them and when necessary, punish them.

The Bible says children are to obey their parents and not the other way around. We may think we are not obeying our children, but if we let them have their own way, then we are listening to what they say. If a child learns that he can have his own way by crying, getting angry, or in any other way, then he will use this to get what he wants. This is not what the Bible teaches us and will not make for a peaceful home and family.

-Working for a Peaceful Home

OPINION OF A FARMER'S WIFE

● The story "How Does It Really Look?" (September issue) brought to mind an incident which happened to a relative of ours. He applied for a job on a dairy farm. While talking with the farmer, he was asked if he smokes. He replied that he quit smoking regularly but still does occasionally if someone offers him a smoke. The answer the farmer's wife gave him was, "I don't think a Christian will be seen smoking."

I don't know whether these people attend a church or not but they do notice such things. It is indeed unfortunate that some of our own people can't see it for what it is. Sometimes we hear such excuses as "My father smoked," or "My grandfather smoked." Doesn't that sound a bit like the Pharisees who felt they were righteous because they had Abraham for a father? Let's follow the teachings of the Scriptures and our conscience more closely in this matter.

—Orrville, Ohio

FIRING THE STEAM ENGINE

● Reading about the steam engine explosion reminded me of the time my father used a steam engine on the sawmill and my brother John was the fireman. To those of us who had to carry lumber and slabs away from the mill, his job looked easy to us. He soon learned his job well. He would roll logs up to the mill until the steam got too high. Then he would draw in enough water to check the steam.

After several years, he got married and left home so the job of fireman was handed to me. I was glad for the new job but not for long. Right away I had trouble keeping up steam and keeping the water at a safe level. One morning we were almost out of steam and water so I shut the engine down and said I needed more steam and water before we can go on. But they had only one more log to saw to finish one man's job and they wanted to go on. So I started up again and we sawed the log. When I shut down again, the water disappeared entirely out of the gauge. I was scared as I barely had enough steam left to draw water. I started the pump and it began drawing water. Then I happened to think what Dad always told me, cold water on an empty crown sheet can blow up the engine. So I jumped up on the rear wheel so as to be out of the way, too scared to know enough to run for safety. There I stood with shivers running up and down my spine until I could see the water in the guage. I never did forget that and I still don't like a steam engine.

—Chesley, Ontario

BARRY, THE ST. BERNARD

● After reading the story concerning the Swiss St. Bernard dog, Barry, I was rather disappointed not to see the ending of the story . I have a Swiss friend who told me that Barry is credited with saving forty-four lives from the snow avalanches and blizzards. He was shot in an attempt to save the forty-fifth life by a man who thought Barry was going to attack him. Barry is considered a hero by the Swiss people. His body is on exhibit in a museum in Berne. His name is cherished in Switzerland and most Swiss children are able to tell the story of Barry. -Abner Beiler, Gordonville

THE KEY IS HARD WORK

● The farm problem for January was interesting. No feed salesman has ever persuaded me yet that commercial feeds are cheaper than home grown grains. The feed company has the costs of handling the feed and they are not going to operate at a loss. Everytime we buy a ton of commercial feed, we are helping pay for the truck that delivers it. Of course if the farmer has to grind his own grain, that has to be taken into account, too.

I have to admit the salesmen can put up a pretty smooth argument. Is it any wonder people are complaining about the difficulty in making ends meet?

If the plain people are willing to remain thrifty and industrious, I believe they have as good a chance as anyone to make it. The key is simply good healthy, hard work! -W.S.B., Maryland

AN EGG A DAY

● After reading the article about eggs in January issue, I would like to present the following facts. We hear a lot of frightening stories these days about fats in the diet. Headlines in magazines and newspapers warn us against eating eggs, because, we are told that eggs contain a lot of cholesterol and it is cholesterol whi causes the fatty deposits which bring on hardeni f the arteries.

Yes, eggs do contain cholesterol but they also contain lecithin, which science indicates emulsifies cholesterol so that it does not collect where it is not wanted. Therefore the cholesterol in eggs cannot harm you because it comes equipped with the one substance in nature that controls and directs it.

An egg (or two) a day guarantees you a good supply of protein, lots of minerals, especially iron which prevents anemia, and a good helping of the vitamins such as A, D, E and the B complexes. -A.M.Bowers, Pa.

FROM HERE AND THERE

● In reading January issue I found much worthwhile reading such as "Let's Go For A Walk," "Twelve Years In Jail," "Selling Peaches On Sunday," "Short Cuts To Happier Times," etc. The Coon Hunter's wife reminded me of Proverbs 31.

The Mother-in-law letters were excellent examples of love and patience instead of bitterness, discontent and self-pity. Then the Windowsill and Shut-in pages had lots of helps. Even the men got some hints. Isn't this really what Family Life is all about?

-Goshen, Indiana

● I missed it when Family Life no longer carried the Bible stories each month. Now I also miss the child training problems. I like the articles and comments which hit me, especially the short articles.

-Salisbury, Pa.

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

In the printing business we sometimes run into unexpected problems. In 1965 we printed an edition of "Complete Writings of Menno Simons" in German. After a number of years these were all sold so we made a reprint in 1971. It was done mostly as a service to the Amish people to encourage the keeping up of these books in the German language. The Pathway edition sells for $5.00 now, while the English edition of the same book, printed by another publishing house sells for $15.00.

Last fall we began hearing rumors. The word was passed around that we had changed Menno Simon's writings to make it fit our own ideas. A very suspicious looking statement was found in Menno's chapter entitled "Eine Liebliche Unterweisung von der Kinderzucht." The eighth paragraph contains the following sentence: "Gestattet ihnen keine Gemeinschaft mit den boesen unnuetzen Kindern, von denen sie nichts als luegen, fluchen, schwoeren, rauchen und Buberei lernen."

Was tobacco used in Europe during Menno Simon's lifetime? If not, how could he have included the word "rauchen" (smoking) in his writings?

Tobacco is a native plant in America and was unknown in Europe before the discovery of America. When Columbus landed on the isles of the West Indies in 1492, he saw Indians smoking tobacco. No European had ever seen such a thing before! According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, it was not until 1586 that tobacco was introduced into Europe. In that year Sir Walter Raleigh brought some to England. Later its use spread to other countries of Europe.

Menno Simons died in 1561, 25 years before the smoking of tobacco was first begun in England. How, then could he have written about "rauchen" in his writings? It is not very hard to figure out that he didn't. If he didn't, who put it into his writings?

It is no secret that we here at Pathway do not hold a very high opinion of the use of tobacco. Its use is frequently lamented in the magazines and of course we do feel everyone would be better off if they wouldn't smoke. Therefore, the evidence pointed to us and some people came to the conclusion that we tried to make Menno Simons say something he hadn't said.

Menno Simons lived in Holland and all his writings were in the Hollandish language, which is Dutch. The original Dutch editions make no mention of the word "rauchen" but contain the Dutch word for "fighting." In the translations into German which appeared, the word "schlagen" was included in that sentence. However, in 1876 John F. Funk, a Mennonite publisher, had the whole works of Menno Simons translated into German and in this edition the word "rauchen" appears. This edition was made at a time when there was quite a bit of anti-smoking sentiment being worked up in the Mennonite church. The use of tobacco was quite common at that time in the Mennonite church (Spittoons were an accepted part of the furniture inside many Mennonite church houses). Funk was hard against it and determined to do all he could to get it out of the church. The addition of this word "rauchen" was likely due to an overdose of zeal on the part of Funk. Perhaps Funk reasoned that if Menno had known about tobacco, he would have included it and so decided to add it to his writings.

The next man to reprint the writings of Menno Simons in German was J. A. Raber, an Amish bookdealer of Baltic, Ohio. He was unaware that Funk had added anything to the writings so reprinted it in 1926 word for word. The word "rauchen," of course, appeared in the Raber edition. Then in 1965, Pathway made a printing and printed it exactly like the Raber edition because we did not know that it was not accurate in this one sentence. It will be many years before all the books of the present edition are sold, but when more are printed, they will say "schlagen" instead of "rauchen" because that is the way Menno Simons originally wrote it. ■■

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

After emphasizing the fact that eggs are high in cholesterol (see January F. L.) we received responses from a number of people saying that we had given only one side of the story. Most convincing of these is a detailed report pointing out that cholesterol is a necessary and important part of our food intake and that our bodies can not function without it. There are two ways in which the body gets its cholesterol requirements. One is from foods of animal origin (meat, milk, eggs, etc.) which is the natural and normal way. The other method is when these foods are lacking, the body manufactures its cholesterol from sugars and fats. There are three different measurements of cholesterol. One is the daily intake of cholesterol in the food we eat, the second is the amount of cholesterol in our blood, and the third is the amount of cholesterol deposited on the inner lining of the arteries which causes hardening of the arteries. Apparently the three are not really connected to each other. According to this report there is no evidence that a high intake of cholesterol can cause hardening of the arteries. The American Heart Association has spent many millions of dollars on tests trying to prove that a diet with a high cholesterol content increases the risk of people having heart attacks. No such proof has been obtained. In one test where a group of men were fed a diet containing 24 eggs a day for several weeks, the amount of cholesterol in the blood actually dropped. Neither has it been proven that a high cholesterol content in the blood has any connection with deposits of cholesterol on the walls of the arteries. (There are drugs available on the market which will reduce the cholesterol content of the blood, but the FDA requires such medicines to carry a notice that lowering the cholesterol in the blood will not have any effect in preventing heart attacks.)

The medical association recommends that to play safe, it is better to limit the intake of eggs even if there is no proof that they have a detrimental effect on health. However, this booklet points out that the protein in eggs is of the highest quality of any common food, and is the yardstick by which other proteins are compared. Eggs contain the most nearly perfect balance of essential amino acids (protein) of any commonly used food. In fact two eggs will furnish nearly enough of the essential proteins that the body needs for a day.

Eggs are also a valuable source of iron and this iron is in a form which is worth twice as much as the same amount of iron taken in capsule form. They are also rich in viatmins A, D, and B2.

Many doctors feel that the high quality of protein, minerals and vitamins in eggs are needed for heart patients when rebuilding the damaged heart tissues.

It was also pointed out that eggs are one of the biggest bargains on the food market today. A dozen large eggs will weigh 1 1/2 pounds; at 60¢ a dozen they cost only 40¢ a pound. Compared to other sources of protein, this is a good buy.

Perhaps it might be wise to take a second look before cutting out eggs from your diet.

NEWS REPORTER CAUSES TOILET PAPER SHORTAGE

On the evening of December 19 Johnny Carson told his television audience, "Have you heard the latest? And I'm not kidding. There's a shortage of toilet paper."

The next day, from New York City to California, saw the beginning of a toilet paper buying binge. Customers checked out of the supermarkets with as much as twenty dollars worth of toilet paper. In Seattle, the manager of a supermarket ordered an extra 21 cases but received only three. Then he became worried, put up the price and limited his supply to two rolls per customer. Now the customers were sure there was a shortage and went from store to store gathering up supplies.

Meanwhile at Chester, Pennsylvania, which is the office of the Scott Paper company, one of the nations largest manufacturers of toilet paper, the officials were amazed at what was happening. The machines were running at full capacity turning out a total of 7,500 miles of tissue every day. The officials stated that there would be no toilet paper shortage if everyone bought normally.

A university professor who investigated the episode found it very hard to believe and said he regards it as a classic example of a shortage caused by rumors. "Everybody likes to be the first to know something," he said. "It's all caused by the 'did you hear that' syndrome. In the old days it took a long time for a rumor to spread, enough time to find out if it's true or not. Now all it takes is on TV personality to joke about it and instantly the rumor is in all 50 states. The way it starts out is that someone says there could be a problem. The next person says there is a problem."

The professor expects the shortage rumor to die as soon as the people learn that the supply of toilet tissue is being replenished. ■■

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

A TRUE FRIEND CAN KEEP QUIET

It was corn cutting time, quite a few years ago. A group of us boys were poking around the implement shed enjoying what was left of the noon hour while the horses finished munching their hay. Within a few minutes we would be loading the corn onto our old wooden wagons.

Against one wall of the implement shed stood a new all-steel wagon with auto steering. This was one of the first wagons of this type in the neighborhood. Dan Weber was looking at this new wagon.

For a few moments the boys seemed to run out of anything to talk about and were looking in Dan's direction. Dan was not a talkative man but now he ventured in a slightly subdued voice. "I wonder, when you turn a corner with one of these new wagons, do both of the front wheels swing alike and go together?"

There was an awkward little pause. Nobody seemed quite sure what to say. Then came a loud voice from the middle of the group both confident and forceful with a hint of derision, "Well, of course they do!"

Not another word was said. Some were pondering but others almost had to snicker at such a senseless sounding question.

That afternoon I was puzzled. It so happened that Dan was our hired man and I knew him well. I also happened to know Dan was not senseless or stupid, but then, why did he ask such a senseless question? Also, if he knew what he was talking about, why didn't he defend himself by explaining? Why would he let this loud-mouthed young man run over him in this fashion.

All afternoon I wondered. When six o'clock finally came, Dan and I were seated on the side of our wagon, dangling our legs over the side and completely relaxed as the wagon rumbled toward home. Finally my curiosity got the best of me and I asked, "Dan, why did you ask that question today at noon?"

"You're always figuring out how things work, Allen," Dan answered. "I thought you would understand."

I felt relieved right away. It wasn't that Dan had felt so foolish that he hadn't dared to answer. Now he was going on, "If we were to go around a circle with this old wooden-wheeled wagon the axles would both point exactly to the center of the circle and all the wheels would agree on where they are going. But on the auto steer wagon the axle doesn't turn, the wheels turn, one at each end of the axle. Since the inside wheel is going in a smaller circle than the outside wheel, it should be turned more than the outside wheel. But since both wheels are turned the same amount, they are actually trying to revolve around two different circles and one of the wheels must skid and grind whenever you turn short."

It took awhile for this to soak in but finally with a little more explaining and motioning with the fingers I realized that he was right. "Oh, I see now. I'll have to check once to see if the manure spreader wheels turn together when we turn short."

A grin spread across Dan's face, but there was still a question on my mind so I decided I would ask. "But, Dan, then why-- why didn't you put that loud-mouth in his place like he should have been?"

Dan was silent for a few moments before he answered. "I don't know exactly how to explain it, Allen, but maybe if you were in a new neighborhood you would know how I felt. I had a feeling it wasn't my turn to talk. Although I could have showed him a few things, I felt that he would have resented it and I would not have gained anything in the long run. I felt as if I would be talking out of my turn."

I didn't understand what he meant at the time but later I did some thinking over it. It was years before I fully grasped what he was saying. But then I knew it was true. When a group of boys were together a popular voice would speak up with a neat quip or a little teasing. About that time another boy in the crowd would answer back with a comment which outdid the first, and everyone laughed-- at the expense of the one who made the first remark. They appeared to be the best of friends, but deep down inside I could get the same feeling I did when two roosters met, looking at each other out of one eye and ruffling their feathers a bit.

I came to the conclusion that no one wants to be ridiculed publicly. If we don't want to start a contest and perhaps leave a hurt which will last a lifetime, it is often best to be quiet and do like Dan Weber did. Instead of making ourselves an enemy, we may be gaining a true friend.

-Ontario

ON BEING CONSISTENT

Sometime ago I read the article "Is Our Light Consistent" which mentioned some things a stranger might notice if he came into our homes. It reminded me of an experience I had several years ago while I was still at home and worked out among strangers.

Our farm was small and my parents agreed that I could work at a chicken processing plant for a few months during the winter time. The other girls could do the work at home and I could still help with the chores. It was understood that I would stay at home again when spring work started. There were quite a few plain people there as well as some liberal Mennonites, some non-Mennonites and also Porta Ricans. I soon found out there were individuals in all of these groups who left a good witness and some who did not. It was the first time I had worked at such a place and I soon realized how boring it can be to be doing the same work day after day. But we could visit with each other while we worked as long as we did our work right, which helped to pass the time.

Whenever I hear anyone refer to the Porta Ricans as "no good" or "lowdown," I am glad I learned to know Lydia. There were quite a few Porta Ricans in the group and some were very temperamental but I always thought that Lydia must have "a heart of gold." She was quiet and soft spoken and in all the time I knew her, I never heard her gossip or say anything bad about anyone. She was not a fast worker but she did her work right and she never complained. She seldom spoke unless spoken to and she always had a smile for everyone. When we had free time at lunch or during the day, the rest of us would sit and talk of many things. I don't think I ever heard her mention God, but while the rest of us were talking, she would sit and read her Bible.

There was one boy of the liberal Mennonites who would often ask me questions such as why do we do so and so? He would tell me of other girls who were supposed to be plain but who went to the movies and wanted to know why I don't. I tried to explain the best I could as he was always friendly and would do a favor for anyone whenever he had the chance.

One day he came and asked me point blank, "Just what do you believe and why?" I don't remember what all I told him but I tried to explain our beliefs as best I could. I ended up by saying we don't think a man should have to carry a Bible just to show he is supposed to be a Christian. When I had finished, he was a bit astounded and said, "You know what? I used to think you people had all your faith in your plain clothes and horses and buggies. Now I see it's not really that way."

Now it was my turn to be surprised and I stared at him with open-mouthed astonishment so he said, "Don't look at me so dumb, I DID!"

There were three liberal Mennonite girls who used to eat their lunch at the same table I did. One of them was rather quiet but the other two were very talkative and would sometimes talk about the Holy Spirit and their experiences with God. One day on my way to the lunchroom I passed an old woman I had never seen before. I remember thinking, "I believe she is very poor, maybe in more ways than one." She wore an old black coat that had seen better days and brown men's shoes that were too big and minus their strings. On her arm she carried a basket.

I went to her table and sat down. Soon the other girls came in and two were giggling. One said, "Did you see what I saw?" The other one answered, "Yes, did you see her shoes?" They were still giggling when the door of the lunchroom opened and the old woman came in.

One of the girls whispered, "Oh, oh, I wish she would go away, she takes my appetite."

Someone near the door spoke to her and she said she had come in to look for a job but there was no place for her to sit down. When a woman offered her a sandwich, one of the girls at our table giggled, "No, no, don't do that or she won't go away!"

I glanced across the table at the girl who hadn't said a word. As our eyes met, I wondered if she was thinking the same things I was. As the woman took the food, she rolled her eyes heavenward and started saying grace in a half-loud voice. One of the girls exclaimed, "Oh, look, now she's saying grace."

These girls had often said grace themselves and as I was trying to think what I could say in a nice way to remind them, I looked across at the third girl. She kept her silence and a few moments later I was glad I had, too. The woman took off her bandanna and lo, and behold, she was wearing an old prayer veiling! I don't think those girls would have been more shocked if someone would have slapped them in their faces.

Later on when I related it to a friend who was well acquainted with the girls, she told me, "And last summer they went to Philadelphia to see the slums and talked of how terrible it is when someone is so poor, and how we ought to send someone to help such people.

That evening I went home wondering.—Pennsylvania ■■

Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

THE FADED FLAG

The signal man at the draw bridge across the Elizabeth River paused at the first sound of the approaching train. There was still plenty of time before the train would arrive at the bridge, but just the same, his grip tightened on the red flag he held in his hand. He rightly guessed that the train would be an excursion train out of Kinston, North Carolina, and he wanted to be sure to signal the engineer to stop, for the draw bridge was open.

As the train pulled into sight in the distance, the signal man waved the red flag. The engineer gave two short toots of his whistle to show that he had seen.

The muscles on his arm relaxed, as the signal man waved the flag once more in a slow, wide arc above his head, just to be sure. But than they tightened again. He waited tensely for a few more seconds for the sound of the engine throttling down, and the grind of brakes being applied. But there was no change in the sound of the train's powerful diesel motors.

"He shouldn't wait so long to brake," the signal man mumbled to himself. "Must be wanting to give his passengers a scare, but an open draw bridge is nothing to gamble with."

Minutes passed, and still the train kept coming at the same speed. With a sudden, sinking feeling, the signal man realized that it was already too late to bring the train to a stop before reaching the draw bridge. He waved his flag frantically, but in vain. He stood with his mouth dropped open, his face constricted with horror as the train thundered past him. When too late to stop the train, the brakes were applied with a screaming shower of sparks and smoke from the screeching wheels on the steel track. The train rocked and shook and bounced and then with a terrible splash the engine shot from the end of the open bridge into the river below. The train cars tumbled in behind it.

In this tragedy which took place a number of years ago, eighteen passengers of the train were killed or drowned. But the engineer escaped alive, unhurt, except for the shock of the terrible thing that had happened.

"But— but— why wasn't I signaled that the bridge was open?" he kept asking in a dazed tone.

Someone went for the signal man.

"I did signal," he defended himself. "I waved a red flag for you to stop."

Several other men stepped forward to testify to the truth of what the signal man said. They had been watching, and they were witnesses that the signal man had indeed waved in plenty of time for the train to stop.

"But I never saw you," the engineer insisted. "All I saw was a man with a white flag signalling that the way was clear."

The puzzle was solved when someone brought the flag that had been used. Although it had been a deep, dark red at one time, it was now old and so badly faded that from a distance, with the morning sun in his eyes, the engineer had mistaken it for a white flag.

The fact that the flag was so badly faded explained the tragic accident. But it did not excuse it. The signal man should have made sure, doubly sure, that his signal could not be mistaken for a white flag. Too much was at stake to be careless, to grab any old faded flag that happened to be at hand. The lives of the passengers and the crew depended upon the signal man performing his duty.

There is a lesson here for us all, even though none of us may be signal men on a railroad or responsible for stopping trains at open draw bridges. For in a spiritual sense, as Christian people, we are responsible for warning others who may be traveling down a track leading to disaster.

Even though most of us are common people, husbands, school teachers, young people, that does not mean we do not have a responsibility to others. No one is so unimportant that his life does not touch and influence someone else. Too often we do not value highly enough the worth of everyday people as they go about their daily lives, performing routine tasks. It is important that we understand that being a signal man in a spiritual sense is not reserved for only ministers. We all have our place to fill both in the signals we give to men within and without the church.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH. Whether we like it or not, the world around is being given a message by our lives. Jesus said, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid" (Matt. 5:14). We give off many signals to the unconverted people we meet. If we are out to get every dollar we can, how can we expect them to get the signal that treasures in heaven are worth more than treasures on earth? If we are unhappy and sour and discontented and complain about everything, how will they get the message that Jesus can bring peace and joy to the human heart? If we gossip and run down our neighbor, how will they understand that we are signaling to them that the love of God can bind hearts together? If we are lightminded and jolly and laugh boisterously, will they know from the signals we give that life is serious, eternity final, and judgement near? The whole world is on a collision course heading straight for an open draw bridge that drops away into a bottomless pit. How tragic if the flag we wave by our daily lives should be so faded as to fail to warn them of the disaster awaiting them.

WITHIN THE CHURCH. It is sad, but true, that even within the church, there are people who from time to time need to be warned of dangers ahead. All of us are human, and as such, are subject to mistakes and failures and wrong attitudes. Sometimes we get on a track where the bridge is open, and we need to be signaled to apply the brakes and switch directions. We need to be warned, and we need to warn others, but what if the flag we use to signal is so faded that the message is unclear?

The trouble is, the trainman's flag in North Carolina didn't fade all in one day. If it had changed from a bright new red to a dull faded color in one day, the change would have been noticed at once, and the signal man would have gotten a new flag. But since the change came so gradually, the color fading only a teeny bit each year, he really did not notice the difference. In the same way, conditions in our churches and homes have changed so gradually that most of us haven't noticed anything wrong.

The result is frequently tragic. The passengers on the excursion train out of Kinston, North Carolina were depending on the signal man at the draw bridge to give them the right message. In the same way, children depend on their parents to let them know if they are on the wrong road. Members depend on the ministers and the church as a whole. This is all natural and right. But what if the signals that are being given aren't clear, what if people are mistaking red flags for white ones and proceeding unalarmed toward destruction?

Let's just take one example of where children may not be getting the message from parents that parents think they are. A visitor once related how he was visiting relatives in another community. He noticed that many of the Amish homes had a car parked in their driveway. In the course of his visit, he had the chance to ask one of the ministers in that district about this. "Yes," the minister explained, "we feel parents should allow their son to live at home with his car if he has one. That way the parents can still talk to the son, and explain to him how wrong it is for him to have his worldly life. The parents don't ride with the son, of course.

The visitor was somewhat satisfied with the explanation, but that very evening he happened to be a supper guest in a home where a son was at home with his car. All evening the son was laughing and talking with his young brothers and sisters about radio songs and sports events. Worse yet, when the visitor was ready to go to another place for the night, instead of the parents hitching up and taking him over, they said, "Our son will drive you over with his car. You don't mind, do you? The church doesn't want us to ride with him, but it won't hurt if you do."

The visitor was stunned. Was this how the parents admonished their son of his wrong doing, by asking him to transport visitors with his car? What message were the parents giving their son about the way they really felt? They would have claimed that they were waving a red flag to their son, but who could blame the son for thinking the flag looked more like a white one that told him to proceed, the way was clear?

Or let's look at another example that readily comes to mind. A young Amish man and his wife left an Old Order church and began attending a more liberal church. They soon had all the material things that accompany such a move. The ministers and the church felt the young couple were making a mistake, a mistake so serious that they excommunicated them. But nine months later, after the young couple were members of the more liberal church, the ban was lifted. The young man said to his wife: "We still have all the things they told us were so wrong nine months ago. Either they had no grounds to put us in the ban to start with, or they had no grounds to take us out."

Perhaps there was more truth in the young man's remark than we like to think. When a church lifts the ban from people before they repent of the sins for which they were put in, what message are they giving? Is there a faded flag somewhere that is deceiving people into believing the draw bridge isn't open after all?

In olden days when kings wanted to call their men to battle, they sent messengers riding throughout the land, blowing a trumpet with the call to arms. It was in this context that the Apostle Paul asked the question, "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" (I Cor. 14:8) When soldiers were needed to defend the land against enemies, it was important that the messenger blowing the trumpet make his call urgent and clear. In the same way, when a train is approaching an open drawbridge, how important it becomes to wave a clear signal of warning. In view of what happened to the North Carolina train at the Elizabeth River, we might reword Paul's question to ask, "If the flag is faded, who is going to stop the train?"

To lose 18 lives in a train wreck is a great loss. But to lose one soul in eternity because of a faded flag would be a far greater disaster. ■■

FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

Walking the Pilgrim Journey

A MONTH AGO WHEN I was writing the January "Fireside Chats" on walking, ("Let's Go for a Walk"), I was anxious to know if there were any Bible references or examples on the subject. So I opened Cruden's Concordance and found the heading, walk. Right away I could see by the long list of entries that the word was used a lot in the Bible— perhaps several hundred times.

Slowly I ran my finger down the list of entries. Enoch and Noah walking with God. The command to Abraham, "Walk before me and be thou perfect." To fear the Lord and walk in all his ways. Of fools that walk in darkness. And then in the New Testament, of walking in the Spirit, walking honestly, walking in love, walking in wisdom. The list was indeed long.

I soon saw that when the Bible used the word walk, it was usually with a deeper meaning than to take a relaxing stroll through the woods, or to travel on foot from one place to another. One of the few exceptions was the Apostle Paul who, after preaching all night to the people of Troas, decided to walk the hilly and lonely trail to Assos rather than to sail out around by ship with his traveling companions. The book of Acts does not tell us Paul's reasons for this hike across the mountains, but it seems likely he wanted some time alone for meditation and prayer and to relax his body in walking.

From the list in the concordance, I could see the Bible was filled with references to a spiritual kind of walk— the journeying of godly people through this life, and of ungodly ones, too. This was a more important type of walking — a walking that did more than relax tense bodies, or get us from one place on earth to another. I decided that as soon as I had time I wanted to look up the Bibical references to walking.

Walking in Darkness

A few weeks passed and I almost forgot about my resolution. Then one evening I stayed at a neighbors later than I had planned, and by the time I was ready to start home darkness had fallen over the land. I had brought no flashlight. There was no moon and the clouds hid the stars. Here in Honduras there is no reflected light from nearby cities, and the only light in sight was the occasional twinkle of a firefly and the faraway gleam of the Coleman in our kitchen window at home.

I started out confidently, expecting my eyes to adjust to the darkness. But the blackness was too black. I stumbled along, feeling my way with my feet and with my hands extended. It was a long, slow walk, hardly the kind to relax a person. Only the light in the window at home gave me courage to keep on walking.

As I walked toward home my thoughts turned first to what it would be like to be blind. Then I thought of the words of Jesus, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." That in turn reminded me of the list of verses in the concordance— verses with the word walk in them.

Later, as I read some of these verses in the Bible, I was impressed by how similar our spiritual walk is to a physical one. But there are also differences. For example, in the walk of life everybody on earth is taking part, willingly or not, for good or for evil.

Many people walk through life the way I stumbled home from the neighbors that evening— without a light to brighten the path. They wander in the darkness of sin and serve the prince of this world.

The Apostle Paul wrote with tears to the Philippians, "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even with weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." The same writer speaks also of those who "walk disorderly," those who walk "in the vanity of their minds", and of those who walk "according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air."

Likewise, Jude mentions the mockers of the last times who "walk after their own ungodly lusts." And Peter, looking back to the days before Jesus called him, could say, "For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries."

Thus we find that on our journey through this life we meet with two kinds of travelers — those who walk in darkness, and those who walk in light. Or, as Jesus described them, those who enter the wide gate and walk the broad way, and those who enter the strait gate and travel the narrow way.

Walking in the Day

Sometimes, it seems, we forget who we are and where we are going. That is why we get so tangled up in the affairs of this life and consider them so important when they really aren't at all. As Christians, we are pilgrims journeying through a strange land. Our home is not here on earth, but we seek one to come— a home in heaven.

Most of us have learned that it is best to travel light (especially if we travel on foot!). Unnecessary baggage becomes a hindrance, and may keep us from reaching our destination. As travelers on earth with our citizenship in heaven, we should set our heart's affection only on those things we can take with us when we die!

Another thing, when we travel we try to dress for the occasion. If we travel during cold weather, we take along insulated longjohns. If it's hot, lighter clothes and a straw hat are more fitting. On our spiritual walk, the journey is quite dangerous, and the Bible lists the special clothes and equipment we need to take. It tells us what kind of headgear, what kind of footwear, what kind of protection against the dangers, and even what weapons to carry. (See Ephesians 6). We need to dress properly if we are to walk properly.

What are some other marks by which we can know the Christian pilgrim? The book of Romans lists many of them. We learn that the Christian is quite different from the non-Christian. He is no longer carnal-minded; he no longer walks in the flesh, but in the Spirit. The inspired author makes this plea, "Let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying."

It is definitely God's plan that His children should abound in good works. Their journey though life should be a trail of good deeds. This is not to draw honor or attract attention or earn merits. It is simply a fact of the new birth — God's children are willingly obedient, and it is their very nature to do good works. Paul wrote to the Ephesians, "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

To sum it all up, Christians are partakers of the divine nature, hence they follow in Christ's footsteps, walking as God wants them to walk. This means a humble, prayerful pilgrimage before God, an honest walk, a walk of good works, a walk in the day and not in darkness, a walk in the Spirit and not in the flesh, a walk in newness of life.

That is the kind of walk worth walking— a pilgrim journey as God's children.

A VISIT TO THE "FRIEDENSHOF"

-Author's Name Withheld

IT IS A COLD AND DREARY DAY as we enter the gates of the cemetery. A few leaves from the nearby trees flutter to the ground as others have fallen before them. All is at peace, some call it "Frieden's Hof" (a place of peace).

Here at these gates of the cemetery we stand on time's rough shore. Here many eyes have known tears and hearts have been torn with anguish. Here many a life has grown strong through storms of conflict. However sweet by nature we may be, we will find life incomplete and unsatisfying if we have never known the hallow, softening touch of grief.

Some things, it seems can come in only through the gates of tribulation. Such traits as faith, hope, love, gentleness, sympathy find no other way of entrance into our lives but by sorrow. Grief must sound out its own depths.

In this life "change and decay all around I see." We look over many rows of marble stones where now peacefully together lie those which were rich and poor, the great and the small (there is more than one way of bein rich or poor).

In the southwest corner is the grave of a man who had planned to move to Canada with his family. But he hurt his hand and infection set in and he died before his plans were realized. This man lived and farmed on the ground adjoining the cemetery. No doubt he walked behind the plow a few feet from where his body now lies. He advised his family to go on with their plans.

As we stand at this cemetery looking to the south we see a peaceful creek wending its way through the countryside much as time surely but slowly wends its way into eternity. To the east is a village. Legend has it that a self-ordained minister preached here at this crossroad. He lived in my grandfather's time and was in the lot when a minister was ordained. It is said that if he would have taken the books in rotation, the lot would have fallen on him. He claimed the man behind him took his book. Later he left the church and preached on the streets.

This minister said if we have faith enough, we can walk across the Conestoga creek on the water. Some young boys urged him to prove it and he did at least make a try. It was also said that he made his wife boil stones while he prayed that they would change to potatoes. His wife and children did have potatoes but from kindhearted friends and neighbors who gave them some. Later he preached on the streets of a nearby city, but he did not provide for his family. He left a stormy history.

In this row lies a well-known man whom we shall call Harry. To the west we hear the rumble and see clouds of dust rising from a limestone plant which is now located on the farm where Harry lived, and worked those very fields. Harry had the reputation of being a good, honest and hard working man. To many a tramp he gave shelter and a meal. (This was before Social Security and Welfare were so generous.) He was so kindhearted that he was often an easy victim to the salesmen, who sold him things he didn't need. This made it hard for him to support his family.

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During the depression, Harry saw some very rough times but he did not complain. He would say, "God will take care of us if we do our duty." He had more than enough for what he needed for food and shelter. Great possessions do not help for salvation and they can be a hindrance.

In this same row lies another man of by-gone days, we shall call him Jake. He was more well-to-do and when he met a salesman, he could help himself. If necessary to get a good price, he would buy in large quantities and usually got his money's worth. He was also a good farmer, and bought a number of farms. During the depression, he built houses on these farms and gave men work when jobs were scarce.

Once when a farm came up for public auction, Jake gave Harry a new pair of shoes to buy a farm for him. The people did not like to bid against poor Harry. Jake said later that those shoes he bought for Harry were the cheapest shoes he ever got. (Although perhaps not altogether fair to everyone concerned.)

As the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed from day to day. In his declining years, Jake made a confession and said he was trying to carry along too much baggage. He said life is like going on a journey. You pack one suitcase with the things you will need and another one or two with things you might need. But this is just so much extra baggage and we plague ourselves with all the extra burdens. What do all these possessions help us on life's journey?

We see rows and rows of tombstones and each one would have a different story if we could only get it. As I look away from the cemetery, I see many more waiting to enter through the gates. They are walking slowly down time's well-beaten path. Every so often they halt and lift their eyes to the west where the sun is sinking slowly over the horizon. These people are pilgrims on this earth. They can not approve of the way the younger generation acts and dresses. They take no pleasure in the things of this world, the drinking, sports, foolish talking and T.V. They are thinking of the great beyond and longing for the land which lies just over the horizon. They may be singing a song, perhaps one which Christopher Dock wrote several hundred years ago.

Ein Lebensfaden lauft zu Ende,
Mein Pilgerpfad ist bald gethan;
Ach Gott, mir ein'n Geleitsmann sende,
Der mich erhält auf rechter Bahn,
Der bei mir an dem Ruder steh,
Wenn ich den letzten Sturm aussteh!

Damit mein Schifflein durch die Wellen
Der Todesangst gerad zu geh
Zum Vaterland, und meine Seele
Allzeit auf ihren Leitstern seh
Auf meinen Heiland, Jesum Christ,
Der auch im Tod mein Leben ist.

IF you don't read, you don't know,
IF you don't know, you don't care;
IF you don't care, you don't give;
IF you don't give, you don't receive;
IF you don't receive, you don't succeed;
IF you don't succeed, you'd better read!

I had agreed to rent a farm but not back in the sticks. In spite of all my protests, that is where we ended

I LEARNED THE HARD WAY

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN on the high-tempered side and even before I started going with the young folks, I was laid up twice with a nervous condition. Maybe I could blame my troubles on that, and I must admit that sometimes I did, but now I realized it depends a great deal on how a person controls himself. I remember so well when my brothers used to tease me and say, "Now keep your temper, sister, nobody else wants it." I knew I could not handle them so my way of getting attention was to let out a howl which usually ended up by all of us getting punished.

The years rolled by and one day I was married to a calm, level-headed young man and we started housekeeping in the thickly populated section of our country. He went with the carpenters and I worked in town. He thought it so needless that I work out, but I kept going most of the week even if my schedule was tight. I paid for the groceries and also some other things which I couldn't have bought if I hadn't worked.

My husband had been a farmer all his life and his heart was still in the soil so by the time another year rolled around we started looking for a farm. We found a farm to rent but it was many miles away in that part of the county which was commonly termed "down in the sticks."

I had agreed to rent a farm,—but not there. The buildings were in need of paint, the house didn't seem homey at all. It was dirty and hopelessly out of date. I shed many tears and had bitter feelings against the folks who had lived there before for they were of our faith. I thought they must have been filthy for not keeping their house cleaner. They had cats and dogs in and out which gave it a bad odor.

In spite of my protests, that is where we ended up the following spring. We took the farm with the understanding that the barn be fixed to make dairying more convenient.

It was a drab, dreary day in March when we moved. I was tense and tired and high-tempered, and buried myself in the work and made myself real miserable by indulging in self-pity. It provoked me greatly when people asked me how we liked it here. I had told my husband that I wasn't going to say I like it if I didn't! So you can see I still was not submissive. It makes me ashamed to think back how headstrong and bitter I was. It took several years before I was able to say "I like it here." It also took some hard medicine to do it.

About this time my health declined and I started running from doctor to doctor but they couldn't get to the bottom of my troubles. Whenever I would start with another doctor, my husband would say, "Well, I wonder how long this one will last? What do you have lined up next?" Needless to say this really made me flare up inside.

One autumn day I went to see another doctor and he gave me some nerve pills saying, "You will not feel the benefit of these pills right away, but you must try to take it easy and stay calm. You will have to do most of it yourself by keeping your nerves under control."

We were facing a long winter ahead, and had now been married five years already with no little ones around my feet to love and care for, which also caused me some bitter thoughts.

About this time I stopped and did some serious thinking. I saw that if I did not enjoy and appreciate my husband like I should, I was not leaving room for God to bless us. If I couldn't enjoy life on the farm and do my duty as a faithful housewife, if I couldn't with a glad heart plant the seeds in the garden and watch them grow to harvest without it being a burden to me, if I couldn't enjoy the cows mooing for their little calves, and the white clouds floating by or take a moment to watch God's nature around me, how could I ever be fit to be a mother and care for little children? Yes, it took ill health and a winter of enduring pain to realize I had to change my attitude, get the bitterness out of my heart so God could cure my ills.

Although I considered myself a faithful church member and a Christian, I now saw that I had failed in many things and would have to take a different way. Through His word and guidance the bitterness toward the people around me disappeared. I even accepted the fact that we were a childless couple and not ashamed of it. God in His mercy somehow brought me through that winter and with the coming of spring flowers, I was on the road to recovery. By the next winter, I had gone a long way to regain my health, both physically and spiritually. During my illness, some folks had gossiped about me but now I did not feel any bitterness toward them. I knew they did not realize what it was to be ill and to be grasping for better health. It also opened my eyes to my need of living a better life and having a healthier attitude toward other people.

Now I am grateful to God for a patient husband and that He led us to this farm. Our hands have worked its soil, our thoughts have been molded together in planning ahead, our prayers have been together within these walls. It has brought a closeness which has helped to ease the loneliness of still being childless, but it cannot ever erase the feeling, the longing and aching of empty arms. Oh, for the patter of little feet even if we realize they do not long stay small, or pure like the lilies of the field.

Now, I wonder, had we stayed in the more populated section of the settlement, would we have been like all newly-weds, always on the go, always in a rush? Would we have learned to take time to glance at God's wonderful nature? Would we have taken time to listen to the patter of the raindrops on the roof, or the song of the robin in the spring? Would we sit down to watch the little lambs skip and jump on the grass getting greener and greener every day? Would we have noticed the glorious sunset in the western sky or think of pausing on the way to the house to look for the stars in the sky and the rising moon?

What is more wonderful than to look out from my kitchen window over the fields in spring and watch my husband turning the sod for another season's crops? Yes, I feel it has brought us a long way and even as I sit here writing, I regret those bitter thoughts that filled me to running over during those first years of our marriage. No doubt the tempter will be with us to tempt us as long as we live but God is still on the throne. In His name we want to be submissive to His will. ■■

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NO GENERATION GAP

I think it is very nice to be around the age of forty— for there is no generation gap anymore. I can sympathize with the young folks for I have been young, too, and know how they feel. I feel close to them. Also I feel a kinship to older people knowing that they have learned a lot we still must learn. An older sister said to me, "The young folks think we can't feel for them but we've been young, too. We know how it feels but they haven't been old and they don't know how it feels to be old!"

Now the years of youth to me seem a very small, but important part of life. How we long to tell them that life is much more liveable if we sow seeds of purity in those carefree days and "remember our Creator in the days of our youth."

I also know the great value of the prayers and wisdom of the older folks for the younger ones. How important it is to live our lives realizing that someone is watching, for surely our example to the next generation is not lost, be it good or bad.

"Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Ps. 90:12).

THE LAST SEVEN DAYS

If you had only seven days to live, how would you live them?

It is said a man once had a dream and in that dream he thought he was to live only seven days more. This man began to get ready to die. He began to study the Bible, and did all in his power each day to prepare for his death.

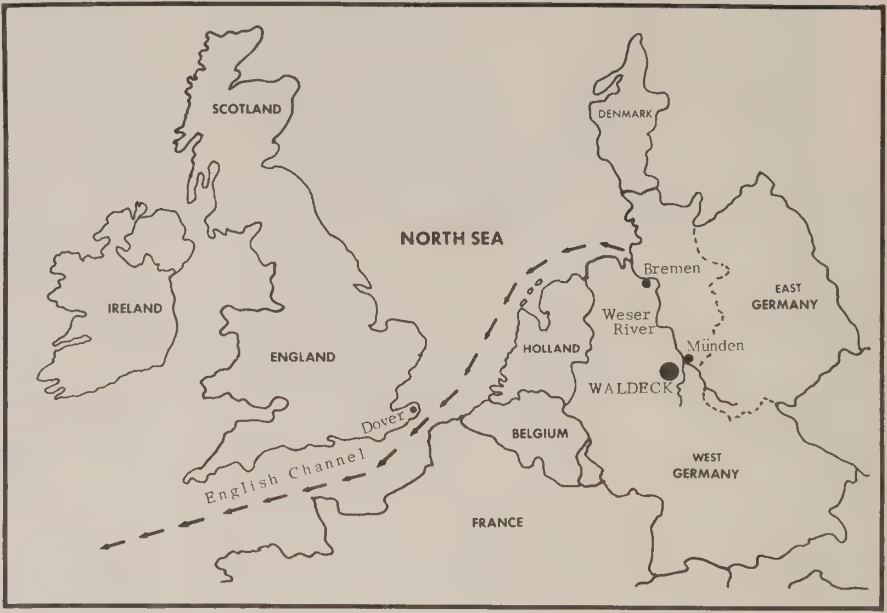
He came to the seventh day...toward the end of day.. All at once it was made known to him that he was not going to die. He was glad he didn't have to die then, but he said, "Some seven days will be my last seven." Then he began to live every day as if it were his last.

You may be in your last seven days soon and may even be there now. -M., Indiana

Increase our faith and clear our vision, Lord
Help us to take Thee at Thy simple word.
No more with cold distrust to bring Thee grief;
Lord, we believe! Help Thou our unbelief.
-Sherwin

SAILING TO AMERICA

-1833-



By David Luthy

TODAY WHEN WE think of Germany we think of a nation divided into two parts— West Germany and East Germany. In 1730 it was divided into many more parts, for Germany had not yet been unified as a nation. It was divided into more than 100 independently ruled regions and city-states. Some of the regions were fairly large, while others were quite small. One of the smallest regions was Waldeck. It had 420 square miles of hilly land or less than half the area of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Even though it was quite small, it was independent and had its own ruler.

Driven by persecution, Amish families had fled their native Switzerland and settled in neighboring territories. When they faced persecution also in these places, they moved to other parts of central Europe, one of which was Waldeck. By 1730 the first Amish arrived in Waldeck and during the next 100 years many other families came so that three congregations developed. Present-day Amish family names which were found in Waldeck are Gingerich, Schwartzendruber, Otto, Brenneman, Bender, and Shetler.

Because of the requirements of military service which developed in the independent German regions in the 1800's, the Amish in Waldeck decided to immigrate to America. Most of them left Waldeck during the years 1830-1860. One family which left during that thirty-year period was that of Preacher Jacob Schwartzendruber. In 1833 he decided to go to America. His family consisted of his wife, five children, ranging in ages from 3 to 13, plus his two stepsons, Jacob and Daniel P. Gingerich. (Their father, Peter, had died, and their mother had then married Jacob Schwartzendruber.)

The youngest stepson, Daniel, had been born in 1813 on an estate named Hüninghausen in Waldeck. When his mother married a second time, the family moved one and a half miles to Galgenmüle (Gallows Mills) where Jacob Schwartzendruber operated a mill. Then in 1833 when Daniel Gingerich was 20, he accompanied the family to America. He decided to keep a diary of the trip. From it one can see what a difficult undertaking it was to move to America.

Part 1: Down the Weser River

Daniel Gingerich and the family planned to leave for America on May 9, 1833. They would travel overland by horse and wagon to Münden, a full day's drive. There they would board a small sailboat which would take them the 227 miles down the Weser River to Bremen. At Bremen a larger ship would take them 46 miles to the North Sea where they would board a ship for America.

The travelers were in for the first disappointment of their long journey when they arrived at Münden. They arrived there May 10th, a Friday, but were told they could not board the boat until the following Tuesday. They had expected to sail promptly, but the boat did not have enough passengers, so it was delayed. Patiently the travelers waited four days at Münden. Then on Tuesday they boarded the boat. Little did they imagine that the trip down the river would take them six days. Following are Daniel Gingerich's diary entries for those days:

May 14 "We boarded the ship yet late in the evening on the 13th and departed early the following morning with 48 passengers aboard. We had not gone very far yet when such a dense fog arose on the Weser that we had to cast anchor and wait for the fog to lift somewhat.

"The Weser is not a very good river for shipping, for it has several places where it flows so shallow that ships run aground, and other places where it is so deep that the sailors can hardly reach bottom with poles about 20 feet long, others again where it flows so slowly that the ship hardly moves, yet others where the stream is so strong that the sailors with the utmost effort are hardly able to keep the ship away from the rocks and the crooked banks so it will not shatter or strand."

May 15 "We got an early start and on this day the journey proceeded exceedingly well. Late in the evening we reached the city of Hameln where we entered the same evening."

May 16 "We had a company of 18 persons from Württemberg on our ship, among whom was a woman who was delivered of a stillborn son during the night. This caused a great delay the next morning, namely the 16th, for the burial of the child had to be attended to and this took so long that we could not leave until about 10 o'clock. At noon we had some storm and therefore had to halt for a while. However, the afternoon and especially the evening was the most pleasurable that I have spent on the water. This evening we passed along a beautiful forest where the darling birds (nightingales) sang most exquisitely, so that I remained on deck almost alone in order to listen to them. It got somewhat cool towards night and almost all the rest went under the tent, but the soothing coolness and the beautiful landscape held me fast since during the day we had suffered from the intense heat."

May 17 "We reached the city of Minden in good time and first visited it before going on. Nothing unusual happened excepting that we met a few ships which, however, we could see every day; also the nice large herds of cattle in the level country. But we could not admire them so greatly because of the warm weather, for we had to remain below much of the time in order to obtain some cooling. This night we did not reach any town but had to camp in an open field near a large cattle pasture."

May 18 "We got a very early start and passed through Nienburg even before all had arisen. We had hoped to reach Bremen the same day, but on account of the stormy weather, we could not get as far as that. We met places on the Weser where the sailors had to be very careful if they did not want to be whirled down with all of us. For that reason they had to cast anchor three or four times whenever other ships met us. We were delayed so very much that we did not get very far this day.

May 19 "We got a very early start but had to combat unfavorable winds all day long and therefore could not reach Bremen."

Finally on the following morning at 10 o'clock, Daniel Gingerich and the rest reached Bremen. Disappointment once more awaited them. Before beginning their trip, they had corresponded often with the ship's owners, had sent their money ahead, and had confidently believed they would board the ship upon their arrival in Bremen. But they were not allowed to since not all the passengers had arrived. They were told it would be eight days before the ship sailed. Daniel Gingerich wrote in his diary: "The longer the seamen can detain them (passengers) here, the better it suits the inn keepers and merchants of Bremen; because during the time of their stay here, they buy and consume so much more and, at times, even must spend their transportation money."

Bremen was not located along the coast of Germany. It was 46 miles inland on the Weser River. But since the river was wide and deep, Bremen was the second most active port in Germany. It was there that passengers boarded a ship which would take them to the North Sea where they would board a ship for America.

On the evening of May 28th Daniel Gingerich and the others were allowed to board the ship. The sails were set and the anchor lifted. Then a storm arose and kept the ship from sailing even as far as the edge of the city. When the passengers awoke on the morning of the 29th, Bremen was still in sight. During that day the ship made very litte progress. The next day, May 30th, it was very stormy. Many of the passengers became seasick, Daniel Gingerich being almost the very first.

On May 31st before the sails were set, a boat crashed into the ship jarring it so that it broke its anchor chain and drifted with the current of the stream. Daniel reported in his diary, "The captain of the other boat started a great lamentation in which he pulled his hair. Our captain, however, suffered the greater loss because the anchor was lost."

The ship reached the coast at 8 o'clock that morning. Daniel Gingerich and the other passengers were very glad to leave the ship for it had been so crowded. Daniel recorded in his diary: "There were so many people that one could almost have piled them up like sardines (small canned fish), and some were so rude that they were not ashamed to take up all the space for themselves, so that we larger ones had to lie on boxes, and many had to sit the whole night. Mother and the children had to lie pressed together tightly and that lasted for three nights."

Part 2: Unfavorable Winds

On June 1st the ship set sail for America. That day the passengers were entertained by the great number of ships they saw on the North Sea— over 50 in all. Five of them were steamboats. This must have been quite a novel sight for the passengers since steamboats were a new invention and not yet commonly used. (It would be five years before the first ship using continuous steam power would cross the Atlantic Ocean for America, cutting the length of the trip tremendously.)

June 2 "We had very favorable winds so that we made 12 miles in 4 hours, and the ship cut through the water so fast that the water foamed and threw waves ahead. We saw more than 72 ships, mostly fishing boats."

June 3 "We had rain and some storm, so only a few remained on the ship that did not have to vomit and so violently that finally the green gall (bile) came up. We had the wind entirely against us so that we had to steer first to the north and then again to the south. The seasickness is very general, and there is no appetite."

June 4 "It was nice weather, but the wind remained the same so that we made little headway. We saw a ship that was rather small but so heavily laden that the water splashed over it at times, and one thought it would have to go down. It was on its way to France. Today we made little headway. Had we had good winds we should have entered the channel (English Channel connecting the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean), but we are far behind."

June 5 "We had nice weather but no wind so that in an hour we could hardly sail a quarter of an hour. Towards noon we had a strong west wind right against us, causing the ship to lie sometimes on its right side and then on its left side so we could hardly walk on the deck without slipping. This storm continued until morning."

June 6 "We had good weather but the wind was against us. Then came two small boats carrying fish. Our captain bought fish known as trout, but not colored or spotted. Then there were other very peculiar fish: entirely flat of square form, 12-15 inches long, on one corner the tail, grayish-white above with dark gray spots as large as a bullet, almost to be compared to a bat.

"There is land on the right side and 76 ships; five large, and all the rest fishing boats, also one steamship— and even more kinds of fish of strange and wonderful shapes.

"Towards evening there was a dead calm so that we did not move at all. At evening we saw France on the left side and England on the right side and on both sides lighthouses on which many fires were burning, and such were many. This tells the sailors not to sail too close to the shore, for near the shore it is dangerous on account of rocks and sand banks."

June 7 "In the morning we were almost at the same place where we were the evening before on account of the calm, but nevertheless it was very pleasant on deck. The wonderful chalk mountains of England were on the right side whose view is so steep and high that one marvels— perhaps 4 to 6 times as high as a church steeple. (These are the famous chalk cliffs which rise along the entrance to the English Channel at Dover.) We saw England constantly, also the fortress Dover and in the surrounding country stately windmills and along the coast many watch and light towers.

"On the left side (21 miles distant) we did not see much of France. Towards noon we had strong west wind. That is the fifth day already that we always had to struggle with adverse winds from the west or have total calm."

June 8 "The same wind prevailed, only stronger so that several had to vomit, which comes from the swaying of the ship. In the afternoon the wind continued so strong that water splashed on deck and some became wet. In addition to the wind, there was a strong fog so that the sailors had to watch out not to meet a ship and crash. Towards midnight it got a little more quiet, but the sea was as unruly as before. On the right were still the highest mountains of England, the chalk mountains. (He is mistaken about them being the highest.) These mountains appear as white as snow and are very high."

June 9 "It was quite calm; always west wind and cold, so that we had to tack, that is to sail against the wind now to the right and then to the left. As soon as seasickness sets in all appetite is gone. There is headache, biliousness, and even fainting."

June 10 "We had fog and calm so that we made little progress. Towards evening we had a good wind but too little of it all through the night."

June 11 "We had a storm and stronger than ever before. The wind howled terribly through the mast; the waves rose 40 feet high against each other. Almost everybody got seasickness again."

Thus it continued day after day. To push the ship through the English Channel, the wind needed to blow from the north or northeast, but it repeatedly blew from the west. Each day seemed like the one which had just passed. That is except for June 25th. That day the wind improved, and the ship was able to sail fairly fast. And the day was different for another reason. An event occurred that day which all the passengers had dreaded would some day happen— a funeral was held. Daniel Gingerich wrote the following about it in his diary:

"At ten o'clock the dead body was wrapped in a piece of sailcloth; a good portion of bricks was tied to the feet so the corpse would go to the bottom. When the corpse was to be dropped into the water it was laid on a board. Then the captain made a nice speech so solemn that many wept. He said man offended God so often with his deeds that we would all be lost if God would punish us as we have deserved, but the gracious God preserved everything through His mercy. Now when the speech was finished, the corpse was dropped feet first from the board on which it lay. Thereupon a hymn was sung, and the funeral came to an end."

On the following two days the wind was again from the west, and the ship made little forward progress. As was his daily practice, Daniel Gingerich watched the sea, for there was little else to do. On the 27th he marveled at the large fish he saw. He recorded in his diary:

"I saw a fish close to the ship which was probably 10 feet long and as wide across the back as a sack of grain. It sprayed water in front of it as if one took a sprinkling can and sprinkled. Then the sailor who stood by and also saw it said that this was a small fish, that they get to be twice as long and are called grampus." (This is the common killer whale.)

June 28 "We had the same west wind yet. The night was so stormy that we could not lie still in bed, being thrown one upon the other as the ship tilted to the side. Several tied themselves down in order to remain lying in their proper place. Four or five must lie in one bed which is so low that one can hardly sit upright without bumping himself."

Finally on the last day of June the ship left the English Channel and entered the Atlantic Ocean. Normally a ship could have made the 350 mile trip through the Channel in 4 days— this ship took 25 days! Daniel Gingerich had left his home in Waldeck on May 9th. Fifty-one days later he was just beginning to cross the Atlantic Ocean. The longest part of the trip lay yet ahead.

Part 3: Reaching America

Now that the ship had reached the open sea, the passengers saw fewer boats. The English Channel had been a busy highway with 50 or more boats sighted each day. Now Daniel Gingerich recorded in his diary that only two or three were seen each day, and sometimes none.

The problem with unfavorable wind continued. It was now July and the ship could have reached America had the wind been favorable. But the ship had not yet covered half the distance. One day there was fair wind, but the next day there was no wind at all. With no boats to divert their attention, the passengers must have become bored and impatient. They undoubtedly wondered if they would ever see land again.

Then on July 12th a welcome sight met their eyes— a ship from North America. It was headed for the South Seas for a 2 1/2 year tour. It had reached them in just 12 days. Daniel wrote in his diary: "That made us glad, and we also hoped to see land soon."

July 13, 14, 15, 16 "We always had bad wind. The captain says we have made only half of the way. It made us sad to hear that, for we have already sailed over six weeks." (This does not include the trip up the Weser River and the long wait at port.)

July 18 "It was very hot and quiet, one could only see that the ship moved a little, and in the night it was so hot that many went on deck and slept there."

July 21 "We had northwest wind and it went well making 8 miles in 4 hours."

July 22 "We had no wind. We saw a great many fish, some perhaps weighing 300 pounds. The merchant shot at some but did not hit any."

July 23 "The ship went fairly well and we found we were in the gulf (stream), the water being lukewarm."

July 25 "In the afternoon at 6 o'clock there was a thunder storm with thunder and lightning. We are also out of the gulf stream according to the claim of the captain, but the captain does not always tell the truth."

July 28 "We had west wind and in the morning rain. In the afternoon it got stormy, and in the evening we got a thunder storm with strong tempest and thunder and lightning such as we seldom have on land; also heavy showers so that we collected several barrels of water for we had a water shortage."

July 30 "We had storm again stronger than ever before; we sighted two ships."

July 31 "We saw 3 ships; we are now supposed to be out of the gulf stream."

July ended and August began. Nineteen days had passed since the ship from North America had been seen. The passengers' soaring hopes had long since fallen. The wind was simply not with them.

The first week of August passed with some periods of calm, but basically the wind was improving. The passengers' hopes soared again. On August 8th the wind was from the north and pushed the ship along very fast. On the 9th a strong east wind came up in the afternoon and pushed the ship swiftly along throughout the night until the next morning.

On August 10th about 12 ships were sighted, among which were several fishing boats. This was a definite sign that America was not far off anymore. The passengers were excited. At night many stayed on the deck scanning the darkness for sight of the lights along the coast. About midnight the cry went up that light towers on the American coast had been seen.

The next morning, August 11, 1833, land was seen on the right and the left. Daniel Gingerich penned these final words in his diary: "There was great rejoicing that we once more saw land."

On the following day the passengers were allowed to leave the ship and to set foot on land once more. For 72 days their feet had touched only the heavy planks of the ship. Sometimes the planks had been slippery when the waves crashed onto them; other times they were dry and rough from the rays of the hot sun. Sometimes it felt as if the planks had been rolled out from under the passengers' feet as the ship tossed about in a storm. Now the passengers could set their feet on firm earth again. How good it must have felt.

Part 4: Making New Homes

The port where the ship had arrived was Baltimore, Maryland. Daniel Gingerich and the rest of the family traveled 40 miles to Frederickstown, Maryland by horse-drawn trolley. There they hired a wagon to take them over the mountains to the Amish settlement in western Maryland known as the "Glades." It was 94 days since they had climbed on the wagon in Waldeck and bade their home goodby. As they got onto this Maryland wagon, they must have felt a satisfied feeling that now they were almost at their destination.

The Amish settlement known as the "Glades" (now extinct) stretched between Grantsville, Maryland and Berlin, Pennsylvania. History tells us that here Daniel Gingerich served as an apprentice to Bishop Benedict and Joel Miller. Meanwhile his stepfather moved farther southwest in Maryland and erected a mill. On Nov. 28, 1835 Daniel married Susanna Miller, daughter of Bishop Benedict Miller. Their first child was born the following year. Then in 1837 they moved to the Amish settlement (now extinct) in Fairfield County, Ohio.

Amish Family Names in 1973

The following names were accidently not included in the list which appeared in last month's historical article.

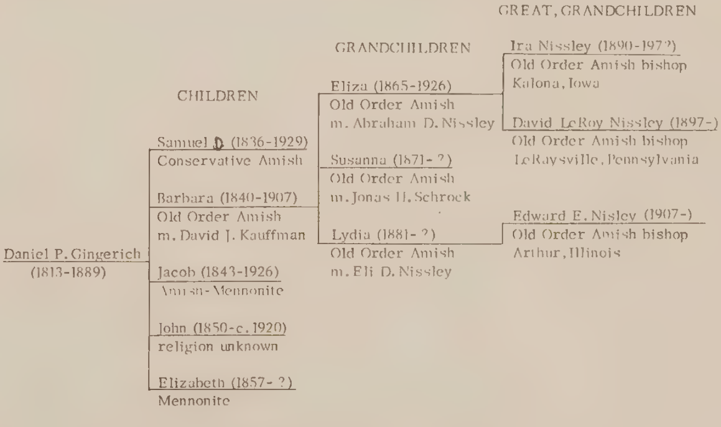
+Espenshade* Gerig* Sommers

After living in Ohio for eight years, Daniel decided to go to Iowa to look for a new location. In the summer of 1845 he and his half-brother Joseph Schwartzendruber made the trip. They investigated several counties and finally selected claims in Johnson County. In April 1846 Daniel moved with his wife and four children to Iowa. He built a log cabin which is said to have had "split slabs for floor and a clapboard roof, with poles laid on to hold the clapboards down." It was in this pioneer home that the first Amish church service was held in Johnson County. It was a funeral service for Daniel's baby son, Christian, who died August 11, 1846. The sermon was preached by Daniel's stepfather, Jacob Schwartzendruber, who was in Iowa for a visit. (Five years later Schwartzendruber moved there and became in 1853 the first Amish bishop in Johnson County.)

Part 5: Daniel Gingerich's Descendants

During Daniel Gingerich's lifetime, the Amish Church in America suffered a division. The progressive group became known as "Amish Mennonites" while the other group was called "Old Order Amish." Daniel Gingerich remained with the Old Order and raised his family in that church. But his children did not all remain with the Old Order. His oldest child Samuel (known as S.D. Gingerich) joined the Conservative Amish church when it was formed in Iowa in the late 1890's. Samuel was the first editor of the German section of the "Herold der Wahrheit" from 1912 to 1929. He and his brother Jacob published a German songbook, known today as Liedersammlung-G and used by many Old Order Amish people.

Of the five Gingerich children who lived to maturity only one remained Old Order Amish. This was Barbara who was married to David J. Kauffman. It is through her that Daniel Gingerich has descendants yet today among the Old Order. None of them bear the "Gingerich" name since it was lost through marriage. It is interesting to note that among the descendants of Daniel Gingerich are three Old Order Amish bishops, all his great-grandsons. Below is a diagram showing this.


GREAT, GRANDCHILDREN
GRANDCHILDREN
CHILDREN
Daniel P. Gingerich (1813-1889)
Samuel D (1836-1929) Conservative Amish
Barbara (1840-1907) Old Order Amish m. David J. Kauffman
Jacob (1843-1926) Amish-Mennonite
John (1850-c.1920) religion unknown
Elizabeth (1857- ?) Mennonite
Eliza (1865-1926) Old Order Amish m. Abraham D. Nissley
Susanna (1871- ?) Old Order Amish m. Jonas H. Schrock
Lydia (1881- ?) Old Order Amish m. Eli D. Nissley
Ira Nissley (1890-197?) Old Order Amish bishop Kalona, Iowa
David LeRoy Nissley (1897-) Old Order Amish bishop LeRaysville, Pennsylvania
Edward E. Nisley (1907-) Old Order Amish bishop Arthur, Illinois

Daniel Gingerich died in 1889. He left behind him the diary he had kept while coming to America in 1833. Today Amish people, even those who are not his descendants, can learn from the diary how it was for their own ancestors to come to America. Records show that

some Amish immigrants were on the ocean for as short as 54 days or as long as 120; thus the 72 days Daniel Gingerich spent on the ocean might be considered as the typical length of time Amish immigrants spent in reaching America. ■■

(Basically the source used in writing this article was the diary kept by Daniel Gingerich, entitled "Die Reise beschrieben von Deutschland nach America" translated into English about 1920 by an unnamed person. Some diary entries were condensed or left out; no words were added to the diary except what appears in parentheses.)

Another 1833 "Gingerich" Immigrant

Besides the above mentioned Daniel P. Gingerich and his brother Jacob P. Gingerich who came to America in 1833, records show that a Jacob Gingerich also arrived that year. He was born in 1811 six miles from Cassel in the independent German state of Hesse-Cassel. This state boarded Waldeck where Daniel Gingerich lived; thus they lived not too distant from one another. And they both arrived at Baltimore, Maryland in 1833. It may be that they came on the same ship, but that can not yet be proven.

This Jacob Gingerich was an unmarried boy of 22 years. Later he married Barbara Miller, settling in Holmes County, Ohio. It is from him that most Old Order Amish "Gingerichs" descend— to name just a few: Ervin N. Gingerich, Millersburg, Ohio; Eli E. Gingerich, Middlebury, Indiana; and Jacob Gingerich, Chesley, Ontario.

Der Tattle-Tale

Sammy ſitzt auf die Hols Box hinten dem Ofen in die Stubbe. Er ziegt ſein Füß auf die Box und läßt ſein Buckel hart hinten wider die Wand.

„Was wollen wir's nächſt ſingen?“ fragt der Vater als er die Blätter dreht von das kleine Lieder Buch.

„Wir wollen ſingen, ‚Wer ohne Dank und ohne Gebet,‘“ antwortet der Andy geſchwind ob der Sammy etwas ſagen konnte. Andy war auf dem Boden am ſitzen hinten dem Ofen.

Sammy dreht zum erſten Lied im Buch. Er gleicht ſingen und helft laut und kräftig.

Wo ſie fertig waren ſagt der Vater, „Das iſt ein ſchön Lied. Ich wünſch meine Kinder würden das alles auswendig lernen.“

„Ich weiß ſchon der erſte Vers,“ ſpricht der Sammy.

„Ach, ich glaub es wir alle der erſte Vers wiſſen,“ ſagt der Amos als wann es nichts wär. „Und es nimmt nicht lang die andere Verſen auch lernen.“

„Denkſt du kannſt ſie lernen bis nächſt Sonntag?“ fragt der Vater als er ſchmeilt gegen der Amos.

Amos gnuckt ſein Kopf als er zurück lächelt. „Ich glaub es ich kann,“ antwortet er.

Sammy denkt zu ſich ſelber, „Ich kann dieſe auch lernen bis Sonntag.“ Er ſtudiert en wenig . . . „Ich glaub es ich es lernen kann bis Samstag.“ Er gnuckt ſein Kopf. „Ja, das iſt was ich tun will. Ich will der Dat ſurpriſen . . . Mol ſehen . . . heut iſt es ſchon Donnerstag Morgen. Ich habe nicht lang für das lernen.“

Vater legt ſein Buch auf der Library Tiſch. „Kommt Buben,“ ſagte er als er aufſteht, „Es iſt jetzt zeit für in die Scheuer geh und die Chores fertig machen. Ihr ſollet nicht ſpät ſein für die Schul.“ Er kriegt ſein Womas von die Hagen an die Wand.

„Ich weiß was ich tun will,“ denkt der Sammy als er ſeine Zipfel Kap über ſeine Ohren ziegt. Er ſteckt ſein Lieder Buch in ſein Sack und geht für die Scheuer.

„Die Sonne ſendet ihm das Licht, die Sonne ſendet ihm das Licht, Ins Auge wohl und in's Geſicht, ins Auge wohl und in's Geſicht . . .“ ſpricht der Sammy als er ſein Lieder Büchle hebt mit eine Hand. Mit die andere Hand war er am Haver ſchöpfen für eins von die Gäul.

Amos kommt mit eine Gabel voll Heu und ſteckts in die Gäul ihr Reff. Er guckt gegen der Sammy.

Sammy bekümmert ſich nichts wegen ſein Bruder. „Ins Auge wohl und ins Geſicht . . . In's Auge wohl und in's Geſicht,“ ließt er über und über. Er lauft ſchloh gegem dem Gaul, ſeine Augen auf dem Buch. Er hebt die kleine Haver-Schaufel in die Höhe und leert bald daß Haver neben dran. „Sammy, was biſt du am tun?“ zankte der Amos. Er guckt gegen dem Kühſtall. „Dat,“ ruft er, „Seh mol was der Sammy an tun iſt!“

Vater kommt im Futter-Gang. „Was iſt letz?“ fragt er.

Sammy hebt ſein Buch auf ſein Seite und ſieht ihn an mit ein verdroſſen G'ſicht.

„Sammy hat ſein Lieder-Buch mit in die Scheuer gebracht,“ klagt der Amos. „Er kann nicht ſeine Chores recht tun mit juſt ein Hand.“

Vater ſieht der Sammy an. „Was meinſt du es du am tun biſt?“ fragt er. „Wann du ſingen willſt dieweil es du am ſchaffen biſt, dann ſing ein Lied es du auswendig weißt.“

Sammy wollte nicht ſagen verwaß er an daß tun war. Geſchwind ſteckt er ſein Buch im Sack. Als der Vater weg läuft denkt der Sammy, „Amos will nicht haben es ich das Lied weiß ob er tut.“ Sammy geht wieder an ſeine Arbeit. „Wie kann ich das lernen,“ gehn ſeine Gedanken weiter. „Wann ich daheim bin muß ich ſchaffen, wann ich in die Schul bin dann muß ich ſtudieren . . . Ich weiß was ich tun will . . .“ Sein Geſicht guckt fröhlich. „Ich will geſchwind meine Arbeit tun. Wann ich fertig bin dann will ich zwei Verſen abſchreiben und ſie lernen in die Schul wann ich meine Leſſons fertig hab. Heute zwei Verſen und Morgen zwei, und dann hab ich nur einen für am Samstag. Ich kann ſie doch lernen bis Samstag Abend.“

Sammy war luſtig über ſein Plan. Er tut mol geſchwind ſeine Arbeit, und ging für das Haus. Andy und Amos waren noch nicht fertig mit ihre Chores. Geſchwind ſchreibt der Sammy die zwei Verſen; nun kriegt er ſich ready und geht in die Schul.

Arithmetic . . . Engliſh . . . Hiſtory . . . Spelling . . . Wann krieg ich Zeit für mein Lied lernen, denkt der Sammy. Er kriegt ſein Hiſtory Buch raus und wollte ſtudieren. Dann ziegt er das Lied aus ſein Sack und legt es in ſein offen Buch. Er guckt gegen die Uhr und ſieht daß es bald

Zeit war für die Schul ausgehen. Hiſtory und dann das Spelling noch. „Doch innen iſt kein Morgenrot . . . Doch innen iſt kein Morgenrot . . . Die arme Seele liegt im Tod . . .“ lieſt der Sammy von ſein Papier.

Die Zeit war kommen für die Schul bald auslaſſen. „Fifth-Grade Spelling,“ ſagt der Teacher.

„Ach,“ denkt der Sammy, „Ich hab noch drei Lines für lernen.“ Er legt ſein Lied unter ſein Spelling Papier. Spelling war nicht hart für der Sammy, er war oftmals fertig die Worten ſchreiben ob die andere Kinder.

„Country,“ ſpricht der Teacher zu ſeine Schüler.

„C-o-u-n-t-r-y,“ ſchreibt der Sammy geſchwind. Er ziegt ſein Lied raus und lieſt: „Und gehſt du auch mit Gott hinaus . . . Kehrſt du auch ohne Gott nach Haus . . . Kehrſt du auch ohne Gott nach Haus . . . Kehrſt du . . .“

„Principle,“ ſpricht der Teacher.

„P-r-i-n-c-i-p-l-e,“ Eins nach dem andern tut der Sammy die Worten geſchwind nunner ſchreiben, dann guckt er wieder gegen ſein Papier wo er das Lied darauf geſchrieben hat. Er ſehnte nicht daß Larry Troyer ſeine Schweſter Gertie an ihn watchen war.

Wo ſie fertig waren dann gibt der Sammy ſein Spelling Papier zu Moſie für es checken. Sammy kriegt der Wayne ſein Papier.

Wo die Papieren gecheckt waren, dann fragt der Teacher jeder Schuler wie viel ſie letz kriegt haben.“ „Sammy,“ fragt er.

„One hundred,“ antwortet der Sammy.

Die Gertie ihre Hand fliegt in die Höhe.

„Was willſt du?“ fragt der Teacher.

„Sammy war am cheaten,“ antwortet die Gertie.

„Ich war nicht,“ Sammy ſein Geſicht dreht ſehr rot als er das ſagt. Er wollte nicht haben das die andere wußten was er am tun war.

„Du und die Gertie könnet bleiben nach die Schul,“ ſagt der Teacher. „Ich will ſchwetzen mit euch.“

Sammy war froh es der Teacher ſchwetzen wollte mit ſie allein.

Wo die Kinder all aus die Stubbe waren, ruft der Teacher die Gertie und der Sammy zu ſein Deſk.

„Was warſt du am ſagen?“ fragt der Teacher als er gegen die Gertie guckt.

„Sammy war am cheaten. Ich hab es geſehen,“ antwortet ſie. „Er hat ein klein Papier gehabt wo er als geguckt hat.“

„Krieg du mir das Papier,“ Kommandet der Teacher als er gegen Sammy guckt.

Sammy langt in ſein Sack, mit nicht viel ernſt ziegt er das Papier raus und gibt's dem Teacher.

Teacher hebt's auf und lieſt ein wenig. „Was iſt das? Das iſt kein Papier mit Spelling Worten!“ Er hebt ſeine Hand naus gegen Sammy. „Gib mir das Papier mit die Spelling Worten!“

Sammy ſpiert es ſein Geſicht rot dreht. „Ich hab keins,“ antwortet er.

„Ich hab ihn geſehen auf ein Papier gucken wo du an die Worten pronouncen wareſt,“ beſchuldigt die Gertie.

„Das iſt's Papier was ich am gucken war,“ ſagt der Sammy als er ſein Finger ſtreckt gegen das Papier es der Teacher in ſeine Hand hat.

„Was warſt du am tun mit dieſes Papier?“ fragt der Teacher, als er es über guckt.

Bedenkliche Sprüche für Kinder.

Der Herr befahl dem Volk vom Berg Sinai: Du ſollſt Vater und Mutter ehren auf daß dirs wohl gehe, und du lange lebeſt auf Erden.

Das iſt das erſte Gebot das Verheißung hat.

Paulus lehrt, Ihr Kinder ſeid gehorſam euern Eltern, denn das iſt dem Herrn gefällig.

Ungehorſam iſt Zauberei, Sünde; Wiederſtreben iſt Abgötterei und Götzendienſt.

Wer den Vater ehret, wird auch Freude an ſeinen Kindern haben.

Wer ſeine Mutter ehret, ſammelt einen guten Schatz.

Ehre Vater und Mutter mit der That und mit Worten.

Deinen Vater ehren, iſt deine eigene Ehre; deine Mutter verachten iſt deine Schande.

Jeſus ſprach: Wer den Willen meines Vaters thut, der iſt mein Bruder, Schweſter und Mutter.

Der Wille des Vaters iſt, daß die Kinder ihre Eltern ehren und ihnen gehorchen.

Etwas zum Bedenken, aus Gottes Wort.

Höre Iſrael, ſo ſpricht der Herr, die Worte, die ich dir heute gebiete, ſollſt du zu Herzen nehmen und deinen Kindern einſchärfen wann du in deinem Hauſe ſitzeſt, wenn du dich niederlegſt und aufſtehſt.

Ihr Väter reizet eure Kinder nicht zum Zorn, ſondern ziehet ſie auf in der Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn. Wie man einen Knaben gewöhnt, läßt er nicht davon wenn er alt wird.

Dieweil der Prieſter Eli ſeine Knaben nicht ſtrafte, ehrete er ſie mehr denn Gott, und mußten auf einen Tag umkommen.

Wer ſeiner Ruthe ſchonet, haſſet ſeinen Sohn. Züchtige ihn weil noch Hoffnung an ihm iſt.

Wer ſein Kind in der Zucht hält, wird hernach Freude an ihm haben.

Ein verwöhntes Kind wird muthwillig wie ein wildes Pferd.

Wer den Herren fürchtet, hat eine ſichere Feſtung und ſeine Kinder werden auch beſchirmet.

Du vergißeſt des Geſetzes deines Gottes. darum will ich auch deiner Kinder vergeſſen.

Irret euch nicht, Gott läßt ſich nicht ſpotten; was der Menſch ſäet, wird er ernten.

Sammy ſehnt es er dem Teacher es ſagen muß. „Ich war das Lied am lernen. Ich will's lernen bis Samstag Abend.“

„Warſt du das Lied am lernen und deine Spelling tun an die ſame Zeit?“ Er guckt ſtreng gegen der Sammy.

Sammy gnuckt ſein Kopf. Seine Augen gucken furchtſam.

„Es iſt ein ſchön Lied,“ ſagt der Teacher, ſeine Stimm freundlich. „Aber wenn du am ſpellen biſt dann ſollſt du ſpellen und dieſes eine andere Zeit lernen.“ Er dreht gegen die Gertie. „Ich bin froh wann die Kinder mir's ſagen wann eins letz tut, aber ihr ſolltet niemand unſchuldig blämen.“

Gertie ſchämte ſich. Sie wünſchte es ſie hät nichts geſagt wegen der Sammy.

Wo der Teacher die zwei Kinder diſmiſſed hat, dann is der Sammy geſchwind naus gangen aber ſeine Kameraden waren ſchon fort. Er ſpringt ſtark bis er aufgefangen war mit Andy, Amos und Anna.

„Ho, biſt du mol wieder beſtraft worden vom Teacher!“ ſpricht der Amos als der Sammy nahe kommt. „Du biſt zu groß für tun wie du thuſt.“

Sammy pufft hart von ſpringen. Er gleicht nicht wie der Amos ſchwetzt. „Ich werde ihn auch nicht verzählen was ich getan hab,“ denkt der Sammy.

„Was hat der Teacher geſagt zu dir?“ fragt der Amos.

„Juſt geſchwetzt,“ antwortet der Sammy es wann er unbekümmert wär. „Er war nicht bös.“

„Ich wunder ob er nicht war,“ ſpricht Amos, „denn er will nicht haben es wir cheaten.“

„Ich hab nicht gecheat,“ antwortet der Sammy.

„Fürwas hat die Gertie ſo geſagt?“ antwortet Amos.

Sammy antwortet nicht und läuft an es wenn der Amos nicht dabei wäre.

„Ich werde dem Vater ſagen es du drin bleiben haſt müſſen für cheaten,“ ſagt der Amos weiter.

„Du biſt en Tattle-Tale,“ antwortet der Sammy zurück. „Die Gertie iſt mehr geſtraft worden denn ich, weil ſie getattelt hat.“

„Der Joſeph hat auch ſein Vater's geſagt wann ſeine Brüder letz getan haben,“ rechtfertigt der Amos ſich.

„Du haſt das ſchon erſter geſagt,“ tut der Sammy ihn reminde. „Wir ſollen doch keine Tattle-Tale ſein.“

Wo ſie heim kommen ſind und der Sammy allein war bei Andy an ihre Alltag's-Kleider antun, verzählt er ihm wie es gangen war.

„Ich hab gewußt es du nicht cheaten tuſt,“ tröſtet der Andy der Sammy. „Haſt du das Lied bald gelernt?“

„Bald die hälfte,“ antwortet der Sammy. „Aber ich will dem Amos es nicht ſagen es ich es am lernen bin.“

Andy ſtudiert ein wenig. „Fürwas ſagſt du Amos es nicht?“ fragte er, „dann tut er nicht tattlen. Du haſt geſagt es iſt letz für Tattlen.“ Huh, denkt der Sammy, dann meint der Andy ich wär am letz tun für Amos es nicht ſagen. Meint er ich wäre im letzen, und nicht der Amos? Sammy wünſcht er hätte dem Andy nicht's geſagt. Er will juſt auf Amos ſeine Seit ſein, denkt er weiter. Oder — oder hätte der Amos vielleicht nichts geſagt zum Dat wann . . . hätt der Amos vielleicht nicht getattelt wann ich ihn's geſagt hätte? Tut der Amos vielleicht recht für tatteln — bin ich vielleicht die Schuld. — Ich will aber der Dat ſurpriſen . . . und der Amos ſoll nicht wiſſen es ich das Lied am lernen bin . . .

Bedenkliche Sprüche für Kinder.

Der Herr befahl dem Volk vom Berg Sinai: Du ſollſt Vater und Mutter ehren auf daß dirs wohl gehe, und du lange lebeſt auf Erden.

Das iſt das erſte Gebot das Verheißung hat.

Paulus lehrt, Ihr Kinder ſeid gehorſam euern Eltern, denn das iſt dem Herrn gefällig.

Ungehorſam iſt Zauberei, Sünde; Widerſtreben iſt Abgötterei und Götzendienſt.

Wer den Vater ehret, wird auch Freude an ſeinen Kindern haben.

Wer ſeine Mutter ehret, ſammelt einen guten Schatz.

Ehre Vater und Mutter mit der That und mit Worten.

Deinen Vater ehren, iſt deine eigene Ehre; deine Mutter verachten iſt deine Schande.

Jeſus ſprach: Wer den Willen meines Vaters thut, der iſt mein Bruder, Schweſter und Mutter.

Der Wille des Vaters iſt, daß die Kinder ihre Eltern ehren und ihnen gehorchen.

Etwas zum Bedenken, aus Gottes Wort.

Höre Israel, ſo ſpricht der Herr, die Worte, die ich dir heute gebiete, ſollſt du zu Herzen nehmen und deinen Kindern einſchärfen wann du in deinem Hauſe ſitzeſt, wenn du dich niederlegſt und aufſtehſt.

Ihr Väter reizet eure Kinder nicht zum Zorn, ſondern ziehet ſie auf in der Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn. Wie man einen Knaben gewöhnt, läßt er nicht davon wenn er alt wird.

Dieweil der Prieſter Eli ſeine Knaben nicht ſtrafte, ehrete er ſie mehr denn Gott, und mußten auf einen Tag umkommen.

Wer ſeiner Ruthe ſchonet, haſſet ſeinen Sohn. Züchtige ihn weil noch Hoffnung an ihm iſt.

Wer ſein Kind in der Zucht hält, wird hernach Freude an ihm haben.

Ein verwöhntes Kind wird muthwillig wie ein wildes Pferd.

Wer den Herren fürchtet, hat eine ſichere Feſtung und ſeine Kinder werden auch beſchirmet.

Du vergißeſt des Geſetzes deines Gottes. darum will ich auch deiner Kinder vergeſſen.

Irret euch nicht, Gott läßt ſich nicht ſpotten; was der Menſch ſäet, wird er ernten.

Tief in's Herz war der Sammy getrubelt als er gegen die Scheuer läuft. Hinten ihm nach lauft der Andy. Sammy war nimme ganz ſure es er daß recht ding gethan hat. Als er an dem Vor-Bau hinein lauft dann hört er der Amos ſein Vater verzählen wie der Sammy am cheaten war, und in die Schul bleiben mußte.

Vater guckt gegen Sammy. „Was haſt du zu ſagen?“ fragt er.

Sammy fühlt Zank in ſein Herz kommen gegen der Amos. Er hat vergeſſen was der Andy geſagt hat.

„Sammy hat nicht gecheat,“ antwortet der Andy geſchwind. „Ich weiß es er nicht hat. Die Gertie hat's . . .“

„Es war ein anderes Papier es ich gehabt hat, und die Gertie hat es juſt letz gemeint,“ ſagt der Sammy als er ein wenig lächelt gegen ſein Vater, aber ſein Lächeln kommt nicht von Herzen.“

„Ja, es war nur ein anderes Papier,“ ſpricht der Andy als er ſein Kopf gnuckt.

„Fürwas biſt du am das ſagen, Amos, wann es nicht wahr iſt?“ fragt der Vater ſein älteſter Bube.

Amos ſchluckt hart und tut nicht gerad antworten. Er war es nimme gewöhnt es ſein Vater ihn zanken mußte. Uebereinweil ſagt er, „Die Gertie hat aber geſagt es er hat gecheat, und der Teacher hat ihn gemacht drin bleiben.“

„Ich hab niemals gehört es der Sammy cheate tut, haſt du?“ fragt Vater der Amos.

Amos ſchüttelt ſein Kopf.

„Es iſt gut wann ihr etwas ſaget wann eins oder's andere letz tut,“ geht der Vater an, „aber ihr ſollet nicht ſagen es es letz iſt wann es nicht iſt. Meinet ihr nicht es der Satan hat ſeine Brüder verklagt Tag und Nacht. Wir können zu hart eins das andere beſchuldigen . . . und es guckt es ihr manchmal froh wäret für etwas haben gegen einander.“

Sammy ſehnt es der Vater ſeine Lectur hart war auf der Amos. Amos ſeine Augen gucken glaſſig. Sammy wundert fürwas er nicht happy is es der Amos die Vermahnung kriegt hat . . . Hat er nicht gemeint es der Amos es verdient hat . . . oder hat er es nicht verdient? War es ſeine Schuld, und nicht der Amos, es der Amos getattelt hat? Sammy war nicht fröhlich als er ſehnt der Amos weg laufen und betrübt an die Arbeit gehen.

Wo er und der Andy allein waren lacht der Andy, „Der Amos hat mol geſtraft werden für tatteln, gel?“

„Ich denk,“ antwortet der Sammy mit wenig Mut.

Am Morgen geht Sammy in die Schul mit die nächſte zwei Vers in ſein Sack. Sollte ich vielleicht der Amos das ſagen, wundert er als ſie miteinander laufen. Er fühlt noch nicht recht es der Amos abgeſtraft war vom Vater. Nein, denkt der Sammy weiter, ich ſag ihm noch nichts, aber heut will ich acht geben es ich nichts letzes tue.

Wo er in die Schul kommen war, dann find er ein Stück Gum auf ſein Deſk mit eine Not. „Ich bin ſorry es ich getattelt hab.“ — Gertie. — Leſet der Sammy. Die Gertie war am ſpielen in die Schul-Stubbe mit andere Mäd. Sie lächelt gegen der Sammy als er der Gum auswickelt. Er lächelt zurück als er es in ſein Maul ſteckt. Es iſt als-a-mol gut für unſchuldig beſchuldigt werden, denkt er.

Wo die Bell gerungen hat, hat der Sammy vergeſſen wegen ſein Gum, ſein Maul war am gehen als er am ſtudieren war. Die Eighth-Grade Reading Klaſſ war am reciten. Der Amos guckt weg von ſein Buch gegen Sammy. Er macht ſein Maul uf und zu gehen und guckt bös. Geſchwind denkt der Sammy an ſein Gum, er nimmts und ſteckts unter ſein Deſk. „Amos!“ hört Sammy der Teacher zanken. „Hab ich nicht geſagt ihr ſollet watchen wo wir leſen?“

Sammy ſein Kopf geht geſchwind nunter an ſein Buch für ſtudieren. Nun war es wieder meine Schuld es der Amos geſtraft war, denkt er. Er ſtehlt ein glance in Amos ſeine direction. Amos ſitzt mit ſeine Augen feſt auf ſein Buch. Sein Kopf hängte nieder. Sammy ſein Herz war weich worden gegen ſein Bruder. Er wünſchte er hätte nicht vergeſſen das Gum aus ſein Maul tun. Er weißt es er nicht ſuppoſed war für es zu kauen in Publick, es des ſchlechte Manners wäre. Sammy denkt, nun wird der Amos es ſagen zum Dat oder die Mäm . . .

Wo die John Miller Kinder heim kommen waren von die Schul dann gehn die Buben auf dem Speicher. Keins ſagt viel zum einander. Andy tut geſchwind ſeine andere Kleider an und geht nunter. Amos und Sammy waren beide trockenes Mut. Sammy wünſchte er könnte ſagen es er ſorry iſt, aber die Worten waren nicht gerade kommen. Er kauet auf ſein Gum als er ſeine Galus über ſein Arm ziegt. Er war nicht fröhlich es er das Lied bald gelernt hat. Er wundert was der Amos ſagen wird zu ſeinem Vater. Wird er ſagen was er ſelbſt getan hat?

Aber es war nicht notwendig für Amos etwas ſagen. Bis ſie in die Scheuer kommen waren hat der Andy dem Vater ſchon alles verzählt. Andy war bei ſein Vater geſtanden am warten bis die andere Buben kommen. Er hat ſehen wollen was der Vater ſagt.

Amos und Sammy hören was der Andy am ſagen war. Der Vater ſieht die zwei älteſte Buben an, dann ſagt er, „Amos, du kannſt der Sammy helfen Heu nunter ſchmeißen. Andy kann mir helfen ein Stall bereiten für die Kuh es friſch iſt.“ Nun lauft er weg und Andy folgt ihm nach.

Sammy ſteckt ſeine Gabel in das Heu und ziegt hart. Er weiſt fürwas es ſo hart ſteckt, denn der Vater hat oft geſagt ſie ſollen nicht ſo viel auf dem Heu-Stall ſpielen. Der Dat iſt immer recht, denkt Sammy. Er ſieht der Amos an, ſein G'ſicht guckt ſober. Sammy hoffte wann er mol groß wird wie ſein Bruder, dann könnte er auch ein ſolch beſſer Leben führen — es es nicht notwendig iſt für tattlen. Es wundert ihn ob der Amos ihn ſchon vergeben hat. „Amos,“ fingt er an, „Weißt du verwas die Gertie gemeint hat es ich am cheaten war?“

Amos guckt gegen Sammy aber ſagt nichts.

Der Sammy ſchwetzt an, „. . . Ich . . . ich war an das Lied lernen ‚Wer ohne Dank und ohne Gebet.‘“ Er lächelt gegen ſein Bruder.

Amos guckt ſurpriſed. „Dieweil du am ſpellen warſt?“ fragt er.

Sammy gnuckt ſein Kopf. „Ich hab es wollen geſchwind lernen für der Dat ſurpriſen . . . und dich beaten.“

Amos lächelt ein wenig. „Haſt du mich gebotten?“ fragt er.

„Ich hab es alles gelernt es ein Vers,“ antwortet der Sammy.

Amos ſchmeilt als er ſeine Gabel nunter in das Heu ſchiebt. „Ich hab das ganze Lied gelernt, und ich hab es auch gelernt in die Schul.“ Er guckt guiltily gegen der Sammy. „Ich hab es auch gelernt dieweil ich my Leſſons ſtudieren ſollte . . . aber du biſt gefangen worden, und ich bin nicht. Ich denk ich hab alle von die Straf verdient es ich kriegt hab.“

Nun war der Sammy recht ſurpriſed. „Ich — ich denk wir waren alle zwei im letzen,“ ſagte er. Er war wieder luſtig denn er weiſt es der Amos ihm vergeben hat. ■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION

SLOW FEET

-By Elmo Stoll

THE LATE AFTERNOON sun hung dimly in the sky. A robin chirped from the pointed spruce at the end of the garden. It was a spring day in middle March, and a warm breeze blew gently over the thawing lawns around the Hershberger house. Twelve-year-old Abe sat on the porch step, toying idly with his left boot. He had already been sitting there for several minutes, not doing anything in particular except listening to the sounds of spring, one boot on and one boot off.

Suddenly Abe jerked his head back, and sat listening. He was sure he heard someone approaching the corner of the house. Quickly he bent and tugged on his boot, pretending to be in a great hurry.

A large black-and-white dog trotted around the corner of the house, panting in the warm air, his ears perked forward above his thick, winter coat. "Oh, Buster," Abe grinned sheepishly, when he saw that it was only the dog. "You mean it's just you, and I hurried to get my boot on for nothing."

The dog poked his head into Abe's hand, begging for a little attention. Abe stroked his head. "Just think of it," Abe mused, still chuckling at himself. "Here I thought it was Dan coming, and he'd catch me still loafing on the porch step instead of feeding the chickens."

Abe knew he had plenty of reason to feel guilty if Dan caught him daydreaming on the porch step. He had been home from school a good half-hour, and in that time had been reminded by his mother twice to hurry a bit and get the chickens fed so they had time to eat before they went to roost. But Abe found it hard to hurry at choretime. He was the youngest in the family and for years his older brothers had done most of the work; Abe never really had to work. But now his older brothers had all married except Dan, and suddenly Abe had to pitch in and help with the chores like he never had to before.

Abe made his way listlessly to the feed shed. "Chore, chore, chore, that's all I do it seems," Abe mumbled to himself. "Sure wish I didn't have to feed those chickens every evening. I'm like a slave to them; they don't give me one single evening of freedom."

Two five-gallon pails stood next to the oats bin just inside the feed shed door. Abe bent and picked up one pail. He dipped into the oats bin, and stood there, deep in thought, scratching small handfuls of oats into the bucket. After a long time, he lifted the bucket to the floor and filled the second pail with ears of corn from the crib. Then he sighed and started for the henhouse with the two pails of grain.

After a few steps, Abe's arms felt tired. He put the buckets down to rest a bit. Far in the distance, above the neighbor's woods he spotted a V-shaped flock of ducks flying northward. Somewhere a crow croaked hoarsely, again and again. Abe stooped and picked up the buckets and continued on his way. But before he got there, his arms were tired again. Once more he stopped to rest. This time his eyes caught sight of a sparrow flying toward the gable end of the strawshed with a long white string. He watched it disappear through a knothole. In a few moments the sparrow's head popped from the hole again. "He's building a nest," Abe said to himself. "I wonder what he'll find this time, maybe a feather. Abe watched until the sparrow came back with a piece of straw in his mouth. "Sure wish I didn't have to feed these chickens," Abe said. "Then I would have time to climb up inside the strawshed and watch where he's building his nest. The first thing I know, there'll be eggs in the nest."

Abe trudged on with his two pails of grain. At the door of the henhouse, a pool of water had gathered in a low spot. As Abe walked through it, his boots made a sucking sound in the soft mud as he lifted his foot. He put down his pails at the door and stepped into the water and mud again. Slowly he lifted his foot. The suction nearly pulled his boot off his foot, and there was that same "slooop" noise. He did it again, this time forcing his foot down as far into the mud as he could, and then seeing how quickly he could pull it out. The water changed colors from clear to churning black. A door slammed at the house, and Abe hurried guiltily out of the puddle and back to where he had left the two pails of grain. He opened the henhouse door and stepped inside.

There was a scurrying of feet on the straw-covered floor as the hens ran hungrily to meet him. A few stretched their necks and pecked at the corn in his bucket. Others reached for the water on his boots. Abe made his way to the feeder and poured the oats into it, trying to stay ahead of the eager hens. Then he squatted on one knee at the pail of corn and began breaking the ears in two and tossing them to the hens. One ear was short and thick and hard to break. He had a hard time breaking it on the edge of the pail, so he walked around the inside of the henhouse, looking for a board with a thin edge that he could hit it against. At last he broke the ear in two.

When he was finished with the corn, he emptied the water pail, and filled it with clean water at the faucet. After that he wandered slowly to the house for the egg basket. On his way back to the henhouse he stopped and leaned against the windmill a long time, watching to see if that pair of sparrows were still building their nest. He was still watching the sparrows when Dan came out of the feedshed with a bag of dairy feed on his shoulder.

"You got the silage thrown down yet?" Dan called to him.

"Nope," Abe said, not moving. "I'm getting the eggs."

"That's a funny way to get the eggs," Dan said, "just standing there and staring at the sky. Hurry up and get the silage down; I'm ready to feed the cows."

"Well, you know Mom always wants me to finish the chickens first," Abe replied. "And we've got so many chores and they all take so long."

"Yes, they do seem to take you long," Dan agreed. "What you should have in school would be Nancy Swartz for a teacher like I did."

"As if that would help me chore," Abe said.

"Well, it would," Dan insisted. "Because she always made us memorize that verse in our reading book: An unpleasant chore is twice as bad, If the feet are slow and the face is sad. The self-same task is but half as long, When done with a will and a cheery song."

Abe didn't stay to argue alonger; he had heard all he wanted of that kind of talk. He was slowly trudging toward the henhouse, his basket swinging in his hand.

Finally Abe had the eggs gathered and taken to the house. When he entered the barn, he could hear that Dan was singing. Abe paused at the door of the silo chute to listen. Dan was singing the rhyme Nancy Swartz had taught him to some homemade tune of his own. "...if the feet are slow and the face is sad..."

Abe turned away and climbed up the silo chute with more speed than he had shown all evening, muttering disgustedly, "That Dan and his rhymes and homemade songs..."

The following evening when Abe came home from school he was dreading the chores as usual. The wind was still from the south and even warmer and more spring-like than before. The signs of spring on every side made Abe wish more than ever that he didn't have so many chores to do— there were so many other things that would be more fun. Such as hunting for sparrow nests, for just one example. Abe was thinking about all this when he got to the house. To his surprise, both Dad and Dan were in the kitchen and they were saying something about eating an early supper.

"Good," Dad said, when he saw Abe come in. "We're going to all have to work fast, and Abe will have to do his share. If he has his chores done in time, he can go along, too."

"Where are we going?" Abe asked curiously.

"I just got back from town," Dad explained. "I met old John Wilson in the hardware store, and he said he heard the smelt are running down by Lake Erie. He wants to go see if he can get some tonight, and he needs someone to go along to help handle the net. He plans to go at 7:30. Guess Dan and I will be going to handle the net, and if you can be finished in time with your chores, you can go along. We could use you to hold the light and help pick up the fish."

"Abe won't have his chores finished in time, I can predict that already," Dan said. "It takes him too long to do them."

"It doesn't either," Abe protested quickly. "Just wait and see if I'm not finished in a hurry."

"Well, other evenings you always complain about how many chores you have and how long it takes to do them," Dan reminded him.

"But— but, not tonight," Abe sputtered.

"Okay," Dad said. "We don't have time to spend in arguing. It'll be time for supper before we know it. Let's get at the chores."

Abe didn't need any more urging. His mind tingled with excitement at the thought of going to Lake Erie, a distance of 24 miles to fish for smelt. Not only would it be fun to go catch them, but it would be nice eating them later if they got any. Abe's Dad always said you just couldn't beat the taste of fresh smelt caught in the spring. They were just small fish, about six inches long, but they had lots of delicious flavor when Mom fried them up for breakfast.

Only once before in his life had Abe been along to help fish for smelt. That had been four or five years before, and he had been too young to do more than watch that time. But he still remembered how it was done. Two men put on hip boots and waded into the lake as far as they could. The carried a long net between them, and when they were out in the water as far as they could go, they put the net down and dragged it slowly to shore. The smelt came to shore each spring to lay eggs in the sand, and could sometimes be caught by the hundreds. Sometimes the net would come up with only a few of the slender slivery fish flapping in it. But other times there would be many more, even as many as half a bushel basket.

Closing the bedroom door, Abe changed quickly into his chore clothes. Then he sped to the porch and slipped into his boots, and raced to the feedshed. He grabbed the two five-gallon pails, filled them rapidly with grain, and hurried to the henhouse. He opened the door so suddenly that the hens were startled and flapped back as if a fox were entering. But they soon saw that it was Abe with feed, and they hurried forward to meet him. It took only a few quick motions to empty the feed and break the ears of corn. He refilled the water bucket at the faucet. This was the first time Abe thought the water came too slowly from the faucet. He waited impatiently, standing first on one foot, then on the other. At last the bucket was full, and Abe raced to the house for the egg basket. He hurried so much that he cracked an egg. "Oh, well," he told himself. "An egg will taste good with the smelt in the morning."

At the barn, Dan gasped in surprise when Abe came in to throw down silage. "You mean you already have the chickens fed?" he asked.

"Sure," Abe called over his shoulders. "Why not?"

"Well, usually you wouldn't have your clothes changed yet. That's why."

Abe didn't have time to argue. He climbed the silo two steps at a time, and soon there was a bouncing sound of silage against the tin chute.

In record time the silage was down, the cows fed and milked, and all the chores finished. Abe kept watching the clock as they sat at the supper table. They had hurried so much that they even had some time left over!

→ →

Ten minutes before it was time for John Wilson to come, Buster started barking. Car lights shone in the window as a car swung from the road into their lane.

"He's here," Abe said.

John Wilson greeted them cheerfully as they climbed into his car. He drove slowly down the road toward the highway. Already the road was becoming bumpy from thawing and the heavy rains of spring. As Abe sat in the back seat beside his brother Dan, he kept remembering how quickly the chores had been done. The thing that amazed him the most was not just how fast they went, but how easy they had seemed. Chores had not been such a drudgery for a change. Other evenings he had always dreaded going out to chore—tonight they had been almost fun.

Old John Wilson slowed the car a bit as a cottontail hopped from the ditch and ran ahead of them in the glare of the headlights, his white tail flashing up and down in short jerks. Then the rabbit leaped from the road and disappeared into the darkness.

The car speeded up a bit again, and Abe leaned back into the seat, thinking once more about how the chores had gone. Dan had often tried to tell him that half of the work of choring was in his head; if he didn't resent them so much, and try so hard to get out of them, they wouldn't be so bad. "And I never paid any attention to what Dan was trying to say," Abe mused. "But after tonight, maybe there was more truth..."

They stopped at the highway to see if anything was coming. Then the car edged cautiously onto the pavement and picked up speed.

"You hear that 'zoom-zoom' sound?" John Wilson asked. "That's my snow tires. I haven't had time to get them changed yet, and here it's spring already. It's my imagination, I know, but when they hum like that, I always think I can hear them repeating the words, "Time to change us— time to change us—time to change us." John laughed.

Dad laughed a bit too. "A person could imagine those sounds all right," he chuckled.

Abe listened too for those words. At first he thought he could hear them, but then the tune seemed to him to change, and instead the tires were humming the words of Nancy Swartz's little rhyme." Maybe it's my imagination, too," Abe thought to himself, "but I can hear it as plain as day: An unpleasant chore is twice as bad—If the feet are slow, and the face is sad— The self-same task is half as long— When done with a will and a cheery song." ■■

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The Wrong Time To Laugh

-by a Pennsylvania Mother

ELMER SWUNG HIS lunch pail in the air and down again. "Whoopeee!" he yelled. "Today's Friday."

"Elmer," scolded his older brother, Dave, "stop that! You know what happened the last time you swung your lunch bucket around like that."

Elmer stopped swinging his lunch, because the last time everything had spilled out. His jar had been broken and the other things hadn't been clean anymore.

The Bontrager boys were on their way to school. Elmer was six and in the first grade. He liked school very much, but he liked Friday best of all, because Friday was art day. And today for art they were going to make something special . They were going to make little trains out of plastic bottles. Each person had to bring his own bottles. Elmer had four and he was carrying them in a paper bag.

At school Elmer put his lunch pail on the shelf. Then he took his bag of plastic bottles up front to the teacher. She was working at her desk.

"Good morning, Elmer," she said pleasantly. "Are those your plastic bottles?"

Elmer nodded proudly. "I didn't forget them," he said.

"Good! Put them over here on the table until we are ready for them," the teacher said.

"Why can't we have art this morning instead of arithmetic and spelling?" Elmer wanted to know.

"You remember our rule, don't you?" Teacher Mary asked with a smile. "Work before play." She handed Elmer the bell. "Would you ring it for me, please? It is time right now."

Elmer took the bell to the door, ringing it as he went. After a long, vigorous shake, he returned the bell to the teacher's desk and took his seat.

Soon the first graders were busy with their arithmetic books. Elmer quickly finished his page. How easy it was! He glanced across the aisle at Warren. Warren wasn't even half done yet. But Warren was always slow. Why, when school started, he couldn't even count to ten!

Just then the teacher walked up the aisle, checking books. She looked at Warren's book and smiled. "That is neat work, Warren," she said. "Just keep at it."

Then she looked at Elmer's book.

"I'm all done," Elmer told her. "Warren's only half done."

"That's all right," Teacher Mary said. "Suppose you go to the blackboard and make a number tree."

Elmer laughed as he got out of his seat. "I'm going to make a big tree," he said. He liked to make number trees. He knew how. You started at the bottom and made numbers in the shape of a tree from one on up as far as you could go. The farther you could count, the bigger your tree got.

Soon the other first graders were making number trees, too. Last of all even Warren got finished with his workbook and came to the blackboard. Elmer stopped working to watch Warren as he made a "1" and a "2" and a "3." Then suddenly he giggled. Warren had made his "3" backwards again. Elmer nudged Linda and pointed at Warren's "3." Linda laughed, too, but Warren looked unhappy.

Teacher Mary didn't have a happy look either when she said, "You are very unkind, Elmer. Please take your seat."

Elmer didn't like when the teacher frowned at him and made him take his seat. "If Warren wouldn't make so many silly mistakes, I wouldn't laugh at him," he thought to himself.

Right after lunch they started making the trains. The seventh and eighth graders cut off the plastic bottles with pocket knives. They they painted them with magic markers. After that was done, Teacher Mary carefully explained to the younger children how to make hitches on the cars so they could be hooked together.

Elmer listened for a minute, then set to work. That was easy. He had the bright red car almost finished when Teacher Mary spoke behind him. "That's upside down, Elmer," she said. "You can't put anything in your train that way."

Quickly Elmer tried to cover his train car with both hands.

"Why are you covering your train?" asked Teacher Mary.

Elmer squirmed in his seat, but didn't take his hands from the train. Meekly he whispered, "I don't want anyone to see it."

"But why?" asked Teacher Mary, sounding puzzled.

There was a long silence.

"Can you tell me why?" Teacher Mary asked again.

"It's wrong, and someone might laugh," Elmer said finally, barely loud enough for his teacher to hear.

"But I thought you felt it was all right to laugh at mistakes," Teacher Mary said gently. "Don't you laugh when other children make mistakes?"

Elmer was silent. All the pupils stopped their art projects and listened. Teacher Mary lifted Elmer's hands from the upside down train and said, "I don't think there's anything to laugh about when someone makes a mistake. We all make them." She fixed the red car for Elmer, much as she had helped Warren correct the numbers he made backwards. "See, if you wouldn't laugh at other people's mistakes, you wouldn't have to be afraid of having them laugh at yours, would you?"

Elmer shook his head slowly.

Teacher Mary placed the fixed car on Elmer's desk. "Now do you think you can do the others by yourself and get them right?" she asked.

Elmer nodded. The smile was back on his face.

"I hope I can remember not to laugh the next time Warren makes a mistake," Elmer told himself. "I think I can. My train will help me remember."

■■

The Little Red Hen

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little red hen who scratched about and uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we work together and plant this wheat, we will have some fine bread to eat. Who will help me plant this wheat?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did.

The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment insurance," said the goose.

Then it came time to bake the bread. "That's overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the duck.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the pig.

"If I'm the only one helping, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. She baked five loaves of fine bread and held them up for her neighbors to see. They all wanted some, demanded a share. But the red hen said, "No, I can rest for a while and eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits," cried the cow.

"Capitalistic leech," screamed the duck.

"Company fink," grunted the pig.

"Equal rights," yelled the goose.

And they hurriedly painted "unfair" picket signs and marched around the little red hen singing, "We shall overcome," and they did.

For when the farmer came, he said, "You must not be greedy, little red hen. Look at the oppressed cow. Look at the disadvantaged duck. Look at the underprivileged pig. Look at the less fortunate goose. You are guilty of making second class citizens of them."

"But...but," said the little red hen, "I earned the bread."

"Exactly," said the farmer. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system; anybody in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. You should be happy to have this freedom. In other barnyards, you'd have to give all five loaves to the farmer. Here you give four loaves to your suffering neighbors."

....And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful." But her neighbors wondered why she never baked any more bread.... (Author Unknown)

■■

Why I Asked The Question

"Why- why, YES," she stammered in answer to my question. Her mouth dropped wide open in sheer astonishment. I felt embarrassed, more than I ever imagined. Why had I asked the question? But perhaps I'd better start at the beginning of my story.

It happened many years ago, yet the memory of the moment lingers in my mind. I can still see her standing by the sink. Supper was over and I had offered to dry the dishes for her. I was watching for a chance. I fumbled the dishcloth nervously. Now we were alone, just she and I. But I must hurry for we would not be alone for long. I was sure of that. She had a large family and there was nearly always someone within earshot.

And then I asked. The words tumbled out hoarsely. I was frightened at my own voice. Then I knew it sounded stupid. Why had I been so foolish? Perhaps it was not even proper for me to ask. But I had to know. My life practically depended on what she would say.

And then she answered, "Why— why— yes. But why do you ask?"

I glued my eyes to the floor and I could feel the heat waves coming to my cheeks. Surely she had not expected me to be so bold. Timidly I lifted my eyes to meet her gaze. She was lovely— motherly, I thought, as she stood there- the white covering over the soft brown hair. Her eyes had a kind look. Her answer proved one thing. She would some day be mine— my own mother-in-law.

Now it was my turn to answer her question. She stood there waiting, as I searched for words. "Well, it's this way," I faltered, "I have noticed that boys who were respectful to their mothers were also kind to their wives when they got married. That's why I had to know if your son treated you with respect. You see, he is waiting for an answer, too!"

-So Glad She Could Answer "YES"

He Learned the Hard Way

From the field where he was plowing, Dad glanced toward home and the chicken house. One by one the chickens were hopping through the small hole at the side of the chickenhouse. "Oh, my," he thought to himself as he pulled on the horses' reins, "there he is again."

My husband had told our little son not to let the chickens out until noon so they would eat mash and lay more eggs. But it was such a fascination to a three-year-old boy to see how anxious these chickens were to get out of the pen. Apparently he felt that the chickens could not wait until noon to get out on the green grass and scratch around for worms and bugs. The temptation was too great and he would lift the board and out came the chickens as fast as they could. Sometimes two would try to squeeze through the hole at the same time. This was fun.

Twice before it had happened and Dad had spanked him both times and warned "If this happens again, I'll have to try something else." Now it was happening again.

Dad walked to the chickenhouse and without saying a word, he got hold of our son's hand and led him to our front yard. He took a small rope about ten or twelve feet long and put it around the boy's waist and tied it at the back. The other end he tied to a small tree. He could walk around but could not get away. As I watched the scene from the kitchen window I almost had to laugh. Then Dad went back to the field to continue his plowing.

About this time our five-year-old daughter came upon the scene and it was plain to see she was quite perplexed at the strange sight. She sat down right beside her little brother and soon they were having a conversation. She felt sorry for him and tried to open the knot but it was all in vain. Suddenly she got an idea and soon I heard her coming up the steps to the kitchen. I busied myself and pretended I did not notice her.

She walked past me without saying a word (which was unusual) and looked a bit sheepish. Quietly she opened the drawer where the knives and forks were kept and took out a table knife. I still pretended not to notice as she held it behind her back and walked slowly out the door. I knew that knife would never be sharp enough to cut a rope.

While I watched from the window she tried so-o-o-hard to cut the rope but soon discovered it was of no use. So she just sat down beside him and talked. How I wished I could hear what they were saying. An hour later, Dad came in for dinner and took the rope off. Our son then felt as free as a bird. This was the last time he ever let the chickens out before he was supposed to. He had learned his lesson. Now he is married and has two children of his own to train. I suspect he has never forgotten the experience.

-Ohio Grandmother

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Dress That's Plain & Fancy

Several weeks ago I attended a livestock sale. There were lots of people there and I would suppose one-fourth of them were plain people. I had only been to this sale twice before in my lifetime and this time I lost hours of sleep over what I saw. I have to wonder what will become of us, the groups of people we call the plain churches.

At this sale, we went in to have a bowl of soup. There were girls from a plain church for waitresses. Their hair was pushed up in front and their dresses did not come to the knees. The only way we could tell they were from a plain church was because they had a cap on the back of the head. It seemed to me they were trying to be both plain and fancy at the same time.

Sometime ago I worked at a place where the boy came home in a car. He drove up to the house and when he got out I saw he had very long hair, long sideburns, and a moustache that turned up. Soon a daughter got off a a car at the end of the lane and walked in. She was dressed in white, her dress did not come to the knees, her hair were all bushed up. Later I learned that she works at a restaurant. Think of it, these boys and girls will likely sometime be fathers and mothers. What will their children be like?

God is not mocked for whatsoever a man soweth, that will he also reap. The Bible tells us we should not love the world, nor the things which are in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, for this is not of the Father but of the world.

I believe that a short dress comes under all three of these classes. How long, then should a dress be? I believe a good rule is that when both arms are raised, the dress should reach half way between the knees and the floor and for married women a little longer. I think this should be the minimum, and if anything a little longer sooner than shorter.

The Bible tells us that women should adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety. Can a woman be shamefaced and modest in a short dress? No man can serve two masters for either he will hate the one and love the other. He will hold to the one and despise the other. We can not serve God and Mammon. Neither can we be both plain and fancy.

We can not read a person's mind but it shows through in their actions what is in the heart. Let those who profess godliness show it by their dress as well as by their actions. The attire of a harlot can never become the modest attire of a Christian.

The outward adorning of the body is forbidden. If we are proud and puffed up and dressed in style and fashion then we are imitating and following the people of this world. The part we should adorn is the hidden man of the heart; we should be concerned to beautify the soul instead of the body. To do this we must have the virtues of the Holy Spirit and live in meekness and humility. This is of great price in the sight of God. The man who is truly great is the one who can keep his own will under control and crucify his own desires which can only be done with the help and the grace of God. We are to be holy, as God is holy. We must try to imitate Him, though we can never be equal to Him. The written Word of God is the safe rule of conduct for a Christian life, and we must live it not only on Sunday, but every day of the week. We are to pass the time of our sojourning here in fear as pilgrims and strangers.

-Name and Address withheld

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THE CHRISTIAN'S SPEECH

...The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.Ps.12:6.
...But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account in the day of judgment. Matt.12:36.
...And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not. I Tim.5:13.

IS WORTHWHILE

...Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers. Eph.4:29

INCLUDES NO GOSSIP

...If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine, which is according to godliness; he is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings. I Tim.6:3-4
...But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. I Peter 3:4
...But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they devile the man. Matt.15:18
...Study to be quiet and to do (mind) your own business,
...as we commanded you. I Thess.4:11.
...And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, now is come salvation and strength and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ, for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. Rev.12:10.

PRAYER

...Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. Psalm 19:14.

-Johnson County, Iowa

GOD'S LEADING HAND

My spirit's free, new heights I climb;
I rest upon God's love sublime.
Though valleys oft fill my heart with pain
He'll lift me up, new heights to gain.

Though paths are strewn with rocks and briar
God's own Hand will lead me higher,
Above the pettiness of life
Where hate and jealousy are rife.

Oh, God! Stay your avenging hand
And lead us safe- your scattered band-
Through darkest vales, though we may roam,
Take our hand, Lord, and lead us home.

-Louella Stauffer

FARM & FIELD

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

Melvin Miller and Harley Hostetler met each other while hauling manure so they stopped to talk across the fence. "You know what," Harley said, "our silage isn't going to last no longer'n April 1st."

"What you going to feed then?" Melvin wanted to know.

"I don't know what," Harley answered. "I see in the papers where the Farm Bureau's got a carload of middlings coming in. Maybe we'll have to get a couple ton of that and feed it to keep the cows milking till they're ready to go on grass."

"Middlings? But wouldn't they be pretty expensive?"

"They're cheaper than dairy feed," Harley answered. "We'll have to feed something."

That evening at the supper table Melvin related what Harley had said. "Just what would be the cheapest to feed?" he asked.

Dad shook his head. "The way prices are now, it's pretty hard to tell. Why don't we go over the list of different feeds in "Feeds And Feeding" and see which ones would be the cheapest?"

When supper was finished, they got out their book. "Does it tell you here in this book which feed is cheapest?" Melvin asked.

"Oh, no." Dad almost had to chuckle. "Prices change so much from year to year and from place to place that that it wouldn't be possible to tell us which feed is the cheapest. But it will tell us how much feeding value is in each kind of feed and then we can figure out for ourselves which is the best buy at today's prices.

Dad went on to explain that first we must know the percentage of protein and the percentage of fats and carbohydrates. "We lump the fats and carbohydrates (nitrogen-free extract) together. Then we have to decide how much a pound of protein is worth and how much a pound of the other nutrients is worth. Usually a pound of protein costs about four times as much as a pound of the other nutrients."

"What would that figure at now?" Melvin asked.

Dad took a paper and pencil and started figuring. He knew the price of soybean oil meal which is the basis for protein values, and the price of corn which is the basis of other nutrients value. "I'd say we'd figure it at 20¢ a pound for protein and 5¢ a pound for other nutrients."

After figuring for some time they decided this was a little too high for current prices. "I think if we'd take off 10% we'd be just about right. That would be 18¢ a pound for protein and 4 1/2 ¢ a pound for other nutrients. But to make it easier figuring, let's just leave it at 20¢ and 5¢ and then take off 10% from the answer."

Can you help them decide which feed or feeds would be the cheapest. Using the above figures, find the comparative value for each feed.

Feed	%Protein	%Other Nutrients	Comparative Value	Actual Price
1. Soybean Oil Meal	44%	38%		
2. Shelled Corn	9%	80%		
3. Barley	13%	64%		
4. Oats	12%	63%		
5. Corn-and-cob meal	7.5%	75%		
6. Soybeans, ground	38%	42%		
7. Rye	10%	73%		
8. Wheat	10%	75%		
9. Wheat Middlings	17%	60%		
10. Wheat Bran	16%	58%		
11. Alfalfa hay, good	15%	38%		
12. Clover-grass hay	9%	44%		
13. Corn Silage, good	2.3%	18%		

Next check with your local feed store or find out what hay, grain and silage is selling for at farm sales. Remember that the answers will be per hundred pounds, not per bushel or per ton. Be sure to add the cost of bringing the feed to the farm, also grinding costs if necessary.

Take a sheet of paper and put down the numbers from one to thirteen. Then fill in the comparative value of each feed and after it the actual cost for your area. Mark the two or three feeds which you think would be the cheapest and best for your own needs. If you have a passing grade we will send you a small gift. To qualify for the gift, your letter must be postmarked not later than April 1, 1974. Address it to: Farm and Field c/o Pathway Publishers R.4 Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

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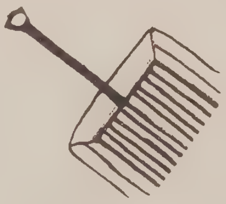
To carry chopped hay, weld extensions on the sides and back of a silage fork (see illustration).

-L.B., Jamesport, Mo.



For a handy screwdriver, file one end of the handle on your pocket pliers to shape like a screwdriver.

-M.P., Grantsville, Md.

I have found sheep wool very satisfactory to use in sprayer nozzles instead of a screen. For a fine mist, use a bigger wad. For a long spray, use less wool. It doesn't clog like the usual screen will.

-I.S., East Earl, Pa.

When loading manure on the spreader, I have learned that it will unload much easier if I start at the front and go toward the back as I load.

-N.L.P., Belleville, Pa.

If you have trouble keeping the hobbles on a kicking cow, lengthen the hobble chain and wrap one full wrap around the first leg and pass chain in back of rear leg instead of in front and wrap around other leg also.

-H.T., Pa.

When the spline which turns the agitator on our washing machine became worn, I found that it can be tightened by laying a plastic film, folded to the correct thickness, over the shaft end and then forcing the agitator on to make a snug fit. -P.B., Liverpool, Pa.

When making wood with a chain saw, when the wood is hard to split, I saw into the end a little with the chain saw and then split it with a wedge.

-M.T., Greentown, Ind.

FARM PROBLEM ANSWERS-

The January problem on using home-grown grains to make a laying mash proved to be of interest to quite a few people. We received 150 replies, but 27 of them were incorrect. The first requirement was to find the correct formula for a 15% mash. This would require 300 lbs. of protein per ton. The correct formula was 400 lbs. concentrate, 100 alfalfa meal, 1200 shelled corn and 300 oats. A number of persons made the mistake of trying to figure it by the bushel instead of by the hundredweight. At the stated price, corn was worth $4.50 a hundred pounds and oats $2.50. The total cost figured out to $92.00 for the home mixed ration which was a saving of $38.00 per ton. Several readers called our attention to the fact that mixing and grinding charges should have been added and some answers included these.

The oats should have been listed at $1.60 per bushel instead of 80¢. At the lower figure it would have been possible to make a higher protein mash at less cost. However the problem specified that it must be a 15% mash. Following is a list of persons who sent in correct answers:

PENNSYLVANIA- Paul H. Martin, Ephrata; Elvin M. Martin, Souderton; Alvin Zook, Gap; Henry S. Martin, Ephrata; Jacob Brubaker, Seven Valleys; John R. Peachey, Belleville; Lynn H. Kreider, Mt. Joy; Edwin K. Wise, Ephrata; Delmas G. Lehman, Myerstown; Aaron R. Martin, Ephrata; David Zimmerman, New Holland; John M. Martin, Wernersville; Alvin M. Brubaker, Ephrata; John N. Miller, New Castle; Benjamin H. Martin, Lititz; Jonas M. Coblentz, Springboro; Jacob J. Nisley, Conneautville; Andrew H. Beiler, Bird-in-hand; Paul Z. Nolt, Lititz; Rufus L. Hostetler, New Wilmington; Enos M. Hoover, Jr., New Holland; James Mazelin, Port Trevorton; John H. Martin, Narvon; Lloyd Martin, Richland; Caleb Leid, Kutztown; Harvey H. Martin, East Earl; Edward S. Good, Port Trevorton; Eugene O. Shirk, East Earl;
OHIO- Eli F. Hostetler, Plain City; Andy C. Miller, Butler; Dennis Kline, Shreve; Dan M. Hostetler, Middlefield; Vernon R. Yoder, Applecreek; Roy N. Schlabach, Plain City; Melvin S. Hershberger, Fredericksburg; Ben Kauffman, Fredericksburg; E. M. Slaubaugh, Middlefield; Noah M. Beachy, Millersburg; Melvin Weaver, Jr., Millersburg; Jonas L. Schlabach, Millersburg; Roman J. Miller, Millersburg; David Yoder, Oak Hill; Henry M. Troyer, Hartville; Joe E. Miller, Millersburg; Robert Keim, Shreve; Eli M.B. Miller, Holmesville; Roman Wagler, Hartville; Melvin J. Miller, Dalton; Paul W. Yoder, Dundee; Henry Weaver, Fredericksburg; Mose C. Wengerd, Millersburg; Melvin E. Hershberger, Baltic; Mahlon Eash, Utica; Abe Miller, Jr., Dundee; Roy J. Burkholder, Millersburg; Eli J. C. Yoder, Sugarcreek; Joe J. Helmuth, Fredericksburg; Raymond Miller, Uniontown.
INDIANA- Marion Bontrager, Middlebury; Chris K. Hilty, Berne; John L. Troyer, LaGrange; Lester Ray Kramer, LaGrange; Roy Coblentz, St. Paul; Gerald J. Hochstetler, Middlebury; Reuben S. Bontrager, Ashley; Samuel Hilty Jr., Berne; Daniel E. Hershberger, Wakarusa; Jacob J. Yoder, LaGrange; Paul J. Hershberger, Goshen; Lawrence K. Martin, Goshen; Paul Wagler, Montgomery; Harold L. Miller, Topeka; Henry Schmucker, New Haven; Clarence J. Miller, Wolcottville; John A. Lehman, Middlebury; Melvin Shetler, Berne; E. L. Mast, Topeka; John Schmidt, Milroy; Ray J. Hershberger, Goshen; Ora N. Miller, LaGrange; Mose Wengerd, LaGrange;
MISSOURI- John David K. Huber, Knox City; Leroy E. Martin, Barnett; Levi H. Beechy, Jamesport; Jacob A. Mast, Bowling Green; Ernest R. Bontrager, Bowling Green; Olan A. Swartzentruber, Halfway; Daniel H. Yoder, Trenton;
ONTARIO - Edward Martin, Waterloo; A. M. Weber, Listowel; Edward Martin, Wallenstein; Clare Frey, Elmira; Levi B. Weber, Wallenstein; Allen Jantzi, Milverton; Mrs. Melvin Martin, Mount Forest; J. H. Byler, Wroxeter; Ezra Wagler, Aylmer; David D. M. Martin, Waterloo; MARYLAND- Daniel Showalter, Hagerstown; Wilmer S. Beachy, Kennedyville; Jacob Yoder, Grantsville; U. Ivan Lehman Jr., Hagerstown; Arlen Wayne Martin, Hagerstown; IOWA- Emery G. Gingerich, Kalona; Vernon Yoder, Kalona; Marvin E. Miller, Kalona; KENTUCKY - John H. Mast, Trenton; Daniel Beachy, Guthrie; ILLINOIS - Levi M. Diener, Lovington; David O. Schrock, Arthur; Omar A. Miller, Arthur; OTHERS - Clarence J. A. Yoder, Welda, Kansas; Ora Stoll, San Ignacio, Belize; Joe E. Swartzentruber, Conewango Valley, New York; Marvin Showalter, Dayton, Virginia; Donald F. Brubaker, Rocky Mount, Virginia; William D. Beachy, Hartley, Delaware.

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A HIP-ROOFED BARN

Have you ever seen a hip-roofed barn? Most of us would declare we have often seen one. However, the dictionary and the encyclopedia both say we haven't.

According to these books, a hip-roofed barn would be one with a 4-way roof, like the old one-room schoolhouses used to have. The proper name for what we call a hip-roof is a gambrel roof.

WE SAW THE COMET!

On the evening of January 12 we saw the comet. It had been cloudy all week but on Saturday evening it cleared off nice. The moon would not rise until ten o'clock which would make it ideal for viewing the comet. Since the conditions were so good we decided to try hard to find it.

Around six-thirty, after all traces of dusk had left, I went outside with my binoculars. My brother ,David, who is ten years old was with me. and he was just as eager to find the long talked about comet as I was.

I looked around with the binoculars but could find nothing. Then I started looking at different stars when suddenly David exclaimed, "What's that white thing over there?"

Sure enough, there it was! He ran into the house shouting the good news. The whole family piled to the windows and some came outside. All the older ones got a look at it with the naked eye and also through the binoculars, which made it a little plainer. It had a kind of fog-like appearance. At the front was a brighter globe. It looked like a fog going upward from this globe in a thin stream until it faded into nothing.

We saw ir for about an hour. As it got closer to the horizon it was not as plain. On January 15th a few members of our family saw it again but it was not as plain as the first time.

-Robert Miller, Millersburg, Ohio

SPRING - (Continued from back cover)

my first remembrance of wild flowers other than dandelions. These also grew in abundance here last spring. Lady slippers belong to the orchid family and are a protected flower. I saw my first real one last spring at the neighbors. It is really delicate and looks so much like a baby slipper. Jack-in-the-pulpits were blooming outside a cabin window. Cinquefoils grew in patches here and there. Chickweeds were found plentiful by our mailbox. Queen Anne's lace or wild carrots grow down by the old house east of our driveway. Thistles and milkweed were also listed in the flower book. We didn't have to look hard to find these.

The flower guide book said twenty seven kinds of wild flowers were seen from the window of an express train on a July morning. Well, I feel like I know only a little about our wonderful world and this spring I want to learn more.

One more event we'll never forget. One Sunday afternoon we took a nature walk. We found a partridge hen nesting on eleven eggs beneath a big white birch. It was an ideal nature picture and I wished I could have drawn it. We all stood, watched, and marveled, then moved on. Every few days we checked it. We showed it to our visitors. Then one day three weeks later we found eleven empty shells and no one else at home. Someone said we should have sprinkled corn for the hen, to try and keep her. If she comes back this spring, I want to try it. -Eva Schrock

Deadline for Answers: March 30th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

John Miller was happy as he drove toward Dunberry. It was Market Day and he had a load of shiny red apples to sell. He urged the team on. The sun was up already and he saw that some people were setting up their stands already. Others were milling around, searching for a bargain before the crowds got there. In a few minutes, he had tied up his horse and was ready to sell.

Business was rather slow and by late morning he had sold only half his apples. There were too many people there with apples that day and the market closed at noon.

Then a rather fat man with a big cigar clenched between his teeth caught sight of John and his apples. He strode over to investigate.

"How much are your apples?" he asked.

"Four dollars for the best ones and three dollars for the No. 2"s."

"Are the ones on the bottom as good as the ones on top?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir," asserted John. "We believe in dealing honestly. Why, the ones on the bottom may even be a little better than the ones on top!" he joked.

"Well, now," exclaimed the fat man as he blew a cloud of smoke toward John, "that's what I like about your people. You're real honest, and you're clean and decent, too," he assured him with another puff of smoke.

John managed to keep his smile but he could barely keep from coughing. Then, as if he'd forgotten the meaning of all the praise, he'd just given, he took the cigar out of his mouth and said, "Say, did you ever hear the story about the yeller coon dog?"

John was suspicious of this sort of thing but he had to admit he hadn't. It turned out his fears were not ungrounded for the joke turned out to be off color. John patiently endured it and even managed to force a smile at the end. Then the man bought a bushel of apples, and went his way. Apparently this was his way of being friendly.

Afterwards, John thought to himself, "Just what should I have done? If I had told him that I don't want to hear it, then he might have thought we are a bunch of straight-laced "better than thou" people who always stand around with a sour face. Besides, I hated to lose a customer on a day like this. The Lord knows I didn't enjoy his story or his smoke."

This kind of reasoning sounded good to John but way back in his mind he could not erase the thought, "What if other people had heard and seen me? They'd think we're a bunch of two-sided hypocrites!"

Was it worth a bushel of apples to say, "No, but I'd rather not hear it." Should he have said, "Please put that cigar away." After all, John didn't really know how the joke would turn out and the man was likely so grounded in his habits of telling dirty stories and smoking cigars that he wouldn't change anyway.

Just how much should we tolerate from worldly people in our dealings with them? Just what should John do if he ever got into such a situation again? What do you think?

-By One Who Overheard The Conversation

ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUESTION- SHOULD PARENTS BESTOW MANY THINGS ON THEIR CHILDREN WHEN THEY GET MARRIED SUCH AS FURNITURE, BEDDING, DISHES, HORSES AND COWS? WHAT IF THE PARENTS ARE STILL IN DEBT THEMSELVES?

IT'S NOT EASY for a young couple to start out on their own. Usually by the time that parents have children old enough to get married, they will have made some headways financially. Things like bedding, furniture and dishes will not be a big sacrifice for the parents and yet be a big help to a couple with nothing to start with. I don't think it's good when a young couple is given half a farm for a wedding gift as this way they will never know what it is to start out on their own. They will take too much for granted and not appreciate it. -M.S., Indiana

I THINK IT'S all right to help the young married couple but it can be overdone. I have seen where they got so many things from both sides, especially canned goods that they never learned to save and they were wasteful. I once heard a preacher say at a wedding sermon that when they are given so much to start up, they can get careless and this has proved true. Jesus gave us a good example of being saving when he fed the 4000 (Matt. 15) and they saved what was left over. Again in John 6, he fed 5000 and told them to gather up the fragments that remain so that nothing be lost. He knew the weaknesses of human nature and gave us good examples to live by. There is so much wastefulness in our land of plenty that surely someday we will have to suffer for it. -One Who Saw Too Much Already, Indiana

I FEEL WE should give our children some furniture, dishes, and bedding. The boys will need a horse and buggy, also a cow. They will feel more as if we really loved them. When we got married, we had to buy our own horse and buggy. When our oldest son married and left home we wanted to make sure he gets one as that is what we wanted him to drive.

One place I know of, the children get some of the paychecks before they are on age and then buy their own things. But in their bedrooms are big mirrors, nice pictures and fancy furniture. Wouldn't it be better to finish paying for the farm after we are gone, than to have the children buying such things?

-A Wayne County Mother

I THINK IT'S wrong for children to start in where their parents left off after 20 or 30 years of hard work. There's no disgrace in second hand furniture and then perhaps buy new things as it wears out or go without until the debts are paid. -Millersburg, Indiana

I THINK IT IS a big help if parents are able to help their children with the house furnishings and also on the farm. But it should be done wisely. A helping hand and perhaps money are often appreciated when babies are born, or there is sickness or doctor bills to pay. If we want our children to farm, we must extend a helping hand as the young folks have a struggle to stay on the farm in this day and age. What a joy it is to help when the children are obedient and respectful to us as parents and also to the church and the Word of God. Who knows, some day we may have to look to the children for a helping hand. -Pennsylvania

SHOULD PARENTS give their children a start when they get married? Yes, I think they should if it is financially possible. IF the children worked for their parents until they were 20 or 21. I do not think it is fair that one should work for the parents until 21, and then another get married at 18 or 19 and yet both get the same start from the parents. I also know of a few places that children do not get more than bedding from home even if they are at home until they are 21. The parents feel they learn to work hard and save their money if they have to earn everything themselves.

-Pennsylvania Mother

I THINK THAT if parents would not give their children so much and let them start on their own, they would better realize the value of money. Almost everything a person needs can be bought at sales and as income allows it, more can be bought. If parents with big families give much to the older ones, the younger ones may have to do with less. Perhaps in later years the parents could share with all the children alike and then it would still be acceptable. I'm sure all parents like to share with their children, but it doesn't have to be something costly or of the fanciest. -Ontario

I DON'T think it is good for young people to get too many things at the start. You mention horses and cows. We thought it was wonderful that our parents gave us a horse and buggy, plus a cow and some other necessities. Even if the parents were well-to-do, it still wouldn't be good for the young people to have too many hand-outs. Wouldn't it be better if one's parents had money to loan, to let them have it at low interest, so they would know they have obligations to meet. "Easy come, Easy go" is the old saying and I think it holds true in this case, too.

-M. E. H., Baltic, Ohio

IF THE PARENTS are not able to give much, why not give a little with a "getreu Herz" (faithful heart)? I don't think it is as necessary that every family in the community give alike, as it is that the parents give each of their own children the same (if they are obedient) so that they are all used alike.

Today it is hard for the young to start out. We are still young and we have to scratch even if we did receive some things from home.

-One Who Appreciated The Things From Home, Md.

WE ALSO GOT many different things from home when we got married. I feel it's nice if parents can, even if there is still debt. If children stay home till on age (21) at our house, they surely deserve something. Perhaps it doesn't look fair if the younger ones get married young and can take the farm over after the older ones stayed at home and worked to help get the parents out of debt. -Geneva, Indiana

I THINK IF OUR children stay at home until they are on age and are obedient, we should be glad to help them out quite a bit. But we should not try to outdo other people. Also the young should appreciate it and not feel bad even if they get less than some others and be thankful they get less than some. - Mercer, Pa.

I THINK IF children would know they could depend on their parents to help them get started, more would wait until they are 21 and more mature to start a family life. I think it's all right for parents to give them such things as bedding but not a lot of big gifts. If they have to pay for it themselves, they will appreciate it more and perhaps do with less.

We started upon our own without even a wedding gift from home. Both our mothers were deceased and our dads just didn't give anything.

-Didn't Marry at 18 or 19

IT SEEMS TO me it would be better if young couples starting up didn't get everything they needed from home. They would be learning something the others would miss for they would learn to better appreciate what they did get after working for it. They would also learn to use their money more wisely if they worked for every dollar they spent.

-Beginner With Still Plenty To Learn, Ontario

A LITTLE LIFT when the children are starting up (if the parents are financially able to give it) often means more than a large inheritance late on. Helping our children really isn't a one-way street. They have done many things for us without accepting anything more than an appreciative "Thank You."

No, we don't have to keep up with the Joneses. We don't have to give for prestige purposes and this giving at weddings can be just that. We like to give our gifts privately and not under the spotlight. We love our children and accept their partners as our own children and use the term "in-laws" only when needed for identification.

If the one who submitted the question would have asked whether it would be all right to give only a calf or a colt if they couldn't afford a cow or a rig, it would have shown a healthier attitude. To take the excuse that we are still in debt on our farm sounds so selfish. I would rather have the goodwill of our newly married children, (including the in-laws) than to have my farm paid for. Something could happen that I would lose the farm, but I don't want to lose the affection of our children. That would be very hard to live with. -D. E. M., Illinois

I THINK IT WOULD be very selfish not to give our children some bedding, dishes, furniture and livestock when they get married. That is, if the children have helped to do the farming, do the chores, hoed the garden and helped with the canning plus many other jobs around the farm.

I think we should teach our children to help save, and

(Continued on inside Back Cover)

Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

SOME MEASURE their lives by days and years,
Others by heart throbs, passions, and tears.
But the truest measure under the sun
Is what in your lifetime for others you've done.

This morning the sun shines through 10 degrees of coldness before coming into my room; yet its warmth is in no way diminished by the cold weather. This is one of the daily miracles that nature presents. It reminds me of the friend who can go through sorrowful testings and still retain her warm personality to brighten the lives of others.

Many times I've seen snow fall, but I can't recall of ever seeing anything like the snowfall of the 4th of February. The flakes were oversized– some as broad as a hand– and like crystalized lace, they adorned the trees and countryside. When I see such loveliness, I want to etch it into my heart so as to be able to draw it out at will to marvel at it again, in memory, long afterwards.

Thanks to the mothers who responded to the request for peanut butter recipes. A nice variety was received so I guess we'll call this the "peanut butter issue."

A Mother from Burr Oak, Michigan wrote that she would like to see some recipes for quick one-dish meals – something that can be made from scratch and not a lot of "stuff" from bought cans.

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LUNCH BOX HINTS

I fill a week's supply of baby food jars whenever I cook carmel pudding or Danish dessert. The baby food jars often seal if I put the food in when hot. The dessert keeps longer this way.

Our grocery store is out of Danish dessert often so I finally came up with a recipe that's handy, tasty and quite a bit cheaper. I buy strawberry jello by the pound and then take 2 pint frozen strawberries (or 1 quart canned) and add 3 or 4 cups water and sugar to taste. Let this come to a boiling point; add enough clear jell so that it's a little on the runny side yet. I use about 1/2 cup clear jell. Remove from heat and add 5 rounded tablespoons jello, or to taste.

Whenever we run out of lunch meats or lettuce, I boil 3 or 4 eggs, grate them, then add a little sugar, salt, mustard, and salad dressing. Mix together. This is enough egg salad for 3 sandwiches. My husband and children really like it for a change.

Whenever I cook a ham and have leftover scraps, I grind them and also grind some sweet pickles. Mix together and add some of the sweet pickle juice, brown sugar to taste, and salad dressing. We all love this ham salad.

The biscuit mix recipe in the April issue was a big help to me. I use it for everything that calls for Bisquick, and make pancakes with it also. I use the following recipe for pancake syrup. We like it as well as the bought syrup.

PANCAKE SYRUP: 1 1/4 cup brown sugar, 3/4 cup white sugar, 1/3 cup molasses or Karo syrup (light), 1 cup water. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Simmer on low heat for five minutes. Remove from heat, and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. -Penny-pinching housewife, Penna.

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PEANUT BUTTER CAKE

Cream together: 3/4 cup peanut butter
3/4 cup vegetable shortening
2 1/2 cup brown sugar
Add 3 eggs
1 1/2 t. vanilla
Sift 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
3/4 t. salt
3 t. baking powder
Add 1 cup milk alternately with dry ingredients, beginning and ending with flour. Pour into a greased 9 x 12 x 2 pan. Bake 350° for 50 minutes.

Topping: Cream together 3/4 cup peanut butter, 6 tablespoons margarine and 1 cup brown sugar. Add 1/4 cup milk. Stir well. Then add 3/4 cup chopped peanuts. Spread evenly over the cooled cake. Place under broiler a few seconds or until topping starts to bubble.

PEANUT BUTTER OATMEAL COOKIES

Cream together 1 cup shortening
1 cup peanut butter
2 t. vanilla
Add gradually 2 cups sugar
Cream until light and fluffy.
Beat in 4 eggs
Sift together 3 cups sifted flour
2 tablespoon baking powder
1 t. salt
2 t. cinnamon
1/2 t. cloves
1/2 t. nutmeg
Add 4 cups quick cooking oats, (or 5 cups wheat flake cereal)
Stir into creamed mixture alternately with 2/3 cup milk
Blend in 1 cup chopped nuts (if desired)
Spoon onto greased cookie sheets. Bake in 375° oven 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 6 dozen cookies.

Variations: Substitute 1 cup molasses or honey for 1 cup of the sugar.

Stir in 2 cups raisins, or 2 cups chopped dates, prunes or apricots (uncooked) when adding nuts.

-Mrs.M.H.

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NO BAKE PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

Combine in a saucepan 1/4 cup butter, 3 cups sugar, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 1/2 cup milk.

Stir constantly over high heat for 5 minutes or until butter melts. Remove from heat and add 1/2 cup peanut butter and 3 cups oatmeal. Mix well then press in a buttered 8" square pan. Cut in squares when cold.

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CRACKER PUDDING

18 squares soda biscuits (rolled fine)
1/2 cup brown sugar 1/4 cup butter
2 T. peanut butter

Melt butter and peanut butter; add to sugar and cracker crumbs and mix well. Wet a bowl and press crumbs around side and bottom. Reserve 1/4 cup crumbs for top.

Filling:

3 cups milk 2 T. cornstarch
1/2 cup coconut 1 cup white sugar
2 eggs 1 t. vanilla

Boil together until thick; add vanilla. Pour slowly on crumbs. When cooled sprinkle with remaining crumbs.

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PEANUT BUTTER CAKE

2 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
4 t. baking powder 1/4 cup, plus 1 T. butter or oleo
1/2 t. salt 1/3 cup peanut butter
1 1/4 cups lightly packed brown sugar
2 eggs, well beaten 1 cup milk
1 t. vanilla

Grease three 8" round layer pans or a 13" x 9" x 2" pan. Preheat oven to 375°. Bake layers 20 to 25 minutes. Large cake 50 to 60 minutes. Ice when cold with the following icing.

Peanut Butter Chocolate Icing: Cream together 1/4 cup butter and 1/4 cup peanut butter; add a few grains salt. Gradually blend in 3 1/2 cups icing sugar with about 9 tablespoons cream and 4 tablespoons cocoa (level). Add 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

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PEANUT BUTTER OATMEAL CLUSTERS

2 cups sugar 1/2 cup butter (I use hen fat) scant
1/2 cup milk 1/8 t. salt

Combine and bring to a boil. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat and add: 1/2 cup peanut butter, 1 t. vanilla

Stir until smooth. Pour mixture over 3 or 4 cups oatmeal until you can make balls. Mix well and drop on waxed paper. (Coconut or peanuts may be added.) Taste improves with age. -Annie Bowman

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BUCKEYES

1 pound peanut butter 1 1/2 lb. powdered sugar

Mix like pie dough, then add 2 sticks oleo. Roll on balls and let chill thoroughly. Melt one 12 oz. pkg. chocolate chips and 1/2 stick paraffin. Dip balls in this.

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APPLE SALAD DRESSING

Mix 1/4 cup peanut butter, 1/4 cup cream, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Then add: 1 diced banana and about 6 diced apples. - Ruth Stoltzfus

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PEANUT BUTTERED POPCORN

12 cups warm, lightly salted popcorn
1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
3 T. sugar
2 T. peanut butter

Put popcorn in a large bowl. Blend remaining ingredients and pour over popcorn, tossing lightly. Delicious.

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PEANUT BUTTER CANDY

1 cup white sugar 1 cup white Karo syrup
1 - 12 oz. jar crunchy peanut butter
6 cups corn flakes

Bring sugar and syrup to a boil. Remove from heat and add peanut butter, and then corn flakes. Shape into balls. -Mrs. Edwin E. Yoder

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Peanut Butter Hints:

Mashed banana, or chopped up pickles mixed with peanut butter, cheez whiz or egg salad for sandwiches.

Add 1 tablespoon peanut butter to white icing for yellow or white cake.

Cut apple in half, core, then fill with peanut butter.

Where children are

**There are no idle words where children are,
Thoughts spoken in their hearing carry far,
Producing fruit for evil or for good
In our great future human brotherhood,
The word dropped lightly from our thoughtless lips,
Into the fertile child-mind seeps and drips
And intertwines with thoughts and feeling so
It may decide the course in which some soul may go;
So speak not thoughtlessly when they are by,
Your words fall not on sterile ears or dry.
Thoughts sown in plastic minds are carried far
There are no idle words where children are.**

Some Mothers Write

Recently our 7-year-old wanted to know when he was born. When I told him, he thought a little, then said, "I was born on my birthday!"

-Mrs. L.B.M., Millersburg, Ohio

There was a family who cared for an old Aunt. The mother of the family often made the remark, "If I should ever get like that, I would surely want you to tell me."

When the mother grew old the daughters would at times try to tactfully hint to her of what she used to say, only to be told, "Yes, I remember, but, I'm not there yet."

-Pennsylvania

SOME GIRLS WRITE TOO---

Did the old chair break down? We noticed you have a new one. -T.B.S., Michigan

It looks like Aunt Becky got a new rocking chair. I wonder if she got it for Christmas!

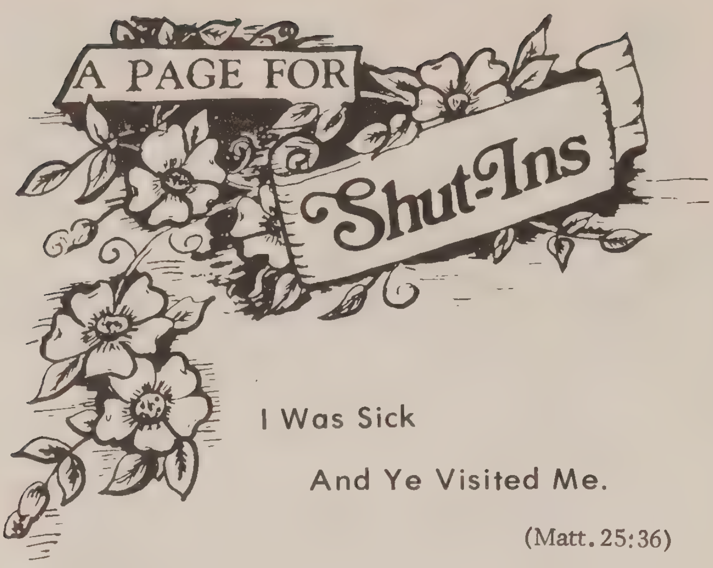
-Fannie Blank (14), Lancaster

(Chairs wear out, you know.- Aunt Becky)

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

It is a serious thing to consider the narrow road wider than it is.

Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

I Was Sick And Ye Visited Me.

(Matt. 25:36)

When our friends are ill, that isn't the time
To go at seven and stay until nine,
A short little visit and a friendly chat
A little of this and a little of that.

Just the nicest things that we do hear
Should ever enter our sick friend's ear,
One thing we know we should never tell
That is to say "you don't look well."

Our pains with theirs we might compare
And tell them how they should take care;
There's a lot of advice that we can give
"You'd better take heed if you want to live."

Perhaps we would often bring more relief
If these visits were made a little brief,
When they're well enough to enjoy the call
We do not take time to go at all.

For visitors I know they're always glad
Who similar experiences may have had,
Just when to come they seem to know,
And what to say, and when to go.

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AN INVALID'S LAMENT

I was such a bother today. Of course I didn't mean to be. My life is like that. It happened this way. You see, I was invited to a wedding. There are many weddings that I'm invited to that I don't attend, because of weather conditions or for other reasons. But this was a special affair. A close friend of mine was marrying, so I wanted to be there.

I struggled with the idea of going to begin with. I asked myself, would it be worth exposing myself to the cold, or would I be happier just by staying home? It is rather frustrating to be at a large event and wishing to be home. And should I go,will the people be wondering why I, in my condition, came in the first place? And I'll be needing help, if I go. Will they help willingly or because they see that someone has to.

As these thoughts, and many more, ran through my mind, I was almost at the point of despair before the day of the wedding came. Maybe I shouldn't even go, I questioned. And I don't know how many steps there are to get into the house where the church wedding will be held. Suppose it is unhandy there for a wheelchair and maybe not enough room for me. Maybe I should just go to the home where the reception was. Should I go to the church or shouldn't I go? My indecision made me more frustrated.

I thought of my secret battle against temptation... the deep inner struggles that no one was aware of but myself. Maybe if I go to the church the preacher will bring forth something that will give me encouragement, I thought hopefully. Maybe it would be worth going...even if it would be more tiring to me.

But suppose the house is already crowded, then me with my chair...If I'd crowd myself in then surely the folks will wish me at home. And suppose it will be muddy. What a mess there'd be on my wheels! This would make even more work for the others. Suppose...suppose ...suppose...

The day of the wedding arrived. I got myself ready, pretending to be brave...but inside I felt tense and nervous. It was a beautiful morning and the ground was frozen. I breathed a sigh of relief. No mud, I thought.

When I arrived at the church wedding, there were several grown boys nearby. They knew me, and knew I needed help. Soon I found myself in the house. A woman whom I didn't know, relieved me of my wraps. Soon another came and told me there's room for me in the bedroom. Surely, there was— a nice little space and I had to crowd no one. It seemed as if this had been preserved for me, even if they didn't know I was coming.

All through the day, hands reached out to help me. I enjoyed myself so much that I forgot about the "trouble" that had troubled me before the wedding. There were so many thanks to "dish out," and I'm sure some were forgotten.

Not until that evening when I went to bed, did my trouble trouble me again. Scenes of the day flashed through my mind. As I thought of all the help that was given, I wondered if I should have gone. I thought of all the kindnesses that were so willingly given. But did "my bother" deplete from someone else's happiness? Was it maybe selfish for me to go? Then I wondered if the healthy people also go through such struggles. I could not imagine how it would be if I could go on my own, and I would not have to depend on others.

What troubled me mostly was a scene from the past.

It was Sunday morning. Church services were about ready to begin when a late buggy came in the lane. We soon saw who it was. An elderly man with his invalid wife. She needed many hands to help. Strong willing men went out to meet the oncoming buggy and to give the help that was needed.

"She doesn't care how much bother she is," I heard a woman remark.

"Going to church is one of the few joys in her life," another woman defended the invalid, "and I think it's nice she can come."

The first woman that spoke didn't know that maybe the invalid had inner struggles that she felt the need of a sermon. Her soul was maybe thirsty and hungry, or she was in need of encouragement that came forth from God through the minister.

In my struggles I wondered if someone would also think I don't care how much bother I am.

Then I thought of the "hands of mercy." Surely, God gave the kind people who helped me a willing heart. And will He not in turn richly bless those who helped? I tried to relax— to put everything in the Hands of Him who can make all things right. Even if I enjoyed myself, maybe the next time I would decide to stay at home to avoid being a burden. Maybe...

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NOTICE: Our daughter Lydia has an advertisement in the handicap catalog. However, she is experiencing some difficulties in shipping across the border into Canada. Postage is high and now she would need an import license to ship out of the States. Sorry, but we would rather not have Canadian orders.

-Sam W. Schrock, Macon, Missouri

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT- The February cover of Family Life was sketched by Susie Hoover of Wallenstein, Ontario; the March cover by Erma Zimmerman of Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

POWDERED ALUM for wounds

A good dressing for a wound after it has been cleaned with peroxide or something similar, is powdered alum. From my experience, I'd say, it works just as good on livestock as on human beings. -John Brubacher, Ont.

For sprains

Beat one egg white until stiff. Add 1 or 2 tablespoons powdered alum and beat again. Put the alum plaster on a cloth and wrap around the sprain. Place the leg, or arm, in a plastic bag for the night to keep from soiling the bed. This plaster draws out the pain, enabling the patient to continue with his work.

-Mrs. Susie Weaver, Ohio

WANTED

I would like to know if anyone has a "hand soap" recipe to share. I would also like to know of any effective home remedy for dandruff. -Mrs. Martin, Penna.

Of all the troubles great and small, the greatest are those that don't happen at all.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? (Continued from page 31)

live simple lives, do our own baking instead of buying so much out of the store, wear our clothes out instead of always being dressed like city people. Then I think we will have something to give our children.

I believe our children will have more of a desire to help if they know they will be getting a start when they get married. My husband and I both got these things when we got married and we appreciated it very much.

My parents made a difference between the children that got married before they were 21 and the ones that were 21 or over. But none of us children know how much difference my parents made. At least I don't. I didn't ask. I feel it's all a gift from the parents to show their appreciation for our working at home and we are-

-Thankful For Thoughtful Parents

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A REQUEST CAME IN from parents of a 4-year-old who has a disease called gly-co-gen storage disease of the liver. This ailment enlarges the liver, is a rare disease, and hereditary. The parents would like to contact other parents with similar problems. Anyone who wishes to correspond may write to: The Shut-in Page
c/o Pathway

The Boy In The Cabinet

The pots and pans lay scattered about
Much to my dismay;
Then two sparkling blue eyes peered out
Of the kitchen cabinet doorway.

Our baby boy was happy at play
Sitting inside the cabinet;
" A-boo!" I heard his dear voice say;
" A-boo!" I hear it yet.

My mind went back to that terrible day —
It was on an early morn—
When the doctor had said, "He's a mongoloid."
My heart with grief was torn.

"But he's beautiful and cute as can be,"
I said as I looked him o'er;
"He's perfect that is plain to see" —
The dear little life I bore.

There's nothing wrong with our little one,
What makes the doctor think so?
I tried to prove the diagnose wrong,
But the child progressed terribly slow.

It's true, it's true, my heart cried out;
It's just as the doctor had said;
Why, God, why? I wanted to shout—
I thought best my child were dead.

Then I heard a sad voice tenderly say,
"Your prayers are answered, dear child;
Didn't I hear you daily pray
That I should take your life mild

And mold it and use it to honor my Name—
To use it as I see fit;
Now you think I have brought you shame
Through the boy...in the cabinet."

Then I understood as never before
What the Lord tried to do for me;
I missed many blessings He had in store
But, praise God, I now can see!

My Lord, your ways are higher than mine,
And our little boy is a tool;
Oh, what a tool in those hands of Thine,
And me a poor blind fool.

So, Lord, take my life and this of our boy
And use it as YOU see fit;
His little life has been our joy—
This little one in the cabinet.

-Mrs. G., Pennsylvania

The Spring I Remember

The spring of 1973 shall always be pressed into my mind as an unpleasant and yet the most pleasant spring I can remember.

The unpleasant part happened to be the turmoil of living in a wet basement. To me the mud and mess of building is something to be endured and not enjoyed. Close living quarters, dark rooms, and wet basement floors are things that soon get under my skin.

So the thought of spring with all the fresh air, rain, sunshine and wind loomed ahead as a great event. Since we had bought our land in the late fall and moved in January, I had never really had a good look at the 20 acres. Naturally, I was anxious to investigate what all we had purchased.

As the snow receded early in March we began exploring. My husband informed me we had yellow birch on our land. That I wanted to see after living in Wisconsin for 30 years and never having seen it before! He mentioned seeing old white pine stumps 3-4 feet in diameter. It seemed strange that so many yellow birch seemed to emerge out of these old rotten stumps. One particular tree took my eye. It grew out of the center of an old stump and the roots ran down over the edge like a three foot waterfall. We stepped off the length of some old moss-covered logs. Several logs were still ninety feet long and we wondered how high they were before being cut down.

A Saturday in March we began in earnest to cut away trees for our lawn. It was fun working together as a family. My husband cut, I piled, and the children hauled. Sometimes the decision of whether to save a tree or not was challenging. One beautiful white birch we left until last. It was budded out so nicely that it seemed a shame to cut it. The only crime it committed was to have grown right in the center of where our driveway would come. How I wished some tree-starved city person could have taken that tree but it was already too big to transplant. But cut it we did.

Another old basswood, bent over and growing camelback fashion brought a lot of discussion. This the children wanted to save and we didn't. True, it was wonderful to climb on, swing from, and hide in but would be a constant headache to mow around in future years.

Instead of 10 little Indians all in a row we have 20 little white birch all in a row. Even though we know they are too close to amount to anything we hated to disturb that beauty spot. They, too, all sprang up from an old rotten log lying lengthwise.

Some of the trees still had us stumped. Oaks we knew, maple we knew, also pine, birch, aspen, cherry, but now, what was this? A visit from Grandpas at this time helped us out. Grandpa said it was ironwood. Grandpa had helped work in the Wisconsin woods in his younger days and he said the old timers used it for tool handles, mallets, etc. It was a scraggly type of tree. However, it would burn well green or dry. So all the ironwoods became future stovewood except one nice one at the garden edge. This one we saved because it smells good. I remember that smell from girlhood days. I noticed it at times while getting the cows, but I never knew where it came from.

A Golden Nature Guide book about trees aided us in answering our question and increased the fun. Soon it became a family project. Perhaps we bored some folks with our tree enthusiam but we considered our discoveries exciting.

What kind of trees did other folks have? We wondered and watched. Imagine our surprise to find a catalpa tree growing in Wisconsin. The farm owners wife thought it was dead and wanted it cut down. No wonder she did as late as the leaves appeared but after she found out what it was, I hope she changed her mind.

Our tree discovery chart grew to a list of nearly twenty trees with all but three kinds being found on our own property. Oaks headed the list, and maples next. Then came white birch, yellow birch, aspen, ironwood, white pine, balsam, fir, spruce, elm, pussy willow, basswood, cherry, hawthorns, white ash, blue beech, hickory, sycamore and butternut.

This spring we're eager to learn more. One question I want to settle in my mind deals with the aspen. Aspen open their leaves first but yet one kind is ahead of the other. Which is first, the quaking aspen or big tooth? The basswood or linden opens its leaves last and the book says in June the flowers yield a honey which perfumes the air. I want to take the children out to smell that.

When the flowers began to appear we searched our Golden Nature Wild Flower book. Soon the children were presenting Mama with bouquets of hepaticas, the first of wild flowers to appear. Dutchman breeches, wild pinks, bloodroot, and woodsorrel were found in the woods. Yellow violets grew in profusion ten feet away from the door. Later our woods bloomed with bellworts and Solomon seals.

Our eight-year-old twins found some meadowrues. They did the scouting, finding, and identifying of those flowers and were right. What fun it was to show Mama. Every child probably knows trilliums and they are

(Continued on page 29)

Return Addresses:
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Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

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FAMILY LIFE

April 1974

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

MORE MODESTY NEEDED

● The article "The Necessity Of Modesty" in the February issue sounds like I could have written it ~~when I~~ was at the age of 18. It is discouraging for me to go to town for one can hardly keep wholesome thoughts with so many half-naked women parading on the streets. I sometimes get disgusted at myself for allowing myself to be so tempted.

If it only stayed outside our plain churches it would not be so bad for us. I once went to a neighbor's house where the Mrs. of the house (supposedly plain) was wearing a see-through dress which did not hide her underclothes. It was also cut out wide at the neck, and very much too short. When she bent over to read the letter I had brought them, I was very much embarrassed.

God have mercy on such persons! Surely they would not want to be found guilty of causing someone to commit adultery in their hearts.

About a year ago we had a hired girl whose dress was longer than the average and not so form fitting. I praised her in my heart and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord, "Oh, God, bless this young innocent woman for she helps me to keep wholesome thoughts." I believe according to the Scriptures, she will be blessed but woe unto those who do not keep their bodies covered.

-Pennsylvania

● I appreciated the article on Modesty. Why do girls (even some married women) make their dresses so short? Is it not to attract the men? If only they could realize that the men disrespect them for it, especially those who want to live a Christian life. Maybe it will do more good since a young boy wrote it himself.

-Concerned Mother, Kansas

● I, too, am an 18-year old boy and agree completely with "The Necessity Of Modesty." Satan uses every way possible to destroy men's souls, and the exposing of the human body is one way in which he gains his ends.

Young women, will you allow Satan to use your body to bring about the downfall of young men? The Bible tells us that our bodies are not our own, (see 1 Cor. 6:19-20) but that we belong to God and are bought with a price. Our purpose in life should be to glorify God and we cannot do this by wearing short form-fitting dresses. Christ overcame the powers of evil and He can give us the strength to dress properly and decently.

Girls, your clothes tell a lot about you. Modesty is not old-fashioned— it is becoming. By dressing properly we can witness for Christ without saying a word. And the young people who are Christians will appreciate it.

-Holmes County, Ohio

● As a mother, I want to say "Thank You" to the Christian boy who wrote "The Necessity Of Modesty." It seems those conditions exist too much all around. There are many kinds of dress which are a shame for girls, and much more for women who have children already. What kind of an example are we leaving for our children?

-Fleetwood, Pa.

● I want to say a hearty "Thank You" to the person wh wrote "The Necessity Of Modesty" in the February issue. It helped to bring me back to my right senses again. I have always been taught to dress modestly and have never felt that it is right to dress any other way. But the last while I have been tempted to shorten some of my dresses and also to make them more form-fitting and eye-catching.

It seemed as if nobody noticed it anyway whether I dressed modestly or not. I had almost allowed myself to be convinced that now-a-days boys don't appreciate long-dressed and modestly covered girls anymore. So when I came across the above mentioned article in *Family Life* I felt my face growing hot with shame. Why did I ever let myself think such thoughts? I took time to read again 1 Timothy 2, especially verses 9 to 15. for my Dad had read this to us girls at different times.

I believe it is better to dress modestly and please Go rather than to dress immodestly and attract boys who are not Christians at heart.

-An 18-year-old girl, Indiana

MORE CRACKS IN THE CEILING

● The article "Cracks In The Ceiling" in the February issue did me a lot of good. I've had the experience of becoming discouraged, too, after visiting certain homes. On the other hand, it does me good to visit in homes where they were not expecting visitors. Because of heal reasons, I can not clean our whole house at once so usually when visitors do come, there is some dirt and clutter in sight.

I have often wondered, how can I teach the children the line between being sloppy on one side and being too particular on the other? We cannot always have our house in order like we think it should be. I think the article teaches us that it is more important to practice patience and loving kindness than to always have our houses spic-and-span.

-Missouri Mother

● I liked the story "Those Cracks In The Ceiling." We should all examine ourselves to see if we don't have too much pride in our homes.

My mother came from a very poor family. That is, they were poor in this world's goods but not in Christian virtues. On the other hand, my father's family was rich in material possessions. Father wanted to get many things for Mother to make it easier for her, but Mother said that since her sisters have to struggle to make ends meet, she couldn't feel right having so many things her

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sisters could not afford. Only after her sisters got washing machines with engines, would Mother allow herself to have one.

Our home was clean and comfortable but very plain. After we grew older, we wanted to have more things. But Mother said she is afraid we would become proud and look down on others who couldn't have it so. Sometimes our friends would hint to us that our father must be miserly that he doesn't buy more things so we could live on a grander scale. This grieved my mother very much. She thought for the love of others, we should live a simple plain life, and this was her way of showing it. She lived as she believed to the end of her days and she was happy doing it.

Some people feel that if we have the money to go ahead and fix up our homes and live on a grander scale, it is none of anybody's business. But shouldn't there be a Christian love among the plain people that none would want to have their home so fancy? Even if parents can keep from feeling proud, the children will be apt to look down on those who don't have everything they wish for.

-Pennsylvania Grandmother

POEMS ON THE KITCHEN SINK

● This morning I was trying to do too many jobs at one time. On top of this, the children were playing with water and accidently spilled some on themselves. This took some more of my precious time to get them into dry clothes again, Needless to say, I was a bit impatient.

Then the mailman went, bringing me the February issue of Family Life. I read the article, "What Would You Take" and it hit the nail on the head.

Too often we are concerned that our houses are neat and tidy but neglect to take time to help the children play. What a thrill to see a child's face light up when Mama or Daddy take time to help him with what he is doing. When I finished reading the article, I copied the two poems and now I want to hang them at the kitchen sink for a constant reminder. -A Young Mother, Missouri

WRONG KIND OF VISITORS

● I enjoyed the article "Two Visitors" in the February issue. It reminded me of when I was working as a hired girl at a place where the mother was in bed. One day a thoughtless "biddy" came to visit and this is what she said, "Oh, how you have aged! You look so pale and even your hair have turned whiter." Needless to say, the sick lady and I were both glad when she left. But it did teach me a lesson.

The mention about Cora Floring in the same article is true. My sister was in that hospital while Cora was there and she would bring home stories of how it went sometimes. It is true that Cora would cheer up the nurses. She used to straighten things out if the nurses got into a "riff" with each other. -Mrs. E. Y., Ohio

DANNY ORLIS AND COMPANY

● On reading "Goodbye, Danny Orlis" in February issue, my first reaction was one of dismay that we would be discouraged from winning souls. Upon re-reading it, I was able to grasp what the author was trying to bring out, that the goal of true Christianity should be deeper than merely telling others about Christ. The bold, breezy way in which Aaron Smit talked was not impressive. Yet, perhaps we should not be too quick to judge. Paul writes in Phil. 1:15-18, that some preach Christ even out of "envy and strife" but goes on to say he is glad that Christ is preached whether it be in pretense or in truth. The main thing is to examine ourselves to see if we are sincere, and living the faith. Wouldn't it be better to encourage "winning souls for Jesus," but to do it the right way? The best avenue which is open to us is prayer. 1 Tim. 2:1 tells us that we should make intercessions and prayers for all men. Can we be earnest Christians and not be concerned about leading others to Christ? (Perhaps the difference in opinion is in the way which is best to do it.) -Y., Kansas

● I think the Danny Orlis article was the best article I have read for a long time and I agree with it 100%. You can be assured our Danny Orlis will go as I would not want my children to read and be influenced by them.

Another book which has been read by many people and I am afraid has influenced people much like the Danny Orlis books is "The Crying Heart." I read it recently and was surprised at the ideas in the book, I feel it is exactly of the same type as the Danny Orlis books. The reason I believe it is misleading is because it promotes the attitudes of those who have joined more liberal groups. The ideas in the book are very noticable among the young people in the more liberal of our Old Order churches. I do not believe those ideas are consistent with our faith. -Wooster, Ohio

● The Danny Orlis article reminded me of some letters which young readers wrote to a little magazine entitled "Young Pilot." Here are a few samples: "Dear Young Pilots — I like the story of Ski-Doo Witness the best. I am 7 years old. I was saved when I was 5 years old. I used to live in Japan but now I live in America."

"Dear Young Pilots — I was born again March 4, 1969. I was 4 years old. My whole family is saved. Please don't stop publishing Young Pilot. Age Eight."

"I really enjoy Young Pilot very much. Please don't ever stop sending them to me. I was saved when I was 6.

It also contains many more letters like the above.

-A. B. M., Ephrata, Pa.

● When I was twelve years old I received the first lesson of a Bible Course. I answered it and then continued receiving more. The first lessons were simple and easy but they became deeper and more serious. Then in one lesson it pointed out clearly that if I want to become a successful Christian (and I do) I must be busy trying to win souls for Jesus. This stunned me for our church has no missionaries, yet we thought we were doing what was right. (Had our church overlooked something?) Now I didn't know which way to go and struggled with my convictions and finally found a verse in the Bible which I thought gave me the answer. It was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

I found an old phone book and set to work in earnest. I copied down addresses until I had nearly fifty. Next I would have to buy some stamps and also make some envelopes with scraps of paper. I even thought up a title to put above my name, and then I would write letters and be one of God's workers.

A few days later the Family Life came and I read the story of "Goodbye Danny Orlis." It shocked me. What should I do now? I couldn't think. I was torn between two ways and mixed up. It wore me down and turned me into a tired, nervous wreck. I started getting headaches, like never before.

→ → →

Finally I found comfort in God's reassuring words. Why hadn't I gone there before? But it seemed I couldn't think. These are the words which put me back on my feet, "I will not leave you comfortless... Peace I leave with you... Let not your heart be troubled... Rest in the Lord."

Many more verses helped bring me peace of mind. I hope others will not get caught in the same snare and have to go through the same agony I did. We have the Bible, so let's read it. We don't need those Bible courses. -A Fifteen-Year-Old

IS IT THE BIGGEST WASTE?

● I appreciated the information in the article "The Biggest Waste In The World" (February issue). As a family, we have not been eating the average amount of meat but we get hungry for beef 3 or 4 days a week. Some days we do without and eat eggs or cheese instead. I believe we feel just as good as we did when we used to eat more meat. We often eat sunflower seeds and black walnuts to make up for the meat as the walnuts grow bountifully in our area. -H., Missouri

● It was a worthwhile article. You mentioned about grinding your own whole wheat and this would be a big savings as health food stores get 30¢ lb. for whole wheat flour. Some people do not like the whole wheat flour. It is easy to take some of the bran out by making a sieve of organdy material (white cap material). The finer the material, the whiter the flour. (Editor's note: The part you take out can be used for grape nuts). If a lot of flour is to be made, a power shaker or sifter can be made like the old corn sheller shakers. During World War II we made our flour at home because sugar and flour were hard to get.

I like the sunflower seeds as good as peanuts if toasted. Our store in town has a soybean mix to put into hamburger but it costs 50¢ a lb. We bought some soybeans for 9¢ a lb. We are experimenting with the soybean flour and will let you know later how we make out. If the soybeans are toasted before they are ground, it gives a more nutlike flavor.

According to my opinion, health foods are good but I have seen where it becomes a racket to the point where they get religion mixed in with it. There's a man in our area who was Old Order Amish and still dresses like one but he has joined the Seventh Day Adventists. He is a good talker and says that preservatives which are used in foods, and chemical fertilizers are from the devil who uses them to get control of people's minds. He thinks we should not eat one ounce of meat.

Someone brought up the question whether meat was eaten before the flood. We know that Christ and his disciples ate fish, (the Jews could eat certain kinds of meat). I agree with the article that most of us could do with a lot less meat. If we would teach our children to eat less meat, I think we would be doing them a favor. Predictions are that someday meat will be rationed and then we will have to eat more soybeans and other high protein foods. -A.B.M., Ephrata, Pa.

● I agree with your conclusion that other high-protein foods have merit, yet you have made a cardinal error in neglecting to give the steer credit for its capacity as a major contributor of a very vitalizing agent of life for many valuable fruits and vegetables. I am referring to the manure of the animals.

I think most of the Amish readers will agree that it is partly because of the manure of their cattle and horses that they have been able to keep up the production of their lands over generations.

Several years ago I visited a large and prosperous farmer (non-Amish) and was impressed by his fine healthy herd of well-bedded cattle. I found the farmer busy threshing oats by means of a large old-fashioned threshing box. When the opportunity afforded itself, I inquired as to why he did not use a combine. He pointed out to me the cattle yards which were continually being replenished with fresh clean yellow straw with the resultant clean cattle and said this is a part of their method of farming. The man told me, "We do not mind if we have to take a loss when selling cattle because our basic capital remains with us in the form of improved herds and in large amounts of manure which helps us to grow such protein rich foods as peas, beans, fruit and vegetables and of course more oats, rye, barley, wheat, potatoes, sugarbeets, etc."

Looking down on his fields was like a Joseph's coat of many colors with 4,6, and 8-acre fields of various crops with hedge rows (the home of many kinds of birds) separating the various crops.

How different this is from the way it is usually done today. Clean off the fences, pull a clean straight furrow, plant the grain, cut the labor by harvesting with a combine, burn the straw and be ready for another cash crop the following year. Then with a nice pocket full of money there is "time to do other things."

Many years ago before the advent of the automobile, when the cities were teeming with horses, the large vineyards around Paris needed no spraying because they had built-in disease resistance. In those days they got a coat of manure each year.

What, then are we after? Is it the top dollar or is it food value? Are we conerned about the well-being of ourselves and of others? If we merely pick out the steer as the villain of our wasteful system of doing things then we may fall into other pitfalls. At one time wheat was the villain on the prairies which brought on the dustbowls. Although it is doubtful that we will ever return the prairies to the buffalo, yet we still hope that if men ever again feel at home "where the buffalo roam," they will see animals as something more than just as "50¢ per lb. on the hoof." -F.J.K., Ontario

● Suppose we had owned a small field and for each year the past fifty years we would have raised grain and sold it for food. By this time, our field would probably grow less grain than when we started. Now suppose from this field we would have sold a steer each year and nothing would be wasted. The manure would furnish plant food for the next year's crop and now it would be growing more feed than ever. Each year we would have a steer to sell for food instead of the grain.

-I. F., Pennsylvania

● I think the article "The Biggest Waste In The World" has good advice on how to eat well and save money and maybe improve our health but I do not agree with the title. If the thousands of acres of prime farmland which are wasted every year to grow tobacco were used to grow corn, we could all eat meat for awhile yet. That, I think is the biggest waste in the world.

-Linwood, Ontario

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● I felt the article "The Greatest Waste" was well worth reading and it brought many thoughts and conversations on improving our eating habits. We put out a large row of sunflowers but to our disappointment we could not find anyone to do the hulling.

A book entitled, "Sunflower Farming for Conservation and Profit," is available from Southern Farms, P.O. Box 518, Savannah, Tenn. 38372 for the price of $5.00 postpaid. They will send a free package of 100 sunflower seeds to anyone who sends them a stamped self-addressed envelope. Or if you want five pounds of seed, send them a check of $6.00 and they will send you the seeds postpaid.

Literature put out by the company says that sunflowers are the second largest oil seed crop in the world and have a future as bright as the sun itself.

The article mentions sunflower seeds and peanuts. Can these be dried enough so that a flour can be made on account of the oil? -R.H., Tennesee

PLAIN AND FANCY QUILTS

● I was interested in the letter about the fancy quilts the Amish women are making, and have been making for years. We are not supposed to have flowery clothes but the bedding does not matter. They are made to catch the eye.

I have heard of women buying different colors to make a certain quilt instead of using leftover pieces and scraps of dress material.

I also agree with the letter about the glass door cupboards full of fancy dishes. Women that are supposed to be Amish buy sheets and pillow cases with flowers all over them. For myself, I would be ashamed to hang them on the line. Why not have them plain? When a couple gets married, they get the fanciest towel sets that money can buy for wedding presents. I don't think we are Amish like they were years ago. -L., Indiana

● Years ago the people were very poor and also thrifty. They used leftover material for the making of quilts. At that time the goods were nearly all of black or dark-colored background. Through the years, pieced quilts became the accepted thing and always more eye-catching. Today quilts can be found in Amish homes which would be very highly esteemed by the world. The question comes up, is it consistent for plain people to have many colored quilts or spreads on their beds? It is so easy to get the everyone-is-doing-it-so-how-can-it-be-wrong attitude. The other day a friend said to me, "At the Judgement Day, some will be disappointed and it can be you and me." It gave me something to think about.

I would like to add, that in a number of Amish communities, such quilts are not tolerated. -Ontario

ANDY GOES TO SCHOOL

● We appreciated the many and various thoughts and ways of dealing with hyper-active children. I wish we could have had this reading material ten years ago.

Our hyper-active son is nearly ten years old. His greatest problem seems to be in school. He has never liked school and to put it in his own words, he "hates" school which is certainly not a healthy attitude. As a result, he has never really adjusted to school life. It seems he cannot settle down. Studies are hard for him and it seems the harder he tries, the more frustrations he shows. His teacher would certainly verify this. A former teacher told us our child gets so tired in school it's hard on him.

Some of the other cases sounded so much like ours and still no one mentioned school life. If anyone has had any experience or has some suggestions, it would be greatly appreciated. Has anyone's school child ever been helped by putting him on a certain diet? We are getting desperate to do something for him.

-G. of Pennsylvania

● To the mother who could not get her boy to sleep, we also have an overactive "Ada". Yes, girls come that way, too. I used to wait until she seemed tired but that didn't work as she still couldn't settle down. Then I started putting her to bed right after lunch and that works better but I still had to spank her as much as 5 or 6 times before she'd stay in bed. Now she suggests bed herself right after lunch and takes a short but refreshing nap.

Backrubbing is also a method which can be used to calm those nerves. -Just another mother

WORF IS THE HANDLE

● The question mark behind the word "worf" in the article "The Name Is The Same" February issue prompted me to write. About 50 years ago when scythes were still popular, they were advertised as scythe and snath (blade and handle). I feel sure Dad called the handle of the scythe the "worf" in Pa. German.

In the indenture, it does not say "1 new sise and 1 new worf" but only "1 sise and worf." I am inclined to believe that the word "worf" means simply that the handle was to be included. -Enos R. Horst, Ontario

FIGHT YOUR OWN FIRES

● I read with great interest "The Call Of Fire" on the back cover of the February issue. It tells about fire fighting hundreds of years ago. We were born and raised in Pennsylvania but have now moved to a community where no fire engine is seen. Recently a large building started burning in a small town near here. Men gathered from the neighboring farms to help if their help was needed. Some brought garden hose and others brought

TWO STORIES

They tell the story of a cross
A cross where Jesus died,
And all the world without hope,
When Life was crucified.

And then night came, and all was dark.
The people laughed and said,
"Where is the Christ you loved so well?
You see He hangs there dead."

If this was all, our life would be
A sad and gloomy way;
But there's another story, too,
The one of Easter Day.

For Easter Morning Christ arose
And Easter means that we,
Shall live with Him and grow in love
Through all eternity.

-Sent in by S.R.S.

buckets. These were used to keep a house next door from catching fire.

Later on a house caught fire and people gathered and watched it burn. No horse drawn engines or motorized trucks came to the scene. This house, too, burned to the ground.

One day in summer a thunder storm went over us and soon we could see smoke rising to the skies. A barn was burning. A water truck was called but it had to go through several men's okays before it could be sent out. By this time it was too late.

A town 13 miles from us does have fire fighting equipment but you must be a member of the company or they will not come out. If you live too far away it is of little value. -M.H. Horning, Missouri

THE BATTLE AGAINST CREOSOTE

● To the lady who would like to know what to do to keep creosote from forming in the chimney, maybe you have tried all these suggestions. When we were planning to build a new kitchen, we were told not to put the chimney on the outside of the house as the smoke gets too cold before getting up into the air. Our chimney is near the middle of the house.

The kind of fuel also has an effect on the amount of creosote forming. Elm seems to be especially bad. Hardwoods such as maple and beech are much better. Do not close the stove too tightly. It took some persuading before I believed that but I must admit since I let the fire burn with more air, it's not as bad.

-Mrs. L.F., Mt. Forest, Ontario

WE'RE ALL A COMET!

● I was reading "It Turned Out To Be A Kohoutek" (back cover, Feb. issue). I was made to think how closely we resemble a comet. We were made from dust of the earth. The closer we draw to God, the more we reflect His glory. How beautiful to behold a Christian very close to His Saviour!

I also thought of the promises we made at baptism. Let us diligently strive to fulfill those promises and draw near to God and let the light from the eternal Sun reflect through us so we do not turn out to be a "kohoutek."

-R.K., Virginia

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

A new book is always exciting. The latest one which has come out is not a story book, it is a workbook. One which should be of special interest to the majority of our readers for it is called, "Let's Learn German."

Our people have been gradually losing out in the German language. It seems as though each generation is a little less able to understand and use it correctly. The children who grow up do not take the interest which is necessary to learn it right. That is the reason we have hopes that this workbook will help to reverse the trend. It presents the lessons in ways which should stir up the child's interest and imagination.

There are pictures of simple things such as der Hahn, die Sonne, das Brot and the student is asked to draw a line from the word to the correct picture. He must also draw lines from a German letter or word to the English one which matches it. On other pages, he must draw lines from small letters to the capitals. There are exercises to help tell the difference between some of the letters which look nearly alike. They also learn the names of the colors by coloring simple objects in different colors.

This booklet is intended for the lower grades. It is best not to try to learn the German until the child has mastered the English alphabet, perhaps during the last half of the second year or the beginning of the third. The instructions are given in English which makes it easier for the child to understand.

The workbook is also good for older children, anyone who has not yet learned to read the German language well. In schools where the children do not know German, a good plan is to get a workbook for each child from grade three to eight. After this, only one grade would need to take it each year. In schools where German is already being taught, the workbook could be used for those grades which need practice in recognizing the German alphabet and in connecting simple German words with the objects they stand for. A second book is also being prepared with short and interesting stories about everyday things, which should give the children additional exercises in reading. This book will not be ready for some time. Please do not order it now.

The beginning workbooks are not expensive as they only cost 60¢ each when purchased in quantities of five or more. It seems children take more interest when they can have a book all their own. We believe that after a child has successfully completed these two books, he will be able to go on and read any part of the Bible or other German literature and understand what he reads. Our only regret is that these workbooks were not available forty years ago when we went to school.

Does anyone know how to make or where to get a sunflower huller? Since the article "The Biggest Waste" appeared in Family Life, we have received a number of requests on how to get sunflower seeds hulled. One reader said he had heard of it being done through a hammer mill run at slow speed and with the right sized screen.

And while we're on the subject, does anyone know how to make the shredded wheat cereal like is sold in the stores?

Each month we lay back 110 copies of Family Life and at the end of the year we get these bound up into a book. By the time this gets into print we expect to have the 1973 bound volumes ready. They are done up into a book with leatherette material over a hard cover. If you want one of these, the price is $8.00 each. Also some of the 1972 and 1971 issues are available at the same price. There are also a few of the 1970 and 1969 volumes left at $10.00 each.

Some people are apparently at a loss to know how to address their letters when sending in materials for the magazines. No matter whether you send it to Aylmer, or to LaGrange, it will eventually get to the right place. However, you will get quicker service if you will order books from the LaGrange address but send anything that has to do with the magazines to Aylmer, Ontario.

You can help us still more by remembering the following points. All subscriptions, both new and renewal, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions should be addressed as follows:

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Aylmer, Ontario, Canada N5H 2R3

Any material which you wish to send in for Family Life, whether it be "Letters to the Editors," "What Do You Think?" answers to the farm problem, articles, or whatever it may be should be addressed as follows:

Family Life Editors
c/o Pathway Publishers
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada N5H 2R3

Material for the Shut-in page or Windowsill should be addressed to "Aunt Becky." Anything for the Young Companion should be addressed "Young Companion Editors," and anything for the Blackboard Bulletin to "Blackboard Bulletin Editors."

Some days we get a lot of mail and this will help the girls a lot who sort it. ■■

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WORLD WIDE WINDOW

WATCHING A WAR

A year ago the war in Viet Nam was supposed to have ended when the two sides signed a cease-fire agreement and American troops were withdrawn. But the fighting has gone on every day since. In fact, in the single year since the cease-fire agreement, more Vietnamese people have been killed than the total number of American soldiers killed during the 12-year history of the war before that.

At the time the cease-fire agreement was signed, a peace commission was formed from various neutral countries to move in and make sure that each side kept their agreement. But both sides so openly violated their promises that the peace commission could only look on in helpless frustration. In fact, Canada became so disgusted that it withdrew its members from the commission entirely, since they obviously were only wasting their time anyhow. Said Michel Gauvin, Canada's chief delegate, "We were sent to observe a peace, and came to watch a war."

ALCOHOL AND BABOONS

Doctors have long known that an extremely high precentage of heavy drinkers and alcholics end up with cirrhosis and other liver ailments. But no one has ever been able to prove for sure just what caused the damage to the liver. Most medical authorities believed that it was not actually the consumption of alcohol that did the harm, but the poor diet that usually accompanies heavy drinking. Most alcoholics don't worry about a square meal as long as they have something to drink. But recent experiments with baboons seems to indicate that it is not the poor diet, but the alcohol itsslf that harms the drinker's liver. Baboons were selected for tests, since they live relatively long, and react to liquor much the same way as humans do. Twenty-six baboons at a laboratory in New York were divided into two equal groups of 13 baboons each. Both groups were given the same amount of alcohol each day, but one group received a balanced diet in addition to the alcohol. The other group did not. In the end, all the baboons developed faulty livers, whether on a good diet or not.

Up until now no one has been able to prove whether the same would hold out for humans or not; probably it is so hard to find an alcoholic who has had an otherwise good diet. ■■

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

PAID WITH OWN COINS

The sun shone brightly and a gentle breeze caused the clothes to flutter nicely that lovely summer day. I was singing as I took the empty clothes basket to the wash house, entirely unaware of the trick my brother had prepared for me. It worked just as he had planned. The half-open door supported a dipper full of water and as I pushed the door open and walked through, the dipper emptied its contents on my head. My brother was nowhere in sight but I guessed right away who had played the prank and I also knew it had worked splendidly.

Sudden anger rushed over me and I went into the house, plopped onto the davenport and cried—big 13-year old girl that I was. Mother was getting dinner and looked up to see what had come over me. After a few minutes and I was beginning to feel ashamed of myself. She asked what was wrong. I told her and she asked, "Do you think that's something to cry about? Your brother did what you have often done to him. You must learn to take as well as give."

That lesson stayed with me and although I still need a review occasionally, I try to remember that we are often paid back with our own coins.

"And with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Matt.7:26. -Iowa

CHATTANOOGA PITFALL

Sometime ago my wife and I and several of our children were traveling. While stopping for a rest stop, I was heading for the rest room and met a very friendly man. He told me a little ways up the road he had the misfortune of breaking his rear axle in his car. By the time he had his car towed and the axle fixed his money was all gone. He was returning from New York where he had been visiting his daughter who is a school teacher, and estimated it would take about $8 or $9 worth of gas to take him back home to Chattanooga, Tenn. He said, "I'm not a bum, I'm an honest man just plain broke, and the only choice I have is to ask someone to loan me the money." I realized if this man was in need and I'd turn him down, Christianity would be a very dark picture to him, because my dress was naturally a Christian symbol to him as there were a lot of other people around there, too.

I could think of only one way to find out if this man is honest, so thinking this man could be like King Agrippa, almost persuaded to be a Christian, I handed him a $10 bill. Mr. Rodgers even showed me his identification and I gave him mine on a small tablet. I tried to explain to him that we can all some time or other be a good Samaratian to our fellowmen.

After we were on the road again the thought came to me whether I should tell my wife or not. After thinking for a few minutes I decided against it. When I get the $10 on the mail from an unknown man in Tenn. my wife would really be guessing. On the other hand she has often warned me already that people take advantage of me on account of my easy going nature. And if this were a fake she would say, "I told you so."

The next day in church services the subject of the love of money is the root of all evil, was much discussed. I thought to myself surely that happening yesterday was from the Lord and I felt good that I had given him the money. Whatever happened to Mr. Rodgers I don't know for I never heard from him, but this I did find out, that the children of this world in their generation are a whole lot wiser at their trade than the children of light.

-Mr. Soft Heart
Samaria, Ohio

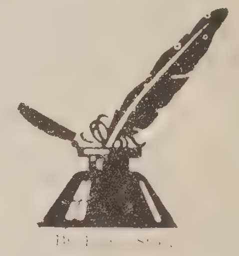
WHAT WE LEARN YOUNG

As I was the oldest at home I unloaded manure rather young. Dad had nailed a big block on the footboard so my feet would reach and we had pretty reliable horses so it wasn't too bad, but if it was muddy or icy and it unloaded hard the wheels would slip then the horses would soon stop. So I was told time and again to stay alert and quickly put the web out of gear or at least slow it down. I was reminded over and over as I grew up.

Now I am farming on my own for about three years and have a different model spreader with the levers on opposite sides and am always reaching for the wrong lever when things start to slip or pull hard. I seldom move the wrong one but my hand instinctively goes out before I think what I'm doing. Oh, if only I could have been taught effectively in spiritual things to reach for the right lever. I feel I know what is right or wrong but in tight places, spiritually that is, it seems it is instinct to do the wrong before I have time to think just as I reach for the wrong lever on the spreader. I reach for the one I was used to as I grew up. If we could only teach and show our children to instinctively go to the right lever in time of need, namely Jesus Christ when they are young and growing I doubt not that they will not forget it but how to do this does not have an easy answer.

J., Indiana

Views and Values



LARGE SHADOWS

The warm rays of the April sun shone on Abe Weaver's back as he stood at the barnyard fence, talking with his neighbor from across the road, young John Miller. Both Abe and John turned as a buggy drove in the lane, and drew up to the gate where the two men stood.

A faint trace of a scowl flickered over John Miller's face as he saw who was in the buggy—It was Ben L. Hochstetler, or just Ben L. as most called him. Ben L. was about the same age as John Miller, but the two didn't get on too well. John had once bought a horse from Ben L. and he felt he hadn't been used right. The horse started limping about a week after John had him, but Ben L. had insisted the horse was sound when he sold him. They finally did get the deal settled, but not until there were a bit of hard feelings between them. And ever since it seemed the two just didn't enjoy each other's company, and the slightest bit of disagreement could flare up into new trouble.

"Good morning," Abe greeted Ben L. in the buggy. "Did you get that package of calf pills at the vet for me? Or did you stop in to say you forgot, as I had to the last time I was supposed to get something for you?"

Ben L. laughed. "I'm forgetful, too, but this time I did happen to remember." He nodded a "hello" to John, who remained standing at the gate, and then he reached into the box that was half pushed under the front seat and lifted a small paper bag with the calf pills in it. He handed it to Abe.

Abe took it, reached into his pocket, and got out his billfold. He took out two one-dollar bills and handed them to Ben L. But then at an afterthought, he said, "Or aren't the pills $2 anymore? They were the last time, I remember."

→ → →

Ben smiled as he took the $2. "Would you believe that the price has gone a third higher, up to $3?"

"I'd believe anything these days," Abe said, shaking his head. "Up. Up, up."

"Well, that's what they charged me— $3 even. And here's the bill." He handed it to Abe.

Abe looked through his billfold for another dollar bill to give to Ben L. While he searched, John kept on talking about the way everything was going up in price. "Why, sugar has gone up almost double what it was. I never saw anything like it."

"Got change for a five?" Abe asked, holding out a five-dollar bill.

"I should have," Ben L. said. He took the five, and gave Abe $2 in return. "The pills were $3, so here's the change for the $5."

Abe took the two dollars, a puzzled expression on his face. He seemed to be figuring, but Ben L. didn't notice. "I guess I should be going," Ben L. said. "I want to grind a bit of feed yet before chore time if I can." He tugged on his lines to signal the horse to go."

"Just a minute," Abe said. "Did we figure this right? The pills were just $3, weren't they?"

"That's right," Ben L. said. "You gave me a five and I gave you two one's in change."

"But those were the two dollars I had given you earlier," Abe laughed. "You can't count those."

Ben L. gasped. "Say, I almost gave you the short end of the deal that time. I forgot all about those two dollars you gave me earlier. I'm sorry," Ben L. apologized. "I sure didn't mean to shortchange you."

"Oh, that's all right," Abe chuckled. "I've made worse mistakes than that."

"I'm sure glad you said something," Ben L. said. Then he bid Abe good-by, and was on his way.

John Miller had remained standing at the gate all the while Abe and Ben L. were talking, and he had been able to hear everything that took place. Now as Ben L.'s buggy rattled out the lane, the slight scowl on John's face deepened into a disapproving frown. "So you found out, too, that it pays to watch Ben L. pretty close," Joe remarked as Abe came walking back to the gate.

"Oh, I don't know that I would say that," Abe hedged. A mistake like that could happen to anyone— he just forgot about the first two dollars I had given him."

"Huh," John scoffed. "I bet he forgot-- on purpose, maybe. Didn't you notice how soon he was ready to leave, hoping to get away before you thought it over?"

"Now, now," Abe reproved his young neighbor. "You're imagining things. I don't think Ben would do anything dishonest."

"I wish I could believe that," John said a bit sharply. "But I learned the hard way to watch him."

The two men left the discussion at that, and talked of other things. But after John had left for home, Abe found his thoughts returning again to Ben L. "Funny how we both saw Ben L. make the same mistake," he mused, "yet we got such different impressions from it. John saw Ben L. try to cheat me out of two dollars; but I saw him just forget to give me the money— something that could easily have happened to anyone."

Abe did indeed have something to muse about. Both he and John Miller had witnessed the exact same incident, yet they interpreted it so differently. Why? Why did they have such different opinions of Ben L. as he drove out the lane? Simply because they had different opinions when he drove in. Abe approached Ben L. with confidence and trust. John viewed him with suspicion. It made a world of difference.

Someone made the observation that "Suspicion casts large shadows behind small objects." This certainly turned out to be true in Ben L.'s case. When we are suspicious and mistrustful of someone, our minds will quickly magnify the smallest mistake or remark far out of proportion to what was ever intented. When a person we trust says something, we may not give it a second thought. But if someone we mistrust says the same thing, we let it roll over and over in our mind, examining each syllable suspiciously. "Now just what is that supposed to mean, I'd like to know?" or "What made him say something like that?"

We live in a world where it is taken for granted that almost no one can be safely trusted. We walk down a supermarket aisle, and look up to see a round mirror at the end, and we know we're being watched for shoplifting. We happen into an alleyway to see the thick iron bars on the window of the jewelry store to keep out would-be thieves. We see locks on doors of people's homes. There can be no doubt about it, on every side we see plenty of evidence that one person doesn't trust the other.

A young man once found himself in a large city late at night. He had to walk several blocks in a poorly-lit street. He was frankly afraid, and he kept away from dark corners and spooky alleys as much as he could, fervently hoping he wouldn't meet anyone. His heart skipped a beat as he saw someone approaching from ahead. He forced himself to go on, telling himself there wasn't anything to fear, and yet his heart was pounding. He was ready to turn and flee if the approaching person should make a mismove. But as he passed, he saw that it was a middle-aged lady, walking very rapidly, her face pale. At that instant he realized that she had been scared, too, perhaps even more frightened of him, than he had been of her!

But unfortunately, suspicions of people we meet are not always as unfounded as this young man's was. Dark streets are dangerous. People get killed, robbed, beaten every day. We cannot expect to get along in a wicked world without being suspicious of strangers we meet. Many world people simply cannot be trusted, and we might as well face it. It is a fact we cannot change.

But as Christians, we should strive for a totally different atmosphere in the church. In the world there is suspicion and fear; in the brotherhood there should be, and can be, love and trust and confidence in each other. Yet in order to gain and keep a feeling of goodwill and trust in the church, we will need to make a constant effort to guard against small seeds of suspicion settling in the back of our minds.

We must at all cost perserve a sense of trust in each other; if we lose that basic trust, there is no way we can live and worship and work together in harmony. For as plain people, our lives are too closely knit together, our paths too entwined, and the occasions for misunderstandings too numerous, to hope to survive if we allow suspicion to creep into our thoughts.

We all have our part to do to perserve the right feelings between each other, whether we are young people, parents, or ministers. We must learn to give each other the benefit of the doubt, and on top of that, be humble and willing to admit our own mistakes. We must be worthy of trust ourselves, and in return, expect others to be trustworthy, too. There is nothing that tears down trust as fast as remarks that cast doubt on someone else's motives.

A young person bent over and said to his friend, "Sam Miller is getting awfully friendly with me; I bet he has his eye on my sister," A father came home to his family and said, "Jake Wagler was out in the field picking up bits of hay the boys missed with the hayloader— he sure tries to make every little penny he can." A grandfather said to his neighbor, "Ed Yoder took special pains to visit me today; I wonder if he is getting ready to ask me for a loan, as I heard he's thinking of buying a farm." A mother said to her daughter, "I overheard the ministers talking today— it sounded to me they are trying to get ahold of something so they could start working on the youngfolks again."

Remarks like the above, all of them, cast doubt on the motives of others, and will cause thoughts of suspicion to lodge in our minds. Such remarks will cause us to wonder what selfish motive might lurk behind outwardly good deeds, and will ruin our appreciation for each other. Probably Sam Miller didn't have his eye on anybody's sister, but was friendly because he wanted friendship, because he was lonely. Very likely Jake Wagler wasn't picking up hay because he was such a penny-pincher, but because he didn't want to stop and unplug the mower all the time when he made the second cutting. Ed Yoder might not have had a loan in mind at all; perhaps he genuinely wanted to show his appreciation for older people. And almost assuredly the ministers the mother overheard would have been only too glad if the young people never would have needed to be reproved.

The challenge is ours to try harder to cultivate faith and trust and love and confidence in one another. It may take a bit more effort, but our days will be brighter and happier for it. Being suspicious and doubting is the easier way for the moment, but it will bring with it gloom and darkness— large shadows behind small objects. ■■

* * *

FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

RH and OUR BABY

THE SUN WAS ALREADY setting behind the pine hills on Sunday evening, October 7, 1973, as son Timothy and I rode horseback toward Guaimaca. In the tropics, darkness falls swiftly but we had brought along a flashlight in case we needed it. We rode first to the town clinic,but, as we had expected, the doctor was not there. Very rarely did he spend a weekend in Guaimaca. He had gone to Tegucigalpa.

We turned our horses toward the private clinic of Miss Elisa, the crippled English-speaking nurse who had delivered our ninth child, Mary, in 1971. Miss Elisa was at home. Yes, she could come out to our house for the night.

The next morning our tenth child was born to us, another sweet little girl. That made four girls in a row, and six girls in all. The birth was a normal one and Laura felt fine. The whole family rejoiced. Nurse Elisa beamed too, and kept remarking what a nice plump baby God had given us.

"What's her name?" she asked.

Laura and I looked at each other and smiled. "We haven't decided yet," I explained. "We had a boy's name picked out, but none for a girl."

Our oldest son, Paul, 15, brought the horse and buggy up to the house and the nurse got on. As the buggy started to leave, she called back, "Now take good care of that baby."

WHAT A MIRACLE IS birth! The awe and wonderment that the birth of our first child in 1958 had brought to us, had been repeated nine times. But I don't think it ever moved me more than it did with this last baby— the overwhelming relief and gratitude that both mother and baby were well, that the ordeal was over and a tiny, pure, sweet little being had been born into the world. Surely birth is one of life's awe-inspiring moments!

Tuesday morning I whistled as I went about my work. The anxiety of the past weeks had lifted and departed. Suddenly I felt like going to the truck patch and planting, planting, planting. But sometime during the day I would have to go to Guaimaca to register the baby's birth.

While I was in town anyway, I decided to drop by the nurse's house for a moment, among other things to tell her we had named the baby Eunice.

When I got home I found Laura a little bit worried because the baby had begun to show a yellow color.

"It can't be anything much," I assured her. "Lots of newborn babies get jaundiced. She seems to be all right otherwise, not?"

"Yes," my wife admitted.

"Does she nurse well?"

"Yes, real good."

Wednesday the baby turned more yellow. None of our other babies ever done this, but still we were not unduly alarmed. I spent most of the day up on the hillside planting turnips, broccoli, and cucumbers. I decided I wouldn't tell Laura what I had planted or where, and let it be a surprise for her to discover when she was up and around again.

Some neighbors dropped in to see the new baby, and one of them, wanting to reassure my wife, said, "Oh, I've seen babies more yellow than that. That will go away in a day or two."

Wednesday evening I got down some medical books I had on the top shelf and began to look up what they said about jaundice. I found that there are several causes of jaundice in infants, and that it is not an uncommon thing.

Under the heading, "Physiological jaundice," I read, "This condition is observed in more than 50% of normal infants within the first week of life, though it may be of slight degree...It commonly fades within a period of days or at most a week or two...The infant normally suffers from no symptoms attributable to jaundice, except in cases where it is exceptionally deep. Such infants may be somewhat listless and unwilling to feed."

Our little Eunice seemed normal in every other respect than the color of her skin. She was active in nursing and seemed to be feeling well. But she certainly was yellow.

I put the books back on the shelf and told my wife to quit worrying about the baby. Surely her color would improve within the next day or two.

BUT THAT NIGHT THE baby could not sleep. My wife woke me about two o'clock and said little Eunice would no longer nurse, and seemed to be in distress. She did not cry aloud, just "grexed," as we say in Pennsylvania Dutch.

With dawn I got down the medical books again. In one of the books there was a picture of a deeply-jaundiced baby lying beside a normal baby. The children crowded around to look, and one of them remarked, "But our baby isn't that yellow!"

Maybe she wasn't, but she was obviously a very sick baby. It looked like she might have RH disease, a serious blood problem. "We'll have to take this baby to Tegucigalpa right away," I decided. "I wouldn't be surprised it will be necessary to change her blood."

We lost no time in getting ready. I asked Rosanna, our oldest daughter (age 14) to get herself ready quickly, and also the baby, while I ran over to the neighbors to get the name and address of the child specialist they had doctored with. It was hard for my wife to bid good-by to the baby. But in a few minutes we were on the way down to the store— Rosanna, I and the baby. There we waited for a bus to Tegucigalpa.

Before long a small bus arrived and there was just room for us. I asked the driver if Rosanna might sit in the front seat with the sick baby. At once the driver and all the passengers were at our service, wanting to help. We were to learn in the next few hours and days what a tender heart the Honduran people have for a sick baby.

By the time we got to the city, and had taken a taxi to Hospital Viera, our doctor had gone home for dinner. He has an office right at the hospital, but he would not be back until 2.

At the hospital admissions office, the girl suggested we go to the doctor's waiting room to wait. But that would be an hour and a half. I asked if we could telephone the doctor at his home and speak to him right away. At last she put us on the line, and I poured out the story to the doctor. He surmised it might be an RH problem, and at once arranged with the intern at the hospital to take blood tests and have them rushed through the laboratory so that the results would be ready when he returned at two o'clock.

Shortly before two we were ushered into the doctor's office, and we met Dr. Delgado for the first time. Round-faced, middle-aged, very alert, he is one of the leading children's specialists in the country. He thoroughly examined the baby, studied the blood tests, and a frown settled on his face. At last he motioned us to sit down in the chairs facing his desk.

He cleared his throat the way doctors do when they have bad news to break. "I'm sorry," he said gently in accented English. "There is not much I can do for your baby. It is too late. You brought her to me too late." He spread his hands hopelessly.

I sat there stunned. The words, "Too late! Too late!" were like sledge hammer blows.

"But...but..." I stammered, "Can't you change her blood?"

"Yes, I could," the doctor's words were soft and even. "We do it all the time here, but it's too late, the damage is already done." He pointed out how the baby was throwing her head back and jerking her little arms.

"Her yellow color is caused by bile pigment— bilirubin — in her blood. When the level reaches 15 milligrams we begin thinking of changing the blood. At 20 milligrams there is already danger. Your baby has a level of 43 milligrams. Her condition is called kernicterus, and the bilirubin is attacking her brain cells. The damage is already done. Changing her blood would not undo the damage. It is too late."

"Then...then there isn't anything to do?"

"Not much, really. We can place her under a special lamp and feed her through a catheter in her nose. You can leave her here at the hospital if you like, or you can take her home, whatever you decide. Either way, she may die in a day or two, or she may survive, it is difficult to tell."

I took a deep breath. "And if she does survive?" I asked.

"If she survives, it will be with brain damage. Much the same as cerebral palsy children. She may be crippled. or retarded."

"What do you think caused this..this problem?"

"That is hard to say, but probably the RH factor. It might be some other blood problem. We will have to look into it when your wife is able to come in for tests. You are sure your wife has RH negative blood?"

"Yes."

"And your type is...?"

"O positive, I believe."

"We'll need to make a complete study of this. In case there is another baby sometime, we want to be ready."

I HAD MADE UP MY MIND to admit the baby to the hospital, at least for the night. If we decided the next morning to take the baby home, we could still do so. Right now, in the middle of the afternoon, there wasn't much choice. No buses would leave for Guaimaca till the next day, and a taxi would cost even more than the hospital room.

I asked the doctor, "What would you do if she were your child?"

"I would put her in the hospital," he replied. "Then, whatever happens, you'll always feel you did something, you did all you could."

A half hour later Rosanna and I half-stumbled down the stone stairways leading from the hospital to the street. Both of us were sick at heart, dazed, too full for words. At last I stammered to Rosanna, "He thinks she's going to die. He doesn't think there's a chance, whether we take her home or leave her here."

Rosanna nodded her head, the tears coming fast.

We walked down the street, not paying much heed where we were going, just walking. We would have to find a hotel room for the night, and supper. Supper? Who was hungry? Dr. Delgado had said he wanted to talk to us again at six o'clock after his office hours, when he would have more time. Also, we would need to arrange for a bus home the next morning. I remembered that a bus load of Goshen College students (studying in Honduras) were planning a visit out to our farm the next day. Maybe they would have room for us to ride along.

It was nearly seven o'clock by the time Dr. Delgado had seen his last patient and was ready to talk to us. Once more we were seated in front of his wide desk. The doctor was more relaxed now, and he explained in greater detail about the baby's condition. I soon noticed a difference in his outlook. In the afternoon he had felt it was hopeless to treat the baby. Now he had a program worked out, and he wanted to try.

He took us up to the fourth floor of the hospital and let us peer through the window at baby Eunice. She was in an incubator-like affair with a special lamp and oxygen. There were tubes running into her little nose.

The doctor warned us again that the baby might die, perhaps within 24 hours. If she survived the next 24 hours, there would likely be serious brain damage. She might be crippled or mentally retarded. It was all in God's hands, for there wasn't much a doctor could do...

In my hotel room that night I lay awake. It was hard not to blame myself for what had happened. Why hadn't we brought the baby in a day sooner? Why hadn't we been better informed on RH disease? Our family doctor in Canada had told my wife in 1969 (when our eighth was born) that there was a possibility of blood problems. Somehow, I guess, we figured if it hadn't happened yet, it wasn't going to happen.

I tried to console myself with reasoning: Perhaps the doctors couldn't have helped even if we had come in sooner. After all, there is a limit to what they can do. I had read somewhere that exchanging the blood is not without risk. Perhaps it was best this way. God could still work a miracle and heal our baby, if He wanted to.

Perhaps He did not want to! The thought hit me hard. Maybe God had a purpose in giving us a special child. Other people had special children. Our previous nine were all normal, healthy individuals. Maybe God wanted to teach us something through one child that was different.

How I longed to talk with Laura, but she was four hours away, at home, probably lying awake at this moment wondering about the baby. Together we could face this crisis, and comfort each other.

Before I fell asleep I was completely reconciled to give Eunice over to whatever God had planned for her. If it was death, so be it. If she lived, crippled and retarded, we would not love her the less for it, but probably the more.

Two verses kept coming to my mind and helped bring resignation to my heart. The first was Romans 8:28, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." The second I could remember only in German, "Alle Züchtigung aber, wenn sie da ist, dünkt uns nicht Freude, sondern Traurigkeit zu sein; aber darnach wird sie geben eine friedsame Frucht der Gerechttigkeit denen, die dadurch geübt sind." (Hebrews 12:11).

I could not escape the thought that somehow we as parents had failed our baby, and that she would suffer for our mistake. Yet overriding this thought came the comforting words, "All things work together for good.." God must have had a reason to let it come to pass.

THE NEXT MORNING WE bumped along in the bus toward home. The Mennonite college students began singing. Someone started the song, "Farther Along We'll Understand Why." Never before had the words meant so much. Surely we would understand it better by and by.

It was nearly noon when the bus drove in our lane. We got off at the gate and hurried across the field to our house. The little girls saw us coming and hurried inside to tell Laura in the bedroom. My heart was full and I could not keep back the tears. To face my wife and tell her those fateful words, "I was too late, we waited too long," — it was almost more than I could do. Yet, somehow, as we talked it over, we were reassured that it would yet all work out for our good. Perhaps it was to humble us, to draw us nearer to God.

There was a meeting at the school that Friday afternoon, so we wrote a note for the brethren there, telling them of our baby's condition, and asking them all to join us in prayer for her, and not only for the baby, but for us too, as a family, that we might be wholly given up to God's will and to accept what He had for us.

At 2:30, after two hours at home, I boarded the bus for Tegucigalpa once more.

Rh Disease, What It Is

IF WE HAD STILL LIVED in the U.S. or Canada where most babies are born in the hospital, and where doctors can be reached from the nearest telephone, would this have happened to us? Wouldn't little Eunice have been treated in time then? No doubt the chances would have been much better. But the fact remains that the same thing could happen there, and in fact, does happen. Many babies die from RH disease each year.

Because of the danger from RH disease, I am writing this article. From our experience someone else may learn facts that in turn may save their baby. I only wish someone had written an article about RH disease in *Family Life* several years ago.

(Editor's Note- See article elsewhere in this issue on Blood Types and the RH factor.)

Here are a few important facts to remember about RH Disease:

1. The disease occurs only if the father is Rh-positive and the mother Rh-negative. In America this is about one marriage in eight.
2. The first child is hardly ever affected. The danger increases with each succeeding child.
3. Babies that are Rh-negative are not affected.
4. In severe cases the baby may be stillborn or live only a few hours.
5. The antibodies attack and destroy the baby's red blood cells, causing anemia and jaundice.
6. Any jaundice occurring earlier than the third day, or if the baby becomes listless and will not nurse—these are danger signals.

With Eunice, we were of the opinion that as long as the baby seemed to be feeling well, there was no cause for alarm. But we learned the hard way that once the baby refuses to nurse, it may be too late to act. This was especially true in our case where we noticed the first symptoms at 2 o'clock at night, and we were four or five hours away from a hospital.

PREVIOUSLY THE ONLY treatment for Rh disease was exchange transfusion, thus removing the antibodies that were attacking the red cells, and replacing the baby's own blood with rh-negative.

Now, however, there is a vaccine that can be used as a prevention, providing it is given at the proper time and before the mother's blood has become sensitized. This means a vaccination each time an rh-positive child is born. The vaccine must be given within 72 hours of birth. It gives protection to future babies, but only if the mother is not already immune to the Rh factor. Once her blood has produced Rh antibodies, the vaccine is useless.

We Bring The Baby Home

SEVERAL DAYS PASSED. Up on the fourth floor of Hospital Viera our little baby was fighting for her life and holding her own. Each time we peered through the window, she looked the same— a naked baby with her arms outstretched, her stomach a yellow-bronze, a patch of adhesive tape on the inside of her groin where the blood samples had been taken.

Then, as the new week started, the baby began improving at least physically. On Tuesday the doctor ordered the tubes removed from her nose, and had a nurse try to feed her with a bottle to see if her sucking reflexes had returned. Eunice did not suck very fast, but she sucked!

On Wednesday my mother went to the hospital with me to bring the baby home. Dr. Delgado released her with the admonition, "You take her home and fight with her. Get some milk into her. She's got to grow."

He prescribed a long list of vitamins and medicines, and told us how to care for her. He gave us a sedative to keep her quiet. She was still quite anemic and might yet need a transfusion, so he wanted us to bring her in again soon.

AND SO EUNICE CAME back into our home and to our family. We knew she was a delicate baby and would need a lot of extra care, but how happy we were— the whole family of us— to have the opportunity of caring for her.

Somehow in the months since then she has become a very special baby, not only to us, but I believe to the whole community. She gained weight surprisingly fast, perhaps in return for the extra love and care! We have been watching her develop, step by step, our eyes open for anything abnormal. At this writing she is three months old, and it is still too early to tell what permanent effects she may have of her illness. But as of now she seems quite normal, and has become a smiling, lovable baby.

The last time we took her in for a check-up, Dr. Delgado stood there and looked at the fat little baby on the examining table, and exclaimed, "I'm amazed! For the condition she was in, I'm just amazed." He shook his head in disbelief. Then he added, "I am very, very pleased."

As for us, I think we have reason to be grateful to the God who hears and answers prayers. ■■

The Night of the Storm

(This night for some reason, Barbara didn't want to go to sleep. The parents didn't realize it would be the last night Barbara would sleep in her little bed.)

IT WAS A BALMY, WINDY day, — April 11, 1965. Elmer Schwartz, his wife Elizabeth, and one-year old daughter, Barbara, had spent the evening at Elizabeth's sister for supper with a group of friends and relatives.

On the way home they noticed streaks of lightning in the west. This didn't seem to alarm the family, but were glad they didn't stay any longer. "It's not nice to be out when it storms," Elmer said as he came in and pulled off his boots.

"Yes, it's good to be home," Elizabeth said as she got her baby ready for bed. Tonight for some reason, Barbara just didn't want to settle down and sleep. So Elmer and Elizabeth prepared for bed but decided to wait until Barbara closed her eyes.

Soon hail rattled against the windows fiercely. Elizabeth said to her husband, "Why, it could break the windows."

Realizing the danger they decided to go down to the basement. But they never made it.

Elmer grabbed the baby from her crib and went for the flashlight which was on the sewing machine nearby.

Elizabeth, at the moments notion, decided to blow out the lamp. All of a sudden the house started vibrating.

The walls and the ceilings were crashing. Everything just happened in a twinkle of an eye.

A few moments later when everything was quiet, Elmer found himself lying in the yard, still tightly holding the baby. Elizabeth was lying on the floor of the demolished house. The heating stove had blown over, and a wall partition had fallen on top of the stove. Underneath this is where she found herself, unhurt. The stove had kept the wall from falling on her. On top of the partition were hundreds of bricks which had been carried from the brick walls of the house and scattered everywhere.

Elizabeth crawled out from under the partition and ran out to the yard, calling for her husband. What a relief to hear his voice and to find that he and the baby were not hurt. Still in a daze, they began running down the road. Trees and wire fencing and all kinds of debris were scattered over the road.

They saw the lights of an approaching car, but soon it stopped for it could come no further. Elmer and Elizabeth ran to meet the car, and found it was their neighbor. "What has happened?" he asked.

When Elmer told him, he asked, "Where do you want to go?"

"To John Wickeys, my wife's parents."

"Crawl in," he said. "I'll take you if we can get through."

The storm had struck at John Wickeys, too. When it was over, they went outside to see what all had happened. "That was quite a storm," they thought as they saw pieces of tin roofing, slate and shingles scattered all over the yard. Several big trees had been uprooted leaving gaping holes in the yard. Wire fencing and limbs from other trees were lying around, although no buildings were down at the Wickeys. They thought they must have been hit about the worst.

Soon a car drove in the lane. When the car stopped they saw two people getting out.

"Isn't that Elmers?" John asked his wife as they walked toward the couple, wondering what could be wrong now. Elmer was still holding the baby, and blood was running down the side of his face. Elizabeth was barefooted and wearing her night clothes.

"What—what happened?" John gasped.

"We lost everything," Elmer exclaimed. "The buildings are all down, the house is gone."

But right behind him came Elizabeth and added with a somewhat cheery voice, "But nobody is hurt."

As they made their way toward the house, Elmer and Elizabeth explained what had taken place. Dad, Mom and the children listened with almost unbelieving ears. "Well, let's go in and get washed up and you can wear one of my dresses," Mom said.

"And I need some shoes," Elizabeth reminded them. "I don't think there's anything left at home."

Meanwhile Elmer Schwartz's younger brother and sister were on their way home from the Sunday evening singing. When they were on the road where Elmers lived, they noticed that a severe storm had passed and that trees were down. As they neared their brother's place, their eyes widened in unbelief. When they saw how it looked, they hurried home as fast as they could and woke their parents, Noah Schwartz's. "All the buildings are in ruins," they said. "If anybody got out of there alive, it's a miracle."

"But where are Elmer and Elizabeth and the baby?"

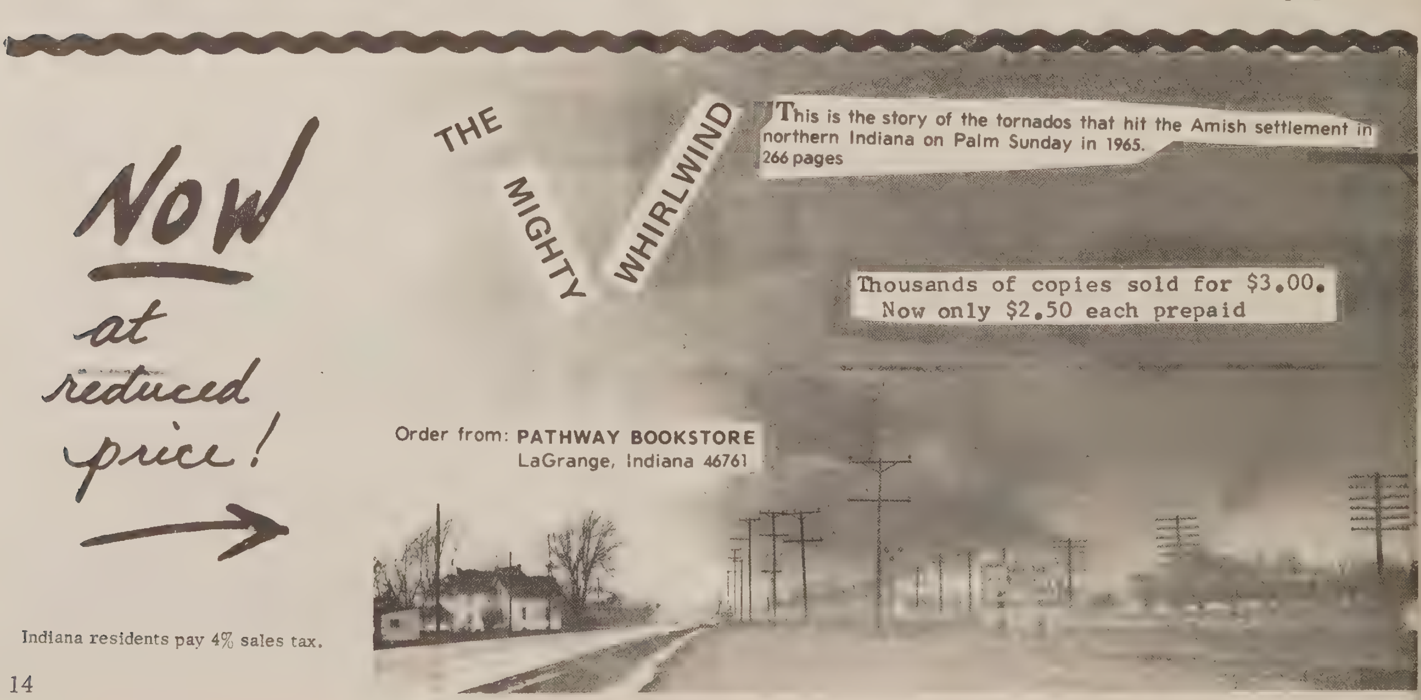
"We don't know. We didn't see anybody."

A few minutes later, Noah Schwartz's, and Elmer's brother, Carl Schwartz's were hurrying toward Elmer's place. When they got there, all was dark. Everything was in shambles. But where were Elmers? After searching the premises, they decided that possibly they had been hurt and taken to the hospital, or maybe to a morgue. First they went to a morgue, but they were not there. Where could they look for them now?

Meanwhile at the Wickeys, when Elmer and Elizabeth had gotten washed and into clean clothes, it was decided that Dad, Elmer and Samuel would go back to see if they could find anything of the livestock. When they got there they found the fire engine was there. When the stove blew over, the hot ashes spilled on the floor starting a fire. The part of the house which had been the most damaged by the storm was now gutted by fire.

Very little of the furniture was saved. Part of the mattress which the baby had been sleeping on a few moments before the storm struck was later found in a field nearby. But the crib was never found. Of the furniture all that was left was a rocking chair, a cedar

(Continued on page 25)



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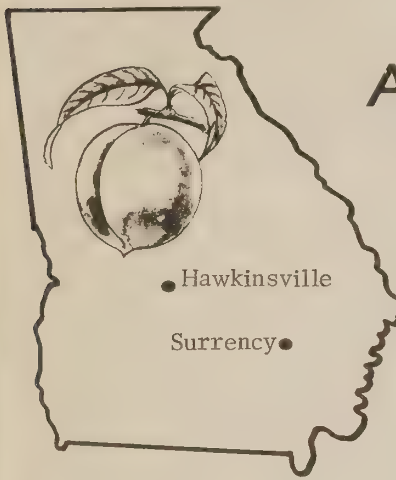


AMISH IN THE PEACH STATE

by David Luthy

Although Georgia grows more peanuts than peaches, it is often called the "Peach State." Years ago before peanuts became extensively raised, peaches were the leading crop. Today Georgia ranks as the third largest producer of peaches among the 50 states. California is the leader, producing ten times as many; yet Georgia is still often referred to by its old nickname of "Peach State."

In the August 13, 1896 Sugarcreek Budget an advertisement appeared offering land in Georgia from $3 to $10 per acre. It does not seem that any Amish subscribers to the newspaper paid any special attention to that ad, for no record has been found of any Amish buying land in Georgia at that time. It was sixteen years later, in 1912, that some Amish became interested in Georgia—not because of an ad in the Budget, but because of a tricky real estate company.

Part One: A Free Trip to Georgia

In 1912 the short-lived attempt to establish an Amish settlement in Pike County, Indiana was coming to an end. Nine years previously, Amish families from Daviess County had moved south to Pike County. But by 1912 they were tired of having their river bottom land flooded and were ready to move elsewhere. Several Amishmen listed their farms in a newspaper. Somehow a southern real estate company saw the advertisement. One of the agents of the Southern Trust Company contacted the Amishmen and discussed with them the possibility of relocating in Georgia. The company agreed to move the Amish families free to Georgia where they would rent farms until the company sold their Indiana farms for them. Then they could buy land in Georgia.

The offer sounded good to the Amishmen. They accepted the offer and moved their families to near Hawkinsville in Pulaski County, Georgia. The group included Peter Aschleman, his son Samuel Aschleman, and his two sons-in-law Noah Yoder and Abe Grabill. Also in the group were two Wittmer brothers, John and Daniel, and their brothers-in-law William Lengacher and Joe Miller. All of these were married men with families. John Wittmer was a minister. The prospects of establishing an Amish church looked quite good.

The following year, 1913, the settlement received Peter B. Miller and family from the Amish group near Midland, Michigan (now extinct). Peter was a son-in-law of Peter Aschleman. Soon after his arrival from Michigan, Peter wrote a letter for the Budget, the first letter to appear in that newspaper from the Amish in Georgia. It appeared in the February 26, 1913 issue. Peter wrote how it was February, yet in Georgia the farmers were sowing oats and plowing for corn and cotton. Lettuce, cabbage, peas, and radishes were already peeking through the garden soil. He obviously was impressed by the mild weather, for he wrote: "Will say to the northern people, better all come to the sunny south as the coldest weather we had was enough to freeze ice the thickness of an egg shell." Likely Peter had been told that by the families who had been there longer than he, as he had only been in Georgia a few weeks.

His second letter to the Budget appeared five weeks later in the April 2nd issue. He mentioned that "church and Sunday school were held at William Lengachers" and that "the people who moved to Georgia all seem to be well satisfied with their new home." He told how the peas were in bloom and farmers were planting corn. He also mentioned how he and a few others went fishing but had luck enough to only "catch one eel."

Exactly a year passed before another letter appeared in the Budget from the Georgia settlement. Once again Peter Miller was the scribe. He announced the good news that the settlement had gained another family, that of Jacob Grabill who was Abe Grabill's father. Also bachelor Rudy Gingerich arrived from Pike County, Indiana to join the group.

But the Budget letter also contained some bad news—church services could no longer be held, for Preacher John Wittmer had moved to Allen County, Indiana. What a blow this must have been to the struggling new settlement. Would other families also move away? Peter Miller discussed the situation in his Budget letter: "As we have received private letters from different countries asking about our country and why our preacher left us and where the rest of these people are going, we will just answer it through the Budget as near correct as possible. There were only a few of the church that knew John Wittmers were going to leave until most of their things were ready to go. The reason he gave was that his little boys did not like it. But it is a mistake that any of these others are going to move away, as they all seem well contented."

John Wittmer left Georgia not merely because "his little boys did not like it" there, but because he could not make a living. Sources today say that two relatives in Allen County, Indiana wrote him that they would pay his way to their community. He wrote back and told them to send the money. He resided, then, in Allen County until his death.

The Budget scribe wrote "it is a mistake that any of these others are going to move away." That was true; they all planned to stay. But what the Budget scribe did not know was that, before the year was out, he and the others would move away. They would be forced to by circumstances beyond their control.

Part Two: Good-bye to Hawkinsville

The reason for the failure of the Amish settlement at Hawkinsville, Georgia centered on the Southern Trust Company which had moved the families from Indiana to Georgia. The company was to sell the farms in Indiana for the Amish who then would buy land in Georgia, hopefully the farms they were renting near Hawkinsville. But the company was not honest. It planned to swindle the Amish out of their Indiana farms and leave them sitting on the rented farms in Georgia. Unknown to the Amish, who by now were enjoying the Georgia sunshine, their Indiana farms were traded on property in Henderson, Kentucky. The Southern Trust Company forged the Amishmen's names to do this. But the agent of the Southern Trust Company who had expected to get a commission for handling the Indiana farms soon saw he was being left out of the picture and tipped the Amishmen off. They contacted a lawyer in Indiana to investigate the situation. The lawyer reported that the names had indeed been forged and that the company could be taken to court. The Amish did not want to do this and were content to have their farms in Georgia in exchange for their Indiana farms. But the company could not provide clear titles for the Georgia farms. So the settlers were given back their Indiana farms.

This left the Amish at Hawkinsville in a tight spot. They did not want to move back to Pike County, Indiana on the farms they still owned there. And they could see no future at Hawkinsville if they could not buy the farms. The company agent, who had tipped them off, came forward and said he would trade their Indiana farms for land in another part of Georgia. The Amish really had little choice but to accept his offer.

Thus, nine months after Peter Miller had written in the Budget: "it is a mistake that any of these others are going to move away," he was forced by circumstances to announce in the December 23, 1914 issue: "We all aim to move to Appling Co. to make it our future home." No explanation for the move was given. It likely made many Budget readers quite curious.

Three of the nine families, however, did not choose to move to Appling County. William Lengachers and Joe Millers were discouraged with the situation and decided to move to the young Amish settlement (now extinct) at Plains, Kansas. And Samuel Aschlemans moved to Hicksville, Ohio. This left the group with bachelor Rudy Gingerich and six families which planned to move to Appling County: Peter Aschleman, Daniel Wittmer, Noah Yoder, Jacob Grabill, Abe Grabill, and Peter Miller.

Part Three: Settling at Surrency

The Daniel Wittmer family was one of the first to relocate in Appling County, Georgia. This new location was 80 miles southeast of where the Amish had lived in Pulaski County. It was also only 65 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. Two of Daniel Wittmer's girls sent a lengthy letter to the Budget describing their new location. It appeared in the February 3, 1915 issue, parts of which follow:

"Will take time to write all of you of our new home and location which we traded for last May; having our crops already planted in Pulaski County, we were unable to move here till December. We are now in Appling County about ten miles east of Baxley, the county seat on the main line of Southern Railway between Atlanta and Jacksonville, Florida. This gives us much convenience as the through trains from Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and Cincinnati pass through here.

"Also one should see the fast freights bound north with the winter fruits and vegatables.

"Our post office is Surrency, Ga. a town of about three hundred people. It has a ten-grade school with a ten-months session, several stores, one bank, nice depot and hotel. It is about the center of the tract of land on which we live; this tract of land contains over five thousand acres.

"The Amish have bought and now have their deeds to about two thousand acres.

"We like it here much better than in Pulaski County where we have lived for the past two years. The lands there were old where here we have fresh new lands which are level and the country can be made beautiful; some of our people say it makes them think of Arthur, Illinois only it doesn't get cold and muddy like it does there. Our soil is a dark sandy loam from eight to fifteen inches deep and reminds us very much of the land in northern Indiana. This land together with our climate will grow practically everything a person would wish.

"Our lands are covered with wire grass which stays green all the year; this grass is the native pasture; the people here practically never feed their stock at all leaving them to live through the winter out in the open; on this grass some of them get real poor but manage to live and in the spring fatten and grow very fast.

"This has been a heavy timbered country but has been cut out years ago; there is lots of timber left scattered over dense lands; yet in a great many places we can get nice fields from ten to forty acres by just breaking the sod which covers most of this tract as only a few hundred acres have ever been put in cultivation.

"The open lands rent and sell very high, but the sod land sells from eight to fifteen dollars per acre and on long terms."

It was not very long before the families had all left Hawkinsville and relocated near Surrency, except for Abe Grabills. For some reason they remained behind at Hawkinsville for several years. They considered themselves, though, part of the Surrency group and eventually did move there.

Since there was no minister among the six Amish families at Surrency, each family took its turn having Sunday school only. Although it was hoped that a minister would move there, none ever did. The closest the settlement came to having its own minister was when Preacher John Zimmerman spent several months there during two winters. He was a minister in the Conservative Amish church at Crystal Springs, Kansas. He was not satisfied with the way things were going in his church and was thinking of joining the Old Order. He preached for the Georgia Amish during both his extended visits. But he did not decide to locate there. He chose, instead, to join the Old Order Amish church in Sumner County, Kansas (now extinct) which was a larger group with several ministers and a bishop. (John Zimmerman was accepted by the Sumner County group as a minister and lived there until his death.)

Although John Zimmerman did not locate permanently in Georgia, his visits were much appreciated by the small group which did not often have the opportunity to hear an Amish preacher. Perhaps other ministers visited the group, but records and former residents do not indicate so. The only other record of an Amishman ministering to the group was when Bishop Moses Coblentz of Hicks-

Thank You!

Thanks to all the people who have sent us magazine and newspaper clippings about the Amish. We hope you will continue to do this each time you come across one. Make sure you include the newspaper's name, date it appeared, and town where it was published. -Historical editor

ville, Ohio traveled there one time to hold communion for the group.

Part Four: Crops, Settlers, and Weather

Noah Yoder, who rented land in Surrency rather than bought any, soon decided he wanted to move to Plains, Kansas. The group's loss of him and his family was soon offset by the arrival in December of 1915 of widower Eli V. Yoder and his family. They came from Mississippi where they lived for a short time. Before that they lived for a number of years in the Amish settlement at Limon, Colorade (now extinct). Eli bought a farm on which he raised some cotton. But basically he was a carpenter. He helped Peter Aschleman build a new house and helped Daniel Wittmer build both a house and barn.

The other Amish settlers were similar to Eli V. Yoder, for they also did some farming but basically worked at other jobs. Daniel Wittmer had a shingle mill (later purchased by Eli V. Yoder). Other Amishmen worked in the plentiful forests making cross ties for the railroad. The men who farmed raised various crops: oats, corn, cotton, wheat, alfalfa. Mention of sweet potatoes is made in the May 15, 1915 issue of the Budget saying, "Daniel Wittmer set out 2,000 sweet potato plants Saturday evening; he expects to set out several acres."

Two of Eli V. Yoder's married sons also moved to Surrency. Eli Yoder, Junior and his family moved in from the Amish settlement at Ordway, Colorado (now extinct). And Edward Yoders arrived from Thomas, Oklahoma. Edwards rented and only stayed about two years. During that time their one-year-old son, Amos Andrew, died. His was the first death among the Georgia Amish. The only other death was that of John Yoder, the eleven-year old stepson of Eli V. Yoder.

Two other Amishmen purchased land at Surrency, but never moved there. The first was Ezra Miller of Midland, Michigan. His older brother, Peter, lived at Surrency. Ezra wrote a letter to the Budget in 1915 saying he had purchased 61 acres. Then in the last month of that year it was reported that Henry Overholt, a bachelor of Daviess County, Indiana, had purchased 202 acres. Neither of these two buyers ever moved to Georgia.

Quite often the pleasant Georgia climate was mentioned in letters to the Budget. Likely the settlers felt it was a drawing feature in attracting people to their community. Rarely did the scribes miss a chance to tuck into their letters a comment about the Georgia weather in comparison with the weather in northern Amish settlements. In one instance mention was made of a Georgia resident returning home from a visit to Ohio. It was 3 below zero in Ohio when he boarded the train, whereas when he stepped off in Georgia he found the children going barefooted. Perhaps the best comment about the weather was that of Miss Lena Wittmer: "It has been colder the last three days than it has been all winter, the thermometer registering about 2 degrees below freezing, but that does not compare with N.D. (North Dakota) yet, as we seen in the paper where it was 30 to 58 below zero. Somebody stated in the Budget that they'd rather have cold weather than mud, but we are ahead of all that--we don't have either one."

Despite the pleasant weather, the Georgia settlement did not attract any more settlers. Gradually even the most loyal settlers began to see no future in Georgia and moved elsewhere. Jacob Grabill moved to Daviess Co., Indiana; Daniel Wittmer left in 1919 for Hartville, Ohio; Peter Aschleman and Peter B. Miller both moved in 1921 to Hicksville, Ohio; Abe Grabill moved to Hicksville two years later. Finally only one Amishman was left, Eli V. Yoder. He remained there until 1937 when at age 89 he moved to Millersburg, Indiana where he died the following year.

Of the 14 Amishmen who lived in Georgia, only four remained with the Old Order their entire lives. Two joined the Church of God, seven joined the Mennonites, and one joined the Conservative Mennonites.

Part Five: Why did it Fail?

The natural question to ask when any settlement fails is "Why?" There seldom is an easy answer for that question, for so often personalities and church problems were partly the reason, and no one is keen to mention them. In the case of the Amish in Georgia, it does not appear that the people had personality conflicts or disagreements about church matters. The most probable explanation for the settlement's failure was the location. True, it had a pleasant climate, but a farm needs more than sunshine to produce profitable crops. One former resident of the Surrency settlement describes the land as "rough, no man's land with no clear land for cultivation." Also, the area was backward in regards to raising livestock. There was no stock law that required people to fence their livestock in. The Amish were discouraged from raising livestock because the practice in the area was for livestock to roam at free will in the woods.

The soil at Surrency was not very productive, no matter if the Wittmer sisters had compared it in their Budget letter to the soil in the Amish settlement at Arthur, Illinois. The soil in both settlements may have looked the same dark color, but the Illinois soil was by far the richer. According to the World Book encyclopedia, the region around Surrency even today is not a very productive area. Also, the population of Surrency increased only from 259 people in 1910 to 312 in 1970, indicating that most young people saw few possibilities in the area and moved elsewhere. In fact, the entire county increased only from a population of 12,318 in 1910 to 12,372 in 1970. The case is even worse for Pike County, Indiana from where the settlers had come. Its 1970 population was 7,000 less than in 1910. It would seem, then, that the Amish had traded land in an unproductive corner of Indiana for the same in Georgia. Perhaps, too, they did not have the management that some people have who seemingly "make a go of it" anywhere. It is hard to say.

Basically the Amish settlement in Georgia failed for financial reasons. People had a hard time making a living. New settlers did not choose to locate in such an area. Also, no minister moved in which limited church life greatly. Then there was also the fact that the settlement was quite distant from other Amish settlements.

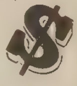
In a way it is amazing that the settlers remained in

To many present Amish people, the names Grabill, Aschleman, and Lengacher will not be familiar as Amish family names. Of the three, only Lengacher is still found among the Old Order. It is most commonly found in Daviess County and Allen County, Indiana.

Georgia as long as they did. But they could not afford to leave. Finally they did leave. One former resident wrote: "As for being poor, we didn't have as much coming back as we had going, but the experience we had was worth it." He goes on to mention that although they could not buy farms in their new locations, "we all had enough to buy a home."

Georgia is a mild, sunny state with moss-draped trees and fragrant flowers. Over 70% of the state is covered with pine and oak trees. It is a state with much natural beauty. But the Amish settlers discovered that the "Peach State" was not all "peaches and cream."

(Special thanks to Peter B. Miller, Mrs. Amos E. Yoder, Raymond Wagler, Victor Lengacher, and David D. Nissley for information they supplied for this article.)



I AM MONEY

Dug from the mountainside, washed in the glen,
Servant am I, or master of men;
Steal me, I curse you,
Earn me, I bless you,
Grasp me and hoard me, A fiend shall possess you.
Lie for me, die for me,
Covet me, take me,
Angel or devil, I am what you make me.
-Charles E. Chapler

Editorielles —

Komm doch, mein Jeſu Chriſt,
Du weißt wohl wie mir iſt,
Thu mich erleuchten.
Ein dürres Land bin ich,
Nach Regen ſehn ich mich,
Thu mich befeuchten.

Pflanz mich doch an die Quell,
Und laß in meine Seel
Das Waſſer fließen;
Weil ich jetzt zu dir komm,
O Licht und Lebensſtrom,
Thu mich begießen.

Ich bin ein dürrer Baum,
Der nur noch lebet kaum,
Wie ich mich finde,
Ein Kind daß nackt und bloß,
Kommt nun zu deinem Schoß,
Mich doch bewinde.

Mein Gott! ich bin ja dein,
Waſch doch mich klar und rein,
Von meinen Sünden.
Von der Unflätigkeit
Laß mich in dieſer Zeit,
Erlöſung finden.

Ich bin ein trüber Brunn,
Du aber biſt die Sonn,
Die klar und helle bricht
Durch die Finſternis,
Und alle Hinderniß
Zu Boden fälle.

Leit mich durch deine Hand,
So lang ich leb im Land,
Die rechte Straße,
Bis ich gen Zion komm,
Mich als dein Eigentum,
Doch ganz umfaſſe.

Was in und außer mir
Sich findt, das mich von dir
Noch wollte ſcheiden,
O nein Immanuel!
Du Held in Iſrael!
Das laß mich meiden.

Ich fürcht, daß ich noch trag,
Ach leider! vieles nach,
Das ſei unreine,
Und oft nach eignem Sinn,
Zu viel noch leb dahin,
Das ich nicht meine.

Mein Heiland, mir iſt bang,
Der Drach und alte Schlang,
So tut verführen,
Möcht mich erſchleichen viel,
Zu rücken von dem Ziel,
Drum thu ihm wehren.

O Seele, glaub nur frei,
Daß wer nur Gott getreu,
Nicht darf verzagen!
Was Menſchen ſchwer oft deucht,
Iſt doch dem Glauben leicht,
Und tuts erjagen.

Sind wir bereit Zum Tiſch des Herrn zu treten?

Wir gehen gegen dem Frühjahr, die Oſter Zeiten kommen. Heute dachte ich ein wenig zu ſchreiben. Ich ſchaute in ein altes Geſang=Buch, und ſah obiges Gedicht. Ich ſah daß es viel handelt von die Unreinigkeit wo noch an uns iſt. Ein dürres Land wo nach Regen ſehnt, ein dürrer Baum, der nur noch lebet kaum. Ein trüber Brunnen, aber Chriſtus iſt die Sonne, der alles klar und helle macht. Es ſagt, wir leben noch oftmals zu viel nach eignem Sinn, und iſt uns noch oftmals bang daß der alte Drache, die alte Schlange uns noch verführen möchte. Aber Gott ſei gedankt, wir haben den Sieg in Jeſu, er iſt geſtorben an das Kreuz für unſere Sünden. Er macht doch allen Schaden gut.

Wenn wir aber Oſtern halten wollen, ſo iſt es unſere Pflicht der alte Sauerteig auszufegen und ein neuer Teig werden. „Darum feget den alten Sauerteig aus, auf daß ihr ein neuer Teig ſeid, gleichwie ihr ungeſäuert ſeid. Denn wir haben auch ein Oſterlamm, das iſt Chriſtus für uns geopfert. Darum laſſet uns Oſtern halten, nicht im alten Sauerteig, auch nicht im Sauerteig der Bosheit und Schalkheit, ſondern in dem Süßteig der Lauterkeit und der Wahrheit.“ 1 Kor. 5, 7. 8.

Nun möchte aber jemand ſagen: Ich habe der alte Menſch ausgezogen, und der neue angezogen, der nach Gott geſchaffen iſt in rechtſchaffener Gerechtigkeit und Heiligkeit. Im Ebräer Brief kommt der Schreiber mit dieſe Worte, „Laſſet uns ablegen die Sünde die uns immer anklebt und träge macht . . .“ Möchte aber jemand ſagen, ich habe der alte Menſch abgelegt und bin fertig damit, nun wandele ich im vollkommenen Lauf der Gerechtigkeit im neuen Menſch. Hier wollen wir aber acht geben, wir beſſer nehmen der Spruch ein wenig weiter: „und laſſet uns laufen durch Geduld in dem Kampf der uns verordnet iſt, und aufſehen auf Jeſum, der Anfänger und Vollender des Glaubens." Wenn wir ganz fertig ſind mit dem alten Menſch, wo kommt der Kampf hinein, oder meinen wir, wir haben keinen Kampf mehr. Nach meinen dünken werden alle Menſchen ein Kampf haben ſo lange ſie leben.

Wir haben denk ſchon alle erfahren, wenn wir ein Hund hatten, daß er zu zeiten mit will wenn wir von Heim gehen. Ein manches Mal da wir der Weg hinab fuhren ſchauten wir zurück, „Do kommt der Hund hinten nach, Rover! Now gehe du zurück, du darfſt nicht mit." Rover hänkt ſein Kopf und haltet ein wenig, dann verſucht er es wieder, ich habe ſchon geſehen wo ſie durchs Feld gingen weit weg vom Wege und ſind vorne aus kommen. Das iſt der Hund, aber haben wir nicht als noch mit dem alten Menſch zu kämpfen auf eine gleiche Art, er will mit ſchleichen, und wir müſſen wiſchen und währen die ganze Zeit.

Da Jeſus nach dem Kreuzes Hof hin ging, da er im Verhör war, waren ein paar Leute, oder eine kleine Zahl draußen im Hof und hatten ein Kohl Feuer gemacht ſich zu wärmen. Petrus ſtund auch dabei und wärmte ſich. Eine Magd rief: „Dieſer war auch mit ihm." „Nein, ich kenne ihn nicht, ſpricht Petrus." Ueber eine Weile ſpricht ein anderer: „Du warſt auch mit dem Jeſus von Nazareth," „Nein, ich weiß nicht was du ſageſt." Zum dritten Mal einer es bekräftigt: „Sahe ich dich nicht im Garten mit ihm, deine Sprache verrät dich." Petrus hub an zu fluchen und ſchwören, „ich kenne dieſen Menſchen nicht." Sehnet, der Rover war mit, und er iſt nicht nur eine Strecke hinten nach geblieben, er kam gerade hinzu und hat ihn gebiſſen, der alte Drache hat ihn gebiſſen, er war ſehr verwundet, er ging hinaus und weinte bitterlich. Petrus hat ſeine Sache wieder recht gemacht, drei Mal hat er ihn verleugnet, und drei Mal wieder anerkannt.

So ſind wir arme Menſchen, wir machen Fehler. Aber eins bin ich froh dafür, es ſind nicht all die Fehler daß ich mache wo mich ſcheiden von Gott an jenem Gerichts Tag. Es ſind die Fehler wo ich nicht recht gemacht habe. Ich weiß daß ich viele Fehler mache, und wenn ich im Fehler komm, ſo hab ich keinen Frieden bis ich es wieder recht mache. „Wir fehlen alle mannigfältig," ſagt Jakobus. Wir wollen uns aber nicht freuen daß wir Fehler machen, ſondern vielmehr Reu und Leid tragen. Ein Dichter ſagt: Ach wenn ich ja gedenk daran, wie viele Sünd ich hab getan, wie oft ich meinen Gott betrübt, und er mich doch ſo herzlich liebt. Tun wir dann dran denken daß wir Gott betrüben jedes Mal daß wir Sünde Tun? Oder gehen wir ſo kalt fortan und geben nichts drum?

Einige Tagen vor die Sintflut ſprach der Herr zu Noah: „Die Menſchen ſind Fleiſch geworden und wollen ſich meines Geiſtes nicht mehr ſtrafen laſſen, denn ſie ſind Fleiſch. Aber ich gebe ihnen noch friſch hundert und zwanzig Jahre." In andere Ueberſetzer lautet dieſer Spruch ein wenig anders. „Mein Geiſt ſoll nicht ſtets im Menſchen ſtreiten, da er Fleiſch iſt; ſeine Tage ſollen hundert und zwanzig Jahre ſein." 1 Moſe 6, 3. D. Leander von Eß. So tut King James im engliſchen es auch geben. Es lautet hier als wenn der Geiſt endlich aufhören wird zu regen, wenn der Menſch nur Fleiſch iſt, dem Fleiſch nur ſtets dienen will dann tut er vielleicht endlich von ihm weichen. Der Geiſt Gottes regt die Menſchen zum Guten, wenn ſie ihm gehör geben. „Welche der Geiſt Gottes treibt, die ſind Gottes Kinder." In andern Worten, die ſich durch der Geiſt Gottes leiten und führen laſſen ſind Gottes Kinder.

In dieſem Schreiben haben wir noch nicht viel vorgebracht von die Bereitſchaft zum Abendmahl. Was meint es für eine Bereitſchaft machen zum Abendmahl des Herrn zu treten? Meint es daß wir jetzt frei waren für ſechs Monat, wir konnten leben nach unſeres Fleiſches dünken, und jetz wollen wir es recht machen und mit zum Abendmahl gehen, dann iſt die Sache wieder fertig für ſechs Monat? O nein, es meint ganz etwas anders.

In meiner ganze Lebenszeit ſo oft ich dabei war wenn das Abendmahl gehalten ward, war nichts daß mir ſo ſchade gedünkt hat alswie wenn Menſchen waren die in Fehler geſtanden waren, wollten ſich nicht aufgeben und ihre Sachen recht machen, aber ſie wollten es zwingen mit zu gehen zum Abendmahl. Sie gingen ſo weit ſie konnten, wenn der Biſchof ſie nicht ſtehen ließ, dann haben ſie teil genommen. Wie denkten ſie daß ein Segen folgen konnte? Was kann es anders ſein alswie fleiſchlich geſinnet, es kann nicht vom Geiſt Gottes kommen.

Wir ſchauen dann vorwerts für die Zeit ſehen kommen wo wir wieder Teilnehmer ſein können an dem Liebesmahl, das Brot und Wein zu genießen zum Gedächtnis Mahl das bittre Leiden und Sterben unſeres Herrn und Heilandes Jeſum Chriſtum. Es macht eine bedenkliche Sache wie Jeſus dies ſo geduldig annehmen konnte. Er wieder ſchalt nicht, da er geſcholten ward, und drohete nicht da er litt, er ſtellte es aber dem heim, der da recht richtet; welcher unſre Sünden ſelbſt hinauf getragen hat an ſeinem Leibe auf das Holz, auf daß wir der Sünde abgeſtorben, der Gerechtigkeit leben; durch welches Wunden ihr ſeid Heil worden. Denn ihr waret wie die irrenden Schafe; aber ihr ſeid nun bekehret zu dem Hirten und Biſchofe eurer Seelen. 1 Petrus 2, 23—25.

Ja, dies nimmt uns alle ein, wir waren von die irrenden Schafe. Sind wir dann wahrlich bekehrt zu dieſem Hirt und Biſchof unſere Seelen? Wenn ſo, recht und gut, dies iſt was Gott haben will, er will daß alle Menſchen zu ihm kommen und ihre Seelen erretten.

Wir beſchließen dies Schreiben, ſeid uns eingedenk zum Guten, prüfet alles und das Gute behaltet. ■■

AFTER THE RAIN

It rained last night! How wonderful it seemed!
The sound was like a lullabye to me;
I'd wake and sleep and wake and still it rained;
No storm, just rain, as gentle as could be.

Come walk with me, the morning is clean.
We'll skip across the meadow, you and I,
We'll even shed our boots and cool our feet
In streams which yesterday was dusty dry.

A rainbird calls! And now the sun appears;
It tints the snow-white clouds a pinkish shade;
The fields and pasture looks so fresh and green;
Be glad! This is the day the Lord has made.

—E.B., Kansas

CHILDREN'S SECTION

"I WAS GOING TO..."

By David Luthy

"SHOO...SHOO, GET OUT of here," shouted Mrs. Keim, shaking a broom in front of her as she ran through the yard behind the house.

Three work horses tore rapidly at the short, tender spring grass before lifting their heads and running away from Mrs. Keim and her swinging broom handle.

Inside the barn, thirteen-year-old Bennie Keim heard the shouting. Instantly he knew what was the matter. "Oh, no," he groaned. "I left the gate open and the horses got into the yard." He felt a sinking feeling as he ran to the barn door to go and help his mother chase the horses back into the barnyard.

Bennie lingered in the doorway of the barn for he saw that his mother was chasing the horses through the gate. If he ran across the barnyard, he would frighten them back into the yard. The horses, alive with the spring air, galloped through the narrow gate single file and kicked up their hind feet. They obviously were enjoying their short-lived freedom. But Mrs. Keim did not look as if whe enjoyed herself. She closed the gate and leaned on it to catch her breath. That is when she looked across the barnyard and saw Bennie standing at the open barn door. "Do you know who left the gate open?" she asked, not angrily but sternly.

Bennie looked awkwardly away and answered, "I left it open." There was a slight pause and he said, "But I was going to close it. I carried two buckets of oats through the gate and wanted to carry two more. I thought about closing it, but then I thought it would be easier to leave it open."

"But didn't you see that the horses were loose in the barnyard?" questioned Mother.

"They were on the other side of the barnyard when I came through the first time," explained Bennie. "I thought I could carry the buckets to the barn and get back before the horses saw the gate was open."

"But you didn't make it, did you?" said Mother.

"I would have if I hadn't tripped in the barn and spilled one of the buckets. I was cleaning it up when I heard you shouting. I ran as fast as I could to come help you."

"Well, next time don't leave it open when the horses are in the barnyard," cautioned Mother. "If they would get out this summer when the garden is up, it would be much worse. It's bad enough this time for they left deep hoof prints in the soft yard." She stared at the hoof prints and tapped one with her shoe trying to push the sunken sod back in place."

"I'm sorry," said Bennie, and he went back to the barn for his buckets.

A WEEK LATER IT WAS a rainy day and Bennie was finished with the evening chores. He came into the house and hung his damp coat on a nail behind the kitchen stove. "It ought to be nice and dry by morning," he told himself. "But I don't know about these gloves. They feel so wet. I don't want to put on damp gloves in the morning." He thought a second and then said to himself, "I know. I'll put them on top of the heating stove in the living room. I'll watch them and turn them over. That way they will dry real fast."

Bennie went into the living room and placed the gloves directly on top of the jacket of the wood-burning stove. There was a good fire burning in the stove and Bennie thought, "It won't take them long to dry here." He rubbed his hands together over the stove. The heat felt good. Just then his younger brother, Daniel, came into the room with a box. "What have you got in the box?" asked Bennie.

"Oh, just some things Mom said I could look at," Daniel answered.

"But what is it?" wondered Bennie curiously.

"Things she made when she was in school," said Daniel.

"Oh, I remember looking at those things when I was your age," said Bennie. "I wouldn't mind seeing them again."

Bennie's mind left the gloves on the stove and focused on the box Daniel had beside him on the couch. Soon Bennie had his interest deep inside the box—that is until Mother came into the living room and said, "Say, what do I smell burning in here?"

Bennie jerked his hand out of the box and jumped toward the stove. But it was too late. Holes were burned in his gloves. He stared at them and said, "I—I was going to watch them so they wouldn't burn. I thought they would dry here faster." He turned them over and over, as if the holes would disappear.

Mother shook her head and went back to the kitchen where she was preparing supper.

IT WAS SATURDAY AND Mr. Keim was going to fix a door on the barn which had a loose hinge. It dragged on the cement floor of the barn and was hard to close. He went into the shop for a hammer and screwdriver. He saw the hammer hanging on its hook, but the screwdriver was not in its usual place. "Maybe Mother has it in the house," he thought and walked to the house. He took off his boots and entered the kitchen. Mother was filling the kerosene lamps with oil. She had a newspaper spread on top of the kitchen table and a jug of kerosene nearby. The freshly washed lamp chimneys glistened in the sunlight which shone upon them through the kitchen window.

"Mom, do you have the screwdriver?" asked Dad. "I can't find it in the shop."

Mother thought for a minute. "No, I don't have it and I can't remember seeing it lying anywhere either."

"Are you sure you didn't use it somewhere this week and maybe put it in a drawer?" wondered Dad.

"No," said Mother shaking her head. "I have a small screwdriver in the sewing machine drawer which I use when I need one. Yours is so big that I wouldn't ever need one that size." She started to fill a lamp. "Do you want to have the small one from the sewing machine drawer?"

"Well, maybe I'd better," said Dad. "It may be too small, but a small one is better than none."

Dad had entered the living room when the kitchen door opened and Bennie came in.

"Hi, Mom," he said, not noticing his father. "Do you need more kerosene? If you do, I'll get you another gallon."

"Well, that would be real nice," said Mother. "Say, you don't know what happened to Dad's screwdriver, do you? He can't find it in the shop?"

Bennie's happy smile turned into a frown. "Yes, I do," he admitted. "I was using it to open a paint can in the buggy shed. I was going to take it right back, but I wanted to paint the roof on the birdhouse first. I must have forgotten and left it on the floor of the shed." He picked up the gallon jug from the kitchen table and walked to the door. "I'll get the screwdriver when I fill this jug," he said. "I'm sorry I didn't put it back right away."

"I'll get it myself," said Dad, coming from the living room. "I'm going outside anyway. Next time do things when you think of them or you will forget and make someone spend a lot of time hunting. I once lost a good hammer that way. I don't know yet where I left it. Seems sort of queer how a person can forget, but when a few weeks go by and we've done so many other things and have more than one hammer, it's no wonder that some things get lost."

THE WHOLE FAMILY WAS excited. Daisy, the favorite cow, had a heifer calf. "Let's name the calf Petunia," suggested Bennie.

"Why Petunia?" asked Dad.

"Well, Daisy is a flower's name, so I think it would be nice to name the calf after a flower, too."

"What about Rose," asked Susan, Bennie's older sister.

"Oh, everybody has a cow named Rose," said Bennie.

"That's true," agreed Mother. "Let's name the calf Petunia. After all petunias are one of our most faithful garden flowers."

The family was agreed to call the calf Petunia. She was a pretty calf with nice black and white markings. It wasn't many days before she was the family's pet at chore time. The way young Daniel petted her, one would have thought she was a puppy.

Part of Bennie's chores was to feed Petunia. He also gave milk to a calf that was being vealed. The calves were not allowed to suck the cows but drank from a bucket with a nipple on it. Thay way they always got fed the same amount. There was a scales in the barn where Bennie was to weigh out the milk, four pounds for Petunia each feeding and eight for the veal calf. Since the veal calf was older, it got more milk.

A few days after Petunia was born, Bennie was in a hurry to get to school early. There was a ping-pong tournament at school and he wanted to practice before school started. That morning at chore time when he weighed out four pounds of milk for Petunia, the thought came to him, "Why don't I just weigh eight pounds for the veal calf, too. right away—twelve pounds in all. That would be quicker. I can let Petunia suck a while and then give the bucket to the veal calf. If they get a little more or less than usual, it won't matter one morning."

Bennie took the bucket with twelve pounds in it and snapped it on the hook beside where Petunia was tied. Then he started bedding the cows. Since he was not in the habit of keeping an eye on Petunia's bucket, he soon forgot that this morning he had given her the veal calf's portion as well. He was so busy hurrying to bed the cows to save a few extra minutes that he didn't think of Petunia again until he was finished bedding and was hanging the fork back on its hook. When the thought of Petunia did enter his mind, he ran and grabbed the bucket from her, but it was too late. She had drunk nearly all the milk.

"Oh, no," sighed Bennie. "I was going to give the veal calf eight pounds of this." He walked to the scales. Susan was just arriving with a bucket of milk. She never imagined that Bennie had taken twelve pounds the first time, so she offered, "Do you want some for the veal calf?"

"Yes," answered Bennie with discouragement in his voice.

Susan gave him a queer look but didn't say anything. She poured some milk into the calf's bucket which Bennie had hung on the scales.

Bennie gave the eight pounds of milk to the veal calf. He thought about the extra six pounds he had let Petunia drink. "Maybe I should tell Dad I wasted that much milk." But Bennie couldn't bring himself to do that. "I guess it doesn't matter that much," he told himself. But after breakfast as he walked to school his mind lingered on the matter. No longer was the ping-pong tournament foremost in his mind. Suddenly a new thought was there. "Maybe giving that much milk to Petunia will make her sick."

The boys who were already at the schoolhouse were playing ping-pong. Soon Bennie was, too. But every now and then he thought about Petunia. And during study time that is about all he thought about. Finally at the first recess he asked the teacher if he could go home, explaining briefly what had happened. He was given permission and was soon running the mile and a half home.

Mother was the first to see Bennie coming in the lane. "Must be something happened at school," she said worriedly as she went to the door to meet him. Dad got up from the desk where he was sitting writing out checks to pay the farm bills and joined her at the door. But to their surprise Bennie didn't come to the house. He ran toward the barn instead.

"Well, that sure wonders me," said Dad. He lifted his hat and coat from the hook behind the stove.

Soon Dad and Mother both had their coats on and were at the barn door. Now it was Bennie's turn to be surprised. He was just opening the door to leave the barn when his parents arrived to enter. He jumped back in nervous fright. "Whew, you sure scared me!" he exclaimed.

Little by little as Bennie walked to the house with his parents he told how he had given too much milk to Petunia. "I thought she might get sick, so I came home to tell you," he explained. "I just looked at her and she sort of hangs her head down."

"She'll get scours for sure," said Dad. "That much milk for so young a calf is too rich. I'm sure glad you didn't wait until tonight to tell me. I've got some medicine I can give her. I'll go and give her some right now. I think she will pull through okay. It will set her back some, but she should come out all right."

Dad's words were encouraging to Bennie, yet the heavy feeling did not leave him. He still felt badly about the incident. "I was going to watch the bucket, but I got my mind on bedding the cows quickly," he said to his mother when Dad had left to give Petunia her medicine.

"Yes, I know just how you feel," comforted Mother. She walked up the porch steps and entered the house. "I know just how you feel."

Bennie followed her into the kitchen with puzzled silence. "Wonder what she means?" he thought.

"You have to learn the lesson I learned," said Mother as she sat at the kitchen table.

Bennie drew up a chair opposite her. "What lesson, Mom?"

"The lesson of not taking chances. I learned that lesson right here at this kitchen table." She tapped her fingers on the oil cloth that covered the table. "It was when your sister Susan was a baby. I used to let her sit on this table and play while I worked in the kitchen. She couldn't crawl, so I saw no danger of her falling off. But the months passed and she became more active. Then one day I set her on the table and gave her a pan lid to play with. I thought several times maybe I should put her in the high chair instead. But I told myself that I would just be putting new paper on the kitchen shelves and could keep an eye on her. So I went about my work of cleaning the cupboards and putting new paper on the shelves."

Bennie stared at his mother. He could see tears forming in her eyes. "What is she going to say happened?" wondered Bennie. "Surely she won't say Susan fell off the table!"

Mother continued speaking and put Bennie's worst thoughts into words. "I was cleaning a top shelf when suddenly there was a scream and a thud. I flew to the table which was not at all far away, but of course I was too late. Susan was on the floor and screaming as hard as she could. I shuddered as I picked her up, for I was sure she would have broken bones. I felt her all over and found everything all right. I still feel it is only a miracle that she wasn't hurt." Mother dried her eyes. "So, you see, Bennie, I know very much how you feel. I, too, was going to be careful. But how can a person be careful when he has already taken a chance? The best way, the only way," her fingers tapped the oil cloth to give the words emphasis, "to be careful is to not take chances."

Bennie studied her words then asked, "Even in small things?"

"Yes, even in small things," said Mother. "A few hoof prints in the yard, some burned gloves, a lost screwdriver don't seem like much compared to a baby falling off a table. But if we get in the habit of taking chances in small things, we will sooner or later take them in bigger things. The best way to be careful is to not take chances at all. Then we won't have to ever have to use that poorest of excuses—I WAS GOING TO..." ■■

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WHY DID GRANDMOTHER SLEEP?

-Author's name withheld

Two little girls came running from the woodshed when they heard the car turning into the lane. They knew Dad and Mom would be coming home from the hospital and this would be the highlight of the day. Bertha, the older of the two, would be telling all about her day at school. Marie, would relate what happened at home, what she and Grandma had done.

"We had visitors in school today," Bertha started as soon as they got inside of the house, "yes, we had visitors, and one of them was a school teacher, and she was— she was from Canada!"

"From Canada," Mother exclaimed. "That sounds interesting. I wish I could have been there to—"

"Do you know what Grandma did today?" the younger of the sisters cut in. "She went out to get the mail before —before—" Here both girls burst out laughing about their little joke.

It was Grandma who took care of the family while Fred and Ruth went to the hospital every Friday. Fred had a serious operation several months before and he had to go back one day each week for a check up.

"But what's so funny about that?" Mom asked. "Grandma always goes after the mail, doesn't she?"

Bertha started saying something but her younger sister exclaimed, "No, no. Let me say it. Grandma went after the mail before the mailman went. Those letters you mailed this morning were still in the box and she brought them into the house before she thought about what she was doing!"

Marie went on to say that Grandma had showed her what happened and they both had a good laugh and then Marie took the letters out again. "If your Mom finds out about this she will think I'm getting absent-minded," Grandma had said. But she didn't mind being teased and she had hoped Marie would remember to tell her parents what had happened.

After Mother had changed clothes and looked through the mail, she said, "But Grandma, you look tired this evening. What did you do today?"

Grandma leaned against the cabinet. "Well, getting ready for company is no easy job for me any more. Must be I'm starting to get old already," she chuckled.

Then Mother remembered that they would be getting company tomorrow. After Grandpa Kemp had died last fall, Grandma had been making her home with her second oldest daughter. Tomorrow the Kemp family would all be coming to Grandmas for a get-together like they had each January. Then Ruth noticed that most of the house had been cleaned during the day. Grandma must have worked very hard all day to get ready for the visitors.

Grandma was pouring hot water in the mop pail. "But Grandma, you don't need to mop the kitchen. The girls can do that after they're finished with their outside chores. You've done enough for one day," Ruth said.

"But Ruth, it's so dirty after those few warm days when everything was so muddy," Grandma answered. "And besides, you know what a fine housekeeper Malinda is."

Then Ruth remembered that they had also invited Danny Lambrights, the bishop, for they had been such a big help over the time of Grandpa's funeral. And Malinda was Danny's wife.

"But you know how particular Malinda is," Grandma was saying. "If there's a speck of dirt anywhere, she will find it. And just look at the stove, we will have to get it cleaned, too. Malinda's one of those people who believes in the old saying that you can tell what kind of a housekeeper lives in the house by the way the stove looks!"

Fred was sitting in his chair by the Warm Morning stove and had overheard the conversation. If Grandma went to this kind of bother— what; was it a bother to keep the house clean? Well, under certain circumstances, it was a bother. Other weeks, Bertha mopped the floors and everyone thought it was good enough. But when Malinda was coming, Grandma insisted on mopping them herself. Bertha couldn't do a good enough job this week. Fred's thoughts went farther. If Grandma went to this much bother to have the floors spotlessly clean when Malinda came, how much pain did Malinda take to have her house spotless all the time lest someone might drop in and see, perhaps even a dirty floor?

Than evening after supper Fred read from the big family Bible for devotions. But Grandma did not hear. She was sound asleep on her rocking chair!

"Why is Grandma so tired?" asked Bertha after devotions were over.

"She's probably tired from carrying the mail back and forth," Marie giggled in her childish fashion.

Fred did not answer. He was trying to think how he could answer Bertha's question. He threw a "what shall I tell her?" glance in the direction of his wife. Ruth, not knowing what was going through her husband's mind, answered, "Grandma worked hard today. She mopped and cleaned the whole house for we are getting cimpany tomorrow."

Bertha was silent but from the look on her sober face, Fred guessed she was wondering, "Why didn't she ask me to help with the mopping?"

That night after everyone else was sound asleep, Fred lay awake, thinking. Why would he let an incident as trifling as this bother him? Or was it trifling? Was the Lord pleased that someone had caused so much concern about having the house spotless, that Grandma was so tired—so tired that she had slept through the evening devotions? ■■

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OUR DISOBEDIENT BOY

God gave us a little child
So tender and so fair,
But only for a little while
He put it in our care.
Our hearts were oh, so full of joy
Whenever he would smile—
When our now disobedient boy
Was yet a little child.

While this child was growing up
Free from worries and care,
Spending all his childhood days
Scampering everywhere.
He grew up so fast it seemed
Causing troubles and trials,
When our now disobedient boy
Was yet a little child.

It seems like just yesterday
That he was but a lad,
And little did we realize
That he would turn out bad.
But I can see why others speak
With tears instead of smiles,
Of their own disobedient boy
When he was yet a child.

How often I would if I could
Turn back the hands of time,
Or would I make other mistakes
Raising this boy of mine?
I have to feel it might be worse
With all of Satan's wiles
If our disobedient boy
Again would be a child.

So all that we can do is pray
And hope in days to come,
He'll make us happy once again
For he is changing some.
For he can make our life a joy
And make it seem worthwhile,
Like when our disobedient boy
Was yet a little child. -By a Reader

SPRINGTIME MEDITATIONS

How endless the song, and the hurrying along
Of the creek, on a balmy spring day;
My joyful heart sings of the glories of spring--
And April will soon turn to May.

The wind feels quite cool, 'cause my coat is my stool
On the bank of the murmuring stream;
All nature imparts such peace to my heart
Joining ages of time as I dream.

Pale green shoots-- a delight-- as they encounter my sight,
From the carpet of earth they appear;
And the birds trill a song as the stream rolls along;
To the brook comes the dainty-like deer.

Than I wonder in awe at the universal law,
How the seasons all come in their time,
How we need them, each one, the cold and the sun,
Each performs as they should in each clime.

Then renewed is my thought, by God's Hand all's wrought;
As the time moves majestically on;
As I sit on the bank of the stream, Him I thank,
For all the good works He has done.

-Louella Stauffer

Planting The Easter Flowers

IT WAS A NICE DAY in spring, one of those afternoons when the work was pretty well caught up. The two little boys, aged 9 and 10 were needing something to do. A few days earlier I had dug a pailful of jonquil and narcissus bulbs, wanting to plant them in clumps along the lane. We live nearly a quarter mile from the road and the front part of our lane goes through the woods. I thought these daffodils and narcissus would fit in nicely along the edge of the woods and make our lane look beautiful in the spring.

I had already planted a few clumps of bulbs in various places along the lane. Now the boys needed a job and this would be something to keep them busy for awhile. They took the pail and went. Whether they particularly wanted to or not, I did not know but at least it would be something to keep them out of mischief.

I told them I had already planted several clumps along the lane and they should plant the rest of the bulbs. I had assumed they would plant them in clumps the same as I had. But boys are boys and sometimes they have plans of their own.

They got the bulbs planted and it didn't take long even if they didn't do it the way I had intended.

They got the plow out of the shed and plowed a furrow along the edge of the woods. Then they dropped the bulbs into the furrow in a nice even row, and covered them up.

They didn't really disobey me for I hadn't told them not to use the plow. I had never thought about doing it that way. They made short work of a job which I had expected would keep them busy most of the afternoon. But the bulbs were properly planted, even if not as I had planned.

That was more than twenty years ago. Every spring the row of bulbs comes into bloom. Then big trumpet bright yellow "smoke pipes" are the first to open. Their cheerful color is the announcement that spring has come. A few days later, the yellow daffodils open and the whole row looks like daffofils all the way along the lane.

After about two weeks, these begin to fade and there come the white narcissus. These are the "star flowers" and you'd think the whole row is narcissus! Among them come the deep blue grape hyacinths, the "blue bells." Every year, the row has been getting prettier.

The clumps which I had planted myself have long ago become too thick to bloom. But the boys' rows, planted one bulb at a time wanders up over the hill in a steady line. They planted them at the edge of the evergreens, far enough back from the road so they are not disturbed by the traffic. Now the evergreens have grown tall and their branches almost cover the Easter flowers. Behind them the other trees are thick in the woods. The daffodils and narcissus bring joy every spring—the work of two little boys on an idle afternoon.

-by Alice Hartman

GOODBYE TO THE ALPS

For many centuries religious persecution in Europe was common. The lives of many people were uprooted because the governments sought to promote one religion and persecuted others.

Because of this religious intolerance, many people migrated to America. Among these were the Mennonites and Amish who came to Pennsylvania (or Penns Colony) because of the promise of religious freedom.

From Germany they came, and from the Palatinate and from Switzerland. In 1681 a group of 700 refugees fled from Switzerland into Germany. An ancient account described their journey as follows, "While traveling through Canton Berne (Switzerland) they were grossly mocked but when they came to the Jura Mountains, some took them in and treated them more kindly. Some of the party made their homes there while others went farther.

A teen-age youth who fled along with his parents and grandparents took his pen and wrote a song of what the departure from his homeland meant to him. Several years ago a copy of this poem was found in a very rare book, by Amos B. Hoover of Denver, Pa. who translated it into English. The poem was metered and arranged for singing by Martin E. Ressler.

Perhaps it is good for us today, who have never known persecution, to see what it feels like to flee from one's native home to travel to a faraway unknown land.

We believe it is good for all of us to be reminded, by writings like this, that the freedoms which we enjoy in America have come only because long ago our ancestors were willing to undergo hardships and heart break so that their children and their children's children could be free.

Farewell ye Alps, ye fair and pleasant hill,
My native village in the quiet dell.
You faithful fields another now will till,
My father's house no more I'll see at will,
May God be with you now, as I must bid farewell.

Behold how pleasant is the sun's warm glow,
When greeted by its first beams from on high.
Great mountain peaks all covered o'er with snow,
As Jungfrau, Eiger, Moench, and Niesen. Oh
Think! For the last, last time, we'll have to say goodbye.

Farewell ye valleys, edged with stones so bleak,
Pointing to heaven; so serene and bare.
Sending their streams down from their highest peak,
To depths below where clouds of mist forth streak,
And for the last, last time, I see this beauty rare.

My teardrops start as now I think of you,
You calm, calm lakes enwreathed with stately tree.
On you we sang and rowed our small canoe,
Past graceful swans who stirred your waters blue,
But for the last, last time, your waters forded me.

On high plateaus, I saw them leap with glee,
Herds of young kine, well nourished as they grazed.
Hark! Do you hear the Alp-horn echo free,
Also the herdsmen yodel merrily?
But for the last, last time, mine eyes on these have gazed.

My father's house with rooms I loved so well,
In which life's joys and trials we had borne.
Here 'neath thy trees I bid thee sad farewell,
My heart will break if I here longer dwell,
So for the last, last time, my heart from thee is torn.

Once more I glance where my dear parents lay,
Freshley bedecked to mark their earthly tomb.
Threatened by man, I oft came here to pray,
Though now I take my staff and turn away,
Farewell for this last time, as onward I resume.

E'en though your hands have cruelly treated me,
Yet do I hope you will God's grace receive.
For unto Christ I vowed my loyalty,
To this dear faith I'll always loyal be,
So with this last farewell, I will your presence leave.

How precious now my Savior is to me,
These things of earth no longer satisfy.
To leave these scenes is better now I see,
Safe on the Rock, sins waves will harmless be,
Also for this first time, so bless'd in Him am I.

To all farewell, I now must part from you,
Farewell, for me there is no other choice.
Led on by Christ, who is my Shepherd true,
Through trials sore, into green pastures new,
Then home to His reward, forever to rejoice.

* * *

STORM — (Continued from page 14)

chest full of bedding, a clock and of all things, a lamp with its chimney, which wasn't broken at all! It was still standing on a shelf. The wall that the shelf was fastened to was otherwise practically demolished.

The driving horse and cow with her calf were found in a field nearby. They also found some of their clothing scattered around.

Later that night a car drove into the John Wickey homestead and a man went to the door and said, "Did you know that Elmer and Elizabeth's house is demolished and we can find no trace of them. They must either be hurt and in a hospital somewhere, or-or were carried away in the storm."

"No, they're all right. Elizabeth and the baby are here right now and Elmer and the menfolks went back to see what they could find."

A glad cry escaped the lips of the folks standing on the outside. What a rejoicing to know that they were safe.

The next day the neighbors gathered to try to salvage whatever could be saved. They also came to try to comfort the grief stricken family who had lost nearly all their earthly possessions in the storm. Such a big loss, how would they ever endure it? What could be said to try and comfort someone who had become the victim of so great a misfortune? But when they got there, they were in for a big surprise. Elmer was busy about the homestead doing what he could to clean up. But Elizathe, she seemed to be outright happy. How could she, after such a calamity?

"But-but, it's a pretty big loss isn't it, to lose everything like that?" someone ventured.

"Everything," Elizabeth echoed, "we didn't lose everything. We lost our belongings, but none of us were hurt. We're still all here."

-Written By A Sister

> You are not what you think you are, but
> what you THINK is what you are.

A UNIT THAT WORKS

We read and hear a lot of unhappy marriages, even divorce among people who were brought up in the plain churches. Why should this be so when God has given us plans for a most wonderful and perfect unit. When God created man, he put him on the earth and gave him the power to rule over all the animals on the earth, the fish in the sea and the birds in the air. To help him do this, God gave man a help-meet, a woman, and the two together made a complete unit.

Several hundred years ago an inventor built a new machine. It was called a reaper. Before that time, farmers had to cut their grain by hand. Many men swung their scythes to cut the grain, and others followed after to bind it into bundles. Now with the reaper, one man could cut as much grain as many men with a scythe. But the bundles still had to be tied by hand.

Several years later, this man invented an attachment for his machine which would tie the bundles. The reaper would cut the grain and elevate it into the attachment. The attachment would fold its arms around the grain and make bundles, all neatly tied, ready to put into a shock. The unit worked perfectly. Neither one would have worked well alone. The attachment had to look to the head to bring it the material, and then it did its duty.

Let us take another example, the threshing machine. The head of the machine takes in the sheaves of grain and knocks the grain out of the heads. Then the wheat, the chaff and the straw all go back into the separating attachments. If the head does a good job in knocking out the grain, and the separating attachment does a good job in separating the grain from the chaff and straw then the unit works very well. If the head did not do its duty but dumped whole bundles into the separating attachments, then the machine would soon be clogged up. If the separating attachments decided they could do a better job of threshing the grain than to let it go through the head, and would reach out and grab the sheaves, it just wouldn't work.

So it is with the most sacred of God's creations, the home, God has designed the unit in two parts, man is to be the head. The wife is given as a helper to the man and as long as both stay in their places, the unit works wonderfully. Each one must carry his share of the load. The husband is responsible to care for his wife and the wife for the husband. Dark days, clouds, and rain will come which will take a lot of love and patience to endure until the sun shines again.

What would happen if the woman decided that she is better able to be the head than the man? I once heard a minister say that there are some women who could go ahead better than the man but it just won't work. It's been tried too often. The Bible says the man shall be the head of the house.

Let us take another example. A man starts to build a house. One day one of his neighbors comes to help him. Right away he starts saying, "I don't believe that will work that way. I think I would change this and do this a little different." When the owner does not agree, the man answers, "If you want to do it your way, you can do it alone," and walks away.

The next day a man comes to help and asks what he is supposed to do and tries to do it the way the owner wants it done. He recognizes that the owner is the head of the job. Which of these two men is of help in building the house?

The man is to love his wife, even as Jesus loved the church. Although he is no greater than his wife, he does have the added responsibility which goes with being the head. In this, the wife can be a big help. Even if she sees that her husband is a little weak here and there, she can stand under his arms and look up through him to Christ for help. She can give her husband counsel and ask, "Could we not do this or that?" instead of going on and doing it the way she thinks and looking down on her husband. By staying in her place, the wife can be glorified through her husband.

If the children look to their parents, the wife to her husband, the husband to the church and the church to Jesus Christ then it can be a fruitful vine, one which will bring forth much fruit. ■■

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Great was the FAITH

Two thieves were hanging very near
Our Lord the day He died;
Each one could see the cruel spear
Pierce through Christ's bleeding side.
Each heard the prayer He whispered low
As darkness dimmed the view:
"Forgive them, Father, for they know
Not what they really do."

Amid the clang of shield and sword
And boisterous cheers that day,
One thief's eyes rolled upon the Lord
And men could hear him say,
"If Thou were He, God's only Son,
The angels would be near.
But you are helpless, there are none
To take you down from here."

But when the other thief's eyes met
The Lord's upon the tree,
He breathed the words recorded yet—
"Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember me when You come in
To Your great kingdom fair."
"My blood," said Christ, "has cleansed thy sin
Today thou shalt be there."

Great was the faith the thief displayed
Though he saw not one thing,
Except a crown of thorns they made
To mark Christ as King.
And great the truth that thief had shown
In his last dying hour—
It is not works, but faith alone
That has the saving power!
-Selected

Deadline for Answers May 5th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

??

WDYT QUESTION

I am a young mother with three young children. Sometimes during the busy season I go out in the field to help my husband such as when he is husking corn. I have someone to stay with the children during this time.

Some people tell me that since a mother's place is in the house, I am doing wrong in going out to help my husband. Some have even told me it is a sin. Am I really doing the wrong thing?

-Looking For An Answer

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REMEMBER YOUNG SAM SCHROCK, THE MAN WHO TIED HIS HIGH STEPPING HORSE TO A LIGHT POLE WHILE HE WENT TO THE SALE BARN? ALTHOUGH HE HAD WARNED THE TWO YOUNG LADS TO STAY AWAY FROM THE HORSE, WHEN HE CAME BACK THEY WERE SITTING ON THE BUGGY, HITTING THE HORSE WITH THE WHIP. BEFORE SAM COULD STOP THEM, THE HORSE TORE LOOSE, HITTING A PARKED CAR AND UPSETTING THE BUGGY AND HURTING ONE OF THE BOYS. WHOSE FAULT WAS IT? WHO SHOULD PAY THE DAMAGES?

I don't think I would have tied my horse there under the circumstances. As to the legal responsibilities, I don't know about that, but I think Sam should be willing to accept full responsibility for what happened. As I understand the Gospel, we should be willing to live the Golden Rule toward the other person but not always expect him to do the same for us.

If Sam starts blaming the children, the parents will probably stick up for them and fight like cornered animals. This happens too often even in the church, how much more so in the world. If he is submissive and concerned, the other people will sooner do their duty and also respect the plain people more.

-I., Indiana

At first thought it would appear Sam was not at fault since he had earnestly warned the boys to stay away. If the parents refuse to pay any of the damages, then Sam should turn the other cheek. Instead of going to law, he should go the second mile. This is still the best policy. If it is beyond Sam's means, then the church should come to his aid. -L., Narvon, Pa.

It appears to me that Sam had the attitude too much like the young man who professed to be a Christian and was put to test on a street corner. When a thief demanded his coat, he gave him his vest also. Next the thief demanded his watch, but he refused, so the thief gave him a blow on the cheek. At this, the young man turned the other cheek also and received another blow. Then as he rolled up his sleeves he was heard to say, "This is all the Scripture requires of me." He was now ready to defend himself and use force to put the thief down.

If Sam Schrock was a Christian, as I assume he was, then he should have applied the Sermon on the Mount in this case. As to whether he was legally responsible, I can't answer that. However, if it had been the other way around and Sam's children would have caused damage to the other people, Sam should have accepted the responsibility. I feel it would have been the same in this case but if the parents don't accept the responsibility, then he should. -S., Jamesport, Mo.

If the parents of the boys would agree to pay the damages, I don't think it would be wrong to let them. But if they refused (which would most likely be the case) then it makes an entirely different picture. Possibly a jury might clear Sam, but even then I would feel he has a moral obligation to pay the damages.

We have plain Scriptures which apply to the matter, but like a jig-saw puzzle, sometimes it is hard to put them together correctly. The Sermon on the Mount teaches us to go the second mile, turn the other cheek, and also letting them have our coat.

Today much stress is put on witnessing to the lost, pride is taken in telling how many tracts were passed out in a city or how many people were led to the Lord by one's testimony. If Sam is willing to make good the damages and sees to it that the expenses involved are paid without being asked, if the parents refuse to do it, then this will be a testimony without words and much more powerful than words. Doubly so if he can do it cheerfully and without resentment. His light will shine so that men can see it.

If on the other hand, we make ourselves sure by carrying insurance, then we are showing that our interest is in our earthly treasures. Men will be quick to see where our trust is and that it is just the same as their own, regardless of how many smooth words of testimony we can give. If we can go the second mile willingly, it causes people to stop and wonder.

-Shippensburg, Pa.

I don't think it really matters whether or not Sam Schrock is legally responsible or not. I believe that he realized it himself that he would be morally responsible. That is why he was trying to quiet his mind as to his share of the fault. If he had a spirited horse, he was already at fault in tying him on the street in this manner, much more after he had seen the two boys and was uneasy about having them around the buggy.

Since we believe it is wrong to take a matter into court, our walk of life and dealings with our fellowmen should be of such that we do all we can so we will not be taken into court. As far as the damages to the automobile are concerned, he is entitled by law to get an estimate from two different repair shops and then pay the lower amount. Nor is there anything wrong in making sure that a complete overhaul job isn't done if only the one fender needs replacing.

As to the buggy and the injury to the boy's arm, I think he will just have to pay whatever it costs. If we believe the Sermon on the Mount, then I think it answers the question as to the moral responsibility. -Ontario

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An incident happened in our area recently which was much like the case of young Sam Schrock (Names and details have been changed). Jess Miller had backed his horse away from the tie chains in town and as he was putting the rope into the back of the carriage, his horse started going. Jess shouted for the horse to stop and ran to grab the lines. But he didn't make it and the horse bolted out of the parking lot scraping the fender of a parked van. As he turned the corner to get onto the road, the buggy wheel smashed into the side of a nearly new car. The horse tore loose from the buggy and went galloping down the road.

The side of the new car was pretty badly damaged. Both the owner of the car and the van which had been scraped were very understanding. Jess implied that he would pay the damages since it was his horse that had caused it.

Estimates were obtained from two different body shops. Weeks went by but nothing happened. The damages to the van were only about one-third of what it would cost to fix up the car, so the owner, who was both kind-hearted and reasonably well off financially, got his van fixed and paid for it himself.

Carl Fisher, the owner of the car, waited several weeks more but still nothing happened. One day he saw Jess Miller going by so he went out and called to him. "Have you any idea when this thing is going to be settled?" he asked.

Jess shuffled uncomfortably from one foot to the other and finally answered, "I—I don't really know how much I should pay of this. I don't think I should have to pay all of it as your car should have been parked farther back from the corner. We'll have to wait and see."

Carl Fisher drove out one evening to Mose Yoder to buy some sweet corn. During the course of the conversation, the topic turned to the accident and it was plain to see that Carl was worked up. Carl related to Mose Yoder how the accident had happened and said he had understood that Jess would pay for the damages. "Now today one of his neighbors came in and asked me not to be too hard on Jess, because he's in debt on his farm. I really can't see what that has to do with this case. Of course, he didn't do it intentionally, but he didn't have his horse under control or it would not have happened. I can't see why I should pay part of the damages beings as I really had no part in the accident."

About a month later, Carl Fisher came to Mose Yoders again to buy some tomatoes. After the purchase was made, Mr. Fisher said to Mose, "Well, now I know how some of you Amish are. That Jess Miller finally settled up but not until I went after him again and then he refused to pay more than seventy-five percent of it. I would have taken him to court but after figuring up what the lawyer would cost and my time lost, I might have been some money out. But I made it plain to him if anything like this happens again, I wouldn't play around. I'll go straight to court."

Someone has claimed since that Carl Fisher could not have made Jess Miller pay the damages because the accident occurred on private property, Whether or not this is true has little bearing on the problem. What I'm worried about is the fact that if our contacts with our worldly neighbors show us to be natured just like anyone else in the world, with our roots in material things, how can they ever be convinced that the Christian life has anything better to offer?

—Name And Address Withheld

Let's teach our children to respect other people's property. Sam warned the boys what would happen if they monkeyed around with his horse and buggy, so I think the boys' parents should be responsible for all damages.

I know of some boys who poked holes in the ceiling of a schoolhouse. I think their parents should pay the damages, and also give the boys a good whipping.

—A Reader from the Middle West

I think the moral law, if everyone were willing to abide by it, would would be for Sam and the parents of the boys to share the expenses involved. The second mile would be for each of them to offer to pay it all. For myself, I wouldn't want to take such a wild horse to town.

-- J. A. L. Middlebury, Ind.

I don't think it would be Sam Schrock's responsibility to pay it all, but whatever the circumstances are, I hope he can settle it peacefully even if he has to pay everything. God will know it if we are misused.

It might be a good idea to always tie such a horse with a tierope around his neck, and also keep a better eye on him.

— A Pennsylvania Horsetrainer

First of all, did I receive a false impression, or did Sam Schrock have pride in his fast horse? I can picture his buggy as decorated with finery which is unbecoming to people who profess separation from the world. Solomon writes "Pride goeth before destruction."

Next his choice of a tying place seems to have been a poor one. Sometimes we have to take what is available to us.

Now I wonder, did Sam know that nylon neckropes are available that no horse has ever been known to break if strong snaps are used? We were taught to tie even a gentle horse with a neckrope when left for any length of time at such a place. A colt is apt to rub around and perhaps get the bridle off but a rope around the neck will still be secure.

Perhaps if Sam had spoken kindly to the boys, allowing them to approach the horse and pet him, they wouldn't have been tempted to play on the buggy later. We know that city children do crave to touch a real live animal since they live in such an artificial world. If the horse was too nervous to stand petting, - well, maybe he had been misused, such as with a whip. After the accident did happen, Sam could only face the situation honestly, talk with the parents and make settlement to satisfaction.

Recently I drove to a lumber yard and tied my horse to a T.V. antenna (certainly not my choice of a tying place but it was the only place available.) As I was leaving again, my horse was skittish and nervous and backed up farther than I intended. Later, the manager came and informed me that I had backed into the side of his parked car.

I hadn't even known the buggy hit anything, but he showed me a trace of green vinyl on the rear wheel of my buggy which he said came from a vinyl-covered chrome strip on his car. So I went with him to check and the evidence was plain.

I offered to pay for the damage so he went to a garage to get an estimate of what it would cost to make it new. The first estimate was nearly $48.00 and I was shocked and told him that doesn't sound realistic to me. I was afraid he was being "taken" for the car had only a very small dent in the door and the paint was scratched.

We checked with another garage and their estimate was $53.00 so I gave him a check for the lower amount, which he accepted and was satisfied. I was dealing with a "high-brow" man of society and only the finest would be good enough for him.

Wasteful America! But I could see his point and knew I had been in in the wrong. That was the only honest thing for me to do, but I find I still have a temptation to fight against. I have to struggle to have the right attitude toward this man and to be able to go into his store again for he has the highest priced lumberyard in town. Lessons can be expensive but let's learn all we can from them.

H.J. H., Fortuna, Mo.

Under the circumstances some people may try to ease their minds by saying the parents of the children would be responsible for the damages according to the law. We can not go by what is law, but even in this, they may be mistaken. Some states have provisions where children become involved in something like this, the court may decide that the owner of the horse had set before the children an "attractive nuisance" which was dangerous to them, and thus hold the owner of the horse and buggy responsible for the damages.

There have been cases where there was evidence that someone unsnapped a horse and turned him loose. Although there is no way we can avoid something like this happening, whenever I am driving a high strung horse, I always like to tie him with a good nylon rope with a loop in the end. I loop the rope into the halter and then tie it to the post with extra care so that a child would ordinarily despair of getting it loose. Just an extra precaution which may sometime save a lot of money, -- and sleep.

-Wanting To Play Safe

The situation would not be a pleasant one to happen to us. Prevention is better than the cure. Sam could have unhitched the horse, thus preventing the buggy from going along if the horse got loose. I cannot altogether agree with Sam's saying, "It's not my fault, I told them to stay away." He hadn't done everything in his power to prevent it.

-J.B., West Montrose, Ontario

Unless the parents of the children are unusually kindhearted, there isn't much doubt but what Sam will end up paying the bills. Even if the parents paid their bills, I think Sam would still be responsible for the buggy for he was at least partly in the wrong. Above all, I think perhaps Sam needs a change of attitudes. I know of a man who used to go the main highways with his horse and buggy and refuse to get off the road to let the cars pass because he felt he had an equal right to the road. By going 1/4 mile farther he could have gone another road that would have kept him off the main highway. Sometimes by going the second mile we can avoid getting ourselves into a lot of trouble.

I think Sam could also have taken extra precautions to see whether the boys went away from his horse and buggy. I also question how securely his horse was tied. This is very important. I have found that a good nylon neckrope around the horse's neck and then through his halter ring and through his bridle bit ring, if securely tied, will hold almost any horse under any circumstances. I would advise never to tie a wild horse just with a strap, especially in town.

G. H., Punxsutawney, Pa.

It's not always the party that is right that wins at law. Since we are non-resistant, we really don't need to know who was at fault according to the law. Probably more than one person's fault. The main thing is to right the wrong.

I feel Sam Schrock should pay all the damages as well as fix his own buggy. If this would make a financial burden, the church should help. I do not believe in liability insurance for that would be putting our trust somewhere else.

Here is a true happening. An Amish farmer's horse came out of the pasture at night and wandered onto the state highway. A car came across a hill, striking the animal, killing the horse and also damaged the car.

Since the cost of fixing the car was quite high, the church made up most of the money, but not for the horse. The church felt that owners should take special care to keep their livestock off the road, something which they might not do if they knew the church would pay for the animals if they were killed.

I think Sam Schrock should have put his whip into the buggy box where it would not have been so conspicious. At any rate he should try to settle peacefully. What would the money mean to a true Christian compared to a lawsuit?

-Baltic, Ohio

I think Sam Schrock was in the wrong. First of all, he should have hunted for a good safe place to tie his horse instead of in front of someone's yard. Unhitching a high strung horse is also a good idea.

When Sam saw the small boys eyeing his horse, he should have realized how hard it is for boys that age to resist the temptation to play with a horse. Youngsters not used to being around horses do not realize the danger they can be in by going near to something like that.

Recently a city boy visiting and looking over our animals walked right into one of our horses' stalls. He was just as suddenly kicked right back out for he was wearing a bright ski-doo suit which scared the usually quiet animal. By God's protecting hand, he was not hurt much due to his thick layer of clothing.

-L. L. H., Wroxeter, Ontario ■■

WHERE IS GOD'S COUNTRY?

It is where you happen to be standing after doing an act of kindness.

It is as far as your eyes can reach after you remained silent when tempted to quarrel.

It is the blend of sky and earth you see after feeding a stray mongrel,

It is a fair land warmed by sunny dispositions, watered by the sweat of toil, and enriched by the exuberance of unselfishness.

And you are in the middle of God's country when you are as honest at night, when nobody is watching, as you are in the daytime.

-H. C. Ingraham

SPECIAL FEATURE

Empty Arms

In the January issue we printed a featurette entitled, "The Aching Of Empty Arms." Since that time we have received numerous responses which we are publishing herewith.

It caused the tears to come when I read "The Aching Of Empty Arms." We know what it's like to go without children although we have some now. After waiting for a number of years, we did have a child but he died, so we had to wait longer. Jackson Center, Pa.

Empty Arms" certainly hit home with me. You who have babies and don't have to go home with empty arms will never realize the pain in our hearts. You who are easy talkers keep reminding us again and again. First you say, "I feel everyone should have at least one child." You can talk, with all the children you've got. And then you will ask, "What have you been working, anyway?" If we answer that we've been sewing for mothers who need help, cleaning house for older people, even working in the fields during the summer, you slap us in the face with, "If you had children, you'd learn you couldn't do those things!"

Oh, how we'd long to have as many children as you have, or at least one child. If this is not to be, then how much would a few words mean like, "I'm glad you are helping those who are in need." It would mean so much to us mothers who are still watching and longing for the little bundles. -Topeka, Indiana

Your short story brought tears to our eyes, for we, too, are in the same position. We both love children and long to have a child of our own. However, God has other plans.

At times it is so hard not to pity ourselves and to control our feelings at church or other gatherings where almost every mother is holding a baby. Our arms are empty, our laps hold nothing. We wonder, why us? May God help us to be patient and to say, "God's ways are best." It is a great comfort to know there are others who understand and some who share the same experience. -Pennsylvania

When we see other parents holding their children, how empty it makes our arms feel. What a joy it would be to hold our own little child.

Just last Sunday after church I heard several women with big families talking and saying how the childless couples are better off. I know that children can bring their parents many heartaches but what about the joy they bring? Don't we have to pray and work for anything that is worthwhile? I don't think that Mary ever wished she wasn't the mother of Jesus, yet look what she had to suffer with Him.

We do have many blessings and we try to be content with them. But I wonder if some parents wouldn't feel different if they had "Empty Arms" for awhile. -Ligonier, Indiana

The article on "Empty Arms" touched an empty spot in my heart. Then when I read the article "Still Much To Be Thankful For" in the same issue, we had to wonder, "Why do empty arms ache?"

It is true, we still have much to be thankful for and we do not want to complain. But on the other hand, how can empty arms help from aching? The Bible is full of reading about children and so is Family Life.

I sometimes hear it said, "People without children don't know how nice they have it." Maybe they don't, but what I wonder is, do people who have children, know how nice THEY have it? Do they realize how they are blessed with a gift from God? Yes, those of us with empty arms need your prayers. -Salisbury, Pa.

Although we now have children of our own, those years of waiting before they came were very long. I still have a deep feeling for childless couples. We often considered adopting children and we may have tried it if we had not gotten some of our own. But people in this community told us that if the Lord didn't bless us with children, then we were not supposed to have any. If they were disobedient when they grew up, they could even cause others to also take the wrong way.

We are far from perfect and know we couldn't bring up these little children to love the Lord without God's help. But nowhere in the Scriptures could we find any reasons why we shouldn't take children, poor little parentless children, into our home. -One who is wondering, Maryland

My heart goes out to the women with empty arms for I know what it's like. I have heard such remarks as, "You have time to go to town every week." Why should I stay at home all alone? But don't ever think I wouldn't sooner be rocking a baby or settling quarrels or washing diapers.

What hurts the most is when we hear a mother talking about her "little brats" and how they don't like it when the baby still can't eat foods they cook for the rest of the family. Does a mother like that appreciate the blessings which she does have?

To the people who say, "They wouldn't have so much time to knit and quilt if they would follow God's family plan,"—have you ever stopped to think that God's family plan may not be the same for each of us? A friend who has a large family once remarked to us that such couples are needed to remind people that it is not in our hands to plan a family.

To "Empty Arms:" here are a few suggestions what you can do, which have helped us along. When friends have a baby, instead of buying a gift, sew a dress, or knit a sweater or make a crib quilt. (Make sure it is something the mother need not be ashamed of because it's too fancy.) In this way, you, too can have the joy of making children's clothes and can help a busy mother besides. During vacation, we enjoy having relative's small children stay a few days. It helps brighten lonely days. I have also kept our neighbor's children many times while their mothers went to town. When relatives went on a trip, we have kept their baby. I believe in this way, we enjoyed the trip nearly as much as they did.

We have been married a number of years now and am glad to say that at last we have hopes of a child of our own. But if God has other plans and I come home from the hospital with empty arms, I know it will still be harder to be able to say, "Thy Will Be Done." -Hopeful, Ontario

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We have been married for three years and still have no children. After we were married the first winter, thoughtful neighbors started giving my wife baby things, a crib, blankets, outgrown diapers, etc. These she carefully put away in the attic of our big house and we have been waiting to use them ever since. Whenever we go to the attic for any reason, they are a reminder that our arms are as empty as ever. We get quite a bit of company and the crib is used for a time, but always returns to its place in the attic.

When we get company, little children from age 3 to 8 run to my wife and climb up in her lap and tell her all about the happenings of their young world. She says these are some of the happiest hours of her day, and I know she means it. Last Sunday someone made the remark, "Your wife makes such a wonderful mother, why don't you have children of your own?"

I could only reply, 'It's not God's will right now."

-Still Waiting

Although I do not have empty arms, I feel the need to write. Even before I was married, I hoped I could sometime have children, as I have relatives without children. My wish was to know what it is like to have children.

Our wish has been granted, but since we are still young and our baby is almost 5 years old, we have heard quite a few remarks the same as you have. To make things worse, my brother's wife is having the same trouble and their baby is nearly the same age as ours. We hear people make remarks that we don't want many and some have even had the nerve to ask if I am taking pills. How that hurts, for we would certainly welcome such a precious bundle. If someone else asks if we are planning our family I answer that our family is being planned by One who knows all and sees all.

-Indiana

I have a feeling for the wife that wrote "The Aching Of Empty Arms." But again it is only one side of the story. I, too, have heard painful remarks and at times feel looked down on by some parents. But there are others who are kind and understanding and make us forget the cruel remarks. It could easily be that if we had our hands full with a houseful of children so that we hardly knew which way to turn, we'd also be tempted to say, "My, but aren't the Millers lucky they have it so nice? There are no little ones to dirty the house as soon as it's cleaned, etc."

But we know a home can be a happy place even if no children are present to make it happy. After all, God has planned our life and if we are not content with His planning, we can not be happy. Happiness is not having what we want, but wanting what we have.

-Burton, Ohio

Yes, empty arms are sometimes hard to bear. I, too, have experienced it— not from not having, but from having and then lost.

But dear friend, have you ever thought about it that you do not need to have empty arms? Maybe God has left your arms empty so that you can see these other little children who come into the world without loving arms waiting to receive them. I believe you would do well to consider adopting a child. And if you do, I'd advise you to not stop there but in a year or so adopt another for the good of the child.

But, you say, there's a chance that an adopted child may turn out bad. Yes, there is, but there is also the same chance that a child of yours could also. I know of a family of 14 children and only two of them have not gone against the wishes of their parents by joining another church. I think the environment has just as much to do with it how a child turns out as his parentage.

-A Well-Meaning Friend, Missouri

There are two things you can do when you have empty arms. You can sit at home and feel sorry for yourself, but this will not help anything.

Or you can be thankful for what you have, such as your husband, for some widows have children but have to take care of them alone. Also your health, for there are some mothers who are unable to take care of their children.

Then you can find yourself a family that has a lot of small children where the mother has almost more than she can handle. If you like children, there are always things you can do for them to keep busy. Lend a hand through the canning season, help a mother get ready for church, sew on buttons or anything she might have for you to do. Sometimes it may be giving the baby the bottle while Mama gets dinner, or just simply playing with the children awhile.

-Ohio

BLOOD TYPES —(Continued from back cover)

baby. If this happens, the child may be born with either mild or serious anemia and a jaundiced condition. Sometimes the condition is so severe that the child is stillborn.

RH babies may be treated by changing nearly all their blood soon after birth. But prevention is much better than a cure. A vaccine is now available which, if given to the RH negative mother within 72 hours after the birth of an RH positive baby, will protect the next baby which is born to that mother. It is now considered the doctor's responsibility to have tests made of the mother's blood, if necessary, to see that she is protected. The vaccine is considered to be 99% effective.

Red cells can be divided into four main groups: A, B, AB, and O. Blood groups are inherited from one's parents in the same way as other characteristics such as the colour of eyes or hair. There is a second important substance known as the Rh factor. This factor is present in 85% of the population. The 15% who do not have the Rh factor are called Rh negative.

	Rh Positive	*Rh Negative*
Group O	39%	7%
Group A	36%	6%
Group B	7.5%	1.5%
Group AB	2.5%	.5%
	85%	15%

TODAY'S BURDEN

By thinking of our burdens, we tend to think of a big load too heavy to carry. But God does not intend for us to carry it all at once. He gives us just a little at a time. If we'd take for today only what He sends we can easily manage, but if we add tomorrow or next week's burden to our load, it may be too heavy to bear. Through faith the heaviest load can be made bearable. The school of sorrow is the school of faith. -M.R.M.

THE MOTHER'S HEART

"They shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers. A lamb for a house. It is the Lord's passover. The blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are, and when I see the blood, I will pass over you." Ex. 10:3,11,13.

BENEATH the blood-stained lintel I with my children stand;
A messenger of evil is passing through the land.
There is no other refuge from the destroyer's face;
Beneath the blood-stained lintel shall be our hiding-place.

The lamb of God has suffered, our sins and griefs He bore;
By faith the blood is sprinkled above our dwelling's door.
The foe who seeks to enter doth fear that sacred sign,
Tonight the blood-stained lintel shall shelter me and mine.

My Saviour, for my dear ones I claim Thy promise true;
The Lamb is "for the household"— the children's Saviour, too.
On earth the little children once felt Thy touch divine;
Beneath the blood-stained lintel Thy blessing give to mine.

O Thou who gave them, guard them— those wayward little feet,
The wilderness before them, the ills of life to meet.
My mother love is helpless, I trust them to Thy care!
Beneath the blood-stained lintel, Oh, keep me ever there!

The faith I rest upon Thee, Thou wilt not disappoint;
With wisdom, Lord, to train them my shrinking heart anoint.
Without my children, Father, I cannot see Thy face;
I plead the blood-stained lintel, Thy covenant of grace.

Oh, wonderful Redeemer who suffered for our sake,
When o'er the guilty nations the judgement storm shall break,
With joy from that safe shelter may we then meet Thine eye,
Beneath the blood-stained lintel, my children, Lord, and I.
-Author Unknown

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Easter will be an expensive holiday this year according to the price of eggs. At one time eggs were used as money and were taken to the store to trade for groceries. Eggs were used sparingly in those days, but today they are an essential item in the kitchen.

With eggs many simple dishes can be made. Hot milk soup with bread crumbs is good when chopped hard-boiled eggs are added. Egg with bread is delicious. Put butter in a frying pan. When melted, place a piece of bread in the pan. On top of this break an egg. Stir a bit with a fork. Turn, when the bread is brown. Serve almost immediately. This is good with salad dressing and lettuce but a bit messy.

When rewarming leftover potatoes and there's barely enough for the family, toast cubes of bread in a skillet. Add the sliced or mashed potatoes. Heat; then beat several eggs lightly with a fork. Pour this over the heated potatoes. Turn several times, and serve almost immediately.

Egg ala mode has a fancy name but is a simple dish. Make a medium-thick white sauce. While hot, add several diced hard-boiled eggs, keeping one yolk for garnishing. Pour the hot sauce over broken toast. Top with the remaining yolk which has been pressed through a coarse strainer. This may be served on individual dishes.

A mother of Pennsylvania writes: In pan frying always heat your pan first, then add butter or oil. Meat— and even eggs— can be fried without sticking if you use this method.

She writes further: Love, nurture, and admonish your children. Plant a seed in that tender little heart. If you don't, someone else will. (If someone else will, it may not be a good seed.— Aunt Becky).

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When making hard-boiled eggs, I find I never have any trouble if I pour boiling water over them first, and then boil them no less than 20 to 25 minutes. Boiling eggs much longer makes them turn dark. -M.T., Pa.

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ANSWER TO THE CREOSOTE PROBLEM— We had that problem too until this year. We are burning wood that is good and dry and we haven't had any trouble with creosote since. -Applecreek, Ohio

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DANDELION— Simmer dandelion in a bit of water. When tender add a bit of sugar and a touch of vinegar.
-New Wilmington, Pa.

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DANDELION SALAD

1 1/2 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1/4 cup vinegar
2 cups milk or water
4 cups chopped dandelion
3 hard cooked eggs
3 slices bacon

Wash and chop dandelion. Cut bacon in pieces and fry until crisp. Remove bacon from drippings. Mix the dry ingredients together. Add egg, vinegar, and water or milk. Stir until well blended. Pour into the bacon drippings and cook until thickens. Pour over dandelion and mix lightly. Add sliced or chopped eggs and crisp bacon. Serves 6.
-Mrs. Jonas E. Hochstetler, Fredericksburg, O.

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We tried the following cake mix and found it satisfactory. We think it especially delicious when fruit pie filling is first put in the bottom of the pan, and topped with the plain cake batter and then baked. Use almond flavor in the cake when cherry pie filling is used. We also use more milk than the recipe calls for.

Pie filling with just the dry cake mix from the store is tasty. This is topped with a liberal amount of oleo or butter before baking, and then served with ice cream or milk. If the bought cake mix is good for this, I can believe the home prepared cake mix will be better.

CAKE MIX

10 cups all purpose flour
5 tablespoons double-acting baking powder
1 cup of dry milk
5 teaspoons salt
7 cups sugar
2 1/2 cups shortening

(Dry milk may be omitted if whole milk is used instead of water for the batter.)

Sift dry ingredients together 3 times. Rub shortening into dry part until like cornmeal texture. Lift lightly into containers and store at room temperature. May be kept for 3 months. With this mixture you can make the following cakes:

PLAIN CAKE

4 1/2 cups mix
1 cup milk or water
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 eggs
Bake 25-30 minutes at 375°.

For SPICE CAKE- Add to plain cake recipe: 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1/2 teaspoon allspice.
For WHITE CAKE- Use plain cake recipe, only use 3 whites of eggs instead of 2 whole eggs.

For ORANGE CAKE- Add to plain cake recipe: 1 tablespoon rind and omit 1 cup of milk. Use 3/4 cup water and 1/4 cup orange juice.

For CHOCOLATE CAKE- Use recipe for plain cake. Add 1/4 cup cocoa before any liquid.

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PUDDING MIX

1 1/2 cup corn starch
1 1/2 cup sugar
7 1/2 cup powdered milk
1 t. salt

Mix the above well and store in covered container. The powdered milk can be omitted if milk is used when the pudding is prepared.

Vanilla Pudding: Cook 2 1/2 cup water (milk) and 1 1/2 cup pudding mix in double boiler until thick. Add slowly to two beaten eggs, then cook 1 more minute. Remove from fire and add 2 teaspoons vanilla and 2 tablespoons butter. Serves 5.

Chocolate Pudding:

1 1/2 cup mix
5 T. cocoa
1/4 cup sugar
2 1/2 cups water
2 eggs, beaten
2 t. vanilla
2 T. butter

Cook same as for vanilla pudding.

Butterscotch Pudding: 4 tablespoon butter, 1/c cup b. sugar, 2 1/2 cups hot water (milk), 1 1/2 cup mix, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon vanilla, 2 tablespoon nuts for topping. Cook same as for vanilla pudding. -T. Hinkleys

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INSTANT SPICED TEA

2 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup instant tea
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 teaspoons cloves
2 cups instant powdered orange drink
2 large pkg. instant lemonade mix

Mix ingredients together. Store in tight container. To use, place approximately 2 teaspoons of mix to each cup of boiling water.

This is sometimes called Russian tea. You may add to or take away from amount of spices and lemonade mix, according to family taste.

-Mrs. Eugene Schrock, Wisconsin

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If chewing gum is found on clothes, butter will remove it. (Possibly lard or oleo would also work, though we didn't try it yet.)

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Since time is coming soon to buy garden seeds, here is an idea we found very helpful to keep bugs away from squash; plant marigold seeds in same hill as squash seeds. We don't raise pickles, but it would be worth a try with those, too.

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MIRACLES

WHEN WE SPEAK OR think of miracles, our thoughts go back to the time when Jesus was here on earth. Miracles are still with us today, if we only recognize them. Drop a small seed into the earth and it becomes a green shoot, and later on food to eat. A bare spot of soil soon becomes a green shoot. When uprooted, it is red with white roots. We may well eat the radish without realizing that God alone can change a small brown seed into a green and then red and white edible product. We find our everyday lives are full of miracles, if we but recognize them. Things don't "just happen;" God plans them.

-Mrs. R. M., Indiana

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Some Mothers Write

....could not a lot of ill feelings be avoided if we could more freely discuss our fears, our needs or convictions? It's true, not everything has to be spoken but when I know my fellow-traveler has convictions similar to mine, I will trust him. When I see him struggling to overcome some problem, I will have compassion. So often we don't see that struggle but only the problem and so misunderstandings arise. -B., Indiana

Our four-year-old was watching some milky water run toward the drain. "Does the milk and the water have eyes?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"Well, then how can it find the drain?" she questioned.

-An Indiana mother

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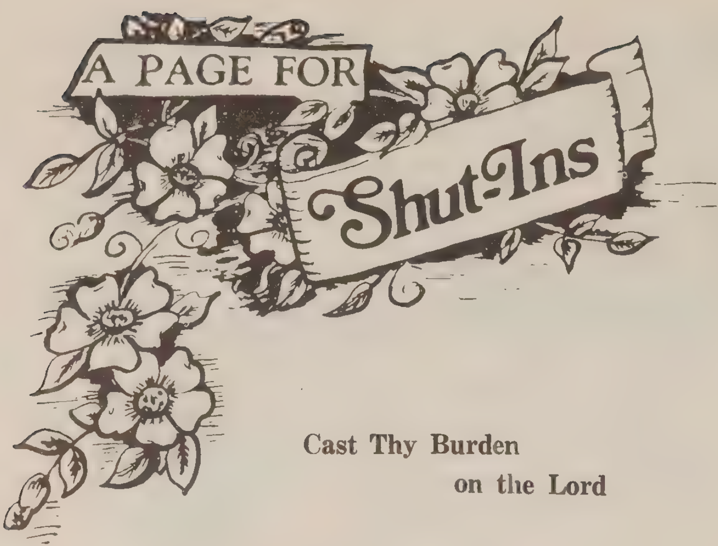
Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Excuses are often only "half-truths."
Aunt Becky



A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Cast Thy Burden on the Lord

Christian, when the way seems darkest,
  And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God, thy Father hastening,
  Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
  Thy sad tale of grief and care,
But before thy Father kneeling
  Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee
  When the fierce, wild storm is past,
But God alone can console thee,
  When it breaks upon you fast.
Go with words, or tears, or silence,
  Only lay them at His feet;
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
  And His tenderness, how sweet!

Think how thy Divine Redeemer
  Knew, as thou canst never know,
All the deepest grief and suffering,
  All the weight of human woe.
And although now in glory seated
  He can hear thy feeblest cry,
Even hear the stifled sighing
  Of the heart's dumb agony.

All thy griefs by Him permitted,
  Needful is each one for thee;
All the tears by Him are counted,
  One too much there cannot be;
All of whilst they fall so quickly,
  Thou canst know His way is right.
Then each bitter tear of anguish,
  Precious is in Jesus' sight!

Far too well, thy Saviour loves thee
  To allow thy life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer;
  One unruffled, stormless sea.
He would have thee fondly nestle
Closer to His loving breast.
He would have the world seem brighter
  Where alone is perfect rest!

Through His wise and loving purpose
  Clearly now thou canst not see.
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
  All shall work for good to thee.
Therefore, when the way seems darkest
  And thy eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
  Tell thy sorrows unto Him!

—Sel.

* * *

The happiness of life depends on the quality of our thoughts.

* * *

Life's Plains and Mountain Ridges

Life is a series of plains and mountain ridges. We go along for a time across the bright plains. Then when we see a steep climb rise before us, we are almost sure this one we can never surmount. But we try. We go along step by step. If we keep our hearts and eyes on the level of our daily toils and do not look too far ahead at the summit— lo, before we realize it, we have reached the peak.

Here we see before us another bright plain. We travel onward joyfully, assured that He who has helped us rise to these heights will also lift us over the next...if we but trust in Him.

In bodily mountain climbing, as our legs become more used to the strain and our experience grows, we are urged to try more and steeper climbs.

So it is spiritually. We journey onward and upward, meeting each new sorrow and joy more serenely, more faithfully, until we can praise God for the hills and plains alike.

As we reach each new summit and experience the joy of victorious living, we tremble in anticipation of the joy to all those who shall receive the crown of life in that heavenly Jerusalem, where all is peace and joy and all sing praises forever to our Lord on high. Oh, may we be numbered among that happy throng!

—By a shut in, Phoebe Byler, Mercer, Pa.

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HEALTH NOTES FOR SHUT-INS

1. Drink plenty of sincere milk daily. I Peter 2:2.
2. Eat honey wafers several times a day. Ex.16:31, 35; Rev.2:17; John 6:32,33.
3. Whenever thirsty drink water freely. Rev.22:17.
4. Don't look at the wine when it is red. Ps.75:8.
5. Brush your teeth. Amos 4:6.
6. Take three heaping tablespoons of the last words in James 5:16.
7. Sip constantly of the medicinal stuff in Prov. 17:22.
8. Eat the kind of meat that all good people eat. I Cor. 10:3.
9. Try to avoid all drafts; rather keep the temperature real high. Rev.3:16.
10. Do lots of knitting, and not only in your spare time but work overtime for which you will be paid time and a half. Col.2:2.
11. If your night is rather long and weary, always welcome the morning light. Psalms 30:5.
12. Should your vision seem blurred at times, hurry back to Rev.3:18 and apply it quickly.
13. If your appetite seems low, by all means try to build it up; don't stop eating for there is plenty of food around. Matt. 5:6.
14. If you can muster up enough determination, try to take a sip of contentment occasionally from either one, or all of the following prescriptions: Phil.4:11; Heb.13:5; I Tim.6:6.
15. Have you tried counting your aches and pains? Ps. 34:19.
16. Try your skill in arithmetic. II Peter 1:5-7.
17. Probably by now you have gained enough strength to earn your board II Thes.3:10. If you work a little, you will most likely sleep better. Eccl. 5:12.
18. Keep up courage by looking ahead. Rev.21:4.

-by Clyde L. Metzler, adapted.

* * *

To Mrs. Scott's Quest: "If we confess our sins (to God), He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I John 1:9. If we are truly sorry for our sins and ask God for forgiveness, He will forgive us. When Satan tries to tell us that our sins are not forgiven, then it is well to quote Romans 5:1, and to repeat that verse whenever doubting thoughts arise. Study also Hebrews 7:25.

FROM A HANDICAPPED MOTHER

We have two little girls and very active ones, too. They are a full time job. I'm on crutches so sometimes it takes an extra effort to get all my work done. My husband helps me in many ways. He has done the washing and most anything already when I felt like giving up. I think almost every mother gets a feeling like that every now and then. My mother and in-laws help out on the big jobs. Often people stare, being curious to see how I act with the two children. It doesn't bother me much now, but it used to. When I was about three years old, and the people in church would watch me walk then I would stop and refuse to go on; Mother would have to carry me then. There are many people with handicaps worse than mine, so I feel thankful for what I have. -Middlefield, Ohio

NOW IN BOOK FORM

His Protecting Hand

This story which had been run as a serial in YOUNG COMPANION is now in book form. The book contains about 60 more pages than the serial did.

price $3.00

Pathway Books
Rural Route 4 — Box 266
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

Indiana residents pay 4% sales tax.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

COLICKY BABIES

Take 1 glass of water and add 1 teaspoon sweet fennel seed. Bring to a boil. Boil for 5 minutes. Let cool to lukewarm, then strain. Honey may be added before giving the tea to the baby. -Pennsylvania

SUMMER COMPLAINT

Some believe that summer complaint is brought on by drinking too many very cold liquids. Boneset tea is recommended for this illness and also for diarrhea. This tea should be put in a bottle for babies and little children when they have summer complaint, and be given no milk. -Ephrata, Pennsylvania

...A tea made of camomile flowers is bitter, but good for the stomach and for summer complaint. -Ontario

(Does anyone have any remedies or suggestions for the treatment of eczema?) -K.J.B.

ASPARAGUS FOR CANCER

One of the latest health magazines carried an article concerning the use of asparagus for cancer. The writer, Dr. Karl B. Lutz, 653 Racine Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15216, gave several case histories. He said the plant must be cooked before using. After being cooked it is then dumped into a blender. (Putting several times through a meat grinder would probably be just as well.) The patient then takes 4 full teaspoons twice daily, morning and evening. This can be diluted with water and used as a hot or cold drink. Dr. Lutz says that patients usually show improvement in 2 to 4 weeks. The doctor wrote that if it is a cure, then it is also a preventive, so he and his wife have been using the asparagus treatment also.

This may sound like a fad, but even if it is, it will be much cheaper to try than running to the expensive doctors throughout the country whose "cures have often proven quite unsuccessful."

***

OLD TIME REMEDIES

I sort of want to give a list
O' Mother's famous cures;
There'll be, of course, some that I've missed
Which may be found in yours.

In spring we took our sassafras,
Molasses— sulfur mix,
To clean our blood, make us first class
When we got out of fix.

Her catnip and her boneset tea
Were taken 'stead of pills;
We didn't dare refuse this need
For curin' all our ills.

By rubbing goose grease on our chest
She'd cure most any cold
While mustard, lamp-oil 'n the rest
Might also be extolled.

Her poultices were mighty fine
O' flax seed 'n o' bread,
'N fat-meat, onions, this whole line
Would bring things to a head.

But strikes me it was mother love
That really made us well,
A healin' sent from heaven above
That worked her magic spell.

For when she'd tuck us snug in bed
And give that tender kiss
Ain't nothing further need be said
'Bout such a cure as this.

Blood Types and the RH Factor

In the year 1616 a great discovery was made. A man named William Harvey found out that the heart pumps blood through the arteries into every part of the body and then it goes back again to the heart through the veins. Before that time, it was known that the blood is necessary for health and life, but no one really knew how it worked.

About fifty years later a doctor in France made the first blood transfusion. He took blood from a sheep and gave it to a sick person. The patient recovered. Spurred on by such an exciting experiment, more transfusions were made, but the results weren't the same. In 1678 a law was passed which prohibited further blood transfusions.

More than 200 years later, in 1898, it was discovered that different persons do not have the same type of blood. Experiments showed that if the blood from a certain individuals were mixed together, the blood cells would clump, making a cluster of blood cells. In other instances, this reaction would not occur. On further research it was learned that certain types of blood contain antibodies which work against the blood cells of other types.

There are four main blood groups plus several other differences which are not related to the main groups. The most common kind is called Type A and among white people, about 45% have this kind. The next most common type is Type O, with about 40%. The third class is Type B which accounts for about 10% and the most rare is AB with about 5%. Among Negroes the percentage is as follows: O, 42%; B,28%; A,24%; and AB,6%. Among the Indians of North America the percentage is O,67%; A,29%; B,3%; and AB, 1%. Even after these four main types were known, the doctors still ran into difficulty. Even after the groups were properly matched, for some then unknown reason, about one out of six transfusions were not successful. It was not until 1940 that the RH factor was discovered. Then it was found that about 86% of the people are RH positive. The other 14% are RH negative.

Thus it is easy to see that the most common type of blood among the white people of America is A positive. The most rare kind, and one which is seldom found, is AB negative.

Before blood transfusion can be given, it is very important to know the blood type of the person who gives the blood (the donor) and the one who receives it. Ordinarily two people who have the same type can receive blood from each other without any difficulty.

Types A and B can never be mixed. Persons with A, B, or AB can receive O blood, but those with O blood can not receive other types. Persons with type AB may receive blood from any of the other three groups. Since there are also several additional minor classifications, no transfusion is ever given until the two bloods have been mixed and watched to see if there are any reactions.

MIXED UP BABIES

It sometimes so happens that babies are accidently mixed up in the hospital. If this should happen, and also in cases of disputed parentage, it is often possible to determine whose baby it is by comparing the blood types of the parents with that of the child. Blood tests can prove that a certain person is not the parent of a child, but they cannot prove with certainty that the individual is the parent.

For example, if the baby has A blood, then the doctors will know that at least one of the parents has A blood. A baby with type AB has parents of which one is A, and the other B. A child of parents who are both RH negative, will have RH negative blood. If the parents are both RH positive, the children will all have RH positive blood.

THE RH BABY

Elsewhere in this issue is an account of a baby with RH disease, something which can happen only to babies whose father is RH positive and the mother RH negative. This combination is really nothing unusual since one out of eight babies born in the U. S. have parents with this combination. But only about 10% of them are affected with RH disease.

If as much as one drop of RH positive blood is injected into the blood stream of a person who has RH negative blood, then that person will begin to build up antibodies to fight against and destroy the strange blood.

When an RH negative mother gives birth to an RH positive baby then quite often a small amount of blood from the baby finds its way into the blood stream of the mother. Although this does not hurt this first baby, the mother begins to manufacture antibodies against this blood. These antibodies remain in the mother's blood stream for years. If the next baby is also RH positive then these antibodies from the mother find their way through the placenta into the body of the unborn infant and start working against the RH positive blood of the

(Continued on page 31)

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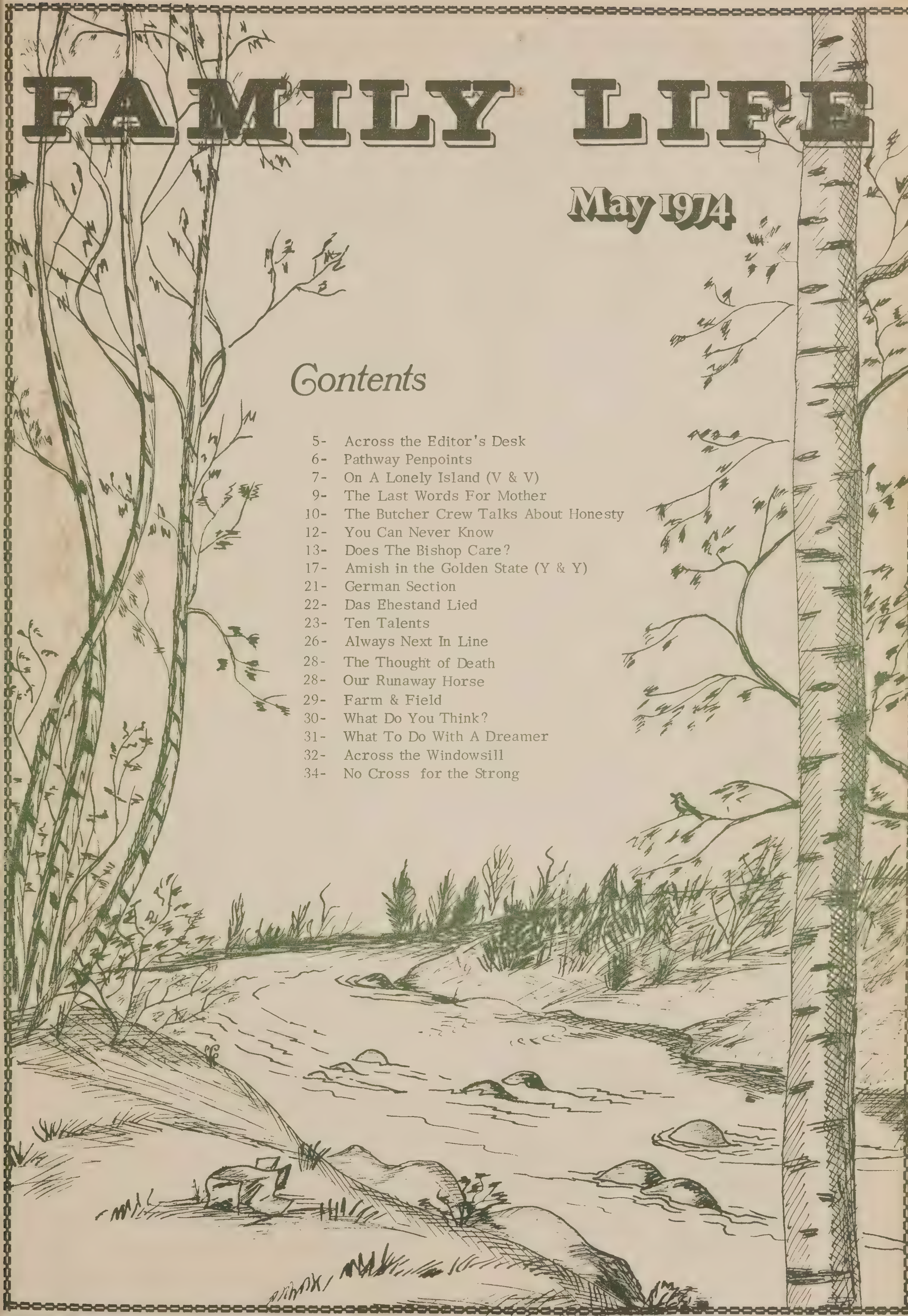
FAMILY LIFE

May 1974



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Letters TO THE EDITOR

LEARNING TO LIVE TOGETHER

● I have read so many letters in Family Life of people learning to live together peacefully. I am thankful that so many are concerned to treat others as Jesus commands us, forbearing one another. If we stop to think how the Israelites live, there were many people living close together with their relatives every day. I have to believe they were taught from childhood to accept the rules of the elder folks without resentment. But I also believe the older folks tried to win the appreciation of the younger ones.

-Daughter-in-law who is also a Mother-in-law, Pa.

● Regarding the discussions on mothers and mothers-in-law, to me, they are all in the same class. Where, on this earth, would we look for greater jewels? Where else could we better turn for advice? As I humbly try to fulfill my duties as a mother, I can better realize what wonderful people they are.

When the baby is fussy, the other children are making messes, the house is dirty, there are stacks of dishes to wash and the diaper pail ought to be attended to, then to my mind comes Mom's words, "The children come first."

So I leave all that work and attend to the children. I want to keep in mind that these innocent ones will not stay young forever.

If my faith should waver a little, the thought comes to my mind, this husband of mine who has so many kind and loving ways, is her son. This makes me appreciate her even more. And while we are on the subject of parents, let's not forget our fathers. They are wonderful, too. -Nappanee, Indiana

CLUMSY WITH A WHEELCHAIR

● To the Invalid's Lament (March Issue), I believe by far the majority don't feel you're a bother. I think most of us would willingly help but maybe it goes with others like it used to with me. Before I was experienced in handling a wheelchair, I felt so clumsy, more of a hindrance than a help, especially in a group. Your "bother" doesn't deprive us healthy ones of happiness, it increases it. No greater joy can we find in life than to help others in their needs. We're so thankful we are able to help, and we feel that you have taught us valuable lessons already by your cheerfulness and your submission to your lot in life. None of us knows what tomorrow holds— maybe we will be confined to a wheelchair or to a hospital bed.

As to the thoughtless remark, quite likely the woman may have been very sorry for it afterwards. Often after thinking back over the events of the day, I wish I would have stayed at home because of some hasty remark I made, and perhaps hurt someone. Sometimes I have felt so bad I have cried and wished I could do the day over. Then I have to hope that people will remember me, not by my blunders and failures but by what I wish and strive to be. -Narvon, Pennsylvania

● If an invalid needs help and we help him at the expense of being deprived of something we would have liked to take in, I would say the blessings we receive outweigh the loss 2 to 1. It has been said that the definition of service is "The rent we pay to live in this world." -I.R.M., Elmira, Ont.

● I would feel that anyone lacks charity if they think it is too much bother to help an invalid who comes to church. Likely it took a great deal of effort to come and few people would be so hard that they would not be pleased to see thm and happily go out of their way to help. -Ohio Reader

I HATE THE MENNONITES

● The article on living a consistent Christian life reminds me of an experience I had a number of years ago while I worked in a sewing factory. Sandri Walters, who worked beside me, was a non-Christian but she was a good worker, and always did her part without complaining.

One morning she came in ten minutes late which wasn't unusual for her. However one look at her face betrayed the fact that she was greatly worked up about something. Barely had she taken her seat when she leaned over toward me and fairly shouted, "I hate the Mennonites."

I was taken completely by surprise as she had never before hinted that she was bitter against me or any of my people. Quickly I tried to think of what I might have done to offend her but I could think of nothing. She must have noticed my astonishment as she hastened to add in a softer, near pleading tone, "Please don't get me wrong, wrong, I love the plain people but those who don't live up to what they profess are the ones I hate."

Later on I learned the reason of her sudden outburst. One of her loved ones was drafted to go overseas. At the same time, a young man who was a Mennonite by name but not in actions, took up alternative service as a conscientious objector. -Lancaster County, Pa.

NEEDING A NEW FLAG

● The story of the faded flag made me think of a bishop's boy who came home with an old car and his mother said, "Is that all the better you can do?" A few weeks later he came home with a brand new one and asked,

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"Does this one suit you better?"

He stayed at home with his car and was allowed to stay at home as long as he wanted to. How does this look to the other children and to the rest of the church? What color flag is it? -Indiana

● I agree with the story of the Faded Flag "Within The Church." I have often wondered how it can be right when someone leaves the church, how can the bann be lifted as long as he just keeps on going? I have had experience with close relatives who went to another church and were still not satisfied and kept on going to more liberal churches. Finally you couldn't pick them out if it weren't for their names. Some of them have even gone further and weren't satisfied with their companions and left them yet. I believe if the old order were more strict with them, the next generation could see it better and would be less mixed up with their actions and doings. -Iowa

TWO UNLIKELY VISITORS

● The article "Two Visitors" in February issue was rather amusing to read. It seems unlikely that any friend would go so far as to tell a sick person how bad he looks. However I have experienced a friend giving a remedy, then seeming peeved if it is not accepted. I have also seen a lot of visiting in a sickroom with several different conversations going on at the same time with so many people that the oxygen is about all used up. By the time the house is quiet, the sick person is so tired and nervous he cannot rest, maybe all night and the next day. Afterwards when these people meet at a quilting or wherever it happens to be there is often much gossip how the sick want to be cared for and how the ones caring for them should do so and so. -Kalona, Iowa

WHO IS LAZY?

● The "Who's Lazy?" article brought some thoughts to my mind. Like the man in that article, if one doesn't feel well and keeps on going as best he can (really I thought the problem lay more with the women) others may think he is lazy. If he tells people he is not feeling well, others will think he is complaining. A healthy person doesn't know the trials someone has to go through who isn't feeling well.

I often have to think back once to the hired girl we had. The baby was only about a week old, it was Saturday evening and the maud had gone home. I was quite displeased when I saw that the cleaning had been done carelessly. Some jobs had been skipped altogether. When Monday morning came I was not in a very good mood and imagine my surprise when her mother came bringing a younger sister and asking if I could make out with her. She said the older one was sick and had been already on Saturday. Then I was sorry for the thoughts I had been thinking.

Let's be careful when we blame someone of being lazy. Perhaps it would be more fitting to lend them a helping hand. -Orrville, Ohio

FRIEDHOF IS CORRECT

● Regarding the story entitled "Friedenshof," the word which should have been used is "Friedhof" or "Gottesacker." -L.B., Illinois

LAUGHING OUR WAY TO HELL

● The poem "Where Children Are" was a sobering one. How often we speak unnecessary words or tell jokes. The Bible teaches us to be sober, quiet, gentle and sincere.

Whenever I hear such loud laughter and goings on I have to think of the story I once heard. It said a Christian from a foreign land once visited America and when he got back home he said, "The American people are laughing their way to hell."

Must we weep for it some day? "Blessed are ye who shall weep now, for ye shall laugh," Luke 6:21. A likeable, humble personality is one with a friendly face, a quiet manner, a sincere smile, a forgiving, willing heart which looks trustingly up to our Creator. We are created to enjoy the things of God, not the sports and pleasures of this world. -Holmesville, Ohio

WORKING ON SUNDAY

● About the article, "Easy on That Sunday Dinner," I thought it was a good one, not only the part about feasting, but also of all the unnecessary work on the Lord's Day. Is it right that women should prepare meals that take up most of the Sunday forenoon to get ready? And then it also takes time to wash the dishes. If we are not careful, we may be working more of the day than we are resting. -Wroxeter, Ontario

RIGHT WORDS AT THE RIGHT TIME

● I enjoyed the article "Good-bye Danny Orlis" but there was a point which could have been mentioned. A Christian will [illegible] right words at the right time to an unbeliever. Years ago a certain bishop was waiting in a train depot. A young man was loading freight and his language was quite profane. The bishop walked over to the young man, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "My dear young man, where do you learn such profane language?" The young man was taken aback and walked away. Later he came back and apologized for the language he had used.

The bishop could have preached a sermon to him or he could have remained silent. Neither one would have been as good as what he did. I believe it is wrong to use the Scriptures on a person whom we know will reject it. However I also believe it is as a bishop once said, 'I am afraid the times I should have spoken and didn't are much greater than the times I spoke and shouldn't have.'

The article says Noah preached 120 years without one convert. We should remember that he did take his own family with him into the ark, seven people, which is quite remarkable. He lived in a very sinful world and popular opinion was against him.

It also sounds as if Noah didn't really preach for 120 years. He was 500 years old when he received his command to build and 600 years old at the time of the flood, so apparently God cut off 20 years from the allotted time. It makes one wonder if the days of the end of the world will also be shortened. -Kalona, Iowa

CROSSING THE WATERS

● I enjoyed the account "Sailing To America— 1833." All pioneer and church histories are interesting to me. I think it should make us realize what a faith our forefathers had to cross the waters to find freedom to worship God according to the way they believed was right. But how soon we forget and murmur again.

-Emma Stauffer, Pennsylvania

AUTO GUIDE WAGONS

● The discussion about auto guide wagons was interesting to me. There are lots of farm wagons made from axles of cars. If the tie rod and steering arms are in front of the axle, the wheels will do just like it says in the article, making it very hard to push around even when empty. To correct it, the brake drum must be removed and steering arm bent out inside of wheel and then lengthen the tie rod to reach to the steering arm.

-R.M., Wakarusa, Indiana

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THE COWS

● I think the farming section of Family Life is good and I hope you will keep it up and go even deeper. It's a pity how some of these young Amish farmers are left to struggle to pay off a $60,000 farm and then fail. It must be very discouraging, I have seen young men from Lancaster County buy a farm after working in a factory and then lose it due to lack of knowledge. I used to sell Master Mix feeds and I was surprised how little some of the young farmers knew about some pretty important things. They don't realize how important good management is.

Once we were called out to a large dairy farm because milk production had dropped off considerably and they were blaming it on the feed. After spending a lot of time trying to get to the root of the matter we found out what the problem was. The man's wife had died several weeks before, and she had always spent a lot of time in the barn giving the cows the extra bits of tender loving care which he did not have time to give.

He couldn't believe it that this would make so much difference but just to find out, he hired a woman to come in and help. Milk production went back up in a short time. And to make the story even better, he eventually married that woman. (Apparently he decided if her touch means that much to the cows, she must be a good woman.) That's a true story and it happened in York Co., Pa.

-D.C., Pennsylvania

VITAMINS AND PROTEINS

● I feel the discussions in Family Life on vitamins and proteins do not give a complete picture regarding nutrition. It is a well known fact that certain foods can be used for medicinal and health purposes such as honey, onions, carrot juice, grape juice, raw spinach, raw rhubarb, raw potatoes, etc. But when any of these foods are taken in excess, it can upset the body balances just as quickly and easily as too many vitamins.

The same holds true with proteins. A number of years ago relief agencies in countries where starvation existed saw many children with wasting muscles and bulging abdomens, unable to grow because of the lack of protein. The cheapest form of protein they could find was powdered milk with the fat removed. This they shipped over in carloads, but to everyone's bewilderment thousands of the children fed this powdered milk came down with diseases of the eyes, some even to the point of going blind. It is now known that additional protein without additional Vitamin A causes Vitamin A deficiencies which result in eye problems.

It has also been learned that refined sugar in our foods can cause a Vitamin C deficiency. Alcoholic beverages, especially those made with white sugar, tend to drain the vitamins and minerals out of the liver causing cirrhosis of the liver, a disease which was little known before the coming of refined sugar. Taking diuretics can also produce the same disease.

Trying to correct vitamin and mineral deficiencies by swallowing pills is an expensive undertaking and cannot be altogether successful without a balanced diet. Healthy people can get all the minerals and vitamins they need from a good combination of the right kinds of foods, but aged persons or those suffering chronic diseases will probably benefit from taking additional vitamins and minerals. Just because we know some facts, let us not make the mistake of thinking we know it all. "A little knowledge can be a dangerous thing."

-Andrew Herrfort, Ontario

BANN ON TOBACCO

● Mention was made recently that Black Leaf 40 has been banned by the government because small traces of nicotine have been found in the eggs. To me, this is an illustration of straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel.

Cigaretts are being sold every day which contain nicotine a thousand times as strong as any eggs and thousands of people are dying every year because of smoking, but the cigarette companies don't blink at that. They have a picture of the camel right on the cigarette pack. A lot of people who pass as Christians, don't blink at it either as they are helping to raise and to swallow that camel.

-S.H., Paraguay, S.A.

NO BOASTING EITHER

● I heartily agree with the writer from Pennsylvania that there should not be so much ugly talk about the people who move to new settlements. I wish from the depth of my heart that these movements could be made in peace. I see no reason why the people from the home settlements should be so bitter against those who go. On the other hand I also wish those who go could refrain from doing so much boasting.

-Pennsylvania

DON'T THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW

● I think many of the articles which have appeared in Family Life have made us more aware of the importance of keeping the ordnung. I can hardly believe some of the changes I have seen in the Old Order churches. It is such a pity that some of the young people who have had the privilege of growing up in Christian homes, throw it out the window so easily. There are many who never have the chance to grow up in a Christian home. It's too bad that the ministers do not receive more support in keeping up the ordnung of the church. The way some of the girls dress today, it is hard to believe they come from a plain home.

-Pennsylvania

SOMEBODY WAS WATCHING TELEVISION

● I was shocked! I am referring to the article in the March World Wide Windows about the toilet paper shortage. I always thought the magazine was written by the Amish but according to this item, it seems it isn't all Amish. Evidently the writer was watching television. Who is it really, that writes Family Life?

-Stuarts Draft, Virginia

ANSWER— The one who wrote that news item (1) is

Amish, (2) does not watch television, (3) did get the item out of a news magazine. The same issue also carried a World Wide Window about the stand of the American Heart Association as regards cholesterol. It is no more necessary to watch television in order to know what sometimes comes over television than it is to be a physician and a member of the American Heart Association in order to know what that group says about heart trouble.

PLANTING IN THE FALL

● Regarding my article "Easter Flowers" which appeared in the April issue, I feel that the editing you did improves the story. But I would want to make one correction.

You can't plant early flowering bulbs in the spring. You have to wait until summer after the bulbs ripen and the leaves are dead. This is not a major item, but I hope nobody tries to plant the bulbs before they are ready. They should be planted in summer so as to be able to make root growth in fall for spring blooming.

-Alice Hartman, Goshen, Indiana

EDITOR'S NOTE - Sorry for the mistake. It was the viewing part that was done in the spring, not the planting.

△

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

After the explanation of how the word "rauchen" got into the Menno Simons book we received several inquiries from people who wanted to know how the word got into the first Lied in the Ausbund. The first line of verse 13 is as follows, "Christus straft rauch, den Miszgebrauch." At first glance it would appear that the sentence is referring to the misuse of tobacco. Since we believe the Word of God does pronounce a penalty on this "Miszgebrauch" we are apt to conclude that this sentence from the Ausbund proves it.

However, there are several objections which should be considered before we accept this meaning from the above verse. The first is that like the quotation from Menno Simons' writings, this Lied is even older than the writings of Menno Simons. According to information which we can gather, this Lied was written by Sebastian Franck, who was born in 1499 and died in 1543. According to history, he died before the use of tobacco was introduced into England, and certainly before it came into common usage on the continent of Europe.

The second objection is that the word "rauch" is not capitalized, therefore it must be an adjective or an adverb, not a noun which would be the case if it meant "smoking." All nouns are capitalized in the German language.

What, then does the sentence mean? No one seems to really know although several possible explanations have been advanced. The one which seems to us to be the most reasonable is that the word is an adverb modifying the word "straft" or in other words, telling how sharply Christ punishes the "Miszgebrauch" which he is talking about. Very likely the word is from a German or Swiss dialect or it may simply mean "rauh" which means stern or sharp. There is very real possibility that it was changed from "rauh" to "rauch" in order to make it ryhme with "Miszgebrauch" as the first sentence of each verse breaks in the middle and ryhmes with the last syllable. Does anyone else have any other explanation? If so, please let us hear from you.

It is also an object of interest to note that the author of first Lied in the Ausbund was not an Anabaptist. He was an educated scholar who studied in the universities of Ingolstadt and Heidelberg. Apparently he studied to become a Catholic priest and in 1526 was given charge of a church in Buchenbach. However, a year later he was a Lutheran pastor near Nurnberg and wrote a book against some of the "Miszgebrauch" in the Lutheran church. In 1528 he left the Lutheran church and went on his own. He wrote a number of doctrinal and historical books.

He never was an Anabaptist, but could probably be classed as a pietist or mystic like Johann Arndt, the author of "Wahres Christenthum," and "Paradies Gaertlein." He wrote a number of hymns; one is of special interest in which he devoted the first verse to explaining why he is no Catholic, the second to why he is no Lutheran, the third to why he is no Zwinglian, and the fourth why he is no Anabaptist. The fourth verse starts out as follows:

Kein Wiedertaufer will ich sein
Ihr Grund ist klein

Although he never became a "Wiedertaufer," he agreed with them in many points and defended them against the accusations of their enemies. We find that Menno Simons, in his writings often quoted from the writings of Sebastian Franck, more than from any other person's writings. Menno considered him a prophet. The first Lied in the Ausbund is a fitting introduction to the selection of hymns and is entitled, "Wie Man beten und psallieren soll."

We want to thank all our friends who have sent in hints for the "Farm & Field" page. Although we do not plan on using all of them, we want to keep on selecting those which we feel would be of the most general interest. We will pay $1.00 each for hints which are accepted. We can not return unused hints.

We regret that in the past a number of the addresses became lost of those who had sent in hints for this page. If the hint you sent in was published and you have not yet received credit for it, please send us your name and address. Thank you.

△

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

CARROT FAD KILLS FOOD FAN

Health foods can be dangerous. Just because a certain food is healthy does not prove that it would be a good food to eat alone. A recent inquest into the death of a man in England revealed that he had died of cirrhosis of the liver.

According to information brought out at the hearing, the man had been drinking a gallon of carrot juice a day. He had also been taking a tremendous amount of vitamin pills, a total of seven million units of Vitamin A every day.

When he died, his skin was a bright yellow color. His doctor had warned him that his liver was enlarged but the man believed that no doctors could be trusted.

BURPING COWS

Along with all the other problems ecologists have to contend with, it has just recently been discovered that the ordinary dairy cow is a source of air pollution. Gas which is formed in the paunch of these ruminants is expelled into the atmosphere. It is estimated that if it were possible to retrieve it, enough gas is burped by ten dairy cows to heat a small house.

DOCTOR SPOCK WAS WRONG

The much quoted baby-doctor, Ben Spock, has now admitted what many Christian parents have long known. He and other "experts" in the field of child raising have placed so much emphasis for so long on not saying "no" to children that many parents today are not firm enough with their children.

Dr. Spock has admitted that "we professionals" have imposed on mothers and fathers although done with the best intentions. The result is that many parents are not firm enough with their children for fear of losing their love and causing resentment. He said that today we have a generation of "little darlings who are growing up into monsters" because their parents have not told them "no" and meant it.

We hope the tide has begun to turn if such people as Dr. Spock now see their mistake. The Bible is still as true today as it ever was that if we spare the rod, we will spoil the child.

PASS THE COTTONSEED CAKES, PLEASE

A new and cheap source of protein suitable for human consumption may be available on the market soon. After several years of experimenting, scientists have come out with a high-protein flour which is made from cotton seeds.

The cotton flour contains seventy percent protein which is seven times the protein value of wheat flour. Two cupcakes, containing only a few cents worth of cottonseed flour could provide one-third of the minimum daily protein requirements of a six-year old child.

Cottonseed contains a pigment called gossypol which is harmful to humans. A company in Texas has spent three million dollars to work out a process to remove this pigment. Once this is removed, the cottonseed flour has a mild flavor which allows it to be used in a variety of foods without changing their taste. Soybean flour, on the other hand, although nearly as rich in protein, has a bitter taste which somewhat limits its use as a food additive.

It is expected that half a million tons of the cottonseed flour will be produced in the U.S. annually within a few years. △

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

I HAD NO EXCUSE

When I was in the seventh grade, our teacher took off one Thursday for a wedding. So we had a substitute teacher for that day. Our regular teacher had warned us that if anyone disobeyed the rules in any way, they would get the punishment they deserved the next day.

For the very last question of one of our classes that day, the teacher asked me what my answer is. It so happened the answer I gave didn't correspond with the answer the girl had who sat just across the aisle from me. I forget now which answer was correct. But anyway, this girl rolled her eyes at me to show she didn't agree with me and this struck me as funny. I all but had to burst out laughing in front of the teacher but I managed to control myself until she closed the class and turned away. Then I still thought I could see those eyes in front of me, and I had to snicker.

At recess the teacher asked me what was so funny. I tried to explain but she failed to understand. Later as I thought about it I decided I really had no excuse for laughing.

The next day, of course, the regular teacher found out that one of the seventh graders had dared to snicker during school hours. So I had to stay in at recess. Then when everyone was outside I was called to the teacher's desk. I had to answer for myself why I had acted that way. I knew she could not see the funny part either. In fact, by this time it didn't seem at all funny to me either. I couldn't say anything for I really had no excuse. I just stood there feeling so little and weak that I thought someone could have pushed me over with a feather.

Since that time, I have wondered if these happy-go-lucky people who laugh at things they shouldn't and use a lot of unnecessary words will feel the same way when they are called upon to answer for themselves before the Lord on the Judgement Day. -Labelle, Missouri

BEFORE GOD AND MAN

Several years ago we moved to a new community where the plain people were not known. There lived a man close by who had a peach orchard. One day my mother and sister stopped and picked up a bushel of peaches. They said they would return the basket the next day, so at home they emptied it and my sister took it back. It looked like an almost new basket and since the man was not around, she set it down with the other baskets and left.

A few days later when there was no one at home but my sister and I, a pickup truck came in the lane. I was choring in the barn, and the man was talking to my sister and I saw that he was very angry. He was saying we had not brought the basket back. I tried to tell him we did take it back but he got hold of the truck door and shook his fist and said, "Get that basket, or I'll do so and so."

I went and got the best one I could find but it was not a new one. He said it was okay and left without another word. We were rather scared and a few minutes later our parents came home.

As I thought over it, I knew it looked to the man like we could not be trusted. We had no way of proving to him that we had taken the basket back. Although we had been honest in the sight of God, (and that is the most important) but we had failed to do as the verse in Romans 12:17 says, to provide things honest in the sight of all men. -Millmont, Pennsylvania

HE WAS STILL THE SAME MAN

My brother used to visit us and he wasn't nice to our dog so the dog really hated him and would barely let him come on our premises. It so happened that my brother changed to another church and didn't dress like he used to. He also had a lot to say how he is now an entirely different man and also about the good deeds he does.

Yesterday my brother was here for a few minutes and the dog recognized him right away. He was very angry with him, tried to bite him and wouldn't let him into the door.

I just had to think over the matter. Although he looks entirely different on the outside, the dog knew him right away. In spite of his change in looks and his talk about his good deeds, he was still the same person. If it was so easy for the dog to discern that, how much easier it is for an all-seeing God to see into the innermost parts of our minds in spite of what we look like on the outside.

-Name and address withheld

△

M- is for the many sacrifices that she made
O- means her eternal love tha ne'er grows old;
T- is for the tears she often shed for me,
H- is for her heart — a heart of pure gold.
E- is for her eyes with love's light shining
R- means righteous spirit-and right shall always be.
Put them all together— and they'll spell MOTHER--
A word that means so very much to me. -Sel.

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Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

ON A LONELY ISLAND

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be placed on some island out in the ocean where no one else lived? Suppose you would be provided with everything you needed, plenty of food, shelter from the weather, protection from wild animals. Would you be happy? Of course not. For no matter how well-fed and sheltered, with no other people around, you would be lonely. Probably not one person out of a thousand would choose to live on such an island all by himself. For everyone knows that when no people are around, a person gets unbearably lonesome.

Of course, living all alone on an island is a bit hard to imagine, since we live in a world that is rapidly filling with people. We have grown up with population figures that keep on exploding year after year— doubling and redoubling. Every time a census is taken there are more and more people. Cities spread in every direction sprawling ugly smokestacks and founderies and blackened windows [illegible]trous cancer cells out of control New houses, new schools, new highways spring up everywhere. In a time of world shortages of nearly everything, there are more people than ever before since the world began.

Recently a man, after discussing the increasing population of people, made the following statement: "Well, at least with the world more thickly populated, there won't be many lonely people around."

Is that a bright side to consider that may off-set crowded living conditions? If it were only true! A lack of people around us is almost sure to bring loneliness, but unfortunately, an abundance of people is less certain to take it away. Let's consider the story of Ruth, the Amish girl, in a hospital waiting room.

To start at the beginning of the story, it happened one day that an Amish family in Pennsylvania was taking care of their "English" neighbor's young son, Brian. Brian was a lively little fellow, as most boys are, and somehow managed to get hold of a pair of sharp scissors. He seriously injured one eye.

Brian's mother was sent for with all possible haste. In a short time she arrived to take Brian to the hospital. But the mother had more than she could handle alone. Brian was screaming from pain and fright— she couldn't hold him and drive the car both. So the Amish parents immediately offered that their teen-age daughter, Ruth, could go along to hold Brian. At the hospital Brian was taken into medical care and put under sedation and examined. Later that evening an operation was performed on his eye. The mother stayed with Brian, but Ruth waited in the waiting room. Recently she described her experience by writing: "I waited in a large room with chairs and magazines and tried to pass the time with some reading matter, but somehow it didn't interest me as it usually did— I couldn't help thinking about little Brian, now sleeping quietly with his hurt eye. I had to wonder whether he would ever be able to see again with it. The minutes and the hours stretched long and seemed endless. I felt rather alone in a very strange place. People were in and out of the large waiting room, but each seemed concerned with their own dear one somewhere in that vast hospital and scarcely noticed anyone else."

Ruth discovered something in the hospital waiting room that day. She discovered that the mere physical presence of people does not keep a person from feeling lonely. In fact, being surrounded by people who ignore you only intensifies loneliness. Ruth had plenty of people around her, more than she would have had at home, yet at home she would not have felt lonely.

That day in the waiting room, Ruth found that there is more than one kind of island. She wasn't on an island of blowing sand and waving palm trees at some remote spot in the South Pacific, but all the same, it seemed she WAS on an island. She was surrounded by a sea of people, but she was alone. She could not help thinking, "These people just aren't friendly. None of them seem interested in my problems. None of them smile to me. They don't nod their heads in a friendly hello."

But then, fortunately, Ruth made a second discovery. She had already discovered the mere presence of people did not keep one from feeling lonely, and now she discovered something else. "A rather stout, colored lady and a young gaudily-dressed girl seated themselves opposite me. They paid no attention to me, and did not seem to notice that I was feeling lonely. On a sudden impluse I broke the silence and asked them why they were in this big hospital, for I knew they had someone, somewhere they were concerned about. They replied in a friendly way, and turned out to be very pleasant and interested, and I ended up telling them about what I had on my mind. We had a really nice, heart-warming conversation until they had to leave. Even though it had not been a long conversation, how much it changed those bleak, lonely minutes for me, and I was left feeling happier and less lonely, all through a little human sympathy and friendliness."

Ruth's second discovery was that when people meet, someone has to take the first step toward friendship. If two people meet, and each waits for the other to smile first, they wait forever. They never smile. The tragic thing is that more likely than not, both want to smile, both want the other to smile, both want to escape from their islands of loneliness. But they continue to face the world alone, seeking a friendly face, a kind word, not knowing that many of the people they meet look so gloomy because they, too, are seeking friendship and not finding it.

In a sense our life is a large waiting room— a sea of milling people, passing hurriedly by, looking straight ahead, unsmiling, unseeing, and filled with tiny islands, each inhabited by only one person. All of us need to make the discoveries Ruth made, that being among people is not enough, that we need to reach out, to smile, to speak a kind word, to do a thoughtful deed, in order to connect with those around us. Our loneliness is not caused by a lack of people around us, but by failing to communicate with those we meet. A poet, Marcel Brown, Brown, expressed this thought so well when he wrote:

"Loneliness is not of place nor time long spent apart,
'Tis failure in the noisy crowd to find a kindred heart."

These two lines of verse explain why, in a world with more people than ever before, there is also more loneliness. Loneliness is not a condition of our environment, but a state of mind. It lurks in the hearts of men and women everywhere, in every walk of life. Children wrestle with it in school. Young people feel it at large gatherings and singings. Even homes— where people live the closest to each other are not immune to it. With a dozen brothers and sisters in the same house, no growing child should be lonely. Yet many are.

No, none of us would choose to live alone on some South Pacific island. Yet too many of us let the days drag by while we sit enchained on lonely islands of our own making. How much happier our lives, and the lives of those about us, would be if we take those first steps of friendship— brave steps away from the lonely islands to which we have been confined. We cannot sum it up in any better words than those of Ruth herself as she looked back on her experience in the hospital waiting room: "We all know that each individual is a human with feelings just like we ourselves are. Each has his own worries, joys, sorrows, and happiness. And yet so few of us reach out to strangers to offer our sympathy, our kind words, or even our smiles. Really, it takes very little to melt away the shell that surrounds most people. A smile, a friendly look, and a pleasant remark is usually all it takes to make a boring journey interesting, a dull day in town cheerful, or the stranger in church a friend." △

SUNSET HOUR

The tired winds are hushed to rest,
The shadows deeper grow,
The evening star shines dimly
Like a taper burning low.
The flames of evening's altar fires
Light all the western sky,
And God's sweet peace broods over all
As sunset hour draws nigh.

The herd bell tinkles down the lane,
The poppies nod in sleep
Amid the meadow buttercups
While mists, soft-footed creep.
The wood thrush chants his vesper hymn
The swallows homeward fly
And God's sweet peace fills all the earth
As sunset hour draws nigh.

When cold and gray my sunset clouds
Hang like a darksome pall
And round me, o'er me, everywhere
The lengthening shadows fall;
Shine then, O heavenly altar fires,
Light all my evening sky
And let God's peace brood o'er me when
My sunset hour draws nigh. -Selected

The Last Words For Mother

HAVE YOU EVER given it any thought what your last words may be which you will ever speak to your mother or your father, your sister or brother? It may be more important than you think. Let me tell you a little story.

Once there was a widowed mother who had raised a large family. But only two daughters were living with her at home. One of these was twenty-one and working for herself. The other one was younger and worked away from home, not because she wanted to, but because she had to, as it was necessary for her to earn some money for her and her mother to live.

Some parents work hard and save so as to own a farm or have some kind of employment so when the children grow up, they won't have to work away from home. But then what happens? Sometimes we see that to their disappointment, the children say, "It's so dull here at home," and choose rather to work elsewhere.

However, this certain girl often thought, "How nice it would be if only I were home more with my mother." But she had worked out already when she was going to school. Her father had an accident and lost his one arm disabling him, and then later he took sick with an incurable disease and died.

This family was not rich, but the children had been taught as long as they have food to eat, clothes to wear and a roof over their heads, they were not poor either.

The girl we are talking about loved her mother very much, but she had one bad habit. Sometimes when she was tired and in a bad mood, she would answer her mother in an unfriendly and snappy way. Not really bad words, but it was the way they were said that hurt the mother. Once when this happened, the mother told her daughter,"Someday you'll say the last words to me. If they weren't kind, you will be sorry for them."

* * *

This is a true story. The author knows just how the girl felt– for she was that girl. She wrote this story only in hopes that she can spare others the terrible feeling she herself has gone through.

* * *

The girl remembered these words and kept them in the back of her mind. Often they helped her and she resolved she would not let it happen again.

It was a cold October day and the chill of winter was in the air. The mother said to her daugher, "Since you're home today, we'd better do some outside work. The chicken house needs cleaning and the storm windows should be put on the bedroom windows. Next week you're supposed to work for your sister on your days off."

"Oh, no," sighed the girl, "can't I ever be at home? I had some things on the inside I wanted to do today. I wish I wouldn't have to do the outside work when it's so cold."

She went ahead and did what her mother wanted her to do. But this went wrong and that went wrong. The windows wouldn't fit and soon her own self will turned her upside down. Finally she was back where she had started.

After awhile she heard her mother call her name. Now what could she want? She was irritated and she answered only one word. It was "What!" Not a bad word but the way she said it. It had slipped out in a very unkind way. Mother didn't answer. "I shouldn't have said it," she thought to herself. "I'm almost finished here and then I'll go and see what Mother wanted."

It was almost noon when she came inside. The kitchen felt so good after the cold outside. The older daughter was home that day and the smell of dinner was especially thick in the air. "Where's Mom?" asked the younger daughter.

"She went to the neighbors awhile back already," her older sister answered. "She said she'd be back in about an hour, in time for dinner. It's getting late. Maybe we should just eat and let her dinner in the oven. They probably started talking and forgot about dinner."

Awhile later as the sisters sat at the table there was a knock at the door. Now who could that be? Maybe Mom was playing a trick on them. The younger sister went to the door and there stood the neighbor man. It was plain to see he was excited about something. "I- I don't want to scare you," he faltered, "But your mom is lying in our lane and doesn't know anything. We were just going to the sale and found her there. She had left our place a long time already."

Had she heard right? There must be a mistake. The younger sister didn't think about the cold outside. She just ran-ran-ran, faster than she had ever run before. The older sister followed.

Yes, there was Mother lying on the ground. "Mom. Mom. MOM!" she cried but there was no answer. They felt her pulse. Yes, she was alive. The neighbor had run to call a doctor and he arrived in a short time. "We'll take her to the hospital," he said. "I can take her in my car." He spoke in a very kind way.

The two girls carefully helped lift the limp body into the back seat. Then they too got in, never thinking of how they looked. Everyday dirty dresses, no coats. All they were thinking of was what they could do to help her.

After the doctor and nurses had done all they knew to help her, they left the room.

The younger sister sat by the bedside of her mother alone. Now she had plenty of time to think, what had Mother wanted when she had called? The first moment Mother woke up, she'd ask forgiveness and say she is sorry she spoke as she did. But her mother lay there breathing back and forth, there was no response. Finally the girl broke down and sobbed. Laying her head down on her dear mother's flushed face, hot tears ran over and spilled on her cheeks. "Mother, please forgive me. Tell me just once more. "I'm so terribly sorry."

The girl's request was never granted. After two days of anxious waiting, praying and crying, God called her mother home. It was so hard to give her up but something else hurt even more. She knew her mother had forgiven her even before she asked, for that was the kind of wonderful mother she had. But it would be too late to tell she was sorry and to hear her say she does gladly forgive.

This is a true story. I know just how she felt for I was that girl. I am writing it only in hopes that I can spare some boy or girl the terrible feeling which I myself have gone through. Even after these many years, few days go by that I do not think of it.

I believe God has forgiven me and I know that Mother did. But the keen regret is still in my heart. Be careful of what you say. Sometime the words you speak may be the last ones you will ever say to someone else. What will they be?

You can only have one mother.
No one else can take her place.
You can't tell her how you miss her
How you miss her loving face.

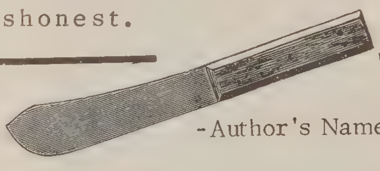
Be careful how you speak to her,
Choose every word you say,
Remember she's your mother
And she's not here to stay.

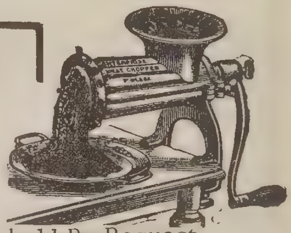
Let her know you love her dearly,
Cheer and comfort her each day.
You can never get another
After she has passed away.

△

THE BUTCHER CREW TALKS ABOUT HONESTY

Here were the two of them, both cheating for a pound or two of turkey, and neither one knew the other one was being dishonest.





-Author's Name Withheld By Request

WATER'S TOO HOT," grunted Sam Schmidt, peering through the steam into the barrel. "Henry," he called to his teenage son, "run and get a pail of cold water from the pump. We'll scald the skin right off these hogs for sure if we don't. Always said too hot is as bad as too cold."

"Throw in a little snow," suggested Levi Keupfer, a neighbor who had come to help the Schmidts butcher their winter pork. He was dragging a freshly-bled pig toward the Bree-droke, where the carcass would be pulled up with a block and tackle and dunked into the water so the hair would come off.

"And here comes Uncle Eli now, late as usual," announced young Henry as he returned with a milkpail of cold water. He set the pail down and turned to watch the buggy come up the lane.

"That makes the crew," said Levi. "And we've got a full day ahead of us."

"I wish Eli'd hurry," grumbled Sam, stroking the steam droplets from his greying beard. "We need him to help dip these pigs."

Eli put his horse inside the warm stable and came striding across the yard to where the activity was. Five pigs lay sprawled on the snow, each in a circle of red.

The three men and the boy went to work. As the day warmed up and they had been making good headways, they relaxed and began to do more visiting. After the carcasses had cooled they carried the meat into the house and laid it on the big table. Then came the sound of butcher knives being whetted, and soon the men were cutting up the meat.

"Now, Sam, don't forget to save forty pounds for bologna," said Mrs. Schmidt as she came bustling up. "You know how good we like that beef and pork bologna that's in the Amish cookbook. Forty pounds of pork trimmings. The sixty pounds of beef is hanging in the woodshed."

"But, Mom," protested Sam. "How'll we know it's forty pounds?"

"Henry can run down the cellar and get the scales."

The lad was soon back with the scales.

"Speaking of weighing meat," chuckled Eli. "Reminds me of the picture I saw one time, only it was turkey instead of pig."

"What picture was that?" asked Levi.

"Well, there was this sweet little old lady buying a Thanksgiving turkey from the neighborhood butcher. She was standing there looking at the scales as the turkey was being weighed. She looked real innocent, but she had one finger underneath the scales, pushing up. The funny thing was that the butcher on the other side of the counter was watching the scales, too, and he had a thumb on the scales, pushing down. Here were the two of them, both cheating for a pound or two of turkey, and neither one knew the other one was being dishonest."

"But how did the one who drew the picture find out?" asked young Henry.

"Maybe he was peeping in the window," laughed Eli.

Levi Keupfer smiled. Then his face grew sober as he said, "There's a pretty good lesson in that. Being dishonest really doesn't pay even in dollars and cents. I've seen many a time in my life where someone who tried to cheat others just got cheated himself. But even if it did pay to cheat and lie, it wouldn't be right or make people unhappy." Levi was a minister and the others listened respectfully.

"Why are people dishonest in the first place?" asked Eli. "If cheating doesn't pay, you'd think they'd catch on."

"I've wondered about that, too," said Sam. "Isn't the truth good enough, or why do they need to be dishonest?"

"Those are good questions," Levi admitted. "But you and I know from experience that lies do happen. I think every boy and girl goes through it sooner or later, and catches himself saying a lie. Sometimes us older ones talk too quick, too, and don't quite abide by the truth." Levi sharpened his knife again.

Sam nodded his head and looked thoughtful. "I remember one time, I think it was the last year I was in school, the teacher suddenly asked, 'Did you study your lesson?' Just that quick I said, 'Yes,' but it was a lie, for I hadn't."

"In other words," began Eli, "lies often happen when someone wants to save face and doesn't want to admit he's wrong."

"That's how it happened to me that time," said Sam.

"Well, that reminds me of the story about the minister who made a mistake in announcing his text for the next Sunday," began Eli, who was a born story teller. "He said he would preach from the 17th chapter of Mark, but what he meant was the [illegible] chapter of Matthew. During the week he discovered his error, and he began to wonder if anyone else had noticed it. On Sunday morning he decided to find out."

"Here, Eli, cut up this ham," Sam interrupted him, pushing a front quarter toward Eli.

Eli pulled the ham closer, and went on, "So this minister started out, 'Last Sunday I told you my text would be from the 17th chapter of Mark. I wonder how many of you have studied the chapter. Please raise your hand if you did.'"

"I suppose some people raised their hands, didn't they?" asked Levi.

"Well, the way I heard the story," explained Eli. "A few hands went up first and then more and more till about every hand was up."

"What would you have done, Henry? Would you have raised your hand?" Sam asked his son.

"Nah, I don't think so, not if I hadn't studied," answered the boy.

"But let's be honest with ourselves," put in Levi. "If everyone else put up his hand, you'd be ashamed to admit you were the only one not to, and it'd be pretty easy to hold your hand maybe halfway up."

"That would be saying a lie," young Henry exclaimed.

"Of course, Henry," said Levi. "But don't you know that most people in the world today would call that a little white lie. We're taught different, but it might still be a temptation for us."

"Anyway, what did the minister do then?" asked Sam, looking at Eli.

"I don't know," admitted Eli. "But he probably said, 'I've changed my text. There is no 17th chapter of Mark. My sermon will be about lying!"

"That would have been pretty blunt, even coming from a minister," said Levi.

"Sometimes we have to be pretty blunt to break a habit," said Sam. "Lying can become a habit, you know."

"Naturally," agreed Levi, getting ready to grind the sausage. "Any sin that is not repented of can soon become a habit. It seems to me lying would be especially unhandy. That would be a hard life—having to remember everything you said for fear sometime or other your words won't agree. It's a lot easier to speak the truth and then you don't need to remember."

Sam wagged his head, then added his comment, "Another thing I've noticed is that the man who isn't truthful himself never trusts anybody else either. An honest man figures most people are honest, but a liar takes everybody else to be a liar, too. And that isn't any fun either."

Eli had another story to tell, and was getting impatient. "Like we were talking at first," he began, "it just doesn't pay to cheat and lie. I remember reading once about a grumpy old fellow that got on a crowded train one time. There was a big crowd in the aisle, but he pushed his way through with his cane and picked the best seat. Then he quickly plopped down in it and piled his luggage on the seat beside him to reserve it for himself too, you know. The seats were soon all full..."

"Wanta turn the sausage grinder awhile?" asked Sam looking at the story teller.

Eli grabbed the handle and started turning, but kept on talking, "The seats were all full when a young fellow came down the aisle. He looked all around and saw the empty seat beside the old man, so he headed for it. 'This seat's taken,' snapped the old man. 'It's reserve for a friend of mine who left his bag here. ...'"

Eli paused to catch his breath, then went on. "The young man paid no attention, but said, 'Then I'll just sit down till he comes,' and he placed the bags on his lap and sat down [illegible] fellow glared, but there wasn't much he could do about it. Soon the train started going and the friend hadn't shown up yet. The young fellow wasn't as dumb as he looked. I guess he had it all figured out. As the train passed the platform, he flung the old man's bag out the open window and quietly remarked, 'It looks like your friend has missed the train. We mustn't let him lose his luggage in the bargain.' "

After the laughter had died down, young Henry asked, "Ah, do you think that really happened, or is it a made-up joke?"

Eli was still giggling. "I don't know, but it could have happened."

"It could have," said Levi drily, "but it could also be just a story."

"If it is true, his lie sure backfired," commented Sam. "Reminds me of the one about a woman who came to the doctor because she was afraid she had heart trouble. She wanted a check-up, but she was too stingy to pay for it. So she told the doctor, 'Doc, I'm afraid I've got heart trouble, but I'm a poor woman, and I can't afford medical care.' "

"Hey, Sam, how do you want this bacon?" asked Eli.

"Like this," said Sam, showing his brother. "Well, this doctor was a kind man and he said he'd do what he could, even if he didn't get a penny for it. So he examined the woman and even took an X-ray. When the X-ray was finished, he was surprised to see that the lady had a bag full of gold coins hidden in a secret pocket of her clothing. The money showed up on the X-ray."

"Then what'd the doctor do?" asked Eli.

"What do you think?"

"I'd have given her a bawling out for telling such a lie."

"According to the story," continued Sam, "the doctor came out to the office where the woman was waiting and said, 'Yes, ma'am, you do have a very bad heart. It is filled with lies. I will have to operate on your purse."'

Once more there was laughter, and Eli held his sides.

"That one sounds even more like a story," said Henry.

"Oh, I know a better one than that, and I just now remembered it," began Eli. "But it's a tall one, and maybe I shouldn't tell it." He laughed out loud.

Levi Keupfer's quiet voice cut through the laughter, and suddenly all was silent except for Levi talking. "Do you know," said Levi, his voice serious, "a half hour ago we were having a good talk on honesty and dishonesty but we had better be careful or it will get away from us. We may get caught in the very thing which we thought was so bad in others."

For a few minutes no one spoke. Then Sam asked, "What do you mean? What do we get caught in?"

"Dishonesty for one thing."

"But all the stories brought out a lesson how wrong it is to be dishonest," objected Eli.

"That may be," Levi said quietly. "But if we're not careful we'll soon be stretching the truth just to make someone laugh."

For a few minutes the only sounds were the soft ones of knives cutting meat and of the sausage grinder going round and round.

"I think the conversation started out all right," Levi went on. "But finally we got to the place where we wanted to see who could tell the biggest story, instead of showing how wrong it is to be dishonest."

Just then the conversation was interrupted by Sam's wife calling the men to dinner. "Come and get washed up or dinner will soon be cold."

As Levi wiped his face with the towel he said, "It seems there's lots of ways of being dishonest like cheating, lying or just pretending to be doing something we aren't. Truth is like a thin piece of glass— it breaks easily, it's easily smudged and you can't bend it."

"But it's worth taking care of," Sam asserted as he led the way to the table.

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You Can Never Know

Most of us don't like to think of crime and violence. Sheltered as we are in our peaceful rural communities we like to believe that such things are found only in the crowded cities. Here are several true stories which show that violence can happen anywhere.

1

I THINK IT WAS DURING THE summer of 1934, right after the depression. We lived about a quarter of a mile off the road. Our lane had deep holes but there was no money to buy gravel.

In those days you would see many tramps or "hoboes" riding on the trains. We lived close to the railroad so about once a week a tramp would knock on our door and ask for something to eat. Mother would never refuse the request.

It was late one afternoon during the summer when a tramp came walking up the lane. He was a man in the late forties or early fifties and walked with a limp. He introduced himself as a salesman and said he was selling choreboys. Mother bought one and then he asked if he might stay overnight. About this time Dad came in from the barn and it was decided he could stay.

Dad and us boys went to the barn to do the chores. Mother went in to get supper. Our guest was invited to go in and sit down. The only thing you could notice that he looked different from other tramps was that he was well-dressed and was wearing an overcoat even though it was summertime.

When he went in to sit down and took off his hat a wave of fear came over Mother for she surmised there was something sinister about the man. She sent a messenger to the barn and soon Dad went in and visited with him while we finished the chores.

Finally Mother called for supper and we all went to the table. Our guest picked up the little box he had with him and carried it with him to the table. Then he set it down beside his chair. When supper was over and it was time to go to bed, Dad showed the man his room upstairs where he could sleep. But wherever the man went, his little box went along.

Dad and Mom were both fearful but they tried to keep it concealed from the children. However, Mom said in a casual way, "You children can all sleep downstairs."

As we were preparing to go to bed, our guest suddenly opened the stairway door and looked over the room to see if we were still all there. When he was satisfied, he went to bed. Dad propped some chairs against the door so if he came down through the night they would hear him.

Early in the morning while Mom was fixing breakfast he came down so she fixed breakfast for him. She asked if he is acquainted around here and he said, "No, but I'm well acquainted around Lynn Grove." Lynn Grove was about forty miles south of us and had the reputation of being a hideout for gangsters.

He was very courteous and when he had finished eating, he thanked my parents for the lodging. Just at daybreak he went limping down the lane.

Two days later Dad came in with a newspaper and asked, "Do you know any of these men?" There were several pictures on the front page and beneath them it said these men are wanted by the F.B.I. All of us knew the one man for he had slept in our house. The description fitted him perfectly as it said he walked with a slight limp. His name was given as Mackley and he was one of John Dillinger's men. He was dangerous.

We never knew but we always suspected there was a machine gun wrapped up in that box. Had we known who he was he could have had the best bed in the house. Shortly afterwards he was captured.

2

IT WAS A NICE SUMMER DAY in June several years ago when I was a girl. The farmers were busy, including the womenfolks. Dad and Mother had gone to a frolic. My older brothers were also away helping a neighbor with his field work and the younger ones had gone with Dad. I was left alone for the afternoon and would have to do the chores for the evening.

I was busy in the yard when I noticed a car coming in the lane. "Probably someone for potatoes," I thought to myself. There were two fairly young men or boys in the car and as soon as they stopped they asked, "Is this were Sam Beilers live? Are you Katie, a sister of John Beilers on the other side of Gordonville?"

"Yes, I am," I answered.

"John's wife, Anna, sent us over to bring you to their place as John just had a serious accident with the horses. He was putting up hay and he is in serious condition. Anna wants someone to come and stay with the four little ones so she can go to the hospital."

This was quite a shock to me and I was more than a little excited. They were in a hurry and I could understand why. I thought about asking them who they were but didn't want to delay them so I hardly even gave it a second thought. I knew John did sometimes hire people from Gordonville so I didn't need to know their names.

I felt so sorry for my brother Johns and wanted very much to go with these men right away. But then I thought about it that I had to do the chores so I told them I had to do our chores first and they should tell Anna I would come as soon as possible. They seemed to be disappointed but they left and I started with the chores. Then it occurred to me I could have sent them after my older brothers to come home and do the chores, and I could have gone with them. But it was too late now. I was constantly thinking of Johns as I did the chores. I hurried to get done quick.

Dad and Mother came home earlier than I expected so I hurried to tell them about John's accident. They decided to go over right away and told us we should not worry if they wouldn't come home until late, or probably not until the next morning. If no one else were there, they would have to help take care of the children.

So we were all at home wondering but were surprised to see Dads come home early. Probably someone else was at Johns. We could hardly wait until they came in to tell us about the accident.

Imagine our surprise when they told us that John and Anna were both in the barn doing their chores and came to meet them with smiling faces. Dad told them we had understood there was an accident but they knew nothing at all about it. They had not sent anyone for help, they had not hired anyone and were not even working in the hay that day.

It had been a shock when the boys had told me about the accident. Now it was even a greater shock when we learned their story was all a lie. It has remained a mystery to us who these boys were, and how they knew our names, where we lived and how many children Johns had, etc. It was a very sobering thought to think of what might have happened if I had not been stuck with the chores that day. I have to think God's protecting hand must have been over me.

I always remember this story when a stranger comes along. We also warn our own children not to go with strangers. "Be sure you know with whom you travel."

-Pennsylvania

DOES THE BISHOP CARE?

Henry respected Joni and found it hard to believe that he wouldn't care if his boys were unruly. "There must be a mistake somewhere," he thought to himself.

-Author's name withheld

HENRY YODER TOOK IN A deep breath of the early morning air as he stepped outside the door. Dawn was breaking in the east, but the nearby pasture field was still shrouded in the early morning mists.

"Here, Shep," called Henry. "Go and get the cows."

Shep came bouncing, wagging his bushy tail. He soon disappeared down the cow lane and Henry could hear him barking as he rounded up the cows. Shep was a very obedient dog. Henry's thoughts went to his own children who were still quite small. "Can I bring them up to be obedient?" he wondered.

This was Sunday morning and today church would be at their place. He would have to hurry with the chores for soon the people of the district would be coming.

He had just finished tying the cows when his wife, Anna, came carrying the milk buckets. Henry reached for his bucket and they both were soon busy milking. Anna yawned and said, "It's going to be a long day. I like having church but I almost wish we wouldn't have the young folks' singing."

"Why do you say that?" Henry asked in a surprised voice. "I enjoy singings."

"Well, I do, too," his wife answered, "but yesterday Aunt Martha was here to help get ready for church and she told me they had the singing a couple weeks ago and it didn't go very good. There was some disturbance and some damage was done."

"Why, what happened?"

"The Troyer boys are becoming quite unruly. She said Menno Troyer thinks the boys ought to have fun when they are young. He says these are the kind which make the best church members once they settle down. He thinks the boys which are good now are the ones which will go to more liberal churches later."

Henry frowned. Before they were married, Henry had lived in a large community where there were many young folks. If he remembered right, many of the wild ones had gone to more liberal churches and some didn't go to any church at all but were out in the world. Somehow, Menno's way of thinking just didn't make any sense. The Troyers had moved into the community only two years before. "But those boys surely can't spoil a singing by themselves if the other young folks don't help them," he said.

"That's just it," Anna answered. "Aunt Martha said Joni Zook's boys are chumming with the Troyer boys, and the way it looks even Joni Zook didn't really care about it too much or his boys wouldn't act like that."

INSOMNIA

There was nothing quite so dreary
As to lie awake at night.
Insomnia, they called it;
How I'd wish for morning light!

But no! The clock upon the mantle
Struck three, three-thirty, four...
I'd turn and toss and tumble,
Wider awake then before.

I'd worry— to myself I'd grumble,
Of course, I needed the rest,
With tomorrow's tasks before me
I could never be at my best.

The minutes passed in to hours,
My mind tossed back and fro
With cares and problems and worries;
Oh, how they seemed to grow!

But, ah, I've found the secret
My insomnia to cure;
It's now a time of blessing
Instead of misery to endure.

Now when I awaken at night
I say, "Thank you, blessed Lord,
For a little time of fellowship
And thinking of Thy Word."

There are so many lonely folks
Who must their burdens bear
Because I've been too busy
To uphold them with my prayers.

I'll now take time to name each one
The sick and suffering too,
The ministers and their needs—
Just to mention a few.

Suddenly, to my surprise!
Arising time has come;
I must have fallen sound asleep
Soon after I'd begun.

Henry was disturbed by what his wife had said. Joni Zook was the bishop in one of the other districts and Henry thought a lot of him. He was always anxious to hear Joni preach and he was hoping that perhaps today he would come to their side for services. He had always had a high respect for Joni and found it hard to believe that he wouldn't care if his boys were unruly. "There must be a mistake somewhere," he thought to himself.

As soon as breakfast was over, seven-year-old Paul took the cows to the pasture while Henry checked the barn to make sure everything was in order. Then he returned to the house to help Anna with some of the last-minute preparations. Everyone was ready when the first buggies arrived.

Henry was glad to see Joni Zook driving into the barnyard. "I hope he preaches today for I haven't heard him for sometime."

Henry's wish was granted for Joni Zook had the main sermon that day. After he had preached for some time he talked about the responsibilities of parents. "Your children are the church of tomorrow. That is why Paul says, 'Ye fathers bring your children up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.'" He also mentioned how the children of Israel were commanded in Deut.21, that if a man had a stubborn or rebellious son, who wouldn't obey his father, then his parents were to bring him to the elders of the city. The men of the city were to stone him so that he died. God was concerned that the evil was put away. "We have the same God and He still hates the same evil," Joni said.

He also mentioned the sons of the High Priest Eli, and how sad the story ended. "Eli, himself, as well as his sons died on the same day. How different was the story of Noah. Although Noah lived in a sinful world, he was able to take his whole family with him into the ark. We, as parents, have a great responsibility. If our children are eternally lost because we wilfully neglect our duty to bring them up in the fear of the Lord, how will we face the just and mighty God on the day of Judgement?"

For an hour Joni preached. Henry wished he would go on for another hour. He breathed a prayer of thanks for the sermon. It seemed to be just what he was needing. Surely the reports about Joni not being concerned about his own children were not true.

As the evening shadows crept over the land, Henry was busy arranging the long wooden benches in the two big rooms of the house. The buggies were rapidly arriving and soon the house was filled with young folks. When the singing began, their voices blended in unison as they sang the familiar songs which Henry loved to hear. What a beautiful way to bring the sabbath to an end. His eyes swept over the room. Everyone was quiet and respectful as the singing continued.

And then it happened. A song had just ended and the room fell into a hush. Outside Henry could hear buggy wheels scraping on the gravel as someone came into the lane at high speed. There was shouting and laughter. A few minutes later a loud noise was heard as several boys landed on the front kitchen porch. Then there was the tinkling of broken glass.

"It was your fault," Henry heard a voice saying. "You pushed me."

"I just barely touched you," another voice answered loudly.

The boys were quiet as Henry stepped out on the porch. At once he recognized the four boys standing in the semi-darkness. Two of them were the Troyer boys and the other two were Joni Zook's boys. The odor of tobacco was in the air and Henry thought he detected a smell of strong drink. Could it really be true that these boys had been drinking? He tried to keep his voice calm as he spoke, "Did you have an accident? I see some glass is broken."

"Yes, I guess we did," one of the boys quickly answered.

Henry held the door open, "The singing isn't over yet. You can come on in and help sing."

Dannie Zook leaned against the wall and remarked drily, "Well, I don't know about that. It's been more'n two months since we were last in to help sing. That's quite a record and we don't think we should break it tonight."

The other three broke into laughter at Dannie's wisecrack. "Come on, boys," Dannie said as he jumped from the porch. The others followed and soon disappeared in the darkness. With a feeling of discouragement Henry reentered the house and sat down. He tried to keep his mind on the singing, but for some reason he could not forget what he had just seen. The singing no longer seemed so beautiful. In fact, it seemed as if the whole evening had changed. Even the young folks had lost most of their zeal for singing.

A few moments later Anna touched Henry's shoulder and whispered, "I heard something in the cellar."

"Are you sure?" Henry asked. "The outside cellar door is hung shut from the inside."

"I think you'd better go look," Anna insisted.

Wearily Henry rose and took the Coleman lantern. He walked around outside the house and saw that the cellar door was open. As he went into the cellar, four figures shrank into the darkness. It was the same group of boys. They were greedily eating some pies. He stared in dismay at the floor. The boys had found some eggs and splattered them over the floor. As before, Dannie Zook was the one that did the talking.

Later that evening when everyone had gone home Henry sat lost in deep thought. "Just why do such things have to be?" he asked as Anna sat down beside him. "Our neighbor, Herb Johnson, has two teen-age boys same age as these four boys and they wouldn't think of acting like these boys did tonight. Herb brought his boys up to be polite and respectful and he doesn't even believe in going to church. We say we are Christian people but look what comes out of our homes." Henry shook his head sadly. "I thought Joni Zook preached a very good sermon today but after seeing how his boys acted tonight, the sermon has lost its meaning. How can he preach a sermon about child training and obedience and still not care about his own boys?"

"But maybe he does care," Anna answered.

"But you said Aunt Martha said Joni doesn't care about his boys. I wouldn't have believed it that they were really that bad."

"Aunt Martha didn't say Joni doesn't care. She said it looks as though he doesn't," Anna pointed out. "Maybe he tries to make them mind but they won't listen."

But Henry was not ready to give up so easily. "Doesn't the Bible say a bishop should have obedient children?" He reached for his Bible and started paging. Finally he found it in the third chapter of I Timothy. "Yes, here it says a bishop should rule well his own house, having his children in subjection. Now it makes me wonder if Joni knows what it says here."

"I think that verse could also apply to every parent," Anna spoke up. "I wonder if it doesn't mean, that it should not be the bishop's fault if his children are disobedient. Children are different and circumstances are different and it could be possible that children would be disobedient even if their father would be doing what he can. And maybe you've forgotten that even though there were four young folks on the outside, there were sixty on the inside singing hymns."

Henry nodded his head. "That's right, we should be thankful for those who did their part, but I am afraid that if this disobedience continues, the number on the outside will grow."

Anna pondered Henry's words. Down in her heart, she knew he was probably right.

The next morning Henry loaded the broken piece from the hayloader on the spring wagon and headed for the blacksmith shop. When he neared the shop he noticed a buggy was already there and he recognized the figure standing in the doorway of the shop. It was Joni Zook who was waiting to get some work done. "Good morning," Joni said in his usual friendly way. Immediately the scene of the evening before came into Henry's mind. Resentment welled up within him. Could it really be that Joni didn't care about his boys, or why didn't he do something about the way they acted?

"Good morning," answered Henry curtly. He really hadn't planned on speaking to Joni but now he found it impossible not to. Joni was too friendly. Soon they were chatting about the crops and the weather. Finally Joni asked the question Henry had hoped he would ask. "Let's see, you had the singing last night, didn't you? Did you have any trouble? My boys told me you had a nice singing."

"Well, yes, I guess we did have a nice singing," Henry answered slowly, "but we also had some trouble." Soon he was telling the bishop the story of what had happened the evening before.

"Are you sure it was my boys?" the bishop asked. "They told me they were in the house while the singing was going on."

"Yes, it was your boys and the Troyer boys," Henry replied. "I talked with them. They were inside the house but it was only in the cellar."

Joni cleared his throat. "I'm sorry to hear that. When I asked the boys this morning they said they were in the house so I felt good about it. Now it looks like they didn't tell me the truth. It seems since the Troyers moved into the community two years ago and live so close to us, we just can't do anything with our boys. I know it's not all the Troyer boys' fault for our boys could find better company if they wanted it."

Henry smiled. "There is an old saying, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' I don't think your boys will want a change of company unless they first have a change in their hearts."

Joni stared at the ground. "What do you think we could do to help this matter?"

"I don't know," Henry replied. "I guess, though that if parents can't trust their children to behave away from home, they'll either have to go with them and see to it they do behave or keep them at home."

Joni seemed to be lost in deep thought and did not answer for awhile. Then he said, "I had always hoped we could bring our children up in a way so they would want to do what is right, so they would show obedience because they wanted to, not because they have to."

"That's just it," Henry asserted. "Those boys were never taught to obey. I guess I'll just tell you, I thought you preached a very good sermon yesterday, but after I saw how your boys acted last night, the sermon lost its meaning."

Again Joni was silent awhile before he answered and then he spoke slowly as if to weigh each word. "I'm sorry to hear this. In the Bible we read in the parable of the sower that some of the good seed fell on the hard road and the birds picked it up and took it away. So it is in the church. Satan wants to make the people's hearts hard like the road, so he can take away the word that is preached. There is no easier and more effective way to harden the people's hearts than to take away their love for the ministers. There is no easier way for him to destroy that love than to bring disobedience right into the ministers' own homes. I can see why you feel as you do. I try to train my children to be obedient but for some reason, they will not listen. I believe that somewhere I have failed but I would do anything I could now to help them. I was ordained a bishop when my children were yet quite small. Soon, for a time I also had the cares of the neighboring district. The burden and cares of the church were great and there were many things I had to attend to. I hardly noticed that the boys were growing up. Now as I look back, I can hardly realize where the time has gone. Suddenly they are grown. I can see that I have made a mistake. I have neglected my own children. I have not given them the attention they needed, and I have neglected disciplining them."

Since Henry did not answer, Joni continued, "When the boys were ten and eleven years old, they made some trouble for the teacher at school. The teacher talked to me one evening and I can still remember her words. 'Those boys think they are smart and if they are allowed to grow up with that spirit, if that spirit is not removed, you are going to have a lot of trouble with them later.' I can see that she was right. That spirit has grown within them and now it rules their lives. If I could relive those years again, I would do some things differently but it is not possible to turn back the clock of time. It is hard to straighten a crooked tree after the trunk has grown too thick for bending. So, it seems is the spirit of my boys.

"That is why I preached that sermon yesterday. I just had to. Even if it falls on hardened hearts, I must still warn the people. Even if I have made mistakes, I don't want others to make the same mistakes. Children are born with the spirit of self-will and 'I-want-to-be-noticed.' This soon develops into pride and they think themselves smarter and bigger than they really are. That is why young people take that first drink or the first smoke. That is why they get caught in the craze to be popular. They join the crowd and soon they are in direct rebellion against the authority of God's word. They pay no attention to their parents, the ministers or anyone else who would lead them to that which is good.

"You have children and now is the time to start working to help them. When I was your age I expected nothing else but that our boys would grow up to be respectful and obedient and help build up the church. I used to think the same way as you think now, that if children are disobedient, it is because their parents don't care. Now I know that is not true. We care very much, but so far we have been unable to change it. We want to keep on trying, and try harder. If you, or anyone else has any suggestions what we could do that might help, I would be glad to hear it."

Joni looked the other way a few moments before he went on. "I have a great burden for the church. Because my own boys are disobedient, makes the burden all the greater. They don't realize what a great help they could be if only they would do what is right. They don't realize how many nights, and nearly every night, I lie awake because of conditions in the church and in my own household. There is a law. If we neglect our children's upbringing then sooner or later we will have to pay for that neglect, we will have to reap the fruits of our neglect."

Joni was suddenly at a loss for words and was overcome with emotion. He had spoken with such great feeling that Henry was spellbound with astonishment. There was no question about it. Joni did care about his boys.

Later, as Henry drove toward home he suddenly realized that his resentment toward Joni had disappeared. Yesterday's sermon took on a new meaning. Not only did Joni see his mistakes, but he was trying to warn others not to make the same mistake. He thought about what Joni had said about reaping what we sow and then another thought struck him. If Joni was reaping now what he had unknowingly sown many years before, and was doing all he could to teach the boys what was right, how great a reaping must those boys sometime have if they persist on going on in their own wayward life? Even if they sometime made a change, there would still be reaping, how much more if they didn't.

The sun had set and once more darkness had crept over the land. The day's work was done and Henry sat in his favorite chair resting a few minutes before going to bed. The children were in bed already and Anna sat silently reading the *Budget*. Henry's mind went over the happenings of the day. Suddenly there was a light knock on the door. Henry went and opened it. There stood two boys. It was Joni Zook's boys.

"Oh, good evening," Henry [illegible] as he held the door open. "Do come in."

"We-we can't stay long," Dannie Zook said as he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "We came to apologize for how we acted last night. We ought to have come earlier and helped with the singing."

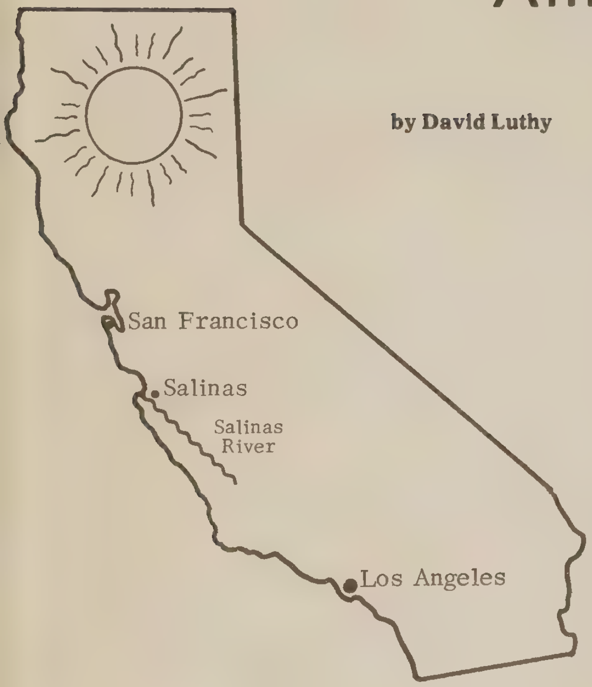
Dannie stood awkwardly on the porch and as soon as he had finished, Eli, the younger of the boys, started saying, "And-and it was my fault the window was broken." As he pulled out his billfold he continued, "I want to pay for the damages and also for the broken eggs."

Henry was overtaken with surprise that they had come to make their things right. "No," he shook his head. "You don't need to pay. If you are sorry for what you did and want to do better, that is worth more to me than what the window pane will cost." He thanked the boys for coming and assured them he would gladly forgive them.

After he reentered the house and once more sat down, Anna asked, "Do you think the boys are going to be different from now on?"

Henry smiled. "Sometimes it is hard to change things altogether overnight but I do know one thing, Joni does care and he is working for what is right. If Joni didn't care, those boys wouldn't have been here this evening." △

Amish In The Golden State



by David Luthy

When gold was discovered in a California stream in 1849, the word spread across America. People, hoping to get rich quich, practically flowed into California. Between 1849 and 1860 the population increased from 26,000 to nearly 400,000 or fourteen times as many people. And California's growth in population really never stopped, even after the "Gold Rush" was over. It slowed down at times, but the population steadily grew until in 1963 California became the state with the largest population.

Gold in California's hills and streams caused people from all over America to move to the state in the early years. But in the years following the "Gold Rush," it was a different type of gold— "gold" in the sky—which attracted an even greater number of people to California.

The brillant sun shines down on California, creating an ideal climate for farming. When people had lost the "Gold Rush" fever, they soon realized that the golden sun above them, the warm climate, and the fertile California soil were worth more than the gold in the hills and streams. Word spread across America that seemingly anything could be grown in California— cotton, grapes, alfalfa, fruits of all types, and every kind of vegetable—in fact over 200 different crops could be successfully grown. Thus, the constant rise in population continued, and California became the leading farm state in America, a position it holds yet today. Its income brought in from agriculture is higher than that of any other state. California was given the nickname of the "Golden State" both because of the gold which lay in its hills and the golden sun which shines over it.

Part One: To California For Health

Since California is the leading farm state, and Amish people are generally farmers, one might imagine there are many Amish settlements in California. But, of course, such is not the case—there are no Amish settlements in California. Only one Amish community is known to have existed in California and for an extremely short length of time.

The story of the attempt by Amish families to settle in California began in the McMinnville, Oregon settlement which itself is now extinct. In November of 1912, Pre. Daniel E. Miller and his wife and two children traveled from their home in Oregon to California. They went there to spend the winter on account of Mrs. Miller's poor health. But Daniel Miller must have returned to Oregon in December, for at that time he accompanied his father, Jake K. Miller, to the neighboring state of Washington to look for a new location for a settlement. Likely it was on this trip that he persuaded his father to forget about Washington and consider California. For in the January 8, 1913 issue of the Sugarcreek Budget it was reported in the Oregon letter that "the California fever is taking its rounds among the Amish people here." Towards the end of January it was reported that Jake K. Miller had made a trip to California visiting Sacramento, Ukiah, and the Napa Valley.

At about this same time in the Amish settlement at Arthur, Illinois a nephew of Jake K. Miller was planning a trip to California. The nephew was Henry Briskey. He and his wife had been asked by his wife's sister, Mrs. Jacob Beachy, to accompany the Beachys to California. The doctor had told the Beachys that the California climate would be good for their sickly child's health. He recommended that they stay in California a year. The Beachys did not like the idea of being away from their own Amish people for such a length of time, so they asked the Briskeys to go along with them.

By the middle of February, 1913 the two Illinois families were ready to go to California. One of Henry Briskey's daughters writes: "At Kansas City we got on the Pullman train (sleeping coach) and for three days and three nights we were on the train until we arrived at Los Angeles, California. From there we went to Pasadena and found a hotel to stay in while my father and uncle went hunting for a house to move in. While at the hotel we would go to a restaurant nearby for three meals a day which was really something great in my mind. We found a place to live at 545 North Wilson Ave. We all lived together in the same house, and I really enjoyed playing with my cousins every day. Dad and my uncle also found a job at a planing mill. My father being a carpenter got a job in the mill and my uncle worked in the yard."

The Briskey and Beachy families stayed at Pasadena until May when they went to McMinnville, Oregon. By this time Briskey's uncle, Jake K. Miller, was the leader of a good-sized group of families that wanted to move to California. Several of the families had purchased farms already in California and were waiting until fall to move. The main reason they were moving away from where they lived in Oregon was because there were problems in the church. Several families were quite critical of Jake K. Miller's son David Y. Miller who was the church's bishop, even dragging their

BOOK WANTED

We would like to obtain a copy of Jonathan B. Fisher's book, A TRIP TO EUROPE AND FACTS GLEANED ON THE WAY. It was printed in 1911. Anyone having a copy to sell us for our Amish historical library, please contact us.

-Historical Editor
Pathway Publishers
Aylmer, Ontario

criticism before the public in letters to the Sugarcreek Budget. How they expected that peace in the church could be arrived at that way is hard to imagine.

The Oregon church seems to have split exactly in half, seven families going to California and seven remaining in Oregon. The entire ministry— a bishop, minister, and deacon — planned to move to California.

Part Two: Settling At Salinas

The first Amish family to move to California was that of Bishop David Y. Miller. He moved his family there in September 1913. The Henry Briskey family accompanied the Millers. The Briskeys did not intend to buy a home in California but planned to spend a few more months there before returning to their home in Illinois.

On October 2nd four Oregon Amish families boarded the train and arrived in California two days later. The following day three more families arrived. By the 10th the immigrant train cars loaded with the families' household and farming items arrived.

The leader of the Amish in California was Jake K. Miller, aged 61. All of the other families were either directly or indirectly related to him. Included among the settlers were three of his married sons: Bishop David Y. Miller, Pre. Daniel E. Miller, and Simon J. Miller. Two of the settlers were his sons-in-law: William N. Beachy, and Jacob S. Yoder. Two other settlers were Levi J. Troyer whose wife was a sister to William Beachy, and Deacon Daniel J. Coblentz whose wife was a sister to Mrs. Simon J. Miller. This made a total of eight families who intended to make their homes in California. There were also three other families there who intended to stay but a few months that winter. They were Noah S. Beachy from Kansas who was William Beachy's father, Henry Briskey and Daniel A. Miller both from Illinois and both nephews to Jake K. Miller. The family whom the Briskeys had accompanied to California, the Jacob Beachys, came to visit the Amish group for a week but then left for Pasadena. They felt where the Amish had settled was not far enough south in California for their sick child to benefit the most.

The area where the Amish settled was about exactly half way down the long coast of California. They settled at the very top of the Salinas Valley not far from the town of Salinas and the village of Santa Rita. They lived only 9 miles from the Pacific Ocean and got sea breezes regularly. This was unusual for the Salinas Valley, for the Amish located at the northern most corner of the valley where there were no mountains towards the ocean. Otherwise the 80 mile long valley stretched south of them quite tucked in by mountains along the sea coast. The Amish had mountains, though, to the east of them which bordered the eastern side of the Salinas Valley. The valley ran parallel to the Pacific Ocean and was quite narrow. It had 640,000 acres of broad bottom land through which the Salinas River flowed.

STORIES TO REMEMBER

Here are 23 stories which appeared in the 1968-1970 children's section of FAMILY LIFE put up in book form for home libraries. These are stories with lessons or nature stories, but not Bible stories.

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The land on which the Amish settled was quite level, productive, and well developed. The price of land ranged anywhere from $40 to $300 per acre depending on the quality of the land and the amount of buildings. The cheapest land was in the hills at the foot of the mountains. It is not known today what all the Amish farms were like, but details concerning some of them are known. Daniel E. Miller had a 30 acre farm with 13 chicken houses on it for which he paid $8,000 or $270 an acre. William Beachy and Simon J. Miller bought 115 acres of improved land for $14,500 or $126 an acre. The Amish farms do not appear to have been as large as those of some of their neighbors. One neighbor had a 200 acre farm and hired an Amishman, Levi J. Troyer, to plow for him. It was reported in the Sugarcreek Budget: "There are some very large farms in this valley. These rich fellows farm as much as 800 acres and don't work anything themselves, some have as high as 500 head of hogs."

The Amish families all lived close to one another except for Jacob S. Yoder who rented a small ranch back in a canyon and had 4 or 5 miles to his closest Amish neighbor. The Amish did their shopping at Salinas which had a population of nearly 4,000. They sent their children, though, to school near Santa Rita which had a population of less than 100, no store, but a school a little west of it which was called the Santa Rita School. The teacher at the school was Joe Frye who surprised the Amish children by speaking to them in Pennsylvania-Dutch. He had been raised in Iowa and was likely of Mennonite background, but there was no Mennonite church near Salinas. He probably was a boy who had gone West to "seek his fortune."

Part Three: A Wonderful Climate

California is different from many other states in America in that it does not have a winter. It has two seasons— a dry season and a rainy season. The year in which the Amish moved to California was exceptionally dry. This the settlers freely admitted in their letters to the Sugarcreek Budget while they yet lived in Oregon and had been scouting for land in California. But they felt every area can have an exceptional year one way or the other, and they thought the area around Salinas, California looked prosperous and promising. So they moved there.

The Amish had barely been settled in California two months when the people who remained in Oregon began to tease them about the dry climate in California. In December a note appeared in the Oregon letter to the Budget asking Jake K. Miller how he liked to "clean the horse's mouth that got filled with barley beards." This was an obvious reference to the fact that barley, which was the principal crop in the area, had been a half-crop with the barley whiskers exceptionally long. The California Amish made no comment.

Then at the end of December 1913 the Oregon scribe wrote in the Budget: "Am glad to hear that our Amish friends in California like their new location, but the writer for himself thinks he would rather live in a state where they have plenty of rainfall, as I have had a little experience of irrigating myself and find it lots of hard work and a big expense to it especially where each farmer will undertake to situate a pumping station on every farm for irrigating such crops as barley, wheat, corn, etc., as it keeps a little pumping engine with a common pump pretty well moving to furnish enough water for a 15 acre field of each of the mentioned crops, where there is no rainfall through the season."

Now that was stepping on the California Amish people's toes pretty hard. They felt it gave an unfair picture of their climate. And it did. Much of the Salinas Valley was cut up into vegetable farms which were highly irrigated, but the area where the Amish lived was more of a ranching area with large acreages of barley, alfalfa, oats, and corn. Irrigation was very little used in their immediate area. Jake K. Miller wrote to the Budget: "People mostly farm on a large scale in this neighborhood; in the south part of the valley the farms are mostly smaller."

To answer the irrigation charge, an un-named settler in the Salinas settlement wrote the following to the Budget in January of 1914: "I will try and give a description of this part of the country as some people claim this is an irrigating country. It is not. While they irrigate west and south of Salinas, there isn't any irrigating within 5 or 6 miles of us except strawberry patches in the garden, but by so doing strawberries will bear from the 1st of April till November."

A second letter from the California Amish appeared in the same issue of the Budget. It, too, was merely signed "A Reader." This person wrote: "We have very nice and warm weather with plenty of rain. Everybody has quit plowing. Irrigating is not necessary. There is not much wheat raised here; the main crop is barley. They can raise anything here they raise in the east, but there is more money in barley than wheat. In summertime they irrigate their gardens and some small patches of alfalfa."

During the winter of 1914 the writers to the Budget from California never failed to mention that they were getting plenty of rain. Since the Oregon people had said California had lack of rainfall, this put the California people on the defensive. They likely felt they should mention the excellent rainfall lest prospective settlers be scared away. They wrote in January how they had gotten so much rain that they had to stop plowing for awhile. Also in February they wrote that the potato planting had been held up on account of wetness. They wanted the Budget readers to realize that the past dry year had been an exception, not the rule.

The California Amish settlement had a very appealing feature—the pleasant year-round climate. The Oregon people had likely been told this by the settlers before they moved to California, for as the winter of 1914 approached, the Oregon scribe wrote in his Budget letter: "As winter is slowly creeping on in all northern states, the time will soon be at hand for our southern people, such states as Alabama and California, to begin to crow."

But that was one of the main drawing points for California, so why shouldn't the people mention it? Sometimes they mentioned it in obvious ways such as when Mrs. Levi J. Troyer wrote: "We are having nice warm weather with quite a bit of rain. It is quite a change for us; we were used to having snow and cold weather between Christmas and New Years instead of rain and warm weather. We like this country fine so far." Or sometimes mention was made indirectly such as Daniel E. Miller's statement in late January: "We have been having ripe tomatoes out of the garden all winter." Any Amishman reading his Budget beside the heating stove in his northern home could not help feeling a slight twinge of envy. There was no getting around it, the Amish in California had a very nice climate. It is amazing that they didn't play it up stronger in their Budget letters, but they only made passing references to it.

Part Four: The Settlement Dies

The Salinas settlement had certainly gotten off to a very good start. It had eight families in its first month. And even more important, it had a bishop, minister, and a deacon right from the start. If any new Amish settlement appeared destined to succeed, it was the group at Salinas, California.

The group was able to hold regular church services every other week as long as they lived in California. They held their first service at the home of Pre. Daniel E. Miller on October 11, 1913 just a week after most of the settlers had arrived. In December they held council meeting and quite likely communion. A few months later in March of 1914 Bishop Dan J. Beachy of Arthur, Illinois preached for the group on their in-between Sunday, so they were in fellowship with Amish elsewhere. Then on April 14th their own bishop held a communion service at the home of William N. Beachy.

Everything seemed to be going smoothly, except for one thing— no other Amish families seemed interested in moving to California. In fact it was not long before some started departing. The first family to leave the settlement, other than the three families which were only wintering there, was that of the deacon Daniel J. Coblentz. After living in California only two months he decided to move [illegible] Amish settlement at Bloomfield, Montana (now [illegible]. Then a few months later the following appeared in a letter from Michigan to the Sugarcreek Budget: "Jacob S. Yoder is coming back from California to the good old state of Michigan as he calls it." Yoder had lived in Michigan previous to moving to Oregon where he lived only a short time before teaming up with the California venture.

It is very interesting to note what Noah S. Beachy wrote to the Budget after leaving California. He was from Kansas and only went to California to spend the winter with his son. Instead of returning, though, to Kansas, he rented out his Kansas farm and went to the Amish settlement in Alabama where he also owned a farm. He wrote from there to the Budget in April 1914 saying: "The first thing most people inquire is: 'Well, how did you like California?' To all I will say that we liked it well and hope nobody will object to it if we go back again to California some future day. Of course the husbandman's ways in California are not all covered with flowery beds of ease, and when the Lord said 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow,' California was not excepted. Nevertheless California has as many good points, especially in climate, as most of the other states. It is quite amusing to hear people express their opinion about California, who never were in the state."

Yes, California had "many good points," but for some unknown reason the settlement was dying. The last letter to appear from Salinas in the Budget was in the April 29, 1914 issue. It was in this letter that mention was made of the communion service. The people must not have been having church problems. But one after the other the families left until all were gone by late fall of 1914. It is thought that Jake K. Miller was the last to leave. He and his son Bishop David Y. Miller went to

The "Movingest" Amishman

Jake K. Miller, the oldest man of the Amish settlement at Salinas, California, has the distinction of having moved a greater total of miles than any other Amishman. Following is an account of the places where he moved to and the distance he traveled to get to each new home. This does not include any miles he traveled on trips taken to visit friends or relatives. It is the distance he traveled when he moved. Also, to determine the distance he moved each time, a U.S. map was used and a ruler and mileage scale. Since a ruler measures mileage "straight as the crow flies," it is quite likely the distances Jake K. Miller covered were more than what is shown here. But we didn't want to exaggerate, so we figured the mileage at the minimum.

Jake K. Miller was born in 1852 in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. At the age of 13 he moved with his parents to Arthur, Illinois — a total of 550 miles. In 1873 he married. Then in 1879 he moved to Needy, Oregon— 2,000 miles. Within Oregon he moved to Hubbard and later to McMinnville—a total of 50 miles. In 1903 he left Oregon for Geauga County, Ohio— 2,200 miles. Two years later, or thereabouts, he moved back to Oregon— 2,200 miles. In 1913 he moved 650 miles from McMinnville, Oregon to Salinas, California. In 1914 he moved 2,550 miles across the nation to Norfolk, Virginia where he rented a house for three months before moving on to Dover, Delaware— 200 miles. In 1918 he was scared out of Delaware by World War One and moved West again— this time 1,700 miles to Glendive, Montana. From there he moved to Oregon— 900 miles. Then in 1921 he moved for the last time— 2,600 miles back to Dover, Delaware. Altogether he moved a total of 15,600 miles in his lifetime. All of it was done by train. Having lived in Oregon three times, Jake became known throughout the rest of his life as "Oregon Jake Miller."

the Amish settlement clear across the nation at Norfolk, Virginia where they rented places for three months until they moved to Dover, Delaware in February 1915 being the first Old Order Amish to settle in that state.

Three years after locating in Delaware, Jake K. Miller was reading the Budget and saw a letter printed from a Mennonite at Terra Bella, California. A spark of love for California still glowed in Jake's heart for he sat down and wrote a letter to the Budget which appeared in the February 27, 1918 issue. He wrote: "To J.B. Miller of Terra Bella, California, write again, as the California letters are very interesting to me, having lived in the Salinas Valley for fourteen months. The climate is surely very pleasant to live in. And talk about alfalfa, our neighbor had a field of 300 acres none irrigated, cut two crops, let the third crop grow up knee high, turned in sixty head of cattle and they surely done well."

It is obvious that Jake K. Miller liked California. Then why had he moved away? It is a secret which is buried with the settlers for none are yet living except for one widow who is no longer Amish. One grandchild said Jake K. Miller liked to speculate in land, buying and selling farms. But that makes him appear as very selfish since other families were involved in the settlement. Also he was the last to leave California which would not indicate he was speculating with land but reluctant to leave.

Another grandchild writes that the Amish settlers "were afraid of the Catholics. The summer we were there it thundered one night and that was something Californians were just not used to. They were really afraid. Some had the doctor, others took bedding and made a nest on the floor to sleep. They were all badly afraid and blamed the Amish to be the fault of the thundering. Earthquakes they didn't mind, but the Amish didn't like that, although there was only one earthquake while we were there that I remember. That was hard enough to make the windows rattle."

Could it be that the Amish left California because the Catholic neighbors were superstitious about thunder and blamed the Amish? Is thunder so rare in Salinas? If someone living in Salinas today could tell us if it thunders there, it would at least indicate whether there is any base for such a reason being given. But who knows anyone living today in Salinas, California? Suddenly an idea comes to mind— write the Salinas postmaster, maybe he will answer. Sure enough he writes back and says that thunder in his area is "extremely rare." So there it is— the reason given for the Amish leaving California is not without some grounds for belief. Yet it still seems rather farfetched. It just does not seem likely that it alone would have chased the Amish away. Likely there were other reasons which, when added together, caused the Amish to leave.

Part Five: The Area Today

The city of Salinas has grown from the 4,000 population when the Amish knew it to a city of nearly 60,000. The village of Santa Rita which had less than 100 people still is small having only 200. And it is being engulfed by the spreading city of Salinas.

The Salinas Valley is known today as the "Salad Bowl of the World" with a great variety of vegetables grown throughout it. Lettuce is king, occupying over 50,000 acres of land each year in the valley. The crop was worth $60 million in 1970 and 30,000 carloads of lettuce were shipped across the United States and Canada from April through October. The valley produces 30% of all the head lettuce grown in the U.S.

When the Amish moved to the Salinas Valley in 1913, the land was high priced according to other farming areas in the U.S. Today the same is true. The price of farm land has soared to record heights, proving once again that there is "gold" in California besides that which lies hidden in the hills and streams.

(Special thanks to Mrs. Levi D. Christner and Mrs. Paris L. Miller for the information they supplied for this article.)

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THE GREATEST BOOK

The Bible is the most up-to-date book, it is never outgrown. It holds more truth than any other book. It meets all the trials of this life with promises that can never fail. There is no grief it cannot comfort, no problems it can not lighten.

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Cling to the Bible though all else be taken
Lose not its promises precious and sure.
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Lamp for the feet that in byways have wandered;
Guide for the youth that would otherwise fall;
Hope for the sinner whose best days are squandered,
Staff for the aged and best book of all.

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Editorielles —

O ſelig muß ich dieſen Menſchen preiſen,
Dem Gott ſich ſo gnädig wollte erweiſen,
Daß er ihm ſeine Sünd vergeben hat.
Und zugedeckt all' ſeine Miſſethat:
Selig iſt der, dem er ſeine Gebrechen
Und Uebertretung gar nicht will zurechnen,
Deß Herz iſt ohne Trug und Heuchelei,
Von allen falſchen böſen Tücken frei.

Dann da ich dir wollt meine Sünd verſchweigen,
Und dir meine Gebrechen nicht anzeigen,
Ach, da verſchmachtet mir all mein Gebein
Für täglichem Geſchrei in meiner Pein:
Dann deine Hand auf mir ſchwer Nacht und Tage
Von wegen meiner großen Sünden Lage,
Daß mir entging all Feuchtigkeit und Kraft,
Vertrocknet wie zu Sommerszeit der Saft.

Darum ich dir nun meine Sünd erzählet,
Und meine Miſſethaten nicht verhehlet,
Und dacht, wann ich bekenne meine Sünd,
Bald ich bei dir, O Herr! Vergebung find.
Drum ſollen alle Frommen zu Gott flehen,
Und die gelegne Zeit darzu erſehen:
Dann wann ſchon käme große Waſſerflut,
Wird die nichts ſchaden, Gott hat ſie in Hut.

Du biſt mein Schirm, du wirſt mich ſchon bewahren,
Für Uebel, für Anfechtung und Gefahren:
Du machſt mich fröhlich, daß ich wohl getröſt
Frei jauchzen mag, als einer der erlöſt.
Ich will dich lehren, ſprichſt du, und dir weiſen
Den rechten Weg, des du ſollſt dich befleißen,
Mein Aug auf dich ſoll ſehen allezeit,
Damit es dich rechtſchaffen führt und leit.

Seit nicht gleich den Mauleſeln oder Pferden,
Die ohn Verſtand und Witz gefunden werden,
Den'n man ins Maul einlegt Zaum und Gebiß,
Daß man ſie damit lenk und halt gewiß.
Der Gottlos hat alſo auch auch ſeine Plage,
Die ihn bezäum, und endlich zu dir jage:
Dem aber wird umgeben Gottes Gnade,
Der auf ihn ſeine Hoffnung geſetzt hat.

Vergebung der Sünden.

Wenn wir ein ſolch Gedicht wie oben leſen, wie befinden wir uns? Haben wir die Vergebung der Sünden erlangt durch das vergoſſene Blut Jeſu Chriſti? Dies teure Blut war vergoſſen für uns, wenn wir nicht Vergebung erlangt haben, ſo hat es doch wahrlich gefehlt auf unſere Seit. Dann iſt es auch notwendig daß wir uns wohl und gut prüfen.

Was meint Vergebung der Sünden? Meint es daß wir vergeſſen alles was wir unrecht getan haben? Ich glaube nicht. David konnte ſagen, oder als noch bitten zu Gott: „Herr, gedenke nicht der Sünden meiner Jugend und meiner Uebertretungen; gedenke aber mein nach deiner Barmherzigkeit um deiner Güte Willen!" Pſ. 25, 7. Dieſe Sünde und Uebertretungen wo David davon ſpricht waren wohl begangen ſchon manche Jahre zuvor, und wir glauben nicht daß er gezweifelt hat an Vergebung, doch flehete er als noch daß der Herr ihm alles ſchenken kann.

Petrus hatte ſein Herr und Meiſter verleugnet, er hatte ſich ſchwer verſündigt. Drei Mal hat er ihn verleugnet, drei Mal hat er ihn wieder anerkannt. Wir glauben er hat Vergebung erlangt, aber wir finden wo er zum Tode überantwortet war, daß er ſollte gekreuzigt werden hatte er als noch an dieſem gedenkt. Er begehrte ſie ſollten ihn kreuzigen mit dem Haupt unterwärts, er fühlte nicht wert gekreuzigt zu werden wie ſein Herr und Meiſter. Er wollte ſich noch demütigen. Vielleicht iſt dieſes was noch zu viel fehlt in unſere Zeit. Zu hochmütig. Wir können ein ganz einfaches Kleid anhaben und doch hochmütig ſein. „So demütiget euch nun unter die gewaltige Hand Gottes, daß er euch erhöhe zu ſeiner Zeit. Alle eure Sorge werfet auf ihn; denn Er ſorget für euch." 1 Petri 5, 6—7.

Einer iſt vielleicht hochmütig mit ſeine Kleider, ein anderer mit ſein Haupt-Haar, einer mit ſein Vieh, mit ſein Pferd, ſein Fahrzeug. Einer mit ſeine Handelung (actions), mit ſeinem Geſpräch, in ſeiner Verantwortung. Ja, in ſo viele Wegen kann der Menſch Hochmut haben und weiſen, daß es faſt unausſprechlich iſt. Doch ſagt ein Dichter: „Demut iſt die ſchönſte Tugend, aller Chriſten Ruhm und Ehr, Denn ſie zieret unſere Jugend, und das Alter noch vielmehr." So iſt es etwas für Jung und Alt, wir wollen alle demütig ſein; Gott helfe uns dazu.

In obigem Gedicht kommt auch vor, wenn jemand ſeine Sünd will verſchweigen, will ſeine Gebrechen nicht anzeigen, wie er verſchmachtet, und ſo weiter. Was iſt es anders als wie Hochmut, wenn wir unſere Sünden nicht wollen ans Licht bringen und ſie recht machen. In dieſem Stand haben wir noch keine Vergebung.

„Wer zu Grund gehen ſoll, der wird zuvor ſtolz, und Hochmut kommt vor dem Fall." Spr. 16, 18. Hier lautet es als wenn Hochmut faſt mit allem befleckt wäre, wann jemand zu Grund geht dann iſt immer Hochmut dabei. Im nächſten Vers geht der Salomo weiter: „Es iſt beſſer niedriges Gemüts ſein mit den Elenden, denn Raub austeilen mit den Hoffärtigen."

Wie viel Leute ſind in die Welt zu derer Zeit die gar nichts zu bekämpfen haben mit Hochmut? Wir haben in unſer Zeit einſt ein Mann hören ſagen, was Hochmut angeht, er hätte nicht ein Funken davon. Nachgehens bemerkte einer der dabei war, er glaube der Mann hatte etwas davon wo er ſolches geſagt hat. Ja, ſo leicht können wir gefangen werden mit hochmütige Ausdrücken. Wir kommen es gewöhnt und denken nicht dran wie es lautet zu andere Leute.

Wenn wir ſo bei eine Anzahl von Leute ſind ſehen wir einen großen Unterſchied in die Verantwortung. Wenn etwas geredet wird ſo ſind immer einige wo geſchwind beſonnen ſind eine Antwort zu geben. Andere ſitzen dabei und hören nur zu, ſagen nichts. Manche von uns wäre es oftmals beſſer mehr langſam ſein im Reden und die Worte beſſer wiegen.

Eins von unſere alte Diener hörte ich öfters ſagen, es iſt nichts leichter zu tun als Fehler machen, und je älter man wird, wie mehr wir ſcheinen zu machen. Aber ich denkte öfters, es iſt vielleicht nicht daß wir mehr machen, wir können ſie nur beſſer ſehen. Das Sündigen iſt menſchlich, aber drinnen beharren iſt teufliſch. Wenn wir Fehler machen können wir immer froh ſein daß wir die Gelegenheit haben ſie wieder recht zu machen.

Wie in unſerm Gedicht vorkommt, wenn wir unſere Sünden zu Gott erzählen und unſere Miſſethaten nicht verhehlen ſondern vor Gott bekennen ſo bald finden wir Vergebung.

Weiter in dem Gedicht heißt es, wir ſollen auch nicht ſein wie die Mauleſeln oder Pferden, die ohne Verſtand und Witz gefunden werden. Petrus ſchreibt davon: „Aber ſie ſind wie die unvernünftigen Tiere die von Natur dazu geboren ſind, daß ſie gefangen und geſchlachtet werden, läſtern, da ſie nichts von wiſſen, und werden in ihrem verderblichen Weſen umkommen und den Lohn der Ungerechtigkeit davon bringen. Sie achtet für Wolluſt das zeitliche Wohlleben, ſie ſind Schandflecke und Laſter, prangen von euren Almoſen, praſſen mit dem Euren, haben Augen voll Ehebruchs, laſſen ihnen die Sünde nicht wehren, locken an ſich die leichtfertigen Seelen, haben ein Herz durchtrieben mit Geiz, verfluchte Leute. Sie verlaſſen den richtigen Weg, und gehen irre, und folgen nach dem Wege Bileams, des Sohnes Beors, welchem geliebete der Lohn der Ungerechtigkeit . . .“ 2 Petri 2, 12—16.

Ja, wir könnten ſo fort gehen bis am Ende dieſes Kapitels. Ja, das ganze Kapitel handelt von die Ungerechtigkeit der Menſchen. Iſt es nicht bedenklich daß er am reden iſt hier von Menſchen. Das ſchreckliche Sünden-Leben, die Geneigtheit von die Menſchen, die unvernünftige Tiere verglichen. Gott behüte uns doch und hilfe uns dazu daß wir ein Beſſer Leben führen können, und nicht dahin kommen wie hier davon geſchrieben iſt. Das Dichten und Trachten des Menſchlichen Herzens iſt böſe von Jugend auf, und zu aller Sünd und Bosheit geneigt, ſo haben wir uns ſehr in acht zu nehmen. Von Natur ſind wir nicht beſſer denn dieſe Menſchen waren.

Wir beſchließen mit einem Dichter Spruch:

O Jeſu Chriſt, mein's Lebens Licht,
Mein höchſter Troſt, mein Zuverſicht,
Auf Erden bin ich nur ein Gaſt
Und dünkt mich ſehr der Sünden Laſt.

Ich hab vor mir eine ſchwere Reiſ'
Zu Dir ins himmliſche Paradeis;
Da iſt mein rechtes Vaterland,
Daran Du dein Blut haſt gewand.

Zur Reiſ' iſt mir mein Herze matt,
Der Leib gar wenig Kräfte hat;
Allein mein' Seele ſchreit in mir:
Herr, hol mich heim, nimm mich zu Dir.

△

Das Eheſtand-Lied.

Hört Alle, was ich euch erklär:
Wo kommt denn der Eh'ſtand her?
Merkt auf mit Fleiß!

Es iſt von keinem Menſchen erdicht't,
Gott ſelber hat ihn eingericht't,
Im Paradies.

Wie Gott den Adam hat erſchaffen,
Macht', daß er fällt in tiefen Schlaf,
Thut ihm nicht weh.

Er nahm ein Ripp' aus ſeinem Leib
Und macht' daraus Adam ein Weib,
Setzt ein die Eh'!

Gott nimmt den Eh'ſtand wohl in Acht,
Weil er aus Waſſer Wein gemacht,
Zu Canaan.

Wie man den Eh'ſtand halten ſoll,
Das kann ſich ein Jedermann
Wohl bilden ein.

Man muß ſich bald ergeben drein
Geduldig und gehorſam ſein,
So lang Gott will.

Merkt auf, ihr Hochzeitsleut', geht auf
Daß ihr das Brautpaar nicht vergeßt,
Und ſeid ſo gut.

Auf daß Ihr Alle für ſie betet,
Daß ſie den Eh'ſtand wohl antreten,
Und halten thun.

Der Eh'ſtand iſt ein feſtes Band,
Dieweil er muß durch Prieſterhand
Gebunden ſein.

Sankt Paulus ſpricht den Eh'ſtand gut
Den Eheleut', den er ſagen thut
Die Seligkeit zu.

Und Niemand ſoll ſich regen d'ran
Der dieſes Band auflöſen kann,
Denn der Tod allein.

Wenn ſie nun Gott thun lieben recht,
Und ihr Gebet verrichten recht,
Iſt's ſchon genug.

Ihr Eh'leut' euch gratulir' ich heut'
Den Frieden wünſch' ich Euch allzeit,
Bis in den Tod.

Wünſch' Euch viel Glück und Segen,
Und nach dem Tod das ew'ge Leben,
Das geb' Euch Gott!

CHILDREN'S SECTION

-by Elizabeth Miller

Nora sat and stared sullenly at her paper. Why did she have to do her work over when there were others in the class who had done just as poorly?

NORA KURTZ WORKED AS FAST as she could, pausing only long enough to cast a hurried glance toward the clock every now and then. "Teacher John's going to have a fit if I'm not done," she thought to herself. "He'll probably make me stay in at recess, and it's too nice for that today."

The lovely April weather was part of the reason why Nora was finishing her arithmetic assignment minutes before class time. She had meant to do it before, but it was so nice outside that she couldn't keep from staring out the window and imagining she was out in the warm sunshine, maybe taking a walk in the woods or sitting by a brook listening to the birds.

The lesson was a rather long one, but the problems were simple. All it amounted to was a page of mixed practice problems for review. The last row was the hardest— eight long addition problems. Nora had counted the addents and had found out there were nine in each problem. Teacher John had told the class they didn't need to copy the problems down and Nora was glad. She would never be finished in time if she had to copy down those 72 numbers.

Nora paused. There were 72 numbers in the last row, each one having three digits. On a piece of scrap paper she multiplied and found out that made 216 figures in all. That meant she had to add 216 numbers to get the answers to the problems in the last row. No, there were more than that, because she carried twice in each problem, making 16 more numbers to add. That made 232 in all.

Teacher John was taking scores in sixth-grade arithmetic, and Nora knew her class's turn was next. She still had three more problems to do. Maybe she should just guess answers. They would be wrong; there was no doubt about it, but at least she wouldn't have to stay in for not being done.

"Sixth graders, go to the blackboard," Teacher John said.

Nora sighed with relief. That would give her the few minutes she needed to finish. She had just written down the last answer when John sent the sixth graders to their seats and called for the seventh graders.

The two girls and four boys went to the class table. Without being told they exchanged papers and prepared to check answers. As Nora glanced at Anna Mast's paper, then at her own, she saw that hardly any of the answers in the last row corresponded with each other. "Oh, well, Anna often has a lot of problems wrong," she thought. "Maybe mine are right after all."

However, as Nora was soon to learn, her problems were not all right. Every so often she heard Anna's marking pencil make a scratch. Nora couldn't keep her eyes on the paper she was grading. She had to glance over to make sure the problems Anna marked were wrong for sure. Once when she did this, she lost track of where she was on the paper she was supposed to be grading. She raised her hand, saying, "Wait, I've lost my place."

"Please keep your eyes on the paper you're grading," reprimanded Teacher John. "You can look at yours later on."

Nora's cheeks burned with shame and humilation. She resolved to try harder. A few minutes later David Slaubaugh raised his hand.

"What's the trouble, David? Am I going too fast?" asked Teacher John.

"I-I didn't get the answers in row 6, starting with the third one," David said.

Nora sat back and sighed. Everyone in the class was used to waiting while Teacher John repeated answers for David. David was a slow thinker and usually had the lowest score in the class. "He's simple," Nora thought. "He'd never have made it to the seventh grade if Teacher hadn't just dragged him along."

By this time Teacher John and David were back to where the others had left off. The rest of the class sat up and paid attention while the teacher read the answers going more slowly now. He kept his eye on David and paused whenever David had a hard time keeping up.

"I wonder why he doesn't scold David like he did me," Nora thought. "He has to help David a lot oftener than he has to help me or anyone else in the class, for that matter."

They were done checking now. "Two off for each one wrong," Teacher John said. "On a review page like this, I hope we have at least a few perfect scores."

Nora scarcely heard what the teacher had said, nor could she figure up Anna's score. How could she when Anna was counting the number wrong on her paper, hitting each check mark sharply with the back of her pencil as she counted it? Nora found herself counting along with Anna. ".... six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Without doing any figuring, Nora knew her score was 80%. "Oh, well, there will be others who had a lower score than I did," she told herself.

Nora was right. Joseph had 78%, Dennis had 74% and David had 64%. Teacher John sat for a while and frowned into his record book. "What's wrong, Nora, didn't you check your problems?" he asked.

Nora shot Teacher John a stormy look, then lowered her head without answering. Why did the teacher have to pick on her again, when three people had lower scores than she did?

"Didn't you check your problems?" Teacher John repeated, more sternly this time. When he asked a question, he wanted an answer.

"I-I didn't have time," Nora answered lamely.

"Didn't have time?" asked Teacher John. "That seems rather hard to understand, when you had plenty of time to sit and stare out the window."

Nora's hot cheeks felt even hotter. Why did Teacher John have to single her out and scold her in front of the whole class? If this had upset her, it can be imagined how she felt when Teacher John said, "Well, there's simply no reason for you to have such a low score on a page like this. Please do the problems over that you had wrong, and copy them down this time. And since there isn't enough time for you to do your work in time of school, I'm going to have to ask you to do this at noon." He paused, then added, "Dennis, I think you'd better do the same thing. You had more wrong than you should have, too."

The teacher's words fell into the silent classroom like hail on a tin roof. For a moment it seemed everyone was sitting still, not even breathing. Then the teacher himself broke the silence. "You're dismissed," he said crisply.

Lunch time came all too soon for Nora. She wasn't hungry, but she managed to choke down half of her sandwich and her peaches. Then she set her dinner bucket on the floor and started working the ten problems she had done wrong. She discovered that most of her mistakes were simple ones. In adding fractions, she had forgotten that she had borrowed from the hundreth column; in long division she had subtracted wrong, thus having a remainder when the problem should have come out even.

Before long Teacher John dismissed the rest of the children and then the classroom became very quiet. Dennis was working arithmetic problems, too. Nora expected Teacher John to go out and leave them alone, but he didn't. He just opened his geography book and started writing out questions for the next day.

If Nora found the robin's song distracting, she found the children's shouts even more so. Try as she would, she couldn't keep her mind on her problems.

Once Teacher John saw her sitting with her eyes fixed on the window. "Hurry up and do your problems, Nora," he said, not unkindly. "I want to be out there as much as you do but until you're done, neither of us can go."

Nora went back to her work in a hurry. It was hard to feel bad toward the teacher when he talked in a tone like that. She managed to do a whole problem before she was distracted again. Dennis slammed his book shut, strided to the teacher's desk with his paper in his hand, then turned and went outside, taking the steps that led down to the front door in three big bounds. Nora had two more problems to do and it took a long time to copy them down and add them, but at long last she, too, had her paper ready to hand in.

Teacher John made no comment except to say, "Thank you," in a very gracious manner when Nora handed in her paper. Then he slammed his geography book shut in a boyish way and followed Nora to the playground.

Nora forgot some of her ill feelings as she played ball, but as she and Anna were walking toward the schoolhouse after the bell had rung, Nora's feelings returned and formed words. "I can't see why I had to stay in when David and Joseph both had lower scores than I did, yet they didn't have to. I sure don't understand the kind of judgement our teacher uses."

"Maybe it's because your score was much lower than it usually is," Anna suggested. "Most of the time you have in the nineties."

"But that doesn't say I should have to stay in when I don't," Nora objected, failing to see Anna's point. "Some of the others are making below ninety all the time and they get away with it."

Anna didn't say anything more and Nora, having vent her feelings, might have forgotten the incident if it hadn't been for something that happened the very next week. It all started when Teacher John asked the seventh and eighth graders to write a composition for an English lesson. This was on Monday and they had until Friday noon to finish it. He gave them several subjects to choose from, or if they wished, they could write on a subject of their own. The important thing was that each pupil did his best and had the work completed by noon on Friday.

"Are we going to have any other English in the meanwhile?" asked Rhoda, an eighth grader.

"No, we're not," John answered. "I need more time to drill the lower grades on phonics and word pronunciation, and this should give me the time I need."

As big as the seventh and eighth graders were, they couldn't help but clap their hands and grin broadly. The thought of having a whole week with no English sounded too good to be true.

Teacher John frowned, but then in an instant his countenance changed. "This is the first time I've had pupils clap when I assigned composition writing," he said in mock joyfulness. "I'm certainly glad to see you're so happy about it. You may even write two or three compositions if you want to."

The pupils groaned as audibly as they had rejoiced a minute earlier. The teacher made it clear that they were not to wait the last of the week and then hand in a poorly-done composition. They were to work on it at least half an hour every day until they were satisfied it was the best they could do.

Nora couldn't say she disliked compositions. There was something about them that went well with her active imagination. She made up her mind to do hers right away. Immediately after English class she sat and tried to make up her mind about what she was going to write. Maybe she could tell about the blind man she and her mother had met in town one day last summer. Of course, she would tell more than just that they saw him; she would imagine herself a blind person and would tell what all the poor man missed seeing.

"Just what all would I miss if I were blind?" Nora wondered. She went back to the minute she got out of bed that morning. What was the first lovely thing she had seen? She remembered how beautiful the sunrise had been. The skies had been so fiery red that they had cast a pinkish glow on everything. Later the red had been replaced by the brightest gold color Nora could remember having ever seen.

Nora closed her eyes and imagined she had been born blind. Of course, her parents would try to describe the sunrise, but if she had never been able to see, how would she know what pink was like? How would she know it wasn't black? And if someone told her of the lovely blue sky and the green grass, could she ever imagine it? And the trees, the way they changed colors and shed their leaves in the fall, were bare in the winter, and then grew delicate, new leaves in the spring—how could it ever be described to a person who had never been able to see?

Then Nora had another idea—a real grand one! She would imagine she was a little girl who had lived in another time, nearly 2,000 years ago. She had been born blind and had been resigned to never seeing all the lovely things others told her about. Then something wonderful happened. She and her parents heard of a wonderful Man from a nearby village of Galilee, who could perform great miracles. He had even made blind people like herself see.

Nora knew that the great moment would take place in the springtime. The sky would be a very blue with white, fluffy clouds floating about. Birds would be singing in the trees and bees would be humming among the blossoms. One minute she would be a blind girl and the next she would open her eyes and see all these wonderful things at once.

The next minute Nora imagined even more to her story. She would meet the Great Healer by the sea, and take in the ocean with its waves and bright blue waters in that first wonderful moment when her eyes are opened. She must not forget to mention that up until this time she had had no idea that the sky was so far from the earth, or that the horizons were so far apart. She had imagined a small, tiny world compared to the real one.

For a full hour, Nora's imagination ran swiftly, but her pen remained idle. When it was time to go home she had not as much as written the title of her essay on her paper. But even so, she felt she had made a real good beginning in her head, even if it wasn't on her paper.

The next day she daydreamed once more of being blind, then suddenly receiving sight. She sat and stared out the window and imagined all the things she would want to go see the first few days. A starry night, a babbling brook, the faces of her parents and brothers and sisters. Once more the day passed and nothing went down on paper.

On the third day, Nora set to work in earnest, but for some reason the words would not flow onto her paper like she wanted them to. After a few attempts she gave up the whole idea and set out to find an easier subject to write about. She got several encyclopedias, hoping to get an inspiration from one of them. Her other studies demanded some of her time and once more she went home without having started her composition.

"I'll have to do it tomorrow," she said. "Tomorrow is Thursday, and that's the last day before Friday."

True to her word, Nora wrote a composition on Thursday, but it was far from the one she had imagined it would be. Being unable to think of anything better, she wrote about the blind man after all. But when it came to imagining all the things he was missing, Nora found out she could list a dozen on two lines. By then she was thinking about how she had managed to hit a home run at recess, and about all the children had cheered about it. Glancing at the clock, she rejoiced to see it would not be long until it was time for another recess.

That evening when Nora went home she had finished her composition, even though it wasn't as good as she would have liked to have it. Instead of the pages and pages she had dreamed of writing, there were only two lines more than one page. "But it's still longer than Anna's or Joseph's," she thought. "I didn't see David's, but I can't imagine it would be more than half a page." With that she pushed the thoughts of her composition from her mind.

THE NEXT DAY WAS FRIDAY AND everyone seemed a little excited. They knew Teacher John would read the compositions to the whole school. Nora didn't look forward to having her own read, but she did look forward to hearing what the others came up with.

"Are you going to tell us whose you are reading?" asked Fred Mast, a fourth grader.

"No, don't; no, don't," whispered the seventh and eighth graders, louder and louder.

"Yes, do; yes, do," whispered the younger children, just as loudly.

"Hush," Teacher John reprimanded. "I'll just read them and if the writer wants to make himself known, that's up to him."

Nora sat back with a sigh of relief. At least, the others wouldn't know which was her composition.

The first one Teacher John read wasn't hard to guess. David Slaubaugh was the only person in the seventh and eighth grade who had broken a leg last summer and had to be in the hospital several days. Though his composition was short and merely stated the bare facts, Teacher John read it in a clear voice, then laid it aside with a satisfied look. "Well done," he said.

The next several were on themes the teacher had suggested and Nora had a hard time guessing whose they were. The next one was hers. She tried to relax and look innocent, but she couldn't. When the teacher read it out loud, it sounded even worse than it had when she had read it to herself. She was even more embarrassed when Teacher John stumbled over a sentence because she had used "what" instead of "that." She did, however, feel a little better a short time later when the same thing happened when he was reading someone else's composition.

Finally all twelve of the compositions were read. Teacher John put them aside and cleared his throat. "I don't know what to say," he said slowly. "I feel some of you have done your best, but there are others who could have done better. I can't help but feel a little disappointed in those." After a pause he added, "I'll read them over again later and grade them." Then he took up the next class.

"There are others who could have done better," Nora thought to herself. She had an uneasy feeling that he might have been referring to her. "But then my essay was longer and better than some of the others," she told herself. "It was even better than a few of the eighth graders' compositions." With that she pushed the feeling of discomfort away.

On Monday morning the English papers were lying face-down on top of the upper graders' desks. Nora snatched hers up and glanced at it. She stared, her face blushing. Across the top were the words, "Rejected. Please do this over and see that you hand in a neater paper the next time."

For a minute Nora longed to turn over all the other papers and see how many of the rest had received the same orders, but she knew she couldn't do that. When a paper lay face-down on a pupil's desk, only the owner had the right to pick it up. No, Nora had to wait until later to find out how many of the seventh and eighth graders had to do their week-long English assignment over. It didn't bring her any comfort to learn she was the only seventh grader, even if there were three eighth graders who had to do theirs over.

"My composition was better than Anna's or Joseph's or David's," Nora stormed inwardly. "This time I'm not going to keep quiet. I've taken all I can take. I'm good and tired of having the teacher picking on me."

But as it turned out, Nora never asked Teacher John why she had to do her composition over. She didn't want to do it when the others were around, so she didn't have the chance before school took up. And by recess time it was no longer necessary. Her question had been answered by a Bible story John read to them that morning.

The story wasn't new to Nora. It was the story of the rich king who was going on a trip. Before he went, he gave his talents to his servants, giving one of them ten talents, another man five talents, and a third servant only one talent. Nora wasn't sure what talents were, but she still enjoyed the story. Even though she knew exactly what happened next, she found herself waiting breathlessly for the rich king to return. She listened as the master praised the man who had won ten new talents, and also the man who had won five talents. For the first time she realized that the man who had won only five talents got just as much praise as the one who had won ten.

As if the author of the story had known his readers would wonder about this, he went on to explain that since the man with ten talents had been given more to begin with, the king also expected more from him than he did from the others. And he said if the man with one talent had won only one more, he would have gotten the same praise the man with ten had received.

The author then said that every man, woman, and child had talents, too, though some people had more than others. He brought out that it was worse to have ten talents and not use them than it was to have only one and do the best with it.

For a long time after Teacher John had closed his book and had begun lower-grade reading classes, Nora sat thinking. She found herself staring at David's back. David—the boy who was a slow thinker, a poor student in almost any subject. Could it be that he was one of those who had only one talent, yet did what he could with it? Was that why Teacher John seemed satisfied with him, even though he rarely had passing grades?

And what about herself? How many talents did she have? It wasn't hard to understand now why Teacher John had not been satisfied with her when she made 80% when she was capable of making 95% or even 100%. Nora understood even better when she compared the composition she could have written with the one she had handed in.

That day the sun shone just as brightly as it had on any day the week before. The robins sang in the tree outside the classroom window but Nora didn't even hear them. She was too busy imagining she was a blind girl who lived long, long ago in a land called Galilee. And this time, as she imagined it, she wrote it on paper using not only a few of her talents, but all of them.

△

Junior Storytime

Always Next In Line

-by Martha Helmuth

AT THE FAMILIAR SOUND of a car, eight-year-old Peter looked up and began racing for the mailbox just as the mailman's car pulled away. He grinned to himself as he heard his brother Marvin come panting up behind him. "Ha, ha!" he laughed, "I beat you again."

"You got started before I did, too," Marvin gasped between breaths.

"That's what you always say," Peter reminded as he opened the mailbox. "Hm-m, two letters and the Budget." He held them tightly as he ran for the house.

Peter was small for his age but quick and wiry. Although Marvin was bigger and a year older, he was also somewhat clumsy and seldom was able to beat Peter in a race. One race of long standing was the daily race to the mailbox the moment the mailman was there. Today as usual, Peter, with his ears tuned to listen for the sound of the car, was on his way to the mailbox the moment it stopped.

"Hi, Mom, here's the mail," called Peter as he opened the door and tossed it on the kitchen table.

Peter ran back out to the barn, but Marvin went on inside. "Who's the letter from, Mom?" he asked.

Mother looked up from the letter she was opening, "From Joe Mast Sarah."

"Mom, I wish Peter would let me go after the mail sometimes. He always runs the moment he sees the mailman and I never get to bring in the mail," Marvin complained. "He-he just thinks he's smart that he can run faster than I can."

"You boys should take turns going after the mail," Mother agreed as she looked at Marvin with understanding. She turned to take a pan of cookies from the oven. "Here, do you want a cookie? Be careful, it's hot."

Marvin smiled his thanks as he took the cookie and walked slowly from the house. →

In the days that followed the race to the mailbox continued, with Peter always winning. One day Marvin was helping his father tighten a fence out by the road. Suddenly Marvin thought of the mailman who should be there about 10:00. "Today is my chance," he thought. "I can see the mailman coming down the road and meet him at the mailbox."

Marvin kept his eye on the road. Before long he spotted the familiar green car stopping at the neighbors and ran to the mailbox. This time he would get to take the mail in to mother. Just as the mailman started up, Peter came racing around the corner, only to find that Marvin had beat him to it.

"Marvin, that's not fair," yelled Peter as he came near. "You were right out here before he came along. Let me take the mail in to the house."

Marvin clung tightly to the mail and answered, "I was here first and I get to this time."

"Well, that's not fair!" exclaimed Peter.

"Peter," called Father, "let Marvin take in the mail this morning."

As time went on, Peter was always racing Marvin somewhere, out to the barn, out to the brooder house, and at noon, in to the house for dinner. Peter was always in the lead with Marvin following, unless like the day Marvin got the mail, when he had a headstart.

Before long, it wasn't only being first in running races, but when Aunt Emma gave them the book, Animals at My Doorstep, Peter insisted on being the first to read it. When Dad helped the boys make a swing in the barn, Peter wanted to be the first to try it out. When the Family Life came, Peter insisted that because he got the mail, he should get to read it first. Many times Father tried to get Peter to see what a bad habit he had, but Peter seemed unable to see it, but gloried in being "first" and his older brother "second."

Before they knew it, summer was nearly over and it was time for school to begin. Both boys looked forward to going back to school and to playing nearly every day with their friends. And Peter began thinking also of running races with his friends.

One Saturday as the boys were helping Father clean out the silo, getting it ready to fill the next week, Marvin began telling about their new sliding board in school and the fun they had on it. "It really gets slick and we just whiz down that slide!" exclaimed Marvin, eyes shining.

"Yes, that slide is really fun," Peter agreed, taking on the story, "but you know that little Johnny Miller doesn't know how to take turns. As soon as he gets to his feet after his slide, there he is again right next in line going up the ladder. It would be more fun if he wouldn't try to get two or three turns while the rest get just one turn."

Father smiled as he listened to the boys' account of Johnny Miller.

"And Johnny kept on doing this a while and soon the other children began telling him he has to go to the end of the line like the rest of us," Peter laughed as he remembered Johnny's face as they told him. "But do you think Johnny did like we told him? Nope, as soon as he'd had his turn, there he was, always next in line."

"Well, Peter," began Father as he tossed a scoop of ensilage outside. "That reminds me of someone else."

"And that's not all," continued Peter, ignoring Father. "Yesterday when Teacher Ruth came out on the playground he even complained to her. 'Teacher, those boys say I have to go to the end of the line if I want to slide.'" Peter doubled up with laughter. "I guess he found out then that he can't always be next in line."

"You know, Peter," Father remarked, "that sounds like you."

"Me?" Peter asked, surprised. "I always go to the end of the line to wait for the slide."

Father looked sober. "But do you wait your turn to run after the mail? Or to read the Family Life or to try out the new swing? I think Johnny must be quite a bit like you."

Peter stared silently at the pile of ensilage on the ground. "Was being first at the mailbox like Johnny being next in line?" he wondered. He had never stopped to imagine how he would feel if he were in Marvin's place. Now he remembered how impatient he had been with Johnny and began to feel uncomfortable.

"Johnny is only in the first grade a few weeks and will have to learn to share with the other children in school, but I think you, too, need to learn to wait your turn right here at home," Father went on.

Peter looked up at Father. "But-but I can't help it if Marvin can't run as fast as I can."

"That's beside the point," Father explained. "If you insist on always getting the mail or being first to do things, then you are like little Johnny."

At that moment he heard the familiar sound of a car motor and dropped his shovel to run. Suddenly he stopped and looked guiltily at his father.

Father smiled as Peter stopped. "Yes, I think that is a good idea—to let Marvin go this time—for surely it is his turn." △

Promise and Hope

Seedtime and harvest, these are sure
As long as the promise shall endure;
Summer and winter, sun and rain,
While the earth, the sky, and the sea remain,
And the winds will blow,
And the streams will flow,
And ever and ever the grass will grow.

And ever and ever the day and night,
And ever and ever the dark and the light,
Ever shining of sun and moon,
The midnight hour and the glow of noon.
And flower and fruit,
And leaf and root,
And promise and hope of the new green shoot.

And ever the hope in the human soul,
And ever the reach for the ultimate goal,
Ever the yearning that strife shall cease;
And ever and ever the prayer for peace;
Till the hosts of night
Shall be put to flight
By the Prince of Peace, the God of light.

Our Runaway Horse

WE HAVE MANY MILES to go to visit relatives so we need a horse with action. Tony was a horse that had action although not always of the most desirable kind. When we bought him, he brought with him a record of having dismantled mailboxes and of being rather unmanageable on the road. As years went by we gradually became acquainted with each other without having any major mishap.

It so happened that we had a green grocery route in nearby Ephrata. Tony, the wild-blooded sorrel, frequently got the job of pulling the wagon from house to house in the selling procedure. On one of those unfortunate days a highway crew was patching road on an upgrade near the farmer's market north of town. Tony was deathly afraid of trucks at the best. Now these men had raised the truck body to slide off the macadam.

As an extra precaution I got off and took hold of the bridle to coax him past this fearful sight. It was possible to inch the horse forward until we were even with the truck. Suddenly he made a jerk and a leap, snapping a trace and pushing me up against the embankment. Tony was prancing and jumping, trying to escape.

What should I do? I was afraid to let go because of what might happen to Melvin, our little son, and Vera the hired girl, who were on the buggy seat. Finally the other trace came loose. By this time, I was practically under his hoofs so I let go.

I never saw a horse laying feet to the road like Tony did. The town rail station agent happened to come along right then and offered to help so we pursued him and the race was on.

We overtook him just before he entered Reamstown, a few miles north. After a second effort I managed to hail him down. This took place in the middle of July heat, and although it was hard to believe, the steed was not even sweating. When I calmed him down and led him over the fields toward home, the sweat fairly ran off him.

He got away from the truck but did not escape his chores for that day. Having lost a shoe, I took him home, put on another harness, nailed on a shoe and took him back to the wagon. We continued with our route, even though about two and a half hours behind schedule. This experience happened about fifteen years ago. △

-Ivan Hurst, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

To his Mother

Mother-in-law they say and yet
Somehow I simply can't forget
'Twas you who watched his baby ways,
Who taught him his first humns of praise,
Who smiled on him with loving pride
When first he toddled by your side,
And as I think of him today,
Methinks that I'd much rather say:
Just Mother.

Mother-in-law but oh! 'twas you
Who taught him to be kind and true;
When he was tired, almost asleep,
'Twas to your arms he used to creep.
And when he skinned his tiny knee
'Twas you who kissed it tenderly.
When he was sad, you cheered him too,
And so I'd rather think of you
As Mother.

Mother-in-law they say and yet
Somehow I never shall forget
How very much I truly owe
To you who taught him how to grow.
You trained your son to look above,
You made of him the man I love,
And as I think of that today—
Ah! then with thankful heart I'll say:
OUR MOTHER.

The Thought of Death

We had a four hour wait at the bus station of a large city. After waiting for about two hours, I began to get drowsy. My son was with me and now he asked, "Is another hour past?"

"Almost," I answered. "Now we have only two more to wait." I turned to look out the window but something at the entrance caught my attention. A negro was standing in the doorway and by his actions, it was plain to see something was wrong. His mouth was open and he was gasping desperately for breath. Then I saw a woman hurry to the telephone and a few minutes later the first aid ambulance pulled up with sirens blaring and lights flashing.

First they gave the man some oxygen. This seemed to make his breathing easier. Then they loaded him on the ambulance and took him away to the hospital.

While they were administering the oxygen, I took a look at my son for the first time since the scene began. He had moved closer to me and was watching intently. He looked pale.

What brought this reaction from my son? No doubt it was the idea of seeing a man so close to death. We had talked to him before of death but to see something like this must have made a deep impression on his mind.

Perhaps it would be well if all of us would take time to think of death.

DEATH- a very sobering thought. According to Psalms 90:12, thinking of death can help make us wise. It should help to draw our thoughts to God.

Thinking of death should make us examine ourselves. Am I prepared for death? It may strike a fear into our hearts but it need not be a fear such as the sinner must face death with. Thinking of death is a sobering thought but if we are prepared, it need not be a discouraging thought.

DEATH- no one will escape it. "It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgement." Hebrews 9:27. Let us strive to live a life that when our time comes, we can say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Phil. 1:21. Paul also wrote the memorable words, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give me at that day. And not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearance." 2 Timothy 4:7-8.

Seeing an incident like we did in the bus station reminds us of death. But we need not wait to see something like this to think about this subject. In the Bible we read about death. We all know what Jesus said about the rich man and Lazarus. An account like this should bring the sinner to repentance and help the righteous to live closer to God. Is Today my last day? Eternity is a long word. -Gerald Hochstetler △

FARM & FIELD

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

Melvin Miller and Harley Hochstetler visited with each other across the line fence while their horses rested. "Ready to turn your cows out to pasture?" Harley asked.

"Dad said we'll have to make a new fence along the road before we turn the cows into that field," Melvin answered. "We tried to patch it up last summer, but the heifers slipped through a few times. It'd be pretty expensive to have a heifer killed the price they are now."

"That's one way to look at it," Harley answered, "but did you ever stop to think what the price of fencing is. It's awful expensive to put up a new fence, now?"

Melvin didn't answer for a few moments and then he said, "Well, fencing is expensive but I still don't think it would take a very big heifer to pay for the fence."

That evening Melvin started figuring.

The field along the road was exactly forty rods long. On the west end the corner post was all right but he would need to put in two brace posts. The east end would need a corner post plus two brace posts. He would also need two braces for each end. The brace posts were set 1/2 rod apart. The line posts were set one rod apart. One forty rod roll of woven wire would be needed plus enough barbed wire to put on two strands on top of the woven wire. The line posts required six staples each while the corner posts and brace posts required eleven staples each. The line posts cost $1.00 each, the brace posts, $3.00 each, and the corner posts, $4.00 each and the braces, $1.00 each. Woven wire cost $2.00 per rod and the barbed wire cost $20.00 for an 80-rod spool. Staples cost 30¢ lb. (figuring 72 staples per lb.) and the brace wire cost 10¢ for enough wire for one brace.

Since they will do the work themselves, nothing is to be figured for the labor. Can you help Melvin Miller figure up how much the new fence will cost them? Answers should be postmarked by May 31, 1974.

THE FERTILIZER PROBLEM

The fertilizer problem which was printed in the February issue proved to be a rather easy one. We received 96 correct answers and 27 incorrect ones. The analysis which was the cheapest according to the amount of nutrients was 6-24-24. According to the figures given, ammonium nitrate cost $3.00 for each percent of the analysis. Phosphate figured $2.00 for each percent on the analysis and Potash was $1.25 for each percent of analysis. The 6-24-24 was computed as follows:

6 x $3.00 = $18.00
24 x $2.00 = $48.00
24 x $1.25 = $30.00

This totals up to $96.00 which was the quoted list price of this fertilizer. All the other kinds were higher than the list price.

THE FEED PROBLEM

The problem about feeds which was presented in the March issue proved to be the most difficult one so far. Only thirty-one persons sent in their answers. No doubt the reason for this was because the problem required a lot of work, to find out the prices from their community.

As expected, the prices varied in the different communities. However the cheapest feeds proved to be corn and cob meal, alfalfa hay and corn silage. In most communities soybean oil meal was cheaper for the value received than ground soybeans. The most expensive feeds for value received were wheat bran and middlings and wheat. The figures proved that there is a difference in the value of feeds and it does pay to do a little figuring to determine which is the best buy.

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FARM HINTS

If your cows switch into your face while milking, put a twine from the ceiling with a battery clamp on the end and clamp the tail fast. -R.S., Tuscola, Ill.

If you have a horse with hard brittle hoofs, try rubbing butter on the hairline of the hoofs.
-E.H.W., St. Jacobs, Ontario

To keep horses from chewing boards in their stable, paint the boards with creosote.
-R.M.B., Mercer, Pa.

To plow down trash or high weeds, take a heavy chain and fasten one end to the jointer of the plow and the other end to the doubletree above the furrow, thus leaving a loop to drag down the trash.
-H.S., Port Treverton, Pa.

When lifting heavy objects around the farm, always bend your knees to lift them. Your leg muscles are stronger than the back muscles for such lifting and this may prevent back injuries.
-M.B., Middlebury, Indiana

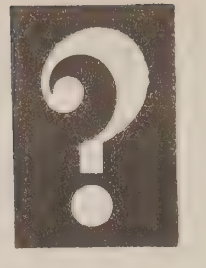
The method I use to put a new shovel handle on any shovel is to put both the shovel with the broken handle, and the new handle into a kettle of water and boil it for 45 minutes. Then you can tap off the broken handle and put on the new one. If you don't have a large enough kettle to do this, wrap burlap around the handles and pour boiling water over them for 10 minutes.
-S.S.S., Gordonville, Pa.

HOW TO GET RID OF TREE STUMPS

Place 12 to 18 charcoal briquetts on the stump and light them with a starter fluid. After the charcoal is going good, cover the fire with aluminum foil, placing it so that very little air reaches the coals. The coals will burn slowly but steadily and consume the trunk as they burn down. Adding additional fuel is not necessary.

The larger the stump the more charcoal may be necessary, as well as overlapping strips of foil to cover the fire. The foil can be weighted with rocks or tacked low around the stump itself. At times one side of stump may burn faster and in some cases and may burn below ground level as the fire follows the root system into the ground. △

Deadline for answers June 10th



WHAT DO YOU THINK

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Question:

How much must a person have to be rich or to be among those who are wanting to be rich? In 1 Timothy 6:9 it says that those who would be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition.

If a family with no grown sons already has two good-sized farms complete with livestock and would be wanting to buy a third farm could this come into the class as mentioned above? Or do we have to be a millionaire to be rich?

-Watching and Wondering

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ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTION— SHOULD JOE MILLER HAVE ENDURED IT IN SILENCE WHEN THE FAT MAN BLEW CIGAR SMOKE IN HIS FACE AND THEN WENT ON TO TELL AN OFF-COLOR JOKE? AFTER ALL, JOHN WAS SELLING APPLES AND THE MAN MIGHT HAVE BECOME ANGRY IF HE SAID SOMETHING.

When the man came to him and asked if the apples were as good on the bottom as the top, John Miller should have been aware that the man was not a Christian, for he didn't trust anyone, even John Miller, whom he took to be a Christian. I think John Miller should have remembered the words, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and when the man blew smoke into his face he should have said, "Would you please blow the smoke the other way for I can't stand cigars?" When he asked if he had heard the story, he might have said, "No, but I don't like off-color jokes." He should not have cared if the man thought the plain people are a straight-laced people for we should live our life for the Lord and not care what people think of us here in this world.

After all, the man wanted apples or he wouldn't have been there. Although business was slow, it would have been better to lose a sale than to take a step back in his faith. If the man were really a man, he would have bought anyway. The way it was, he probably thought to himself he did something great by blowing smoke into John Miller's face and telling the dirty joke. Maybe he did it to see which John Miller thought the most of— his faith or the sale of one bushel of apples. -L.W., Ohio

I think John Miller did the right thing in saying as little as possible although the smile at the end of the story certainly was not a good light. I don't think a public market is the place to get into an argument with a man to tell him what our reasons are against smoking and off-color jokes. Chances are the man would have become angry and soon a crowd would have gathered to see what was going on. If he were going to say something to the man, it would have been better if he would watch his chance and do it when he were alone with him.

Another point to remember is that depending in which community John lived, people from his own church might also be guilty of smoking and even telling off-color jokes, and they would have known John's convictions. John would not hesitate to sell them a bushel of apples.

We are to be in this world but not of this world. I believe God sends His Holy Spirit to be with His people even when among unbelievers and each Christian must decide such things as the Spirit guides. We are to be a light to the world but not necessarily a judge.

-Pennsylvania

If we want to be Christians, then there is no question to me, what John Miller should have said. He should have said "No" in whatever words or form which God would have given him at the time. There is a danger that we fear man more than God, and then we are afraid that people will call us "goody-goody." But if we fear God more than man, then we won't care if people make fun of us or don't want us in their company, or even if they speak evil of us.

There is also a danger that maybe John Miller did want to hear what the story was even if he did have a guilty feeling about listening to it. If we believe the Bible then we believe that for every off-color joke which is is passed on, there is much weeping in Heaven.

I am afraid of many so-called Christians it cannot be said as in 1 Peter 4:4, "Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot, speaking evil of others." Too many of us are tempted to laugh along instead of drawing back. We cannot blame it on the weakness of the flesh, for it is the lack of faith.

I think if we are present where dirty stories are being told, we should go for a little walk, or if we cannot get away, we should stop our ear as best as we can and send a silent prayer to God that we may be able to forget it as if we had not heard it.

-Kutztown, Pennsylvania

I think he should have said "I don't appreciate off-color stories" instead of forcing a smile. At the same time he could have changed the subject and still remained friendly. I have found it is easier to say something against it than to just remain quiet while he may be expecting you to laugh. I don't think it would have helped to tell him to put his cigar away if at the same market he might have seen professing Christians doing the same thing. -Burton, Ohio

I don't know which would have been the best. If he could do it in an humble and meek way, at the same time realizing that he himself is not perfect either, then it might have been all right to say something. However, some people do not have the talent to do this and then it might have been better to remain silent and ignore the story which was being told.

It is true that 2 Timothy admonishes to reprove, rebuke and exhort but we must remember that these instructions were given to a bishop as concerns his church. Even so it says it must be done with longsuffering. In the German it says, "mit aller Geduld." If we were to ride roughshod over anyone we meet on the street who acts in an un-Christian way, we would soon be in trouble. But if we can do it tactfully, we may be doing them and ourselves a good turn. -Ontario

I think he should have said, "I don't care to hear such stories." Even if he couldn't have sold a bushel of apples to the man, he wouldn't have to live with a guilty conscience. We should be a good example to the world in all our dealings and it is such a bad thing to laugh at dirty stories.

-Against Indecent Conversation, Berne, Ind.

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WHAT TO DO WITH A DREAMER

This morning while I was sewing for our two school boys, I glanced out the window and sat there watching those big, fluffy white snowflakes come drifting lazily down. Then my mind went to our youngest boy, who is in the first grade. He is just like those snowflakes, drifting dreamily along! Last fall he was very much excited about starting school and he still likes it. But our problem with him is his attitude, a lot like the little tune the children sing in school, "Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream. Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream!"

Now don't get me wrong, for he can work, and just as fast as his brother, who is one year older—IF he wants to. But usually he is humming a tune and his thoughts are a long ways off. We have to tell him to hurry or he won't get his work done. It finally got so bad in the morning to get him started, that by the time he was ready to go to school, my husband and I and the rest of the children were not in a very good mood.

Sometimes it might have been our fault, if we overslept, but usually he had lots of time to get ready. It didn't seem to bother him if he was tardy. When we found out he was late, we would punish him but this did not do any good. We could see no reason why he shouldn't be ready when the other children were, so about two or three times a week he got a spanking but without effect.

To make a long story short, we finally realized we were not gaining anything. So one morning after the usual bad start we were talking our problem over, and my husband said, "I have an idea. From now on let's try something different. We will call him with the rest in the morning and from there on he is on his own. But every time he is tardy, he will get a punishment."

So guess what. The very first day of our experiment he was tardy. So he got what was coming and then we told him of our plans. "We'll call you with the rest of the children," we told him, "but from there on it's up to you. We aren't going to tell you to hurry one time."

His face lit up with an expression of complete surprise. He simply could not believe that we were not going to tell him to hurry. "But why wouldn't you?" he asked.

Finally when it sank in, his whole attitude changed. He got up and had himself dressed, sometimes even before the others did. He did his chores and was ready to go to school with the others, if not before.

This plan has not been in effect very long yet but we have seen results and we hope we will keep on seeing more. We hope and pray it works in more ways than one for we realize that if he lags behind in little things, we have good reason to be concerned for his spiritual welfare.

We know that our battle is far from over but so far we are pleased with the results. I am writing this in hope that it may be of help to others and I hope that others will also share their experiences with us.

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HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

Thanks to the readers who responded to the request for a recipe for toilet soap. We wish to know which one is the best, should anyone try out all three of them.

TOILET SOAP

Wash	5 pounds of strained grease 2 or 3 times by melting; then pour a quart or more of cold water into the grease. Let it harden, then scrape all sediment from the underside of the cake of grease.
Soak	1 cup of rolled oats in 2 quarts of rain water overnight.
Dissolve	1 can of lye, or 1 pound of caustic soda in 3 pints of the rolled oats water.
Put	3 tablespoons borax in 1 cup of the oat water
Put	2 tablespoons white sugar in 1 cup of the oat water.
	When all ingredients are cold and dissolved (Lye heats the water), pour borax and sugar water into the lye water. Stir well. Pour all ingredients slowly into the melted grease. Stir for 10 minutes or until mixture is thick like honey.
Add	1/2 cup glycerine several drahms of oil of bergamot, cloves, citronella, or any scent you prefer.
	Pour into molds. Cut the next day. Let it harden 2 weeks before using.

-Mrs. Earl Feich

HAND SOAP #2

1 can lye
1 quart cold water
1 tablespoon glycerine
2 quarts strained grease
1 tablespoon borax
1 cup ground oatmeal

Put 1 quart of cold water in earthenware container. Add lye and stir until dissolved. Add grease, stirring while adding; then mix in rest of ingredients. Stir 5 minutes. Cut before it hardens. This is ready to use in a week after being made. Oil of lemon may be added if scent is preferred. -Mrs. William Kramer

HAND SOAP #3

35 lbs. lard
1 large box Lux
8 ozs. rubbing alcohol
3 pint salt
7 lbs. caustic
2 ozs. glycerine
1 bottle olive oil (12 oz. or larger)
8 gallon soft water
8 ozs. oil of citronella, anise oil, or perfume

Suet may also be used with the lard. (When citronella is being used, instead of the perfume, the soap would probably be good as a mosquito repellent.) Mix everything and bring to a boil.

-Mrs. Melvin W. Bauman

It is said that Tennessee mountain folks use homemade soap for poison ivy and poison oak.

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Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

THE WATCHER

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late;
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate.

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such constant care,
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late—
Watching from heaven's window,
Leaning from heaven's gate.

-Submitted by Mrs. Ray Miller

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NOW THAT SPRING is here again we are often not aware of the hope that lies within our hearts. If it were not for this small word, there would be no planting of seeds. It is the spirit of hope that puts the little seeds within the ground, "hoping" that God will send the rain, the sun, and give the increase.

There can be some disappointment in our hoping when sending for a large packet of flower seeds. It can be a large packet ...with but a few seeds inside!

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When making pretzels that are not hard enough, lay them on a cookie sheet and keep them several hours in a warm oven.

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A mother wrote in and asked if it can be arranged to print the recipes so they can be clipped without destroying an interesting article on the opposite page. How many of you would consider it a good plan to have some of the recipes reprinted on file-sized cards? Or do you have a better suggestion, or think reprinting unnecessary? Of course if this should be done, we'd have to know which recipes are the least popular, and which are inaccurate. When answering through May and June, write to:

Aunt Becky R.4 Box 90 Millersburg, OH
44654

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We received such a good response for simple one-dish meals that I doubt if all the recipes can be used in one issue. A few of the recipes are quite similar, and their are many variations

CORN BEEF PUDDING

1 cup diced cooked beef (or any leftover cooked meat)
2 or 3 cups corn (fresh, frozen, or canned)
3 eggs, slightly beaten
4 T. flour, scant   1 t. salt
1/4 t. pepper   2 cups rich milk
2 T. butter

Add slightly beaten eggs to corn. Stir in flour and season as desired. Add milk and meat and pour into buttered baking dish and dot top with butter. Set baking dish in pan of warm water and bake in 350° oven about 35 minutes or until inserted knife comes out clean.

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DELICIOUS ONE DISH MEAL

Peel potatoes, wash and slice. Grease casserole with butter. Put potatoes in layer, then a layer of carrots, then a layer of onions. Season with salt and pepper and a a little butter on top. Prepare hamburger patties and put over top. Add a little water. Cover with aluminum foil and bake 1 hour at 350°. -Mrs. Walter Wiles

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GREEN BEAN DISH

4 large potatoes   1 qt. canned green beans
1 lb. weiners,cut up or 1 lb. browned hamburger
1/2 onion
Sauce: 2 cup milk 1/2 lb. soft cheese 1/2 cup flour
2 t. salt.

Heat milk enough to melt cheese and add flour and salt. Pour over potatoes and bake at 300°for 2 hours.

[illegible]en Mullet

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HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

1 med. chopped onion   1 lb. ground beef (fresh or canned)
salt and pepper
2 1/2 cup (or more) green beans, drained
1 can tomato soup   5 med. potatoes, cooked
1/2 cup warm milk   1 egg, beaten

Fry onions and meat with salt and pepper until brown. Mix meat, beans and soup. Pour in 1 1/2 quart casserole. Mash potatoes. Add milk and egg and season to taste. Mix well. Spoon mounds of potatoes on meat mixture. Cover with cheese if desired. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. If leftover mashed potatoes are used, then omit the milk. -Mrs. John Swantz

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FRYING PAN SUPPER

1 pound hamburger, 1 small onion. Fry until it changes color, then add 2 cups potatoes- cut in strips, 2 cups shredded cabbage, 2 cups celery cut fine. Sprinkle with salt. Add 1/2 cup water. Cover and simmer for 20 minutes or until vegetables are done. This is made right in the skillet. I have used canned hamburger or chunk meat, cut up. -Mrs. Martha L. Miller

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SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

Peel and dice potatoes as for creamed potatoes. Add a medium sized onion, chopped, and a quart of canned sausage (drained of fat), salt and pepper. Boil potatoes until tender. Add milk and thicken slightly.

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BEEF-POTATO-CORN DISH

Into a casserole put a layer of raw hamburger, a layer of sliced potatoes and a layer of corn. Season each layer. Bake for one hour at 350°. -Mrs. C.

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CHICKEN & RICE CASSEROLE

Into a flat baking dish place chicken (or hamburger). Add chopped celery or other vegetable, and uncooked rice. Add a can of cream of celery and cream of chicken soup. A white sauce could be used instead of soup. Bake until rice is tender.

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CHICKEN & DUMPLINGS

Use a large kettle with a tight-fitting cover. Remove a quart of chicken meat from the bones; add broth and make gravy as usual.

Dumplings: Beat one egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, and enough flour to make a good stiff dough. Drop by spoonsful into the boiling gravy. Place lid on and let covered from 5 to 8 minutes. It is important that the lid be not removed once. Remove from stove. Take lid off and serve at once. Dumplings should be light and fluffy.

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BUDGET BEEF-NOODLE CASSEROLE

1 lb. raw ground beef
1/2 t. salt
1 egg, beaten
1 cup tomato juice
1/4 cup ketchup
3 T. chopped onion
1/2 cup diced cheese
3 cups cooked noodles
2 t. worcestershire sauce
1/4 cup cracker crumbs

Mix all the ingredients together. Put into 2 quart baking dish. Bake at 350° for 35 minutes covered, then 30 minutes uncovered. -Mrs. Harlan Martin

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BEEF & MACARONI

Brown in skillet 1 pound hamburger and 1 small onion, cut up. Add: 1/4 t. pepper, 2 t. salt, 1 quart tomato juice (or spaghetti sauce), 1 or 2 cups macaroni. Add more tomato juice if needed. Cook until macaroni is tender, stirring occasionally. Serves 6. (Noodles may be used instead of macaroni.) -Mary Hochstetler

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SKILLET SUPPER

1 lb. bulk sausage (or 1 qt. canned)
1 onion, chopped
1 qt. tomatoes
2 cup uncooked macaroni
2 T. sugar
1 green pepper, chopped
1/2 cup water or tomato juice
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoon chili powder

Brown sausage, onion and pepper, pouring off fat as it collects. Stir in remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil; cover. Simmer, stirring often until macaroni is tender. Two cups sour cream may be added before serving. Hamburger may be used instead of sausage. -M.S.
(I had plenty of green peppers last summer, so I diced them and fried them a little in butter; then put them in small jelly jars and cold packed them. I use them in recipes like the one above. -M.S.)

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HAMBURGER-EGG CASSEROLE

6 eggs, beaten
1 lb. ground beef
1/4 t. pepper
1/2 t. dry mustard
12 slices bread, cut up
3 cups milk
1 t. salt
1 t. worcestershire sauce
6 slices cheese, cut up (optional)

Mix everything together. Put in casserole. Place dish in pan of water. Bake at 350° for 1 1/4 hours.

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INSTANT CREAM SAUCE

1 1/4 cups liquid (milk, beef or chicken broth, or liquid from canned vegetables), 1 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch (or 3 tablespoons flour), salt and pepper.

Bring to simmer 1 cup liquid. Shake thickening with 1/4 cup of the remaining liquid in small jar, then stir into the hot liquid. Cornstarch will thicken immediately. Cook one minute while seasoning to taste, stirring occasionally (cook flour mixture 3 minutes).

This amount will substitute exactly for a can of cream soup. Season as you please, adding: meats or vege- your own soups for casseroles. Be creative! The possibilities are only as limited as your imagination.
-Mrs. Glen Mullet

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GARDEN HINTS

Plant your cabbage in the onion row. By the time the cabbage plants need more room, the onions can be pulled for eating.

Lay black plastic for eggplants, peppers, pickles, melons, cantaloupes, sweet potatoes. Results: no weeds, and yields double. We got two bushels of peppers from 6 plants. This is also good for tomatoes.

Some Mothers Write

With the arrival of our first child, we decided we didn't need any extra help; I could give directions from my bed. One evening husband was fixing a package of instant pudding. Supper was late, and I was hungry, so I called out, "I thought that was instant pudding." He called back, "Yes, but it takes so long until I come to the instant part." -E.W., Pennsylvania

One evening as I was getting our 5-year-old ready for bed, she asked, "Mama, do I have baby teeth?" I told her she did, then she asked, "When will I get my mama teeth?" -A Mother from Millersburg, Ohio

SOME GIRLS WRITE TOO

My four-year-old niece was watching her Daddy pick pears. An English neighbor called out, "What'cha doing?" The girl answered for Daddy saying, "He's picking beers." -R.Y.

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Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

All our good intentions will never get us to heaven unless we do something about them.
Aunt Becky

One Day at a Time

One day at a time with its failures and fears
With its hurts and mistakes, weakness and fears
With its portion of pain and its burden of care;
One day at a time we must meet and must bear.

One day at a time, but the day is so long
And the heart is not brave and the soul is not strong;
Oh, Thou pitiful Christ, be Thou near all the way,
Give courage and patience and strength for the day.

Swift cometh His answer so clear and so sweet,
"Yea, I will be with Thee thy troubles to meet.
I will not forget thee, nor fail thee, nor grieve;
I will not forsake thee, I never will leave."
-Selected

* * *

NO CROSS FOR THE STRONG

I FEEL SORRY for Mary Yoder," Iva Mast said sympathetically to Aunt Mandy. The two women were visiting Ada, the latter's niece, who was in a wheelchair. "Mary's been in bed for four weeks already and hasn't much improved yet. This is a heavy cross for her to bear in her old years. She has always been such a busy person."

Ada leaned forward in her chair and wondered. Were her visitors right? Was being sick a cross that we must bear?

The women continued talking. "Yes, she has a heavy cross," agreed old Aunt Mandy. "I know, for I was laid up once with sciatic rheumatism and had so much pain; I guess you remember?" She rubbed her hand along her back as she recalled where the pain had been. "I could hardly move from my chair," she continued. "Whenever I wanted to help with the work, everything had to be brought to me. Oh, it really was something to go through. We had so many peaches that year and all I could do was help peel."

"Yes, I remember," answered Iva, "for we got some of them, too. What was the name of the ones that were so good..."

The two visitors continued talking from one subject to another. Ada usually enjoyed visitors of all ages, even if she was only twenty. Ada was especially glad to see Iva and Mandy come since her mother had gone to town, Dad was at the barn, and she was alone. But instead of listening to the conversation, Ada's thoughts continued to dwell on the cross...the cross that she felt she was now bearing. She vividly recalled how she had lost her balance on the load of hay. How she had screamed, but no one was near enough to stop the horses in time and the wagon had rolled across her leg. Then there were the days of pain in the hospital, then the infection that set in...yes, she too had a heavy cross to bear. The women are right, she concluded, pain and sickness is a cross we have to bear. Jesus had borne the cross and suffered, and now she had a cross too.

When the visitors left, Ada mumbled a goodbye. She sat there thinking, until the door burst open and the school children came tramping in.

"Why can't you come in quietly?" Ada snapped at them. "Can't you see that I don't feel good...Johnny, don't throw your coat on the chair. You know it belongs on the hook."

Johnny picked up his coat as he beamed at his sister Ada. "What do you think?" he exclaimed. "I got the floor today in spelling."

"Well, you needn't boast about it," Ada returned dampening the triumphant spirit of her 11-year-old brother. Ada heard the cupboard door open in the kitchen. "Katie, are you and Ray in the kitchen?" she called out. "You're not getting one bite to eat before supper. You change your clothes right away."

This angered Katie and Ray. "Mom let's us have something to eat," Katie called back belligerently.

Ada frowned. "Mom isn't here now and you just make messes. Do as I say, and Katie, you come and put a cushion under my leg and prop it a little higher. And I also want some things from my room when you go upstairs."

"As soon as I've changed clothes," she answered as she ran upstairs after Ray and Johnny.

"You hurry, for I've been so very uncomfortable," Ada called after her. My cross is certainly heavy, thought Ada as her discomfort grew suddenly worse. I hope I'll soon be ready to go back to work. I don't get much help here at home. The children are so stubborn.

Not long afterwards Mother walked into the kitchen with her arms full of groceries. "Has the day been long for you?" she asked pleasantly as she came into the room.

"No, not at all," Ada answered grudgingly. "Iva Mast and Aunt Mandy were here." Ada groaned as she twisted around. "Will you get me another cushion to raise my foot higher. I told Katie to and she just ran upstairs, and hasn't come down yet." Ada poured out her complaints to Mother, ending, "...I've been so uncomfortable but I guess it's my cross and I must bear it."

Mother gave Ada a searching look as she fixed the cushion for her foot. "What do you mean that your discomfort is your cross?"

"Just what I said," Ada answered impudently, "if this pain is my cross then I want to bear it."

Mother pondered a moment before answering. "Ada," she finally said, "doesn't the Bible say that we must all take up our cross daily and bear it if we want to be God's disciple."

"Yes."

"Well, if pain is the cross, then those who are well don't have a cross, do they?"

"..but..but Iva and Aunt Mandy were talking about

Mary Yoder and they said her cross is heavy because she suffers so much."

"Sickness makes a cross at times heavier," Mother explained, as she sat down facing her daughter, "but sickness itself isn't the cross. Either you misunderstood Iva and Aunt Mandy or they don't realize in full what cross bearing means."

Ada was sure they both bore their cross for they were both very concerned about living a Christian life; but she could not grasp what Mother was trying to tell her.

"You realize that the road of the cross is the only way that leads to heaven?" Mother asked.

Ada nodded. "That's what the preacher has said already."

"You may be bearing a certain kind of cross when you suffer, Ada, but to bear the cross of Jesus is to suffer patiently...to be patient when you feel like being just opposite. To be sweet and cheerful when there seems nothing to be cheerful about; to be kind and considerate when your inner self would rather be selfish. Do you understand?"

Ada nodded again.

"The way I understand, you became angry at the schoolchildren. Your impatience made you angry, and then you scolded them. You weren't bearing the cross even if you were uncomfortable."

For a brief moment Ada resented her mother's words, but then she realized they were true. She had been so very wrong and bearing the cross as she thought she thought she was. "I... I guess bearing the cross is to do what is right, even if we feel like doing wrong."

Mother smiled as she rose from her chair. "Maybe it would be well for you to sing "The Cross Is Not Greater Than His Grace" while I get supper."

After Mother went into the kitchen, Ada meditated upon the words of the song but she did not feel like singing: The words went through her mind, "The cross is not greater than His grace...The clouds cannot hide His blessed face...I am satisfied to know that wherever I may go...I can conquer every foe."

Ada's thoughts were broken by Katie. She stood by Ada's chair with a cushion in her hand. "Will you hold the cushion while I lift your leg?" she asked.

"You mean..." Ada began to rebuke her for not coming sooner, but she left the sentence unuttered as she thought of her mother's words. She must practice patience and ask God to help her...if she wanted to bear her cross. She sent a smile toward her sister. "Thank you, Katie, but Mother has fixed my prop."

"Then you don't want another cushion?" asked the twelve-year-old, as she rejoiced over the unexpected friendliness from her sister. "What should I get for you upstairs?"

Ada noticed the quick response from her sister. "I won't be needing it right away for Mother's probably needing your help in the kitchen."

Ada watched Katie go into the kitchen then her thoughts returned to cross bearing. If trying to have patience is a cross, she concluded, then the strong must bear that cross too...when they take care of the weak.

-Sarah M. Weaver

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT Our cover picture for this month was sketched by Miriam Stauffer of Selingsgrove, Pennsylvania.

There is no use to drive time away by foolish diversions. It flies away very swiftly, and when gone can never be recalled.

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BOOM (Continued from back cover)

guilty of with gasoline is to use it for cleaning clothes. The amount and the way it is used make it ideal for forming vapors. One little spark, possibly caused by rubbing together two pieces of cloth can set off a conflagration. What makes this especially inexcusable is the fact that there are many nonflammable cleaners on the market which will do the job. (But don't go to the opposite extreme and use carbon tet as it can cause permanent injury to the lungs.)

Recently a woman in New Jersey was dry cleaning clothes in her kitchen when her daughter came into the room and switched on the fan. A spark from the fan motor set off an explosion so violent it blew both women through the side of the house. Their bodies landed 30 feet away. The daughter regained consciousness long enough to relate what had happened.

NEVER AS A FIRE STARTER

Some people use gasoline to get a fire going while burning trash or even in a stove. This is especially dangerous in warm weather and always a risk under any conditions. Since gasoline evaporates so easily, there is always the danger of the fire following the stream of gasoline back to the container and then you will have plenty of trouble on your hands. It is especially dangerous inside a room.

Filling the tank of a hot engine is also asking for trouble.

I'VE DONE IT MANY TIMES

Many people will justify themselves by saying, "I've always done it that way." This may be true, but it would still be a good idea to begin now to play safe with gasoline. Fifty thousand fires a year through the misuse of gasoline leave no doubt that it is playing with fire. Many of these persons had been taking risks all their lives and never had any trouble before.

1. Never use gasoline in the house (if it is necessary to use gasoline in pressure appliances, do the refilling outside of the house.)
2. Don't store gasoline in the house.
3. Don't put gasoline in glass containers.
4. Never use gasoline to start fires, or for cleaning clothes or removing paints and varnishes.

△

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The Big BOOM

Some time ago a man said, "What's so dangerous about gasoline? I use it all the time to wash up after painting. There's no trouble if I don't light a match around it and any idiot would know better than that!"

Several weeks later that man was dead— burned in a flash fire that happened while he was cleaning paint brushes in the basement. His wife was helping him and dropped a glass jar full of gasoline on the cement floor. It shattered, spreading gasoline vapors throughout the basement. This vapor reached a water heater in another room which touched off an explosion engulfing the man and his wife in flames.

The plain people have more than their share of accidents with gasoline, probably because of the fact that they usually have gasoline around the farm. The reason gasoline is so dangerous is because it is so common. People have used it all their lives without an accident so they become careless. It only takes one time, when the conditions are just right, to cause a big boom which can mean fire, disaster, and even death.

VAPOR THE REAL CULPRIT

Everyone knows that gasoline is dangerous. But most people think that as long as they don't light a match while filling the gas tank, they are safe. This is far from true. Of the 50,000 fires which are caused in the U.S. by gasoline every year, very few are caused by striking a match.

The real danger is in the vapor, for you can't see it and you can't feel it— that is, until it explodes in your face. Then it is as powerful as dynamite.

Gasoline evaporates very easily, especially in warm weather. A little over a hundred years ago when petroleum was first discovered, the people were elated to have kerosene for their lamps. Before that time they had only whale oil or tallow. However, they soon ran into trouble when occasionally a kerosene lamp exploded. (see the January, 1974 Family Life for an account of such an explosion in Holmes County, Ohio.)

Later it was discovered that if the fuel were heated, the explosive part would evaporate, leaving the kerosene more safe. Later these fumes were condensed and called gasoline.

At that time gasoline was considered a waste product. Because it ignited so easily and had a tendency to explode it was considered unsafe for any household use. Later, with the invention of the internal combustion engine, it was found that gasoline worked better than kerosene as fuel for the engine.

Today many different types of gasoline are made. Some of them have a boiling point of 95 degrees fahrenheit, which means the gasoline evaporates at 95 degrees. This is why it is particularly dangerous in warm weather or inside a heated room.

WHAT MAKES THE BIG BOOM

When gasoline evaporates, the pure vapor expands 130 times. One-half pint of gasoline will produce a milk can full of pure vapor. This vapor, in turn mixes with the air at the rate of 2 to 6 parts per 100 parts of air. Thus the half pint of gasoline is sufficient to make an ordinary sized room into a virtual bomb— a death trap. One little spark will cause this mixture to expand 4,000 times, or in other words, explode.

But the whole room does not need to be filled with this lethal vapor to cause a lot of trouble. Fumes are heavier than air, so they tend to settle along the floor and a slight draft of air can carry them into surrounding areas. If the conditions are just right, this vapor trail can be carried several hundred feet until if finds a flame or spark to set if off. Then a blue ball of fire can flash back to the original source and cause the gas can to explode in your face.

It doesn't take much gasoline, if properly mixed, to cause a big explosion. Two ounces are enough to move a two-ton automobile a quarter of a mile down the highway. Imagine what it would feel like to have this same amount of force exploding in your face all at one time!

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IT NEEDS NO FLAME

Although a flame will set off these gas vapors, a tiny spark will do it just as well. Rubbing two pieces of iron together can cause a spark. A pitchfork scraping against a concrete floors will throw off enough sparks to cause an explosion.

But the most tricky of all is static electricity. When the air humidity is just right, rubbing two pieces of cloth together can cause a shower of sparks. The crackling sound you have heard while combing your hair is nothing else except sparks of static electricity.

NEVER AS A CLEANER

Perhaps the most dangerous thing that anyone can be

(Continued on inside cover)

June 1974

FAMILY LIFE

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Letters
TO THE EDITOR-

PETER FROM THE CROW HILL

I was much interested in the song about leaving Switzerland (April issue.) I am very familiar with the song of the Alps (in the original Swiss language.) To my knowledge, it first appeared in The Christlicher Gemeinde Kalendar in 1911, which is a publication of the South German Mennonites. It is not certain whether the song was written by Peter Krehbiel or by his descendant, David Krehbiel.

Peter Krehbiel was driven out of Switzerland. His home had been only a few miles east of the city of Bern in the valley of the Emmenthal from which most of our Anabaptist forefathers came. In 1682 the family of Peter Krehbiel settled in South Germany, in the village which became Weierhof.

The Krehbiel name has many spellings. Today in Switzerland, you are most likely to find it spelled Krayenbuehl which means "Crow Hill." My wife's maiden name was Krehbiel and her father was born in Weierhof. We have visited there several times and also in Switzerland.

I think the song has real meaning for us in our day. Maybe we, too, will have to leave all behind and travel to a new land. Finally, we must leave all of these material things behind, anyway. -H.R., Bluffton, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Amish spelling of the name is Grabill and they were among the earliest settlers in Daviss County, Indiana, coming there from Allen County, Indiana. In that county there is a town named Grabill.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE BOYS

We have had quite a few stories about the hired girls and also what we appreciate about our husbands and wives. Now how about a word for the boys.

Recently Dad was giving one of the older boys a haircut and we remarked how nice it is that Dad has the privilege of cutting the boys' hair. I believe many a father would be happy to give his son a haircut if only he were asked to do it.

It makes me feel grateful when one of the boys says, "Mom, I'll do the dishes tonight." Especially so after a hard day's work.

Our boys keep their own Sunday suits in shape and ofttimes clean their own rooms. They hardly ever have any complaints about the cooking and I can ask them to do errands for me and they do them promptly.

In the morning, they will get up before Dad to get the milking done on time. In the evening, they are just as prompt. Last Saturday evening Dad and the boys were in from doing chores before supper was ready. While I stood by the stove stirring the soup, the boys got each a songbook and started singing. A thrill went through me for I considered it a precious moment. How much better than if they had been getting themselves ready to go to town or to some party.

I once asked the boys if they have any desire for a car and they said, "No." The other boys they are with don't have any so there is really not much temptation.

God has given us these precious souls to take care of. I hope we can bring our children up in an environment where they will not be tempted so much to go against God's word and His will. In Prov. 6:27 we read, "Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned?"

The third one of our boys has been baptized only recently. How we rejoice with him. But we know it is only through the grace of God that anyone can come to the knowledge of the saving faith.

You may have guessed it by now. Our boys have no older sister to help along. -A Thankful Mother

WHAT FAITH CAN DO

The poem "Great Was The Faith" (April issue) made me realize that having faith in the Lord in all things can lead to a happier life. The blood that Jesus shed on the cross was enough to wash away our sins if we believe on Him. The word "faith" is a powerful word and can do wonders if we give ourselves up to Him. Reading that poem has given me strength to go on in my daily tasks.
-Middlefield, Ohio

WE SEE WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR

Thank you for the article "Large Shadows" in April issue. It brings out clearly that our opinions of others is the result of the attitudes of our own hearts. No man is free of faults or mistakes. If we are looking for faults, we can find them. The Bible says, "Ein guter Mensch bringet Gutes hervor aus seinem gutem Schatz des Herzens und ein böeser Mensch bringt böeses hervor aus seinem böesem Schatz" (Matt. 12:35). I feel this also applies to our opinion of others. If we have good in our hearts, we look for the good in our fellowmen. If we see evil in our fellowmen, it can easily be because there is evil in our own heart. -D.E.B., Iowa

Tha article about suspicions and imaginations was very true. I think if the harm could be measured which results from the thoughts of the heart, evil imaginations (das dichten und trachten des Menschen Herz) we'd all be astonished. If we could bear in mind that Charity (love) thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, and bind these words on our hearts, mountains could be moved. Many a breach could be patched and healed. -Port Treverton, Pa.

DAD AND MOM HAVE FAILED?

I was glad to see the article in the April issue on the importance of the family unit. I don't think we can realize it fully. Take the hippies, they have lost all respect for

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the family circle and instead try to establish communes. In this way they hope to satisfy the human need to belong and be loved. But they miss a very important point altogether. The need for responsibility goes hand in hand with the need to be loved.

Isn't this one of the main reasons the family unit has broken down in the world today? Dad and Mom don't do their duty in teaching their children the priceless principle of accepting and carrying responsibility?

-Pennsylvania

MORE THOUGHTS ON EMPTY AND FULL ARMS

I agree with the women who wrote in about the aching of empty arms in the April issue. I know how it feels for we don't have any children. Some people don't know how lucky they are.

But I was surprised about the in-law problems among our folks. I'd like to say that not everyone has these problems. My in-laws treat me like a son and a brother. I can easily call them Mom and Dad. -Applecreek, Ohio

I read with interest the letters on empty arms. But I have my arms full and I wonder if they know what a job we have. It's usually the ones with empty arms that make remarks about us with our arms full. Like I heard say, "Look what a buggy load they are!" or they'll say, "Their baby's not even a year old— she that way again?" How do you think that feels? I live through remarks like these every year. I always praise God for sending us these precious bundles even if I kiss the baby with tears, "I could never do without you." We're not often invited to quiltings or other gatherings for how could we go with all these little ones?

-Berne, Indiana

The comments on the Empty Arms made me think of a talk I once had with a Christian woman of another church. A young couple we both knew had recently buried their first child. We got to talking about childless couples. I said, "One has to wonder why some who would be so glad for children have none while others are given almost more than they can care for." I often have to think of the answer she gave me, "That is one of God's ways we can never understand but it seems to be a trial to them both." -M.B., Pa.

After reading the responses to Empty Arms, I finally got to writing some of my own thoughts on paper. We want to trust in God and believe it is His will so. However, if more persons had the ability to place themselves in someone else's shoes, then there would be less unkind remarks heard by childless couples as well as single girls and couples with very large families.

Please remember there are also other empty arms who would enjoy having children of their own. Be thankful that you have a husband to talk to, a home to care for and you can use your own dishes everyday which is a privilege not all of us have. At times we hear such remarks as "How nice you have it," but happiness does not consist of having it "nice" in this way. We must all learn to be content with our lot in life. I do want to be thankful for the health given me so I can earn my own living and the many other blessings shared with me daily.

-Still Single

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT

In the story in the April issue about the man from Samaria, Ohio giving a stranger ten dollars to get gas to go home, I believe he did the right thing in giving him the money. In the same issue there is an account of some people losing money through a land agent who sold them land in Georgia. I think this would be uncalled for because when buying land, there is always time to find out what kind of land it is before we buy. When dealing with a stranger it is either now or never, for you do not really have time to find out what he says is true. I think we must make a decision on a man's character one way or another but unless we are quite certain he is a bum, it is probably better to give him the benefit of the doubt.

In the story of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10) the Bible does not tell us that the man who was helped ever offered to repay the Samaritan, or that he even thanked him. Jesus just told the man to go and do like the good Samaritan did.

Perhaps the man from Chattanooga needed the money to get home. It is possible that the devil then tempted him to keep the money. Who knows, maybe he even lost the Christian's address who had given him the ten dollars. Some people are very humble when they need help but as soon as they are out of their troubles, they take a different attitude. -Elmira, Ontario

TOO MUCH MILK FOR THE BABY

The story "I Was Going To" in April issue brought out a good lesson, but my thoughts went further. The father knew that if the calf got too much milk it would get sick or maybe even die. If we know it is important that a calf receives only so much milk and so many hours between feedings, how much more should we realize the importance of feeding our own babies only the proper amount and at the proper times? Some babies need more than others and a little oftener but I have seen mothers who will give their babies all they will eat or stick a bottle in their mouths every time they cry a little. Then they will complain when the baby is fussy or doesn't eat at mealtimes and wonder what is wrong. Just like the calf, it is better for the baby if he is fed only a certain amount and at regular times. What will happen to the babies who are stuffed with all they can hold? Won't they grow up in poor health and with a tendency to over-eat (be a glutton)?

-Pennsylvania

STILL TAKING A CHANCE

In the children's story (April issue) Mrs. Keim was pointing out how careful we should be and not take chances. But at the same time she filled the kerosene lamp in the kitchen on the table.

We were always taught to fill the lamps in the washhouse or on the porch. If it was after dark, we had to take a flashlight along but never a lighted lamp or lantern. Perhaps you might think they were overly cautious but wouldn't it be better to be safe than sorry?

-Mary, Indiana

MORE FUN NOT TO SLEEP

I would like to comment on "Lead A Child To Bed" in the January issue of Family Life. I know I am late but this is because we read the magazine after my parents are through with it.

My friends would tell me, "I always lay down with my baby in the afternoon and we both take a nap." This didn't work for me after Reuben was in the crawling stage. It was simply more fun to crawl all over Mommy and to tease his older sister. I soon found I could rock him to sleep in a matter of minutes.

After he was weaned, it was harder to put him to sleep and the first few weeks I had to rock him for an hour. Later when we had another baby to care for, it would not work to put him in the same room with someone else. Although he was not loud, it often took several spankings to get him to hold still long enough to go to sleep. He is four years old now and still occasionally needs a whack across the bottom to remind him to stop teasing sister and go to sleep.

Of course there is a difference in children. Some just don't need as much sleep as we think they ought to have. Now I am wondering why that mother didn't take her nap if she wanted one while her son was in his crib? I often take cat naps if the children are playing nicely.

-Ohio Mother

MOST PRECIOUS MEMORIES

To the one who wrote "Invalid's Lament," in March issue, it is sad that you ever had reason to feel like a bother when you go away from home. When I went to school, there was a family with some who were hard learners and one was blind. Sometimes the other children made fun of the blind one for she could not help with the games like the other children. Some games she could take part in if there was someone to help her. One year no one made any effort to help her until finally the teacher mentioned it to the whole class. I decided I will be her special friend and help her along.

I helped her with certain games and at other times I spent with her. It was surprising how much we could find to do and I learned to enjoy doing these things with her. In my spare time during school hours, I would read to her for I enjoyed reading anyhow.

Now as I think back these are among the most precious memories I have of my school years. Although she was blind, I never heard her complain and she always seemed cheerful even though she was sometimes made fun of. What hurt me most was that this was a private school and the parents were professing Christians. It made me wonder what these children are taught at home. If they are not taught love and respect, they may grow up to make remarks like the woman did about the invalid who came to church.

-One With A Special Place In Her Heart For Invalids

PATCHWORK QUILTS

I am afraid our thrifty grandmothers' practice of cutting up leftover scraps of material to make quilts has turned into a waste of time and money, resulting in pride and idolatry. What would they have thought had they known that someday their grandchildren would be cutting large pieces of material into little squares and skillfully piecing them together again?

-Shippensburg, Pa.

In our church the fancy patch quilts are not used. Our quilts are made of a solid color with the bottom also a solid color to match. There may be two shades of green or whatever color people prefer. A design is drawn on it and this is quilted with white or colored thread.

These kinds of quilts may not be fancy enough for some people. But they are less work and they keep us warm just the same. -M.A.S., Pennsylvania

USE THE WHIP ON THE BOYS

Concerning the Sam Schrock incident (What Do You Think Answers, April) as far as I'm concerned there was only one correct answer. According to common sense, the teachings of the Bible and our own Amish way of looking at it we have to teach children to behave and respect other people's property, even if we have to use the paddle on very young children as a last resort to train and teach them and break their self-will.

Some of the people blamed the post, some the halter, and some the whip. In fact everything except the guilty ones. These two young criminals probably had a father who kept his dog under control while letting the misbehaved boys run on the loose. If these were my boys I would have taught them never to whip any animal unless it has really deserved a whipping. I would have tried to be enough of a father to know where they were and what they were doing. If I caught them, I'd use the whip on them in a way that I'd expect to do it only once.

Suppose these boys find out you took their part and put all the blame on Sam Schrock who I can't see did any wrong? I think it's just too bad when Christians follow the world by penalizing the victim and letting the criminal go free. -Pennsylvania

EDITOR'S NOTE— Please, isn't there a difference between whipping your own children when necessary or those you meet on the street?

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

KEEP YOUR NOSE AWAY FROM THE MANTLES

It was recently discovered that the mantles of gasoline lamps and lanterns can give off fumes which if inhaled over a period of time can be dangerous. The reason for this is because beryllium is used in the mantles to make the delicate structure of the mantles stronger. If the fumes of beryllium are inhaled over a number of years it can result in severe lung disease, often with damage to the heart, liver, and kidneys. It is also believed that the prolonged exposure to the fumes can increase the risk of cancer of the lungs, gall bladder, and liver.

Researchers found that when a new mantle is burned off, practically all the beryllium is released within the first fifteen minutes. They recommend that mantles be burned off in an open space or in an uninhabited room and the lamp allowed to burn for fifteen minutes before it is taken inside the house. After this, no detectable amount of beryllium is released.

There is also a danger when the mantles are replaced and a burner head is cleaned that beryllium dust will be blown into the air and inhaled.

Although mantles are not changed often enough to present a really serious problem, yet it would be wise to observe the above precautions.

NEW WAY TO GROW SKIN

The doctors at the Akron, Ohio Children's Hospital have developed a new way to grow skin for victims of severe burns. By taking one square inch of skin from the patient and placing it in a solution of proteins, vitamins and salt, the skin cells are made to grow, divide and multiply. Within two weeks, the original patch of skin has grown to many times its original size and is then grafted where needed on the patient.

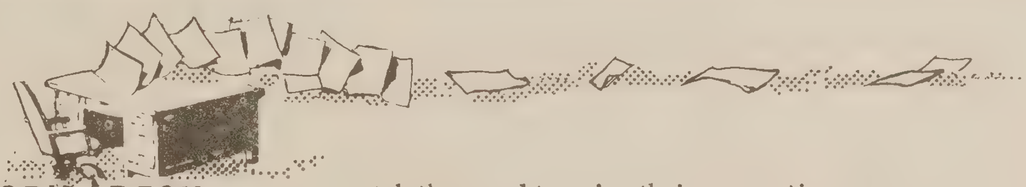
SPEED LIMIT— 96 KILOMETERS PER HOUR

According to present plans, it won't be long before highway travellers may see such signs as "FORT WAYNE, 80 Kilometers" or "SPEED LIMIT— 96 KILOMETERS PER HOUR" which would correspond with 60 miles per hour. Cornflake boxes may be labeled, "283 Grams" which is the same thing as 10 ounces. A Holstein cow may give as much as 20 liters of milk per milking when turned out on good pasture in the spring which would be a little over five gallons. A farmer who holds the deed to a 100 acre farm will suddenly discover that he owns only about 40 hectares.

Present intentions are that sometime during 1977 the United States and Canada will change over to the metric system. These are the only two major countries in the world that still use the outdated and cumbersome system of inches, gallons, acres, and miles.

In the Metric system, everything can be divided or multiplied by ten or one hundred to reach the next measurement. It may be a bit confusing at first to go to the store and ask for one kilogram of nails which would be about 2.2 pounds. But if you wanted 10 kilograms you would ask for a myriagram which would be the same as 22 pounds and 10 myriagrams equal one quintal which is 220 lbs. Ten quintals equal one metric ton which is the same as 2200 of our pounds.

For the school children, the changeover should be easy, but for those of us who have been brought up and have used the old system for so many years, it will be more difficult.



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

Every so often, it seems, there is a mail strike here in Canada which shuts off the mail service. The one in April lasted about ten days, but the service has not gotten back to normal altogether yet. We hope it doesn't happen again but there is really very little we can do about it. This one apparently was caused when the postal workers in the big cities objected to their job takeover by automatic sorting machines. Probably one reason for installing the machines is because it is hoped they will not go on strike.

As this month's historical article points out, Hutterites come from the same background as the Amish and Mennonites, but there has never been very much visiting or working together between these groups. Although they are similar in many respects, there is still one basic difference which to the Hutterites looks very important. This point is community of goods, which to us doesn't look so big. We have always been taught that either way is all right, those who have their material possessions in common can be Christians and those that don't can also be. But since the Hutterites have always put considerable weight on this subject, they find this viewpoint hard to accept.

Much more could be written about the customs of the Hutterites. Of special interest to me is their method of dividing their colonies. When a colony grows to a certain size, they divide themselves into two groups as nearly similar in size, age and abilities as possible. Only after the two groups are divided, is it finally decided by lot which group goes to the new location and which group stays. With a system like that, there would be less chance of getting one's heart set on material things.

The Hutterites have suffered much and severe persecution down through the centuries. Their practice of living in colonies makes it easy for their enemies to catch them and to seize their properties.

If persecution came again today, the Amish with their different customs and non-conformity to the world would no doubt find themselves in the same position. As the article points out, at one time the number of Hutterites was reduced through persecution to a very few people.

It would be interesting to know whether any of our readers among the plain people have or have had any contacts with the Hutterites. If so, the Family Life editors would be glad to hear from you.

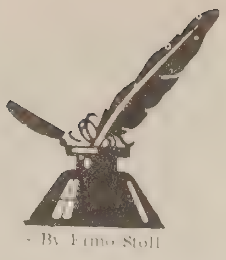
It's no secret that we don't like to get letters which are unsigned (but the writer's name will be withheld from print if requested.) However at times we get letters which it is easily understandable why the writer withholds his name. Sometimes we get information and details of events which have happened which are so personal that we don't blame the writer for not wanting anyone to know who wrote it.

Others, however have less reason to remain anonymous, and it often happens that a writer wants to get a crack at someone from "ambush." This is the kind we don't appreciate and which generally ends in the circular file.

Do you at times recognize people in the stories and letters in Family Life? Perhaps you do and perhaps you don't. While reading the letter from the mother who wrote that their third son was baptized recently and the boys don't have any older sisters, (Page 2, this issue) one of the proofreaders was convinced that the description fitted a family in Indiana perfectly. Truth is the writer was not even from that State.

In many of the articles in Family Life, the names are changed or perhaps fictitious names are used. But regardless of what name is used, there are nearly always actual people by that name. Recently we got a letter from "Melvin Miller" (see the Farm and Field Page, May 1974) with an answer to the fencing problem. He wrote, "We do have a lot of fence to build but how did you folks find out about it? However we do not have a neighbor by the name of Harley Hochstetler." △

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

The Wrong Side of the Globe

Ada Gingerich paused a moment at the newstand in town, searching through her pocketbook for a dime and a nickel. Her husband had told her to get a paper in town if she got a chance, as the milk man mentioned something about there having been bad tornadoes in parts of Ohio and Indiana.

Ada found the right coins and deposited them and picked up her newspaper. She noticed there was something on the front cover about tornadoes, but she didn't bother reading it. She stuffed it into her shopping bag and hurried to the hardware store.

That evening while Ada was washing dishes at home, her husband, Sam, sat in the rocking chair holding the baby and reading the newspaper. "Well, what all does it say about the tornado?" she asked, after Sam had read a while.

"Not too much," Sam complained. "There's just a small piece, but the way it sounds, it was pretty bad. It started down south, and did damage in a lot of states, some small towns were pretty well wiped out. I wonder how close it came to where Uncle Aden's live in Ohio. I wish it would give more details. It just doesn't say much. There's a lot longer piece about this Henry Kissinger, and where all he flies, to other countries and so."

"Henry who?"

"Henry Kissinger."

"Who's that? I never heard of him."

"I hadn't either until about six months ago," Sam admitted. "But the last while he's in the news all the time. Guess he had a lot to do with getting the fighting stopped in Viet Nam. He seems to have a way of getting along with people."

Most of us will sympathize with Sam's wife in not knowing who Henry Kissinger is. Or if we do know, we will likely have to admit with Sam, that we haven't known for very long. Even though Henry Kissinger was practically unheard of a few years ago, his name is making headlines almost every day. And almost always the headlines are in praise of him. In a world of war and tension, he has become an instant hero because he has come to stand for peace. Whenever there is a problem in international relations, whenever a situation comes up where people can't get along with each other, Henry Kissinger is the man to smooth it over, patch it up, leaving smiles on the faces of both sides.

As the Secretary of State, he was the second most powerful man in the U.S. government. In fact, with the Watergate trouble that Nixon is in, Kissinger seems to be even more influential than the president himself. According to a recent public opinion poll, Kissinger is the man Americans admire most in the world today. Nor is his popularity confined to America. When he goes to foreign countries, as he constantly does, leaders and important statesmen scramble to get up close to him so they can be photographed alongside the great and famous Henry Kissinger.

His fame rests mainly upon his reputation for getting along with people, and being able to bring peace where strife exists and threatens. Kissinger was the man who worked out the peace agreement in troubled Viet Nam. He has made six trips to Moscow, and personally managed to thaw the icy relationship between U.S. and Russia. When fighting broke out last year between Israel and Egypt, Henry Kissinger was the man who flew back and forth between the two countries, smoothing the flaring tempers and working out a ceasefire agreeable to both sides. He has gone to Communist China, and received a warm reception there, despite the fact that until very recently the U.S. refused to recognize Red China's government as legal.

So, according to the newspapers, Henry Kissinger is a great man, a famous man, a man with a fantastic ability to get along with others. He knows how to make people feel important. He knows the art of taking an interest in what people say, and really listening to their conversation. He has become an international peacemaker.

Recently a national news magazine did a cover story on Henry Kissinger which I happened to read. The story was filled with tales of his accomplishments and his rise to fame, power, and influence. I glanced the story over, not really reading it, but still skimming it. I was impressed. I had to think that more of us who are Christians should perhaps have some of the qualities that Henry Kissinger has— in that we bring goodwill and peaceful relationships wherever we go. He specializes in making peace, instead of stirring up strife and hatred. We all know that our plain churches are split and rent and fragmented— we need a way to smooth some of the hurt feelings and persuade warring sides to sign a spiritual ceasefire. But then a paragraph caught my attention that spoiled my opinion of Henry Kissinger.

I slowed to read the paragraph more closely, and then I sat thinking for a long time. The paragraph revealed the startling fact that Kissinger has been divorced from his wife since 1964, and has two children who live with their mother in Belmont, Massachusetts.

Isn't that something? Kissinger is supposed to be so great because he can charm into friendliness the Chinese, the Russians, the Arabs, the Israelis, and the Viet Namese, but all the while he cannot get along with his wife. While he is patching up other people's problems, he can't solve his own. While he is coaxing others to stop fighting, he seemingly can't end the strife in his own household. While he works to bring peace to nations, there is no peace between himself and his wife, whom he promised to love, cherish, and remain faithful to.

I put the magazine down, thoroughly disgusted. It all seemed like such a mixed-up story. What good does Kissinger's greatness on the other side of the globe do while he is such a dismal failure at home? If he is indeed a peacemaker, he goes to the wrong side of the globe to be one.

I changed my mind about Kissinger. We plain people don't need any Henry Kissingers in any shape or form. We have already too many. We have had too many people who accomplished things at the expense of their homelife and marriages and families. Let's consider the case of Jake, a young married man who wanted to have the nicest farm in his neighborhood. He came from a never-do-well background, his parents had been poor managers, and Jake was determined to prove that he could make a go of it financially. He buckled down and put everything he had into his farm and livestock. And he succeeded in reaching his goal. In a few years he was well on his feet— in fifteen years his farm was one of the nicest around— a new house, a neat lawn, tightly stretched fences, growing crops, and painted buildings. But he paid too high a price to reach his goal. He achieved it at the expense of his family. His wife was neglected and overworked, and his children had to grow up the best they could on their own— just as long as they kept out of Jake's way when he wanted to get some work done. The children came to resent and feel bitter toward their father. He was rich in money, and yet he was the poorest man around, for no parent knows the true meaning of riches who lacks the respect, love, and loyalty of his family.

The same thing can happen in pursuit of even worthier goals than paying off your farm, which is commendable enough in its place. For example, recently a minister's son complained that his father has time for other people's problems, but he has no time for his family. If what the son says is true, his father is curt and impatient with his wife, and frequently drives her to tears by his inconsiderate ways. He snaps at the children, or else ignores them completely, either one of which leaves them feeling bad toward him. All the while he is friendly and smiling and helpful to others in the church, working hard to be a faithful minister of the gospel and building up the church. If that is true, whatever good this man may think he accomplishes, the judgement day will show that he failed, and failed where it mattered most, right at home at his own doorstep, on his own side of the globe.

Our only hope of seeing a spiritual betterment in our churches lies in concentrating on improving our homes. Our churches will never be better than our homes. To work on problems in the community without solving the problems in the home from which the community problems stem, will get us nowhere.

The world makes a hero of those who can make a great show and do great things, but in the end their greatness isn't genuine, and it drifts into nothingness like a puff of smoke on a summer breeze. It is time we make sure we have other kinds of ambitions. We must learn to see where true greatness lies—not in pomp and show and pride and publicity, but in warmth and love and closeness and kindness at home on the family level. I would rather spend five minutes visiting with the lowliest man who has the love and respect of his family, than to be counted the closest friend of a famous person who neglects his family.

Jesus asked the question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul" (Mark 8:38). We could reword it to ask, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own family?" The answer would surely be the same to either question, and on any side of the globe. △

FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

The Danger of Feeling Inferior

TEACHER MARY WAS visiting Hillview School where her friend Ellen taught. During the afternoon recess, the two girls stood by the window chatting, watching the children at play outside.

"That Mast boy in the fifth grade," began Mary. "You've got your hands full with him, haven't you?"

"I say!" sighed Ellen, a cloud settling on her face. "He's a problem I wish I knew how to solve. Always cutting up or showing off, or bragging what he can do. I can't figure him out, why he thinks he's so smart when he's one of the slowest learners in school."

Mary peered thoughtfully out the window. The Mast boy they were talking about was right that minute teasing a first grader. What made him act like that? Mary thought she knew, but she wondered how she could explain to Ellen.

"I had a girl like that where I taught last year," said Mary. "If Johnny Mast is the same as she was, I think I know what makes him such a smart alec. He feels inferior."

"He—what?" Ellen was puzzled.

"He feels inferior to the other children."

"But I don't understand," objected Ellen. "The way he acts, you'd think he feels himself better than anybody else."

"No, I don't think so," said Mary. "He shows off because he knows he's not smart. That's his way of getting attention. Or maybe he's putting up a false front to try to convince himself that he is smart. Deep down he doesn't feel smart at all, so he shows off and boasts and makes a clown of himself."

It was a new thought to Ellen, and she found it hard to grasp. It just didn't make sense to her that Johnny would show off because he felt inferior.

"Well, I don't know," she said, the doubt remaining in her voice. "I still think he has a too high opinion of himself."

"I could be wrong," admitted Mary with a smile. "I don't know him as well as you do. But I would guess just the opposite is true, even though it doesn't look like it. I would guess Johnny feels inferior to the other children."

Ellen was silent for a long moment. Then she asked, "Supposing you are right, what is there to do for him?"

Mary's face became serious. "Now you've asked a question I don't know if I can answer. He needs help, that's for sure. Somehow you have to help him overcome that feeling, or get his parents to help. But how to do it..." Mary left the sentence unfinished.

TEACHER MARY WAS PROBABLY right in her opinion of Johnny Mast's problem. Children can not always be judged at face value, and neither can adults, for that matter. Sometimes there are underlying problems that cause people to behave strangely, and even in ways quite the opposite of what we would expect. Unless we understand these, we're liable to make the same mistake Ellen made— come to a wrong conclusion.

I remember listening in one time as two men discussed a religious topic. They didn't see quite alike, and each was trying to convince the other he was wrong. All went well for a time, but then suddenly the debate got warm. One of the men raised his voice, and began to tell off his opponent in no uncertain terms. He waved his hands, got up on his chair, and grew flushed in the face. The second man sat quietly listening.

I was still a young man at the time, and I thought to myself, "When ______ gets riled up, he can really put somebody in his place." But over the years I have changed my mind. Through my own experience, and from watching others, I have become convinced that strong words are always an indication of a weak argument. People speak in even tones as long as they are sure of themselves, but once they feel defeated, of their position is threatened, then they raise their voices and get excited, and try to put on a show of strength.

That is a little the way it works when someone is weighed down day after day with a feeling of inferiority, or as it is often called, an inferiority complex. Persons who suffer from such a feeling may do strange things which they themselves do not understand, for it may break out in unexpected ways. Because a feeling of inferiority doesn't always show up in the same ways, it is sometimes hard to recognize.

It is not a rare problem. In fact, feeling inferior is so common that most of us have at some time or other had a touch of it. A light case may be more bothersome than anything else, but the serious cases are the ones we need to be concerned about. They are likely to be more permanent, and bring much misery and unhappiness not only to the person with the inferiority complex, but to those who live with him.

Whether light or severe, a feeling of inferiority should be recognized for what it is— a dangerous condition that the Christian needs to struggle against and overcome, with God's help.

THREE SUFFERING MEN

How can we recognize an inferiority complex when we see it, or have it? Ellen was unaware that her problem pupil felt inferior until Mary pointed it out to her, and even then she found it hard to believe. Certainly there are various ways of feeling inferior, and of showing it.

My father once traveled with a young man whom we shall call Anxious Albert. Albert, as Dad soon noticed, was quite nervous and self-conscious in a crowd. As they rode together on the bus or waited in the station, Albert would nudge Dad with his elbow and say, "Those two fellows behind us are talking about us, I know they are. They're laughing at us."

"Oh, I don't think so," Dad would reply, "but if they are, let them talk."

Again and again as they traveled, Albert was certain people were whispering about him, saying bad things or making fun of him. Outwardly it might appear that he was merely shy around people, but his real problem was a feeling of inferiority. Somehow he was worried what other people thought of him, and their opinion seemed very important. He could not stand the thought of their making fun of him. In short, he valued the approval of his fellow travelers more than he valued his own faith and convictions. Though he did not do it intentionally, Albert was showing that he was ashamed of being different, ashamed of his plain clothes and his beard, perhaps.

Anxious Albert felt inferior where he had no business feeling inferior. His problem was a deep-seated one, and made him nervous and apologetic in public.

Not everyone with an inferiority complex is like Anxious Albert. Sociable Solly appears just the opposite, outwardly, yet he has the same problem inwardly. Solly has dozens of good friends that are not Amish. There is of course nothing wrong with being friendly, but Solly shows what he is by the friends he chooses. Take for instance the day there was a wedding in the community. A chartered busload of relatives came from a distant state. All afternoon Solly chatted with the bus driver, but he hardly spoke a word with the brethern of like faith. For some reason Solly found it important to make friends with the bus driver, to make an impression on him. The reason, it seemed, was his inferiority complex.

Solly esteems the values of the world more highly than the fellowship of the church. He craves recognition from worldly men. The problem can only be that he looks up to the things of the world, and is ashamed of the things of the church.

Ike is another man with problems. A good name for him would be Ike the Imitator. He is natured much like Sociable Solly, but his heroes are not men of the world, but members of more liberal churches. He simply cannot hide his admiration for these churches, and it is a wonder he has not joined one of them. When he meets a member of such a church, his greatest concern is not to be mistaken for a dumb Amishman. He wants these people to know he is just as enlightened as they are.

In order to make his point, Ike imitates these people in every way he can, hoping to make an impression and gain their nod of approval. He is ashamed of being just himself, and he is ashamed of the church he belongs to.

There are still other types of inferiority problems, but these three—Anxious Albert, Sociable Solly, and Ike the Imitator— can give us an idea of what it is like to suffer from acute inferiorities— a crippling disease of the mind and spirit.

A COUNTERFEIT HUMILITY

But doesn't the Bible teach us to esteem others better than ourselves? Yes, it certainly does. The Bible teaches us to be lowly and meek of heart, and to not be wise in our own conceit. The Bible teaches true humility.

But is a feeling of inferiority the same thing as humility? Hardly. Rather, it is a poor grade counterfeit. It is not the real thing.

How do the two differ? People who suffer from a feeling of inferiority are nearly always taken up with self and are seeking to please it. They are not resigned to take the place in life God has dealt to them. Instead, they often covet gifts and talents of others, and despise their own. Thus they are discontented and unhappy, and even rebellious. They show an immaturity in their spiritual lives.

People who are genuinely humble are forgetful of themselves, and mindful of others. They do not feel they are better than others, but neither do they go around thinking everyone else is better and smarter than they are. The truly humble man does not run himself down to others, but recognizes his own talents for what they are—gifts from God, to be used to God's honor.

As far as I know, the Bible nowhere teaches us to love others and hate ourselves. Instead, Jesus said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Surely, this has meaning. People who feel inferior often despise and hate themselves. This self-hate is quite different from the self-respect of the truly humble.

THE CAUSE AND THE CURE

What causes a person to feel inferior to others? This is a hard question that may have many answers. No doubt, the roots of the problem often reach back into childhood. Parents who constantly nag and are always critical may convince their child that he is inferior to others. The same thing may happen when parents are over-protective, and never let a child experience the usual lessons and knocks of life, and thus cause him to grow up painfully shy and timid. Other children may be slow and backward by nature, and therefore more likely to develop a feeling of inferiority.

Is there a remedy? Teacher Mary did not know what to answer when her friend Ellen asked what could be done for Johnny Mast. She knew he needed help to overcome the feeling, but how to go about it... that is another question.

An inferiority problem does not develop in a day, and it is not likely to disappear in a day either. The outlook is naturally better in children than in adults. People such as Anxious Albert, Sociable Solly, and Ike the Imitator will find it more difficult to get out of the rut.

Children with this problem, it seems to me, need understanding and encouragement more than they need anything else. They must develop self-confidence and self-respect and true humility. One of the last things they need is to be ridiculed in front of others.

For adults to overcome the problem may be more difficult, and yet, why should it be? Grownups are supposedly more intelligent! But is this something to undertake by our own cleverness and wisdom? Most certainly not. Overcoming any harmful habits or character traits should be a matter of deep prayer, asking God for strength and guidance. He is the Master Potter who can shape our lives to his liking, and we must be willing to let him have a free hand.

* * *

An inferiority complex can be very harmful to us for it is a self-centered and ugly thing. Has anyone had any experiences they would like to share on the subject— how to recognize the problem and how to overcome it? If so, write to "Inferiority Complex," c/o Family Life, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario. N5H 2R3 △

Some Things I Have Seen

(A letter of admonition from a grandmother)

When I was young, I used to think, how glad I will be when I get old for older people are right with God, and especially the preachers and don't have such a continual battle to do what is right. Now, being old myself, I find that I was very much mistaken. It is as the Bible says, "So der Gerechte kaum erhalten wird, wo will der Sünder und Gottloser erscheinen? (1 Peter 4:18)." If it were not for God's great love and patience for His people in this world, none of us would ever see Heaven.

I have a great concern when I see how everything is fitting itself in for these last times. Oh, the dear young generation, how I wish that someone could with God's help, open the eyes of the innocent young people to hold fast to their teachings, if they had faithful and Christian parents. Although we are trying to live Christian lives, we do make so many mistakes and if it were not for Jesus opening up the way, we would all be lost as we seem to still have so much "human" in us all the time.

I feel so sorry for the young people for I know there are still many that want to obey their parents but are made fun of and pushed back. I think it is so important that we, as parents must be good examples so these dear young souls will not want to go with those who act and look like the world. Are we the examples we ought to be, or do we just tell them what they should do?

I was young once, too, and I know that everyone enjoys to be talked to as people with souls. We should care whether the young people live their lives for Jesus or not. The mother has a very great load and responsibility. If the husband is away at work all day and then when he comes home in the evening, he doesn't even talk nice to her, or has very little conversation with the family, what effect does this have? At the upper table is a good place to hear the family's experiences. How they wish the father would have a few kind words or at least a few questions as to how they got along with the work during the day.

The family likes it if Dad is concerned about them and appreciates what they do. They get tired of working alone and they do need some kind words, or perhaps at times a helping hand, or they may sometime look for

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THE BIBLE TALKS ABOUT DRESS

1. The Bible talks about dress from the fall of man to the end of time.
2. Sinful man continually designs fashions which are not pleasing to God.
3. God designs clothes to cover the body, not to display it.
4. Men and women are to have different types of clothing.
5. God's people in Old Testament times were to wear a peculiar and distinctive and uniform garb.
6. Nothing is to be worn for show or pride or vain display.
7. The Christian woman is not to have her hair cut, or put up in worldly hair-dos.
8. The Christian man's hair is not to be long like a woman's.
9. Combing of the hair according to worldly styles comes under condemnation.
10. Harlots' clothes are red and purple.
11. Jewelry is forbidden.
12. The effectiveness of the Christian's testimony depends upon his appearance.
13. A person with a renewed mind does not walk as he formerly did.

another way. How can a mother with a family remember all she should do and get it done and be the loving wife her husband wants her to be, if she never gets a loving word? She is the weakest of the two and she so much needs a husband's love and appreciation. If the wife does not always get done what she ought to, it is so nice if the husband lets her know that he cares and is kind in conversation. Then the load may be shared as God intends it to be. We all have our trials and things come up, but God has not meant to use harsh words or none at all for a Christian wife craves nothing more than her husband's touch and love, for true love does not harm anyone. We must strive to be good and honest and pray that God's love is spread over the family.

When a man and wife are married, they promise to live for each other and together for God and the children. Oh, dear parents, it is your heavy responsibility to do good in a Christian way for your children. Do not let them have their own way as they are growing up. But if they do as good as they know and can not see that we love and appreciate them, then it can ruin their Christian life.

The mother has such a big responsibility, but this is as God intended it, that she should bear her children without complaining. But just think how hard this is if it has to be done without the love and appreciation of the husband. Someone has said if a family goes wrong, then the parents must not have had the right love for them. We women do not always do as we should for which we are sorry, but we must be a wife and a mother at the same time. Sometimes we get depressed and are not as cheerful as we should be. This is when it means so much to us if the husband is patient and understanding. If we do to each other as we have promised and as we would that others do unto us, then married life can be as wonderful as God intended it to be. Time goes so fast and there is such little time to be together with our families. So let's try to be kind and thoughtful and considerate for if we don't do it here, we will not have a chance later on. At its best, it will not last long.

Let us be thankful for a good mind and use it to God's glory, getting stronger in spirit as we grow older. The Bible says we that are strong ought to bear the infirmaties of the weak and not please ourselves. (Romans 15:1).

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THE 23rd PSALM (Reversed)

The devil is my herder,
I shall always want.
He maketh me to stand up on mud and mire.
He pusheth me through raging currents.
He destroyeth my soul.
He tricketh me down the road
of sin for his Kingdom's sake.
Yea, tho' I walk through the valley of Death's
shadow he will not comfort me.
His rod and staff beat
me into submission.
He preparest a table of evil
in the presence of my friends.
He anointeth my head with
treachery, lies and deceit,
and my cup is always empty.
Surely evil and hatred shall
follow me all the days of my misery
and I will dwell in hell's fire forever.

THE TREE'S TEST

The tree grew tall in the summer sun,
And the gentle showers that one by one
Nourished its searching roots.
And the breeze that blew, and the dews that fell
Caressed the tree, and loved it well
And its leaves and flowers and fruit.

So the tree grew tall, but it never knew
Whether or not it could stand the strain
Of lashing winds and the slashing rain
Until the tempest blew.

Then came the wind, one summer day
And stripped the dancing leaves away,
And took the blossoms all.
The tree had met its test at last,
And when the raging storm was past
It stood up straight and tall.

So is the heart. We can never know
How much it can bear of grief and pain,
Of fears, wild winds, and sorrow's rain,
Until the tempests blow.

REUBEN, WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN?

"This is going to be a busy day with father gone and haying here. I have to go to Bedford this morning. Reuben, you get the bay team in, and finish the chores till I come back," said Eldon in his mumbled way which he had, especially when he was in a hurry.

The gay team—the gay team. These words went through Reuben's mind again and again. Just what horses had Eldon meant? Reuben was used to hear either Pat and Mike, or Floria and Beauty. Reuben remembered of seeing in a book a picture of some children that were running and skipping, and words below the picture: "The children are happy and gay." Pat and Mike were always called the slow team and Floria and Beauty were fast and frisky, perhaps this was why Eldon had called them the gay team. Maybe he wanted to mow and rake hay and the fast team would be best for this. So Reuben got in the horses and after tying up Floria and Beauty he turned out the other two, thinking that he didn't want another scolding from Eldon. "You should know better than leave the horses in the barn that we don't need. I don't want to haul more manure this time of year than necessary," Eldon had once reproved Reuben.

Just as Reuben had finished harnessing the team Eldon came to the barn and exclaimed, "Reuben, Reuben, why do you always do the opposite of what I tell you?"

"I didn't know— "

"Didn't know. Don't you know a bay team from a black team?"

"I thought you said— "

"Never mind what you thought, get to doing things. Run back in the field and get Pat and Mike, unless you want to load the hay yourself. I'm not going to kill myself loading hay with a fast going team like Beauty and Floria. Now hurry or I'll tell father when he comes back."

Is there any wonder that little boys sometimes get confused?

MEMORIES OF 1934

(This is a true story but names have been changed.)

We were a happy family of eight children and eagerly awaiting the arrival of a new addition. There were five of us boys and three girls. Finally one morning as we came pattering downstairs, to our delight, there was the new arrival, a beautiful baby sister, which we named Dorothy.

You can imagine the gleaming faces as we looked down upon her as she lay sleeping in the newly painted basket which Mom had prepared for the new bundle of joy. Joe, who was nearly five years old, was the youngest, but now he was no longer the baby. We thought that with the new baby in the house, our happiness would be complete. But God had other plans.

A few days before the baby was born Elizabeth, 9, Rachel, 6, and Joe came down with the German measles. In those days babies were born at home so the sick were moved upstairs so as not to come in direct contact with the baby.

My oldest sister, Lydia was fifteen and she had the responsibility of caring for the house. She managed real well in doing the washing, ironing cooking and cleaning as well as caring for the baby. Mary was thirteen and I was eleven so we helped what we could.

After little Dorothy was about two weeks old, the sick ones were well enough to be up and among the rest of us, all except Joe who had developed a hard cough as a result of the measles. One day after he had an especially hard spell of coughing, Mom asked one of the children to give him cough syrup but by mistake he got a dose of Lysol instead. He became very sick so the doctor was quickly summoned who treated him. He was already very thin and pale after having the measles so hard. It took him a long time to recover.

About that time my brother Howard wasn't well either and we could see the worried look on Dad and Mom's faces as they counciled over what should be done for him. Once more a doctor was called, who diagnosed his ailment as "scarlet fever." He was moved upstairs in a room by himself where he was away from the other children. Here he stayed for two or three weeks and the whole family was put under quarantine.

We would fix Howard's meals and Dad would take them to him. Sometimes Howard would crawl down on a ladder from the outside window and we would take baby Dorothy to the window where he could see it. By this time the baby had grown very precious to us. We knew it must be lonely for Howard upstairs all alone. None of the rest of us took scarlet fever.

Mom hadn't been feeling well ever since the baby was born and she stayed in bed most of the time. One day she noticed the baby wasn't feeling well as she cried a lot. Mom tried to soothe her and covered her with kisses.

The baby got worse and a few days later she was a real sick baby. She had developed double pneumonia. Grandma Troyer came from out of state to help us out and we were very glad to see her.

One evening when the baby was twenty-eight days old we gloomily gathered around the supper table. Dad came to the kitchen door and asked Grandma to come to the bedroom. A few minutes later he came out and brought us the sad news. Our "bundle of joy" has taken her flight to Jesus, never to return again. But Dad tried to comfort us and said that we should prepare to go to her. Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

It was very hard to give little Dorothy up but now we knew she would be as the angels in Heaven. We do not wish her back in this sinful world. A kind woman of our church opened her heart and came into our quarantined home to help us arrange for private funeral services. It was a cold sad day as the few people gathered. Most of them stayed on the outside on account of the quarantine. Sadly we laid the little body to rest.

After the funeral, Mom took a turn for the worse. She developed "walking typhoid fever" and had to go to the hospital for six weeks. We all had to take shots so we wouldn't get the fever.

Finally, the Lord sent us brighter days and restored our health again. A few years later another sister was added to our number. Now the family has all grown to adulthood and have homes of their own.

Recently Dad and Mom celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary.

"For whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."Heb.12:6.

-Author's name withheld

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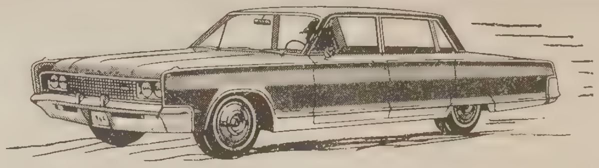

-Author's name withheld

ANDY COBLENTZ PAUSED TO wipe the sweat from his brow. Shocking wheat in 100 degree weather was no easy task. He walked to the shade tree and picked up the water jug. "My, but it's nice here in the shade," he thought as he took a good long swallow. "Why don't I just stretch out a few minutes and relax?" He tipped back his hat and gazed out over the bundles of wheat waiting to be shocked. "Nope," he thought with renewed determination, "I can't do that with a wife and three hungry children to feed."

Andy's attention was attracted by the roar of a motor and a thick cloud of dust rising from the narrow gravel road. As the maroon-colored car whizzed past, a few frightened birds flew away from their perch on the telephone wires. A bewildered rabbit scampered across the road— a mite too late and met with sudden death. As the sound receded, all nature seemed to be in a frightened hush. By the time the dust had settled in a thick covering over the surroundings, the robins were chirping again and a grey squirrel scampered from tree to tree.

A frown crossed Andy's brow as he followed the red streak in the distance. Then a sudden thought struck him, "That looked like Elmer Yoder in the car. I wonder if something happened to one of the children. Probably someone got hurt and he got his neighbor to rush him to the doctor. Maybe I should go and see."

But there was still lots of wheat to shock and Andy decided that he would be too late to help anyway, so he went and started shocking wheat once more.

The afternoon wore on as he toiled in the hot sun. When it was chore time a tired Andy trudged toward the barn rounding up the cows in the meadow as he went home. As he neared the barn the voice of his wife, Anna, came floating through the evening air. She was singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus" and he could hear childish voices at play. The sounds quickened his step and lifted his spirits. "I am a rich man," he thought to himself.

That evening after the children were in bed and they sat discussing the happenings of the day, Andy recalled the scene of the speeding car. "Must have been something wrong, as fast as they went," Andy said. "Did you hear anything whether anyone got hurt?"

A smile crossed Anna's face. How could she smile if someone were hurt or in trouble? Before he could speak, she answered in her quiet voice. "That was Sonny Yoder and he has a reputation for speeding. I suppose they were going on an errand as he does quite a bit of running around for them."

"But how do you know?" he asked.

"He brought Elmer Katie over yesterday when she was here to help paint windows. She said Sonny's planning to join church next summer and settle down. He's Elmer's brother, you know."

"Very interesting," Andy answered drily when she had finished her explanation. Then his face clouded as he asked, "Do they really think he will put his car away if they keep telling him not to? Of course they won't tell him in so many words, but isn't that what they're really doing by riding with him so freely?"

Anna laid on her lap the dress she had ironed and folded it tenderly before she replied. "Yes, I was thinking about that, too," she answered. "Somehow the picture of Katie in the car with a baby on her lap and all those small faces peering out the back window is hard to forget. But, then, we're just young, you know and not able to understand everything."

"Yes, we're young," Andy said, as he listened to the even breathing coming from the bedroom, "but our children are growing up."

The summer wore on with its usual farm work. In the fall, Andy's father bought a farm for the young couple and they hoped they could move by the following spring. The farm was on the edge of the settlement and although it would be hard to leave the neighborhood, yet they were looking forward to the move.

In their hearts was a special reason for wanting to move. Sonny Yoder was on the scene entirely too much. Little Allen was six already and old enough to notice such things. Once when they were planning on going on a trip to another state, the little fellow innocently suggested, "Maybe Sonny would have time to take us."

Andy almost winced as he recalled the incident but quickly consoled himself with the thought that before long they would be moving elsewhere— away from Sonny, the taxi-driver.

On the morning of the move, the sun rose bright and clear. Andy rose early so as to be ready when the first wagons would come rattling into the lane.

Getting settled on the farm was an unforgettable experience. "I'm glad it's winter," remarked Andy as he came in to dinner a half hour late one day. "That way we can maybe get caught up with the work and be ready to put in the crops when spring comes."

They had just started eating when a buggy drove in. "I think it's Sam Miller. He's the deacon, you know in this district. Wonder what he wants."

"Dawdy, Dawdy!" shouted the children. Sam Miller's grey hair and long beard made him resemble Andy's father. After a few words about the weather, Sam said, "A few of us are going to that sale down by Brookville tomorrow and thought you might be interested in going along. We couldn't get a truck so we hired a car."

Promptly at 11:30 the next day a shiny green Cadillac drove in the lane. Hurriedly Andy grabbed the sandwiches Anna had fixed for him and was soon on his way out the door. As the car drove away, Anna looked out the window. The driver looked young and had blonde hair. "Probably one of Edgar Smith's boys," she told the children. The Smiths lived in a nearby town and did tazi work at times for the Amish.

Anna did the chores early that evening and was just ready to start with the milking when Andy came home. "Anything I can do for you?" he teased as he stuck his head into the door of the cow stable.

"Yes, go and change clothes," Anna answered as she looked up from the cow she was milking. "You smell like a smokestack. Did you have a fruitful trip? I think I can guess the answer as happy as you seem to be."

"Yes, she's a beauty, and a good milker—but I paid a good price, too." Andy whistled as he started for the house.

Anna did not think until later in the evening to ask who the driver was. "I told the children it was probably one of the Smith boys."

"No," said Andy quietly. "It was one of Chester Raber's boys. I think it was the youngest one. I could hardly believe my eyes when I opened the car door. I was shocked beyond words. Perhaps I shouldn't have gone along, but—but it was so sudden."

"I didn't know they do that down here in this district." Anna said.

"I hate to think about it for I know it is going to spoil the church," Andy said. "He's twenty-two already, without a thought of putting his car away or joining church that I could hear. As far as I could see, his mind is set on one thing—having a good time while he is young and has the chance. I know we didn't help him anything by getting him to take us to the sale. His dad was along, too, but I guess I can't point a finger at him when I was doing the same thing."

Several years went by and Andy was able to make some payments on the farm. Allen was in school now and big enough to help a lot with the chores in the mornings and evenings. They were a happy family as they worked and played together. Even with all the work they were glad they had made the farm their choice.

Occasionally they got to see their old neighbors. Anna couldn't understand how Elmer Yoder's wife could manage. Elmer had quit farming and was painting full time with Sonny now.

One day Andy met Elmer at the hitching rack in town and they visited for quite a while. "I guess it's none of my business but is Sonny going to join church this summer?" Andy asked. "I just remember that you said he was planning on putting his car away several years ago."

"Well, he talks about it sometimes," Elmer drawled. "He's twenty-two but I guess there's still time. Of course, I was twenty-three when I joined. I had a car, too, so I know just how hard it is to put it away after you've had it for so long. But as far as I'm concerned, Sonny can put it away because I could go painting with Eli Miller's Henry then. I reckon I'd have to pay him for transportation but that would be better'n not working at all. You see, Sonny stays at our place for room and board so I don't have to pay him for driving. Dad doesn't allow him to stay at home."

Andy felt nauseated and didn't know what to say. He felt he should say something, but Elmer had a reputation for having a high opinion of his own way of thinking so it seemed useless to Andy for him to say something just then. Elmer seemed pretty self-satisfied with his little speech. Should he say something after all?

Andy pulled out his watch and mumbled, "Oh, I didn't know it was that late." But as he walked to the front of the wagon to untie the horses, he felt guilty. For a brief moment he imagined himself standing with Elmer Yoder in front of the Judgement seat. "What if—what if I don't say anything? Will I be in the same shoes?"

The thought almost overwhelmed him. Elmer was standing there by the telephone pole scuffing his shoe in the dirt. Andy braced himself and said in a meek voice, "Elmer, but don't you think—don't you remember that you and Sonny both have a soul?"

Elmer whirled around at the sound of Andy's voice. The expression on his face was one of surprise. His mouth opened as if he wanted to say something but he did not say a word. As he backed his horses away from the hitching rack, Andy thought he could almost see remorse written on those lips that a few moments ago had been boasting.

On the way home from town, Andy stopped in at Lester Hochstetlers to get a coat pattern for Anna. One of the boys answered his knock. They spent a few moments in conversation while Mrs. Hochstetler got the pattern. As Andy started to go again he thought to himself, "That seems to be a decent boy. I hope he doesn't follow the crowd and get a car."

One Sunday afternoon in the fall, Andys had company. Ever since he could remember, he had taken a special liking to Uncle John. They could talk for hours and it seemed the aged man always had helpful advice for any kind of a problem. Now the conversation turned to the youngfolks and the conditions in the church. "Do you suppose it will change any?" Andy asked. How he hoped Uncle John would say yes, or at least give him a glimmer of hope.

The elderly man seemed to weigh his words before he spoke. "This morning as we came by Lester Hochstetlers we saw that they had been fixing their fence. There were two or three new posts. I understand that one of the steers got the fence down and got out on the road. Now there are quite a few more calves in that field. What do you suppose would have happened if Lester would not have done anything about the fence? Suppose he had just let the fence down and hoped the other calves would know enough to stay in? Don't you think if the younger calves would have seen the older ones go through, they would have wanted to get out on the road, too? Very probably they would have taken advantage of their freedom and some of them would have gotten hurt, or even killed."

By this time Andy understood what Uncle John was trying to bring out. He listened with interest, realizing anew the responsibility on his young shoulders. How thankful he was for an understanding uncle.

A few days later Allen came home from school with a smile. "No school tomorrow. No school tomorrow!" he sang as he appeared at the door of the living room.

Anna stopped sweeping for a moment and asked in surprise, "I thought you liked to go to school, but now you sound so happy to have a day off. What's the reason for not having school?"

"Teacher is going to a wedding so we get the day off." he explained.

That evening at the supper table Allen asked, quite unexpectedly, "Dad, what is a P-o-n-t-i-a-c?" carefully spelling the word.

"The word is Pontiac," Andy answered in surprise. "Where did you see the word, and why do you ask?" Andy had a puzzled expression as he slowly spread butter on a piece of bread. "Oh, yes, I believe there was an Indian chief by that name. Did you read about him today in school?"

"No," answered Allen with wide eyes, "that is the word that was on Teacher's brother's car. The car was bright red and could it ever roar! The license plate number was TI-0962. It just had two doors and it had a funny girl hanging in the front that went up and down when he started the motor. Why did the preacher say the other Sunday that it's bad to get a car?" →

TAKE A WALK AROUND YOURSELF

When you're criticizing others
And are finding here and there
A fault or two to speak of,
Or a weakness you can tear;
When you're blaming someone's meanness,
Or accusing some of pelf,
It's time that you went out
To take a walk around yourself.

There are lots of human failures
In the average of us all,
And lots of grave shortcomings
In the short ones and the tall;
But when we think of evils
Men should lay upon the shelves,
It's time we all went out
To take a walk around ourselves.

We need so often in this life
This balancing of scales,
This seeing how much in us wins
And how much in us fails;
But before you judge another—
Just to lay him on the shelf—
It would be a splendid plan
To take a walk around yourself.
-William McGrath

Out of breath, he stopped at last. The rest of the children were listening and were waiting expectantly for an answer. The food on the table had lost some of its attractiveness as all eyes centered on Daddy.

Andy glanced at Anna, who was scraping her plate. The battle within the young father raged. "Tell him he's too young to understand, you'll explain it to him when he's older," one voice seemed to be saying. "He'll just get mixed up and maybe even lose respect for his teacher."

For a moment he almost yielded. Then came another voice, the voice he knew had been there all the time. "He asked, so now is the time. Explain it to him."

With an inner surge of strength, Andy began in a simple way to explain why it is so necessary to stay away from anything that might lead into sin. "The world has set up many things to draw people's thoughts away from God. What the people of this world want to do is to get all the pleasure they can out of this life and have a good time but that is not what the Bible teaches us. If we do not serve God here on this earth, then we cannot be with him in Heaven after this life. God is good and He cannot stand the evil. Owning a car makes the temptations so much greater to live in a wrong way."

Andy explained so vividly what the Bible says about the fire which will never go out that Allen in his young mind decided that he would never, never want a car. Occasionally Anna joined in the conversation and by the time the meal was finished, it was bedtime.

The next day was Thursday, the day the feed truck from the local elevator came to do the grinding. Andy and Allen had just finished sacking the last of the grain when the truck backed up to the barn. The driver jumped down and slammed the door. From the opposite side, an older man stepped out and walked to the barn. Jacob Weaver had retired from farming and now was going with the feedmobile for a pastime as well as an income. His hat was folded up at the sides and he was chewing a toothpick as usual.

Andy studied the young driver for a minute as he bent to lift one of the heavy sacks. "Ah, yes," he thought as he took another look at the clean-cut features and the manly built of the boy, "now I know where I saw him before but I didn't think he would turn out like this."

The roar of the grinder motor did not permit much conversation so Andy was left alone with his thoughts. "I wonder if Allen recognizes that boy?" he thought almost hopelessly. In his heart, he was glad for the conversation which had taken place at the supper table the evening before.

When the grinding was finished and they were cleaning up the feed, Andy turned to the young driver. "You're one of Lester Hochstetler's boys aren't you, the one I talked to the day I stopped in to get the pattern?"

"Yes, that's right," he answered.

"How long have you been working for the Glendale Elevator?"

"Oh, it's about three weeks now I guess. I'm rather green at driving this thing yet," he said with a motion toward the truck, "but Jake here helps me out when we get in a tight spot."

"How does your Dad make it since you boys are all working away," Andy asked. "He's not so young anymore and it must be a bit hard on him to keep the farm going alone."

The young boy shrugged his shoulders, "Oh, we help out some in the evenings, and the girls help out, too. He doesn't like the idea of selling the farm but he's dumb not to. He'll have to anyway sooner or later and he might just as well do it now."

After the feedmobile had left, Andy was alone with his thoughts. "Why can't something be done about a situation like this? Trouble is it's been this way too long already and people look on it as the accepted thing. And that's just what it is, it's become the accepted thing."

A few weeks later Andys were invited to Anna's cousin Bens for dinner. Several other families were there, too, and the children were busy playing with the toys. One of them found a toy car, and guided it over the floor recklessly. Soon the other children joined in and the noise became almost unbearable.

"Hey you," Ben said sternly as he turned around in his chair, "what's going on here? You fellows are too young to drive cars. You better not let your dads see you doing this or they'll get into your wool."

So saying he turned around and winked toward the men seated in the living room. "I don't like to see these boys tearing around with their cars," Ben said. "Of course the boys are not all bad who have cars. We have a lot of decent ones with cars. It's the ones that do the tearing around that I'm talking about. Even if a boy has a car doesn't say he won't turn out all right later. Why, I know a boy who was twenty-five before he even joined church and today he's a minister and a real strict one at that. I say there's no harm in letting the young folks enjoy themselves when they're young."

Andy was not a man to stir up an argument but he felt he ought to say something. "Yes, but what about those who get killed in car accidents?" he asked. "Those who live in pleasure don't like to think about death and then it comes so suddenly. We've had quite a few such deaths in this community the last few years but it seems it doesn't have much effect."

"But that's not fair to look at it that way," put in one of the men. "Those who get killed make a much smaller percentage than those who put away their cars and settle down. Two of the boys who are joining church in our district right now used to have cars."

"And Elmer Yoder over there where you used to live had a car, too, when he was young, didn't he?" asked another one of the visitors. "He was in his twenties before he joined church and just look at him now. He's making a lot of money, that fellow is. You see that's the way it goes, they settle down later and make out all right."

The conversation turned to other things but Andy's mind did not. "Yes," he thought to himself, "but you don't know Elmer Yoder."

It gave him a sinking feeling to think that these married men, members in good standing in the church could see nothing wrong with a young boy having a car and doing as he pleased as long as there was still hope that sometime he would settle down. Couldn't they see that living this way according to the flesh was wiping out the teachings which they had received in their younger years, was making church attendance unattractive and causing them to lose what desires they once had to do what was right? Couldn't they see where it was leading to? Even more alarming, where it had already led to?

The years passed by and Andy and Anna's concern grew for their children. Allen was out of school now and mother frequently had to lengthen his trousers. Miriam was in the seventh grade and very much a young lady. The parents spent a lot of time disciplining and admonishing the children.

Then came the day when Allen turned sixteen. The parents had looked with a certain amount of dread to this day and now they could only pray for and admonish their young son to try to shield him from the wiles of the devil.

One Sunday morning several weeks later Allen announced, "I'm going to the singing tonight at Alva Troyers. David Yoder will pick me up at 6:30. I can help chore if we start a little early."

So it was that Allen Coblentz attended his first singing. When they arrived, they unhitched and went to the house. Allen followed close on David's heels as they made for the door that led upstairs. When the girls started to sing nobody made any mention of going down to help. The boys were laughing and talking. Allen got up and walked to the hall. He listened to the singing voices downstairs. He held back the curtain and looked outside. A full moon was rising, casting a lovely glow on the world below. There were about twenty buggies parked outside the barn, and—yes, about a dozen cars. He was interrupted from his thoughts when a few of the boys came out into the hall. "Hi, Al," one of them said, placing a hand on his shoulder, "want to go down and help sing?"

"Yes, let's go," Allen answered. The boys laughed at his eagerness as they started for the stairs. When they entered the living room, all eyes turned in their direction. Somebody announced a song number and the singing took on new volume as the boys joined in.

Andy and Anna were pleased that Allen took an interest in the singings and were glad to see that he kept himself up with the group which tried to do what was right. They could only hope and pray and keep on working. This was no time to become slack.

The summer Allen turned nineteen he was baptized along with a group of five others, three boys and two girls. The parents rejoiced and Anna wept tears of joy as she saw the water trickle down over the head of her first born. Gratefully she bowed her head in thanksgiving.

Monday was the day of the weekly livestock auction at Glendale. Allen was sent to call for a truck to pick up a calf. "We'll send someone out," the voice at the other end of the line promised.

He was barely at home until the truck pulled into the lane. He motioned for the driver to back to the side of the barn. The young driver backed the truck to the barn and was soon chasing the calf out of the stall. The calf was stubborn and refused to go. It was easy to see that the driver was irritated. Cursing the calf he pushed it out of the stall and with a string of profanity followed it up the ramp.

As he was putting up the loading chute, Allen ventured, "You're Lester Yoder, aren't you?"

The boy nodded his head.

"What's your uncle Sonny doing now?" Allen asked as he remembered the boy that used to drive so fast past their place when they lived beside Elmer Yoders. "You favor him so much that you made me think of him."

"Oh, he's married now and living at Clinton. Works in the steel mills. They come to see us every once in awhile. They dropped in Sunday evening for supper. We go up sometimes, too. The last time we went, Mom and Dad and the whole family piled into my little bug. We were almost a load." He laughed as he jumped into the truck and slammed the door.

A few years later Miriam followed Allen's footsteps and joined church. Soon afterwards she started going with Adam Miller. Adam was one of the boys that had joined church the same summer as Allen. He had owned a car but put it away two weeks before baptism. The bishop didn't know about it so he didn't bother to put it away until then.

Adam and Miriam were married and put up a basement home close to Andys. Adam worked in the trailer factory and was gone nearly every day. Miriam was at home helping her mother almost more than she was at her own home.

One evening Adam invited some of his fellow workers from the trailer factory for supper and also invited Andy and Anna. They were the last ones to arrive and felt a bit ill at ease as they entered the living room. A lively conversation was going and the room was filled with loud talk and shouts of laughter. Anna glanced about the room and saw that they were the only grandpas there. All the others were either newlyweds or single.

A large sandy-haired fellow in the center of the room apparently a worker at the trailer factory, seemed to be drawing the attention. "Yep, she's a beaut," he was saying, "paid $3000 for her but she's worth every cent of it. Sold my old one for a thousand, so the deal wasn't so bad. Les Hershberger had it for only a half year and took good care of it. Of course he had it standing out in the weather much of the time but I'm not going to do that. Dad is going to move some of the tools out of the shed so I can keep it inside. Lester's old man talked him into joining church so he had to sell the thing."

Miriam appeared at the door and announced that supper was ready. When supper was over the women did the dishes while the men returned to the living room and resumed their conversation. Anna glanced into the living room, surprised. She might have known there would be smokers in the group. A blue cloud hung in the air. Andy had his head buried in the Budget. Nobody else seemed to mind the atmosphere and went right on laughing and talking.

Later in the evening the oil truck wanted to drive in but couldn't because a car was blocking the driveway. The last arrival had parked in the lane.

"I'll get her," shouted Adam. Before anybody could say a word, he was out the door like a flash. With perfect ease, he swung the car around till it was well out of the way. Everybody crowded to the windows to watch.

He came back in out of breath. He leaned against the wall and enjoyed the attention he was getting. "Say, you did all right," came one voice. "I see you still know how to handle 'em," came another. On and on went the jesting. Once for a fleeting moment, when Adam met Andy's eyes the young man blushed quickly and turned his head. Andy looked the other way, too, but for quite a different reason. Several tears had hung trembling on his eyelashes and were now running down his cheeks.

Andy and Anna were the last ones to leave. Several times Andy was on the verge of saying something to Adam about his behavior. Sometime, but not tonight, he reasoned to himself. Sometime when he's in a more serious mood.

The moon was shining softly as they walked toward home. Entering the kitchen, they lit the light. Together they knelt to pray but neither one felt like going to bed. Both of them had put in a hard day and needed a good night's rest but they sensed that tonight sleep would not come easily.

Twenty years later Andy Coblentz paused at the top of the hill and gazed into the valley below him. His snow-white beard waved in the wind and his eyes had a faraway look as he took in the view before him.

The whole valley was spread in an array of autumn beauty but he did not seem to be thinking of this. His thoughts had taken him into the past and one by one, he was reliving the scenes of bygone years.

Many changes had taken place in the neighborhood, and what especially concerned him—in the family. Allen was now a middle aged man and the family he brought with him to church on Sunday was a great joy for the aged grandfather to see.

Sadly his thoughts went to the rest of the family. Not all of the children had followed Allen's example. Where had he failed them?

And Miriam, the oldest daughter—she had always wanted to do what was right, but why had their family turned out the way they had? At the bottom of the hill Andy saw the home of his son-in-law, Adam Miller. What he saw there made his head bow in sorrow. Parked under the shade trees between the house and barn was a green convertible. The rays from the afternoon sun made it glitter and sparkle. Behind the fence in the meadow was an expensive looking motor boat.

For two years the car and the boat had been there. No, they didn't belong to Adam, but to one of his boys. But there were rumors that the boy had gotten money somewhere to buy the car and the boat.

"Just give him time," Adam would say. "He'll settle down and put his car away. You can't blame him if he wants to have a little fun. It's been this way for a long time. When young folks reach a certain age, they want to sow a crop of wild oats."

Now these words came back to Andy as he gazed down from the top of the hill. Also the words which a brother in the church had spoken to him one time when Andy had bemoaned the way things were going. "I know what you mean," the man had said, "but it's been this way for a long time so it would be hopeless to try to do something about it now. But it could still be worse. Most of the young folks do settle down, marry and raise a family."

"Again and again the whole story is repeated," Andy thought to himself. "Every generation has many who leave, never to return again. It is like a sore which can never be healed."

Tired out from his walk to the top of the hill, Andy stretched himself on the couch and fell into a troubled sleep. He dreamed that he and Anna were in a field, shocking oats. Every so often they would come upon a sheaf made up entirely of wild oats. These they tossed into a shiny new pick-up truck which stood in the middle of the field. When the truck was loaded with wild oats a group of young folks climbed into the truck, shrugged their shoulders in a carefree way as they drove around the field crushing the shocks of good oats. Then they raced out onto the paved road and started down the highway at a high rate of speed.

But down the road a ways a bridge had washed out and Andy ran to try to warn them, but they just laughed and stepped on the gas. He felt so helpless to do anything about it. Among the group of young folks he had recognized one of their own children, the youngest. As the car sped toward the bridge Andy closed his eyes and prayed. What else could he do? Soon the air was rent with hysterical cries as the truck went over the embankment and landed on the rocks below.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Just a dream," he thought as he reached for his shoes. "I guess I'll go and help Mom in the garden. Maybe I can forget it then."

But forgetting was not so easy. Over and over he shook his head trying to clear his mind. He was just starting to tell Anna about his dream when there was a loud roar and a cloud of dust came toward them on the road. In a moment a green convertible went speeding past with only the dust and the echo to remind the countryside of what had gone through.

On the front seat, they had seen a man with a black hat. He was sitting beside the young driver as the car sped down the road.

"Oh, Adam," Anna mumbled and did not say anything more, as she resumed her hoeing.

But Andy's mind went back—back over the years to the day he was shocking wheat on a hot summer day and Elmer Yoder went speeding by in a car. Now several generations had come and gone. Elmer Yoder's children were in the world, and his own, Andy Coblentz's son or son-in-law was sitting beside the driver in Elmer's place.

His thoughts went again to that Sunday afternoon when Uncle Johns visited at their place and the words he said, "If the younger calves see the older ones going through the break in the fence, very likely, they too will take advantage of their freedom. Some of them might get hurt and even killed."

Now the words took on a new meaning—killed, that would be death, eternal death.

With labored movements the aged figure bent down beside the row of red beets. Carefully his wrinkled hands removed the unwanted weeds as his tears mingled with the soil. △

AMISH AND HUTTERITE RELATIONS

by David Luthy

Part One: A Similar History

Many Amish homes contain a copy of Der Neue Amerikanische Calender, or more commonly called "Der Calender." It has been published by Raber's Bookstore of Baltic, Ohio since 1930. It contains an almanac, titles of books for sale, and quite a few pages listing the Amish church districts in America and the ministers for each. The "Ministers' List" makes up the last 15 pages of the Calender. At the front is another list of ministers' names which takes up only two pages. Likely many Amish people have noticed this list but not paid much attention to it. It is the listing of ministers of the Hutterian Brethren, or Hutterites, in the United States and Canada. The listing first appeared in the Calender in 1951 and has been included in each following issue.

Amish and Hutterites have a similar history. Both directly descend from the Anabaptists of the Reformation period. During the first half of the 1500's three major groups of Anabaptists arose in Europe. In Holland the Anabaptists had Menno Simons as their leader and were called Mennists and later Mennonites. In Switzerland, Conrad Grebel and Filix Manz were the founders of the Anabaptist movement. Their followers became known as Swiss Brethern, and it was from this group that the Amish separated in the late 1600's. The third major group of Anabaptists was found in Austria and Moravia (today part of Czechslovakia). Their leader was Jacob Hutter, and they became known as Hutterian Brethren, or Hutterites.

The three groups of Anabaptists were similar in that they believed in adult baptism, in not swearing oaths, in non-resistance, and in living a simple Bible-centered life. There was, however, one major difference between the Hutterites and the other Anabaptists— the Hutterites did not believe a Christian should own private property. They believed a person should surrender his self-will to the entire group. So it became a unique feature of the Hutterite Anabaptists that they lived in colonies where all goods were owned by the group. This practice of joint-ownership was known as "community of goods."

The Hutterites, as was true with all Anabaptists, suffered much persecution at the hands of State officials and also of State churches. Because of this they migrated throughout various areas of Europe seeking religious freedom. At one point persecution reduced their 15,000 membership to 19 members, and it looked as if the Hutterites would soon be wiped out entirely. But such was not the case. Slowly their group grew again. In 1770 they immigrated to Russia where, for a century, they were granted religious freedom. During that time they prospered and some members grew dissatisfied with living in colonies where they owned all things in common. So for forty years the principle of community of goods was lost. Then two ministers reestablished colonies. But not all Hutterites returned to living under community ownership.

When Russia withdrew religious freedom, the Hutterites immigrated to America, settling in 1874 in South Dakota. There were 800 Hutterites who immigrated and of those only half chose to live in colonies. The other half purchased private farms beside the colonies and later united with a neighboring Mennonite church which was also made up of emigrants from Russia. The Hutterites who remained in colonies retained their individual identity and now have about 200 colonies in the United States and Canada.

Part Two: The "Bruderhof"

The colony where Hutterites live is called a "Bruderhof." It consists of many buildings. If a person were to view it from an airplane, it would appear to be a village, for the buildings are numerous and clustered together. The dining hall is the central building. Here the adults eat their meals, the men sitting at one long table and the women at another. The children are fed in another room. The Hutterites do not eat together as family units.

Near the dining hall are long buildings which generally contain four family dwellings or apartments. Each contains a living room which at night also serves as a bedroom. As a family grows it obtains a larger apartment with more bedrooms.

The Bruderhof contains many other buildings: shops where shoes and furniture are made, livestock and dairy barns, implement sheds, poultry sheds, and granaries. Also, there is a schoolhouse. The Hutterites, same as the Amish, believe an eighth-grade education is all that is needed for their way of life. They also do not feel it would be a good influence for their children to attend schools in town. Thus many years ago they worked out an agreement with various states that they would provide the schoolhouse if the county would furnish the teacher. Before school begins each day, the children go to the schoolhouse for German study and a prayer conducted by a male member of the colony. The schoolhouse is also used for the daily church services before the evening meal and for two services on Sunday. Hutterites, like Amish, cannot see any point in having a special building for church services. Some colonies have their services in the dining hall or other large room, but most use the schoolhouse.

Just as an Amish church district grows and divides into two districts, the Hutterites "branch off" into two colonies when the population passes 130. They feel a colony can have problems by being too small and also by being too large. The average population at their many colonies is 90. When a colony "branches off," quite a distance often separates the "mother" colony from the "daughter" colony. This is because it is hard to purchase a solid block of land containing several thousand acres for a new colony.

Each Bruderhof has leaders. A minister and an assistant minister are the spiritual leaders and are chosen by lot. A financial manager, or "householder," is elected to look after the colony's funds and is responsible for the sale or purchase of all goods. A council of five or six men is elected to help in making important colony decisions. Another important official of the Bruderhof is the "field boss" who directs all the men's work. Since self-will is ruled out, no Hutterite may choose his own job. Usually, though, a person's skills are recognized and he is given a job for which he is suited. The "head cook" is in charge of assigning the women's work. Her position is permanent, otherwise all the women change jobs weekly so that each will get a turn at cooking, baking, and cleaning.

Part Three: Different Yet Similar

In many ways Hutterites differ from Amish, yet in many ways they are similar. Both speak a dialect of German in everyday conversation and use High German in their religious activities: singing, preaching, and Bible reading. In fact when the Amish at Bowling Green, Missouri published a reprint of the unrevised Martin Luther German Bible in 1970, the Hutterites purchased hundreds of copies. They also regularly purchase copies of the German songbook, Der Ausbund (der dicke Liederbuch) from the Amish in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. This is not their main songbook, but they do use it quite a bit in church services and in family singings.

Just as an Amishman would find it very difficult to write a letter in his Pennsylvania-Dutch dialect, so too would a Hutterite have a hard time writing in the dialect he speaks which comes from the Tyrol region of Austria. Both are German dialects which lack any definite grammer or standardized spelling. They are spoken languages rather than written. A Hutterite, though, would have an easier time writing in High German than would the Amishman whose English writing comes much easier than German.

Other similarities between Hutterites and Amish are that both groups require men to wear beards. The Hutterites do not shave at all but trim the mustache quite close and even trim the beard fairly short. Among Hutterites, both men and women wear hooks and eyes on some pieces of clothing, whereas among the Amish only men do. Both Amish and Hutterite women wear a white "prayer cap", but Hutterite women cover theirs with a polka dot scarf rather than a plain bonnet. In fact, Hutterite women quite commonly wear print dresses, but with old-fashioned patterns.

Both Amish and Hutterites ordain their ministers by lot and for lifetime. Also both groups are primarily farmers. The Amish, though, have retained horse farming whereas the Hutterites have up-to-date machinery. Both groups are opposed to allowing ownership of cars, but the Hutterites have trucks and closed vans for community business. Both Amish and Hutterites are opposed to hanging pictures on walls and to posing for photographs. And of couse, the greatest bond of similarity are their historic teachings of non-resistance, adult baptism, non-divorce, separation from the world, and other Biblical doctrines.

Part Four: Few Contacts With Each Other

The Amish have been called by sociologists "one of the fastest growing religions in America." Because they have large families and retain many of their children in the faith, the Amish are steadily growing. But the Hutterites are growing at an even faster rate. They, too, have large families, and it is claimed that they lose only about one per cent of their children to the world around them. When the Hutterites settled in America in 1874, about 400 lived in colonies. Exactly 100 years later in 1974 they numbered over 20,000.

The total Amish population in 1974 has been estimated at 60,000, representing 129 different family names. The 21,340 Hutterites, on the other hand, have but 19 family names.* The greater part of the Hutterites are found in three provinces of Canada: Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. In the United States they are found in five different states: North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, and Minnesota. Of the 50 states, Minnesota is the only state which contains both Hutterites and Amish and actually very few of either. Both groups have only recently begun settling in the state— the Hutterites in Big Stone County and the Amish in Wadena, Todd, and Fillmore counties. Otherwise the Hutterites live in one region of the US and Canada and the Amish in another. Therefore contacts with one another have not been frequent. Some Amish touring the West have visited Hutterite colonies; but since Hutterites don't go "touring," very few have ever visited Amish settlements. The ones that have were book dealers, school leaders, and ministers concerned about the draft situation.

There was, however, one instance of close Amish and Hutterite dealings. It happened in 1938 involving the Hutterite colony near Lewistown, Montana and the Amish throughout America. The story begins back in 1911 when a group of Hutterites under the leadership of Preacher Joseph Stahl purchased a ranch of 10,000 acres near Lewistown, Montana. The following year thirteen families moved from South Dakota to the new Bruderhof in Montana. That year they reaped a nice harvest of 18,000 bushels of wheat from 500 acres. In 1915 they had such an excellent growing season that they loaded 35 railroad freight cars with wheat right from the threshing machine. Other good seasons followed and the group prospered.

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* The nineteen Hutterite family names are Decker, Baer, Dorn, Sis, Randell, Wollman, Wipf, Wurz, Walter, Waldner, Hofer, Tschetter, Mendel, Kleinsasser, Entz, Glanzer, Teichroeb, Gross, and Stahl. Of these names, "Stahl" is the only one which resembles an Amish family name—"Stoll." Both have the same pronunciation in German but are spelled differently.

Then came World War One with its wave of anti-German feelings. War tempers ran high and anyone who spoke German was considered a traitor to America. The Hutterites were looked down upon and persecuted by their neighbors. They decided to sell their Montana ranch and move to Canada where they felt persecution would be less. Having sold their ranch, the group headed for Canada only to find that the border was now closed to non-resistant people. They had no choice but to remain in the United States. They went to South Dakota and purchased three sections of land near Huron.

Dry years followed with one crop failure after another. The war being past, the anti-German feeling was no longer present. The Hutterites longed for their ranch in Montana where they had raised such good crops. In 1935 they sold two sections of land at Huron and thirteen families returned to Montana. They were not able to buy back their former ranch but bought 3,120 acres six miles south of it. The price they agreed to pay was $80,000. They made a cash down payment of $4,000. They borrowed $7,000 from one source and $15,000 from the Federal Land Bank in Spokane, Washington. This left a $54,000 mortgage on the ranch held by the original owners. An annual interest of 5 per cent was due on it and the Federal Land Bank loan.

The Hutterites constructed 26 buildings, large and small, on their new property. The main residence was 50 x 50 feet. The main barn was 82 x 100 feet. There was also a stable large enough to house 3 or 4 thousand sheep. Many of the buildings were constructed from lumber which the Hutterites salvaged from a hotel in town. The hotel was said to have cost $40,000 to construct, and the Hutterites were able to buy it for $500. They tore it down and transported the lumber to their Bruderhof.

Part Five: Faced With Foreclosure

The 1930's were lean years for all Americans, as those were the years of the Great Depression. It was especially hard on the Hutterites, for not only was the grain price quite low in the West, the yields were low as well. Their region of the country suffered from hoards of grasshoppers and drought which ruined crop after crop. The Hutterites at Lewistown, Montana had no income. And to make matters worse, the party who had purchased their South Dakota property could no longer make any payments. The property fell back to the Hutterites. Six families were sent to South Dakota to look after the property there while seven remained at the Bruderhof at Lewistown, Montana.

The Bruderhof at Lewistown was threatened with more than drought. The Hutterites were unable to pay the interest on their mortgage and also on the loan from the Federal Land Bank. Nor could they pay their land tax. In a short time their delinquent taxes and unpaid interest on their mortgage and also on the loan from the Federal Land Bank amounted to $5,000. A clause in the agreement with the Federal Land Bank stated that if they could not pay their taxes or interest, or both, the entire sum of the loan was to come due immediately. The local banker was sympathetic to the Hutterites but saw no way around proceeding with the foreclosure which he was legally obligated to do. The time of the foreclosure was set for February 19, 1938. The Hutterites had only a few months in which to secure the necessary funds to retain their Bruderhof.

Quite naturally, the colony's leader, Joseph Stahl, appealed to other Hutterite colonies. He even spent two weeks in Canada trying to obtain funds. But since all the West had experienced crop failures, the Hutterite colonies could give very little money to the Lewistown group.

For further reading about the Hutterites, we recommend the 75¢ booklet Hutterite Life or the $5.00 book, All Things Common. Both are available from Pathway Bookstore, Route 4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761.
Indiana residents pay 4% sales tax.

How it came about that the Hutterites turned to the Amish for help is not exactly known. Joseph Stahl wrote several letters to Jonathan B. Fisher of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Fisher was a widely-known Amishman having spent much time traveling. He had even spent a year traveling around the world by ship in 1934. How Joseph Stahl got in contact with Fisher is not known. It is very doubtful that Fisher had ever visited the Lewistown colony, for later when an Amish bishop visited there he wrote that the colony had never had an Amish visitor before. Quite likely Joseph Stahl became acquainted with the Sugarcreek Budget and saw Jonathan Fisher's name there, for he frequently wrote a column on the front page called "Lancaster Co. Briefs."

At any rate Preacher Joseph Stahl wrote Fisher on January 27, 1938 and told him of the colony's troubles. Fisher wrote back that he was sure that the Amish would come to the Hutterites' aid. With this hope in mind, the banker extended the date of the foreclosure, giving the Amish time to collect the money. The Hutterites were requesting $5,000 for payment of back interest and taxes and $600 so that they could buy seed to use in sowing their spring crops.

Jonathan B. Fisher notified the editors of the Herold der Wahrheit recommending that an appeal be made in that magazine. Since no one reallly knew Joseph Stahl nor the Hutterites, it was decided that someone should visit the colony to make sure everything was true. Bishop Eli J. Bontreger of Shipshewana, Indiana was asked to make the trip. Since he traveled quite a bit and was known to have a free pass on trains west of Chicago, he was the most likely man to go.

Part Six: A Helping Hand

On March 26th Eli J. Bontreger arrived at Lewistown, Montana and called on the president of the National Bank. He was given the desired information and found that it matched what Joseph Stahl had written. The banker told Bishop Bontreger that "the Hutterites are a very frugal, hard working, honest and God-fearing people." He also recommended Joseph Stahl as "an honest business man and good manager." With these encouraging words Bontreger went to the Bruderhof where he was warmly received and spent the weekend.

Upon his return to Indiana, Bishop Bontreger wrote an appeal in German for the April 17th issue of the Herold der Wahrheit and one in English for the April 7th issue of the Sugarcreek Budget. He described Hutterite practices and told how the people had gotten into the financial pinch they were in. He ended his piece in the Budget saying, "I have tried to give the facts just as I found them and let others decide as they see fit. If, however, anyone would like to have my personal opinion about the matter, I can say that it seems the Amish Mennonites, both Old Order and Conservatives, as well as other

Mennonites who know these facts would neglect a duty towards fellow Christians if they pass this matter up without giving it due consideration. Donations, of course, would be most appreciated, but loans will be acceptable, too. Bro. Stahl suggested 3%, but to those who demand it, they will pay 5%. Joseph Stahl will sign the notes in the name of the entrie Colony."

Help was forthcoming from Amish and Mennonites, and the foreclosure was not made. Enough money was received to also buy seed for the spring crops. In May Bishop Bontrager visited the colony a second time. He was on his way to McMinnville, Oregon where he had bishop oversight of an Amish congregation. He stopped at Lewistown, Montana for a day to see how things were going. He reported in the Herold der Wahrheit that the area had received some much needed rainfall and that another Bruderhof had sent the colony $1,000. He ended saying: "The colony's present needs are supplied and there is no pressing need now before Nov. 1, 1938. If the crops come on as the prospects are now, and the prices will be remunerative, next fall, they will be able to take care of their back taxes and interest, as well as their other obligations by that time. By Sept. 1 it will be known what the crop will do for them, and before that time at least, there will be no need for further contributions."

Fall came and there was a good harvest. The Hutterites at Lewistown were on their own feet again. Gradually they paid off their debts and were able in future years to purchase other land when their colony became too large. Today there are five Hutterite colonies circling Lewistown, Montana.

(The author is indebted to the following three books for information about the Hutterites: Hutterite Life by John A. Hostetler, The Hutterite Way by Paul Gross, and The Hutterites in North America by John A. Hostetler and Gertrude Huntington.)

Dear Ministers

This is the time of year when throughout our churches many young people are coming to you for instructions in preparation for baptism. We parents know some of the weaknesses and traits of our offsprings and have fond hopes that as they are instructed by you and further pointed to Jesus, that they will be more fully able to grasp the meaning of it all. We are hoping that they will become aware as never before that they must leave the old nature behind, put on the new, and be willing to go the WHOLE way.

We trust that you will teach them faithfully in all the Bible principles so they can realize what the new life means. We hope you can show them that each one must make this decision for himself and that no one else can do this for him. If only you can show them that any other way but the way of the Cross, does not lead to Heaven. They should know that the way is narrow and has no room for carnal lusts of the flesh and that only those who have a renewed mind in Jesus Christ can walk it.

But over and above all else, now that you have shown them now narrow the way is, don't forget to point them to "The Way." Jesus said, "I am the way... No man cometh to the Father but by Me."

Oh, brethren, teach JESUS, preach JESUS, make them see HIM as HE is our Mediator, our Comforter, the altogether lovely One, the ONLY ONE.

Have you never noticed that in the communion services, how the story of the suffering and crucifixion of Jesus takes the young people's attention?

Yes, instruct them fully, tell them what they must lay aside to find the narrow way, but don't leave them comfortless. Don't make them afraid of the Cross, but point them to the LOVING ONE who is earnestly yearning for their young hearts, the one who said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

We are depending on you, and praying for you.

-A Mother Of One Of These Young Ones

Editorielles —

Sieh, wie lieblich und wie fein
Iſt's wenn Brüder friedlich ſein,
Wenn ihr tun einträchtig iſt,
Ohne Falſchheit, Trug und Liſt.

Wie der edle Balſam fließt,
Und ſich von dem Haupt ergießt,
Weil er von ſehr guter Art,
In des Aarons ganzen Bart.

Der herab fließt in ſein Kleid,
Und erreget Luſt und Freud;
Wie befällt der Thau Hermon
Auch die Berge zu Zion.

Denn daſelbſt verheißt der Herr
Reichen Segen nach Begehr,
Und das Leben in der Zeit,
Und auch dort in Ewigkeit.

Aber ach! wie iſt die Lieb
So verloſchen, daß kein Trieb
Mehr auf Erden wird geſpürt,
Der des Andern Herze rührt!

Jedermann lebt für ſich hin
In der Welt nach ſeinem Sinn,
Denkt an keinem andern nicht,
Wo bleibt da die Liebespflicht?

O Herr Jeſu, Gottes Sohn!
Schaue doch von deinem Thron,
Schaue die Zerſtreuung an,
Die kein Menſche beſſern kann.

Sammle, großer Menſchenhirt,
Alles was ſich hat verirrt;
Laß in deinem Gnadenſchein
Alles ganz vereinigt ſein.

Gieß den Balſam Deiner Kraft,
Der dem Herzen Leben ſchafft,
Tief in unſer Herz hinein,
Strahl in uns den Freudenſchein.

Bind zuſammen Herz und Herz,
Laß uns trennen keinen Schmerz;
Knüpfe ſelbſt durch deine Hand
Das geheil'gte Brüderband.

So, wie Vater, Sohn und Geiſt,
Drei und doch nur eines heißt,
Wird vereinigt ganz und gar
Deine ganze Liebesſchaar.

Liebe, friede und Einigkeit

Wir leſen wohl zu der Apoſtel Zeit daß ſie Zwiſchtigkeiten hatten; aber ich bilde mir ein es war nichts wie wir oftmals haben in unſere Zeit. Am wenigſten wir wollen uns keine Freiheit nehmen im geringſten durch des was ſie hatten. Unfreundlich und unlieblich uns verantworten gegen einander, wenn wir nicht gerade gleich meinen in einige Sachen, das iſt nicht vom guten Geiſt. Ein jeglicher probieren ſeine Meinung durch ſchlagen, behaupten er hat es recht, und ſo disputieren und ſtreiten miteinander iſt Gott nicht gefällig. Zu Zeiten werden wir ein wenig hitzig, ein wenig aufgeregt, dann lauten die Worte nicht mehr lieblich, und der Geiſt Gottes wird betrübt.

„Und betrübet nicht den heiligen Geiſt Gottes, damit ihr verſiegelt ſeid auf den Tag der Erlöſung. Alle Bitterkeit und Grimm und Zorn und Geſchrei und Läſterung ſei ferne von euch ſammt aller Bosheit.“ Dann im letzten Vers von dieſem Kapitel gibt er das gegenteil, wie wir ſein ſollen. „Seid aber unter einander freundlich, herzlich, und vergebet einer dem andern, gleichwie Gott euch vergeben hat in Chriſto. Eph. 4, 30—32.

Ja, wie oft hab ich ſchon der Geiſt Gottes betrübt in meiner Zeit, welches mir ſehr leid tut. Wenn es ſolche Sachen gibt unter uns, hab ich ſchon oft gedenkt: O wie ſehne ich doch der Geiſt Gottes der Kopf hängen und ſo betrübt davon gehen. Der gute Geiſt und der böſe Geiſt können nicht bei einander wohnen. Wenn der gute Geiſt herein kommt ſo muß der böſe Geiſt weichen, und wenn der böſe herein kommt ſo tut der gute Geiſt weichen.

Wenn wir ſolche Sachen haben unter einander, und wir ſehen wo wir es verfehlt haben, können wir nur die Tür wieder auftun und der gute Geiſt iſt immer wieder froh einzukehren.

In die Schrift wo wir oben davon gemeldet haben, wenn wir weiter vorne anfangen, vielleicht am 22 Vers können wir doch ſo viel leſen von die Beſchaffenheit der Kinder Gottes, die Neu und wiedergeborene Menſchen. Wie wir der alte Menſch ausziehen ſollen und der neue anziehen. In Vers 29 heißt es:: „Laſſet kein faul Geſchwätz aus eurem Munde gehen, ſondern was nützlich zur Beſſerung iſt, da es not tut, daß es holdſelig ſei zu hören.“ Für das Wort „faul“ iſt im engliſchen „corrupt“ gebraucht. Ich ging zum Wörterbuch und forſchte was für andere Worte gegeben ſind um corrupt auszudeuten. So finde ich es heißt auch von „rotten“ und „ſpoiled“. Das will uns ja weiſen von etwas wo nichts wert iſt. Etwas faules tut oftmals ſtinken, wir machen ein ſauer Geſicht dagegen, und wollen weg davon. Warum nicht ſo mit dem faul Geſchwätz? Wir wollen weg davon, es iſt ſtinkend in die Augen Gottes, darum wollen wir weg davon.

In obigen Vers heißt es von ein Geſpräch wo nützlich zur Beſſerung iſt. O, wie ſollten wir doch unſere Worte wiegen, ob ſie aufbauen, ob ſie jemand zum Glauben helfen? Oder ob ſie zu dem nutzlos faul Geſchwätz könnten gezählt werden.

Wir wollen uns ein wenig erinnern an wie es einſt zugangen iſt in die Gemeinde zu Epheſus. Sie hatten eine Abgöttin genannt Diana. Wie ich verſtehe, ein Abgott im weiblichen Geſtalt. Wo Paulus hier gepredigt hatte von Chriſtus dann waren es viele die bang hatten ihr großen Abgott wird zunichte gemacht und nicht mehr geachtet, wo doch in ganz Aſien und der Weltkreis Gottesdienſt erzeigen ſollte. Das iſt ihnen doch hart vorkommen, wo ſie ſahen daß Paulus von einem andern Gott redet dem ſie dienen ſollten, wo nicht mit Händen gemacht iſt.

Es ward ein großer Aufruhr in die Stadt. Das Volk fing an zu ſchreien: „Groß iſt die Diana der Epheſer!“ Etliche ſchrieen ſo, etliche ein anders, die Gemeine ward irre, und das mehrere Teil wußten nicht, warum ſie zuſammenkommen waren.

Wie lautet dies ſo ähnlich wie es vielleicht ſchon zu Zeiten gangen iſt in unſere Gemeinen. Wir haben wohl ſchon Verſammlungen beſtellt um etwas Sachen zu ſchlichten, aber nichts ausgerichtet, ſind uneinig auseinander. Vielleicht viele unliebliche und unfreundliche Worten ausgeſtoßen wo nicht nützlich zur Beſſerung waren, und nicht holdſelig waren zu hören.

So in der Mitte von dieſem Aufruhr zu Epheſes waren etliche vom Volk welche Alexander hervor zogen, wollten ihn vorſtellen um etwas zu ſagen zum Volk. Da ſie aber merkten daß er ein Jude war fing das Volk wieder an zu ſchreien: „Groß iſt die Diana der Epheſer.“ Dies dauerte für zwei Stunden lang. Sie wollten ſchreien laut genug daß niemand hören kann was Alexander ſagt.

Sie hatten einer geſtellt als ein Kanzler. Nach meinem Dünken, ſollte dieſer ſuchen ein wenig Ordnung zu halten. Er ſuchte das Volk zu ſtillen. Und ſagte, es iſt wohl unwiderſprechlich daß die Stadt Epheſus die Göttin Diana pflegen tut, aber ihr ſollt ſtille ſein und nichts unbedächtiges handeln. Er ſagte:: „Ihr habt dieſe Menſchen hergeführet, die weder Tempelräuber noch Läſterer eurer Göttin ſind. Hat aber Demetrius oder die mit ihm ſind ein Anſpruch, ſo mag man Gericht darüber halten, vor die Landvögte oder ſo weiter einander verklagen. Wenn aber etwas weiters geht, ſo ſoll es in einer Geſetzmäßigen Verſammlung verhandelt werden. Luther ſagt, in einer ordentlichen Gemeine. Ich verſtehe dies ſollte vor die Obrigkeit ſein. Es waren nicht Verſammlungen wo die Apoſteln beſtellt hatten.

Darum können wir gar kein Recht nehmen um zu ſtreiten mit einander mit dem Vorwurf: Sie hatten auch ſolche Sachen zu der Apoſtel Zeiten. Nach meinem Dünken waren die ungläubigen Juden meiſtenteils die Urſach von dieſem Streit. Gerade wie viel Teil daß die Apoſtel und Jünger nahmen daran, oder gerade wie ſie ſich verantworteten, iſt uns weiters nichts geſchrieben. Wir glauben ſie haben wohl ſie gewarnt von die Abgötter dienen, aber da ſie nichts ausrichten konnten dieweil die Stadt ſo abgöttiſch war, zog Paulus weiter nach Macedonien. Im nächſten Kapitel heißt es, da der Aufruhr oder die Empörung aufgehört hatte, rief Paulus die Jünger zu ſich und ſegnete ſie, dann zog er aus von dannen. Wir glauben er hatte den Staub abgeſchüttelt von ſeine Füße.

Wenn Gemeinen Sachen haben wo ſie nicht gut fertig werden können damit ſelber, ſo tun ſie oft Biſchöfen fordern von andere Gegenden ihnen zu helfen. Solches macht große Bangigkeit, aber Gott will mit uns ſein wenn wir uns aufgeben und ſuchen zu tun was wir können. Dies war von jeher für gut angeſehen, und wir heißen es noch recht. Wir können vernehmen in der heilige Schrift daß Männer gerufen waren herum zu gehen und andere helfen.

O! wenn wir nur mehr Liebe, Friede und Einigkeit haben könnten. Ich fürchte es mangelt bei viel unter uns. Wir haben viele Spaltungen unter unſere Gemeinden heutiges Tags. Wir müſſen uns in Acht nehmen, wir üben uns vielleicht in einige Punkten wo wir meinen wir hätten es gerne mehr nach unſerm dünken, dann aber leicht werden in andere Sachen, und die Gemeinden laſſen ſchlappen mehr und mehr nach dem Lauf der Welt.

Ich will dies Schreibes wieder zu ende bringen. Hier am ſitzen gehen meine Gedanken weit herum, die viele amiſche Gemeinden durch den Weltkreis. Der nämliche Gott ſchauet herunter über ſie alle, und weiß wie es beſtellt iſt. Ich armer berufener zum Predigamt, kann nicht durch all dieſe Gemeinen reiſen, aber durch ſchreiben kann ich wohl in meiner Schwachheit mein Beruf wahrnehmen und uns unter einander vermahnen. Obwohl ich nicht weiß wie viele es leſen. Das Deutſche wird nicht mehr geübt wie es ſein ſollte, dann ſagt ein mancher: „Ich kann es uſt net verſteh was ich leſe.“ Was iſt die Urſach? Nichts anders, als wie, die Uebung fehlt.

Wäre es doch nicht ſchön wenn die Eltern daheim im Hauſe alle könnten die Kinder die deutſche Sprache klar und deutlich lernen zu verſtehen.

No Disappointment in Heaven

1. There's no disappointment in heaven;
No weariness, sorrow, nor pain;
No hearts that are bleeding and broken,
No song with minor refrain.
The clouds of our earthly horizon
Will never appear in the sky;
For all will be sunshine and gladness,
With never a sob nor a sigh.

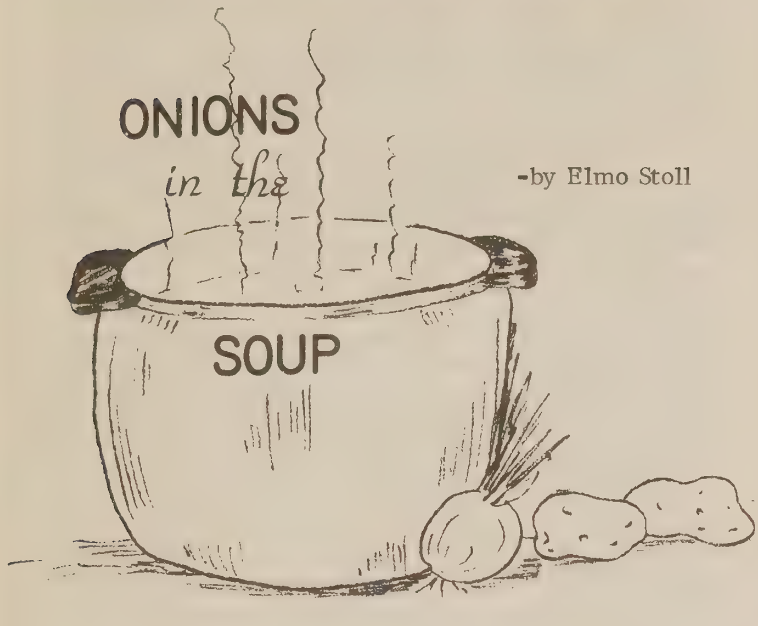
2. We'll never pay rent for our mansion,
The taxes will never come due;
Our garments will never grow threadbare
But always be fadeless and new.
We'll never be hungry nor thirsty,
Nor languish in poverty there
For all the rich bounties of heaven
His sanctified children will share.

3. There'll never be crepe on the door-knob,
No funeral train in the sky;
No graves on the hillsides of "glory,"
For there we shall never more die.
The old will be young there forever,
Transformed in a moment of time;
Immortal we'll stand in His likeness,
The stars and the sun to outshine.

4. I'm bound for that beautiful city,
My Lord has prepared for His own;
Where all the redeemed of all ages,
Sing "glory" around the white throne;
Sometimes I grow homesick for heaven
And the glories I there shall behold:
What a joy that will be when my Saviour I see,
In that beautiful city of gold.

Selected

CHILDREN'S SECTION



-by Elmo Stoll

LIKE A DARK, ANGRY CLOUD in a summer thunder storm, a wave of resentment rose up within 14-year-old Nancy Stoltzfus. It surged up inside her, putting a lump in her throat and a weight on her chest. She knew she should go, knew she should at least answer, but stubbornly she refused to move away from the sink, or to give any sign that she had heard. Her hands moved swiftly in the warm sudsy water as she scrubbed and scrubbed vigorously on a pie pan.

"Nan-n-n-cy. Nannnnn-nn-ncy. Do you hear me, Nan-n-cy?"

Nancy rattled the pie pan noisily. It wasn't that she didn't hear. Of course she heard. She had heard the first time Grandmother called. "I would have to be deaf not to hear," Nancy said to herself. "But doesn't she get the hint that I'm busy, and don't have time to run at every notion she takes that she wants a little something?"

For several minutes the voice was silent, and Nancy hurried with the dish washing. A twinge of guilt went through her. "I guess I really should have gone to see what Grandmother wants," Nancy admitted to herself. "But I get so tired of her constant calling and her endless errands for things that aren't a bit necessary. If she weren't so full of funny notions, it would be different and..."

"Nan-nnnn-nnnnnnnnncy."

It was Grandmother's rasping voice again. Not demanding, not impatient, but just the same it grated harshly on Nancy's nerves. She choked back her resentment, and half turning from the sink, she answered, "Yes, Grandmother."

"Could you bring me a rag? I spilled some tea on the floor here beside my bed. I'm sorry it happened, but I guess my cup was almost too full."

Nancy pressed her lips together. "I could have known she spilled something. She's always spilling things. I think it would be less fuss if we just fed her like we do little Esther, and be done with it."

Nancy took a rag and cleaned up the tea Grandmother had spilled on the floor. She tried to pretend she did it cheerfully, and to hide from Grandmother the grimness she felt inside. Grandmother apologized again for spilling it, and Nancy forced herself to say, "That's all right."

As Nancy hurried back to finish her dish washing, her thoughts went back to nearly a year before when Grandmother had first come to stay. Grandmother had no longer been well enough to live alone and care for herself, so she had come to live with the Stoltzfuses. "And to think that I was so eager to have her come that I could hardly wait," Nancy remembered. "My, I sure had a lot to learn. I didn't have any idea then how unhandy and contrary Grandmother could be."

But, of course, when Nancy thought back, she knew that Grandmother really hadn't been so much bother the first while, either. She had been able to be up and around more, and could pretty well look after her own needs. In fact, she even did the dishes a lot of the time, and that would give Nancy a holiday she enjoyed. But all that had changed. Grandmother never helped with the work anymore— all she did was make more work for Nancy and her mother.

"Nancy."

"You mean she's calling already again," Nancy fumed. "Surely she didn't spill some more tea."

"Nan-nnn-cy."

"Yes, Grandmother."

"You can come and get my teacup and platter now, as I'm finished. I'd like to lie down and nap a bit if I can before the school children come home. I'd be glad if you'd pull that blind a little lower, too, while you're here anyhow; the sun shines right on my face."

Without a word, Nancy stepped to the window and pulled the blind. Then she picked up the half empty teacup and the platter and hurried to the kitchen again.

"I hope Mom comes back before too late," Nancy thought to herself as she worked. Mom had gone to a quilting at a neighbors in the morning. Thinking about the quilting didn't make Nancy feel any better. In fact, it made her feel worse, for that was partly the cause of her resentment toward Grandmother today. If it hadn't been for Grandmother, Nancy could have gone along to the quilting. That sure would have been a lot more fun than being cooped up with Grandmother, and running errands for her.

Nancy finished washing the dishes, then quietly got the broom and swept the floor. She knew noise bothered Grandmother, so she tried to be as quiet as possible. Maybe Grandmother was already asleep. Nancy hoped she was, at least while she slept she wasn't calling to have some errand done for her.

"Nan-nnn-cy."

Nancy shook her head to herself and thought, "I should have known I wouldn't get off that easily. She probably wants that blind pulled up again, or else she feels a cold coming on, and needs another cup of pennyroyal tea brewed up. Then she'll spill some, and I'll have to clean it up. Or I won't have made the tea sweet enough, and she'll want some more sugar added. Or maybe she'll have decided she isn't sleepy after all, and she wants her writing tablet and a pencil to write a letter. Or she wants her knitting needles, and I'll have to fetch all that stuff, and then in fifteen minutes she'll be tired and want a nap after all. Then I'll have to put it all away, and pull the blind again, and by then the school children will be coming home and disturb her, and she'll give it up again, and I can undo everything once more!" Nancy smiled to herself at the way she had things figured out. In spite of her frustrations, her imaginations struck her as a bit funny.

"Nan-nnnnnnn-nnnnncy."

"Yes, Grandmother."

"Can you bring me the fly swatter? There's a big fly that just keeps buzzing around my head, and every time I'm almost asleep, he wakes me again. If I could get at him, I'd whack him myself."

"I'll get him," Nancy offered, in a slightly better humor since she had been able to chuckle at herself and her dark mood.

"Whack." She brought the swatter down with a quick movement, but the fly was quicker. He escaped, and buzzed annoyingly through the room. He landed a few times, but seemed to know better than to hold still for longer than a few seconds. Finally Nancy did manage to hit him.

"Thanks," Grandmother murmured sleepily, as she sighed and closed her eyes. Nancy tiptoed back to the kitchen. Finally the slow, regular breathing from Grandmother's room told Nancy she was asleep at last.

Grandmother slept until four o'clock when the school children came home. The clatter of their lunch pails on the worktable, and their eager chatter of the day's happenings woke her from her nap. At almost the same time, the rattle of steel tires on the gravel of the lane announced that Mom and baby Esther were back from the quilting.

When Mom came into the house, she sat in Grandmother's room and told her the news from the quilting. Nancy stood in the doorway and listened, too. After a half hour, Mom turned to Nancy, and said, "Well, Nancy, I guess it's time to start thinking about supper. Have you any suggestions?"

"I was going to make potato soup if you hadn't come back in time to help," Nancy said. "I guess we could have that anyhow."

"Sure," Mom agreed. "That sounds good. We haven't had potato soup for a while." She glanced at the clock. "But it's time to get the potatoes peeled."

Nancy went to the cellar to get a few potatoes. She noticed some Spanish onions in a basket on the floor. She had nearly forgotten they still had those onions. Why, onions would really be good in potato soup. They always used to have onions in their potato soup before Grandmother came— onions just gave the soup an added flavor. "But Grandmother can't eat onions, or at least she has a notion she can't," Nancy reminded herself. She hesitated a moment, then suddenly made up her mind. "Tonight we'll have onions with our potato soup. It won't hurt her. It's not fair that we should have to do without all the time just to humor some queer whim of Grandmother's."

Nancy grabbed a few potatoes and a large onion, and raced back up the cellar steps. She pulled up the kitchen chair and began peeling the potatoes and dicing them into small squares.

Mom was barely in the kitchen until she spied the onion.

"What are you planning to do with the onion, Nancy?" she asked.

"I want to add a few slices to the soup," Nancy said. "I happened to remember what a good flavor that gives potato soup."

"But, Nancy, you know Grandmother can't eat onions."

"I know she thinks she can't," Nancy said. "But just once won't hurt her, will it?"

"Now, Nancy," Mom said firmly. "Let's not start that. I don't care if you put onions in the soup for the rest of the family, but you'll have to keep some separate for Grandmother that doesn't have onions in it. She has to eat, too."

"Oh, that's so much bother," Nancy said impatiently.

"Well, take your choice," Mom said. "Either make it all without onions, or keep some separate without onions in it. Whichever you'd rather; it doesn't make me any difference."

"Then I'd just as well take this onion back down to the cellar right now," Nancy said. And as she went she muttered under her breath, "Can't see why Mom wants to baby Grandmother so much. She just spoils her, that's what she does. If I were doing it, I'd show Grandmother she doesn't always have to have her own way."

Yes, if Nancy were doing it, but she wasn't. That became even clearer a half hour later. Supper was nearly ready, and Mom said, "Nancy, did you ask Grandmother whether she feels good enough to come out to the table tonight, or if she would rather have supper brought in to her on a tray?"

"Oh, let's not ask her tonight," Nancy said. "She always wants to come out to the table if we give her a chance, and you know how much extra work that is, getting her dressed, and out here and everything. It's so much simpler just to take her something. And when she's at the table, she's always telling some story from her childhood days— stories that we've heard two dozen times. Besides, she's so slow eating that we all have to wait and wait for her to finish. Please, Mom, why does she have to come out?"

Mom gave her a reproving look. "Shhhh, not so loud. Next thing she'll hear you. Then how would you feel? And you know better than to talk like that, anyhow. You know how Grandmother enjoys eating supper with the family whenever she can. Surely we can sacrifice that much for her sake, even if we have to wait on her a bit now and then, and listen to a story we've heard before."

"Sacrifice a bit now and then," Nancy fumed to herself as she went to ask Grandmother if she wanted to come to the table. "If it only were a bit now and then. But it's all the time. All day long I have to run here and there, and do this and that to keep Grandmother happy. And often we can't go away in the evenings as a family, because Grandmother's here, and someone has to stay with her."

The evening passed, and by bedtime Nancy had nearly forgotten about how she had grumbled to Mom about all the bother Grandmother was. But when Nancy went to her room upstairs, Mom followed with a book in her hands.

"I've been thinking of what you said about Grandmother requiring so much care," Mom began kindly. "I had to think back to a story we had in our reading book when I went to school, and I thought you might find it interesting to read. It's about a family who had their grandfather staying with them." Mom handed the book to Nancy, showing her the page on which the story she had in mind began. Then she said no more, but quietly made her way downstairs again.

Nancy sat on the bed and stared at the book in her hands for a while. She recognized it as an old reading book she had seen among Mom's things from her school days, but she had never read the stories in it. The title of the story was "Grandfather's Room." Nancy turned the wick of the kerosene lamp a bit higher, and settled down to read the story.

"THE SUGAR BOWL WAS EMPTY. IT had been empty for three days. And it would likely stay that way for another three. Mr. Vaughn could see no sense in hurrying to the store just to buy a pound of sugar. He could buy it in five-pound bags, but that would prove to be wasteful, he thought. His children would use more than they usually did on their cereal, thinking there was such a large supply. Buying it by the single pound made them hesitate to take very much so that it would not run out so soon.

If a nickel could be squeezed into six pennies, there was one man in Mason City who could do it— Charles Vaughn. He was the town's only lawyer and lived in the town's largest house which towered over the neighborhood from the heights of Mulberry Hill. The mansion was dark brick on the outside, but was even darker on the inside. The parlor wore a perpetual cave-like gloom about it. The shades were kept drawn so that the sunlight would not fade the oriental rug which covered the dark, hardwood floor. Rarely was the room used, and never by the family. It was only used when important company was visiting. If the master of the house caught any of the children in the parlor, he rebuked them severely. The room, like most other things in Charles Vaughn's life, was for impressing people, not for making them comfortable.

One morning at the breakfast table, George, the oldest boy, aged eighteen, asked his father, "May I use Prince this evening to go over to Herb Wallis'? Some of the young folks want to visit him now that the quarantine has been taken off their house."

Mr. Vaughn sipped his tea while he studied the question. Setting the cup down and wiping his lips with a corner of his napkin, he replied, "Won't Larry Markham be driving by here on his way over? He could pick you up. I can't see wearing the shoes out on two horses when there is no real need to."

George obviously was deeply disappointed. "But dad, Larry is two years younger than I am. When am I ever going to be old enough to take a buggy whenever I need one, and not have to hitch a ride with a sixteener?"

His father was unmoved. "Some day when you have a family and pay all the bills, you may waste all your money if you please. But as long as you are living under my roof, I'll decide how things should be done. Go with Larry tonight, or stay home. Take your choice."

George stayed home that evening. He read a book for an hour or more, then went to bed. It would have been nice to have read a while longer, but it was getting dark outside, and he could barely see the words any more. Lighting a kerosene lamp would have solved the problem, but such a luxury as reading a book by lamplight, was forbidden in the Vaughn house. Ever since his wife had died three years before, Charles Vaughn lived for himself and his bank account— not for his family or friends.

In the Vaughn's kitchen on a Saturday afternoon, Lilly, the cook, was making cherry pies. Her hands were covered with flour when four-year-old Patsy, the youngest member of the Vaughn family, came in.

"Oh, goody!" Patsy exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Pies for tomorrow noon." Her golden curls shook as she capered around the table on which Lilly was rolling the pie crust. "I wish we had them more often," she continued.

The old cook wiped her hands on her apron and reached for a bowl of pitted cherries. "Yes, I know it would be nice to have desserts more often, and I sure would enjoy making them. But your father thinks they are luxuries. Company is coming tomorrow for Sunday dinner, so you will get a taste of something sweet."

As Lilly put the cherries into the filling she continued speaking. It was more like thinking out loud than talking to anyone. "'Twas never like this when I first began working here forty years ago for Grandfather Vaughn. We used to have the cheeriest house and the most active kitchen in the whole town." Tears came to her eyes as she said, "And to think of him now stuck away upstairs alone so much of the day and given so very few comforts. It breaks my heart to see him treated that way, after all he did for so many people." She sat down on the high, wooden stool and buried her face in her apron.

Grandfather Vaughn had been confined to his bed for the last two years. His room was in the southwest corner of the second floor. It wore the same gloom as the rest of the house. Since the old man had largely lost the use of his mind, Charles did not think it necessary to keep the room furnished except with the barest necessities. There was a large, uncomfortable bed in one corner with a small table next to it, which had stood in the attic before being brought down to serve as the old man's night stand. No rug was on the floor, and only tattered shades hung at the windows. The bed coverings were faded and worn. The room was not dirty, just drab.

Whenever George went upstairs to pay his grandfather a visit, trying to give him what little comfort he could, he always left feeling moody and depressed. "The atmosphere of that room would shorten any dying man's days," George muttered to himself many a time. But of course, George was only eighteen, and although he hated to see his grandfather pass out of this world in such a dreary atmosphere, he knew his father would not listen to his opinion.

Weeks passed. Fall turned into winter. Grandfather began to sleep more and more each day. Finally he passed into a coma, from which he never recovered. On December eighth he died. All the family went into mourning. Charles wore a black band around his coat sleeve on the left arm. A black wreath was nailed to the front door.

A few days after the funeral, one of the largest the community had ever had, Mr. Vaughn called his son in from the back walk where he was shoveling off a thin layer of snow. "Come in here and help me a few minutes, George. There are some things I want you to carry down from upstairs and put out for the trash man."

"What," wondered George, "could he be wanting to throw out? I thought throwing things away was a luxury."

Little Patsy had been out playing in the snow, but now she came in and kicking off her boots, followed George upstairs. George reached the top of the stairs just in time to see his father going into the room on the southwest corner. "Grandfather's room," muttered George.

When George entered the dreary room, he saw that his father had folded the bed covers and put them into a large cardboard box on top of the wobbly night stand. The tattered window shades were sticking out of the corner of the box, Mr. Vaughn was busily inspecting the wall paper, feeling with his hand. He was not aware immediately that George was standing behind him. Talking to himself, he mumbled, "Better fix this old room up some. If I would ever want to sell the place, this room would be a poor advertisement."

George could not help thinking how much nicer it would have been if the room had been repaired while Grandfather was still able to enjoy it. Mr. Vaughn stopped studying the wall and turned to call for George. He was startled to see him already standing there. "Oh, you're here, are you? I didn't hear you come in. Take that box of junk and that worthless table down and put it by the trash barrels. And Patsy, are you here, too? Here, you can carry this old jar, but be careful not to break it."

George could hardly believe his ears. His father had admitted that what had provided for Grandfather was "a box of junk...a worthless table." Tears blinded his eyes at the memory of Grandfather's last days, but he followed his father's command and picked up the table and the box. As he walked through the doorway, he was startled to hear little Patsy's clear voice saying, "But, Father, shouldn't we leave these things here in the room?"

"I can't imagine why," Mr. Vaughn replied gruffly.

"Well, then, then—in which room will we put you when you are old like Grandfather was?"

George drew in his breath sharply, and hurried on down the hall, bracing himself for the stern reproof he was sure Patsy had coming. But to his surprise there was only silence—Mr. Vaughn was so overtaken by the child's innocent question that he said nothing. He walked heavily to the window and stood for a long time staring moodily into space.

NANCY STOLTZFUS FLIPPED THE PAGE and glanced at the other side, just to make sure that she had really come to the end—the end of the story in her Mother's school reader. The yellow flames of the kerosene lamp flickered as Nancy closed the book and sat thinking. She needed time to gather her thoughts, and sort them so they made sense. The story had gripped her imagination; she had been so caught up with it, that she wished it hadn't ended so soon. She could still picture Mr. Vaughn's huge house, very tall and imposing, yet cold and forbodding and unfriendly. And to think of Grandfather Vaughn, stuck away in a lonely room upstairs until the day he died.

"But why did Mom want me to read that story, just because I wanted to put onions in Grandmother's soup?" Nancy asked, as she turned the light down and prepared for bed. "She knows I wouldn't want to use Grandmother the way Grandfather Vaughn was used—never."

But gradually, after Nancy had blown the light, and was under the covers, she began to understand why Mom had felt the story would be good for her. The story had ended with Mr. Vaughn being shocked by little Patsy's remark. No doubt, Mr. Vaughn didn't enjoy being reminded that someday he, too, might be old and helpless and bedfast and at the mercy of those who cared for him.

Nancy tried to imagine what it would be like to grow old. How would it feel to inch your way from chair to chair, hardly able to walk, and to groan at every step from the pain? How would it feel to pick up a cup of tea, and have your hands shake so much that the tea would spill, even though you tried very hard to keep them from shaking? How would it feel to lie in bed, and have the sun shine in your eyes, and not be able to hop out and pull the shade yourself? How would it feel if each time you needed something, you had to call and bother someone else to get it?

A shiver went through Nancy at the thought that the time might come when she herself would be old and would look into the mirror and see her face full of wrinkles. What if she got old and wrinkly and shaky and tottery and maybe even a bit funny in her head, and her grandchildren would resent her, and wish she wasn't such a bother?

"I just hope Grandmother hasn't sensed how I've felt about her," Nancy said to herself with regret. But deep inside she knew that Grandmother couldn't help but have sensed it somewhat. All day she had begrudged each errand she ran, had done each favor for Grandmother unwillingly, only out of duty, but not because she wanted to. Grandmother might not have the keenest mind anymore, but she couldn't have missed seeing how unwillingly Nancy answered her requests.

Nancy had felt bad as she had read the story of how Grandfather Vaughn had been treated. But now, as she realized her own failure in caring for Grandmother, she felt still worse. She told herself that tomorrow she would have to find something nice to do for Grandmother—something nicer than putting an onion in her soup. Even with that promise to herself, it was a long while before Nancy Stoltzfus finally fell asleep. △

IT LOOKS SO Different NOW

I was one of those pupils who went to school only because I had to go. Especially did I dislike those last few years. Not that the lessons were too hard for me. I always made good grades for I was an easy learner.

For one thing, I was made fun of many times. There were pupils in our school who liked to make fun of me. I always felt so alone and left out in a group. How I'd pour out at night when I went to bed. I wished I'd never have to go to school another day. I lost whatever interest I ever had in going to school.

My teacher was a very strict one and I used to get grudges against my teacher. I would do things I should not have done. This caused hard feelings between myself and the teacher.

At that time it never entered my mind that sometime the picture could change. I little thought that it would change so soon.

As the years went by, I, too, became a teacher. A new world was opened for me. I could hardly believe what was happening to me. And whose methods did I use to teach? Most of them were the very ones my own teacher had used.

How could my attitude ever change in such a short time? How different the picture looked to me when I was wearing teachers' shoes. (Then I was glad that my pupils weren't all like I had been when I went to school.)

But this does not complete the picture. It takes a look at the pupils who made fun over me when I went to school to complete the picture. Would I choose to be where they are and to have their partners now? Not for anything would I exchange my life for theirs now. They are living out in the world and with partners from the world. I can never cease thanking God for the wonderful Christian partner he has given me.

-Surprised and Grateful

DO I SOUND EXCITED?

I went to a big city to visit a relative in the hospital. I had to return home alone and didn't fancy the idea of me, a woman, traveling on the train by myself. But no, I wouldn't be alone.

I boarded the city bus that goes past the hospital. When we got near to the train depot, it looked so huge that I asked the bus driver where to get off to get my ticket. He told me to go into the door straight ahead, go downstairs and there someone would direct me.

I followed his directions but when I reached the bottom of the stairway I was puzzled as to which way to go as there was a store in front of me. I decided to turn right for I could see seats and seats of people sitting there waiting. When I reached them I saw a hallway also full of seats and more stairs. But I still didn't know where to buy my ticket. I decided to go to the restaurant and ask but on my way over I looked around me and saw a place that read "TICKETS." What a relief.

I hurried over to buy my ticket but was told that this was only for the suburbs. The ticket agent said I should just keep on walking, the place to get my ticket was straight ahead.

When I got there I saw lines and lines of people leading to nearly a dozen windows. The windows were numbered and said "RESERVED" on them. But at one end there were three windows which were marked "NOT RESERVED." I got in line for one of these windows.

While I was waiting a woman from one of the reserved windows saw me and motioned me over. I said I wanted a ticket but she asked me to wait for five minutes until they could find out if there was still room on the train for me. But after five minutes, they still hadn't found out and asked me to wait ten more minutes. By this time I was starting to get worried and afraid that maybe I wouldn't get home after all.

But the third time she had good news for me. She said I could go and handed me a ticket saying as she did so, "You look so scared." I told her this was the first time I was traveling alone. She was real nice and explained where to go to get my train, and added that it will be leaving soon. I hurried in the direction she told me only to be confronted by more stairs every way I turned. But where were the trains?

Finally I found some doors and people were lining up to get through but some doors were closed and no one waiting to get through. Which door leads to my train? I finally noticed a couple going through the doors to the far right and decided to go see if this could be my train. I walked up to the doors and they opened so I walked through. I asked these people if this train was the one which goes to the city I wanted to go and they said no, my train is to my left.

I hurried back to those doors but they wouldn't open. Now what could I do? No one was around. I noticed a man working on the train nearby and I hollered at him but he didn't hear me because the noise from the trains was too loud. I hollered again real loud, "Mr."

He turned around and saw me. I tried to explain that I went through the wrong door and couldn't get back in. He asked me where I was going and when I told him, he said to push the little white button beside the door but I was too excited to understand what he meant. As I stood there so helpless, a man came from behind me and pushed the button for me and the door opened. I hadn't realized anyone else was around until the man walked up and opened the door for me.

I went through the doors and then the conductor from the other train pointed me over to where a man was directing people. This man told me which door to go through and wished me a "Merry Christmas." I walked alongside the train looking for my car number. I finally found it nearly at the end of the train.

I got on and as I passed the restroom I set my luggage down and went in. As I walked into the sitting part of the train, there was a man and he was waving a pocketbook and asking whose it is. I looked at it closely and was shocked to see that it was mine. I hadn't even realized I had lost it.

I grabbed it and said, "That's mine." I looked down at the things I was carrying and mumbled something that I had not even realized I had lost it.

I flopped down in the first empty seat I could find and then it occurred to me, I had not even thanked the man for returning my pocketbook! I looked around but he was gone. I felt too tired to budge. By this time the train was moving and I propped my head in my hands to watch as we passed through the big city. Suddenly my arms felt weak and I laid back to try to rest.

I was weak all over but I was on the right train and moving toward home. Was I really alone? I suddenly realized that Someone was leading me while all the time I thought I was alone. I felt it was an answer to prayer, a prayer for a safe journey home.

-Author's name withheld

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MELT IN THE KETTLE OF LOVE

After butchering time is over, most people make soap with the scraps such as the ears, pieces of skin, etc. With enough heat, all the pieces in the kettle will melt together in order to make the soap.

In the eye of popularity there are some people very big and others small. The big ones talk and blabber all the time while the small ones can stand in a corner and hardly say a word all evening.

Why can we not be more like the kettle of soap, all melt together with a deep and understanding love? Some day we will all have to come to the same standard whethet we want to or not. When we reach life eternal, no one shall be different. May our hearts now be melted to one standard through Love.

-A Reader

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MARK TWAIN, THE HUMORIST

As a writer with a keen sense of humor and a ready wit, there are few equals to Mark Twain. He is known mostly as a humorist. His writings caused people to laugh in his day and they are still laughing.

Had Mark Twain chosen a religious career on which to use his talent, he would probably have been among the foremost of religious writers. He is not like the unprofitable servant who buried his talent, for Mark Twain used his gift of writing— but not for the purpose intended.

FARM & FIELD

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

It was the first week in May, after a warm rain when Melvin Miller and Harley Hochstetler again saw each other across the line fence. The frequent showers had put a halt to the corn planting but it made the pasture grow by leaps and bounds.

"I don't know what we're going to do with all our pasture," Harley Hochstetler said. "We don't have enough cows to pasture it down. This morning I told Dad we ought to find out if anyone wants to rent some pasture. They tell me they're paying $6.00 a head per month for pasturing steers."

"Is that a pretty high price for pasture rent?" Melvin Miller asked.

"High price? Why Dad was saying this morning that he remembers when they started farming they paid a dollar a head for young cattle and two dollars a head for cows and horses. He said he thought that was high then, let alone the price it is now," Harley answered.

Melvin scratched his head a few moments and then answered, "It sounds high, but considering the price of everything else, I think it would be a big bargain. If you've got some pasture to rent out, maybe we could buy some cattle and put on it."

"Well, I think you'd better check your figures again before you pay that much for pasture rent," Harley asserted with a shake of his head. "Of course if you hac the cattle and didn't have enough pasture for them, it might be cheaper than buying feed. But if you had to buy the cattle and pay interest on the money, you'd come ou in the hole. And besides, what would happen if you bought ten steers and one of them died? Then you'd rea ly be in trouble after paying such high pasture rent."

"I agree with you that we'd have to figure the interes if we bought the cattle," Melvin answered, "but about one of the steers dying, that's a chance we all have to take. Any livestock we own can die but that means we will just have that much less profit. We can't quit raising livestock just because there's a chance some of it will die."

Harley shook his head. "I think we'd be money ahead by just renting out our pasture land and getting $6.00 pe head per month. That would be a nice income."

Can you help the boys decide who was right? Let us assume a farmer purchases ten head of steers weighing 600 lbs @ 40¢ lb. delivered. He puts them on pasture for six months where they gain 45 lbs. per month. After they are on pasture for three months, one steer gets bloated and dies. After six months, a cattle buyer come along and buys them at 40¢ a lb. The farmer pays $6.00 per head per month for pasture rent and figures 10% simple interest on the money he used to buy the steers.

1. How much profit (or loss) does he have on the transaction?

2. How much profit would he have if none of the steer died?

Send your answers to FARM AND FIELD PAGE,
% FAMILY LIFE, R.4, AYLMER, ONTARIO.

FARM HINTS

A remedy for bloated cattle: 3 tablespoons soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, add 1 quart warm water and drench.
-D.G., Millbank, Ontario

If you must nail wire to a tree, first protect the tree with a piece of plywood. The plywood won't split and it will keep the tree from growing around the wire.
-H.Y., Ontario

To keep a heifer from kicking tie a baler twine or small rope around her middle just in front of her udder. It must be tied tightly. As she gets used to milking, the string can be loosened. -A.Z., East Earl, Pa.

To keep a barbed wire fence tight, we put in a heavy spring such as from a binder or a foot lift plow. Splice the spring into the strand of wire and tighten until the spring is parted. The staples should not be driven very tightly into the posts. If the fence is molested by some animal, the springs will tighten the fence again.
-E.Y., Mo.

When alone to dress chickens, put two nails in the wall to put the chicken's head in to chop it off.
-A.A., Millbank, Ontario

A remedy for taking warts of the cow's teats. Fill a jar with mullein blossoms, then add water till full. Let stand for several weeks in the sunshine, then wet the wart at each milking time until it disappears.
-M.E.Y., Mo.

We found out that coons were eating our sweet corn so we fooled them by hanging out dirty sweaty socks and sweat shirts. From then on we had lots of sweet corn.
-D.E.Y., Mo.

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MAN'S NEEDS

Man needs love's tender light caress,
He needs to live with cheerfulness.
He needs companionship and smiles,
A hand in his along the miles.
He needs to learn, to reach, to grow;
He needs to come quite well to know
That God is not far, far away,
In time or space, but that each day
He reaches out wise helping hands
That hold forgiveness; understands
The needs men have upon the earth;
Their struggles, triumphs, and their worth.
Man needs these things as fields of grain
And tall, straight trees need sun and rain.

Deadline for Answers: July 10th

WHAT DO YOU THINK

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WDYT QUESTION

There are companies which offer merchandise by mail and you get a free gift whether you keep the merchandise or not. For example say a company offers a 3-piece luggage set and if you decide to keep t, you pay them $29.95. If you don't want t you return the goods and pay nothing. But they also send you a travelling bag which you can keep whether or not you buy he merchandise. The company says we are under no obligation to keep the merchandise if we do not want it but we can keep the free gift. Would it be right to send for the merchandise if we knew in advance we were not going to buy it?

-Wanting To Know What And Why

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ANSWERS FOR THE YOUNG MOTHER WHO WONDERED IF SHE WAS DOING WRONG BY HELPING HER HUSBAND IN THE FIELD DURING THE BUSY TIMES, AND LETTING SOMEONE ELSE STAY WITH THEIR THREE CHILDREN.

I would encourage you to help your husband husk corn. This can do wonders to relax the nerves which so easily get tense in the house especially with three babies to care for, but why not take the children along when it is possible? Baby can be put in a box or there are different ways to fix something. It may take a little longer to husk corn this way but your husband can be around them more and share the responsibilities of caring for them.

Or perhaps there are people who would like to care for your children while you help your husband. My mother lives with us and I try hard not to take advantage of others, but at the same time be willing to share with those who have none of their own to care for.

During the summer when blackberries are ripe along the fence rows, I sometimes put my one and two-year-olds to bed for their afternoon nap, and go to pick berries, This way I can enjoy it and still feel the children are not being neglected because Grandma is there in case they awaken. I feel it does a mother good to have a few hours off once in awhile. What is important is what you are while you are with the children.

-Shippensburg, Pa.

I definitely feel you are not doing wrong by sometimes helping your husband, since your children are well cared or. I also like to help my husband every now and then but I have a wonderful mother-in-law close by who is only too happy to keep our little ones so I can be free or awhile. It's so good for a mother to get a little bit of fresh air outside for when you come in again, you can go about your work with new zest and vigor.

-New Holland, Pa.

We can read that God created woman to be a helpmeet for man. Surely this would also mean they are to work together, the wife helping the husband at times and the husband also helping the wife.

Anyone who thinks this would be sin must have a wrong concept of sin. To me, sin would be doing wrong, like spoiling your children or letting them have everything they want, dressing them in fancy clothes and neglecting to give them Christian training.

I feel working together brings a closeness between man and wife. Didn't the women help a lot more if the fields years ago before there was so much modern machinery?

-Fleetwood, Pa.

A mother of small children needs to be out helping her husband, more so than the hired girl, I'd say. Or why not change off, one day you go out and the next day the hired hand? I don't think a mother's place is in the house every hour of the day. On a farm it's not as if you were working in a factory and be away all day. "A change is as good as a rest."

-Milverton, Ontario

It's such a pleasure to be needed and if crops are not taken care of it can be a great loss. I used to help outside, too, which gave me other thoughts instead of being cooped up inside all the time. I had a girlie to stay with the children. Although my cleaning and mending and cooking were at times neglected, we always had clothes to wear and something to eat.

I am now the mother of nine, the oldest ones can help outside so I am not really needed. But I still feel it keenly when Pop asks if Becky can do so and so instead of asking Mom. Maybe if a little more time were spent helping the men instead of sitting at the sewing machine making fancy clothes, things would be better off both spiritually and financially.

-New Providence, Pa.

Yes, I agree, a mother's place is in the house. But where is there a mother who doesn't at times enjoy helping in the fields, feeling the fresh air and being close to nature? Of course you can't be out and at the same time keep your house in order like you would like to have it, unless you have other help or the husband helps in return. What a more blessed marriage could you ask for?

-Narvon, Pa.

Helping your husband can be overdone, especially by a mother of small children. Let's not forget that our children are young only once and it's so easy to neglect our duty. I like to help my husband, too, whenever I can but he is very understanding and always wants me to take care of the children first, especially when they are still babies. Surely your husband can understand it better why you can't help him than the little children can understand why they are being pushed on someone else to look after them. You said you get someone to stay with the children, why not get someone to help your husband while you stay in the house and care for the little ones? Even if someone else is staying with them, it's still not their real mother. Which means the most to us, our work or our little ones?

-Indiana

I really can't see that it would be wrong to help your husband husk corn or do other small jobs. Don't you also help him milk? Didn't you marry your husband to be his helpmeet?

In my younger years, I often helped my husband, but now since I am older, I am no longer able. When a person is young is the time you are best able to husk corn. Why not help while you can instead of having a hired girl out helping your husband? Which would be the most fitting? -Oakland, Maryland

I can't understand it would be wrong unless you would neglect the children. But what would it be if you would neglect your husband? What I mean is, if your husband needed you and you were able to help and wanted to help, and could make arrangements so the children would be taken care of but you would refuse to do it because you were afraid of what others say? Your duties to your children are no greater than your duties to your husband. A very good way in which you can be a big help to your children is by giving them a good example of how a man and wife ought to work together and be concerned for each other. -Ontario

I think it's real nice if my wife can help me in the fields. She likes this kind of work and it gives her a break from the everyday monotony. It would be a lot different if she worked away from home just for the money. I think it brings the wife and husband closer together by working together. Another thing the husband can do once in a while is take care of all the children and let his wife go quilting. In this way the husband can also get a taste of what a wife has to go through at times. -Jamesport, Mo.

The answer to your problem may vary with circumstances. There are extremes which could be sin, as in the case where a couple is out just to get rich. But when a wife is the outdoor type and is physically able, there is nothing wrong with helping her husband.

In many communities it is hard to hire someone to help the husband, but there are hired girls available. In such cases the wife does well to help her husband and hire someone to care for the children.

-Mt. Crawford, Va.

I hope you can keep up the good spirit of helping your husband. The Bible teaches us that the woman is to be a helpmeet for the husband and I can not see how anyone can be blind enough to tell you that you are doing wrong. Sometimes older people or younger persons are glad to look after the children and you should be thankful that you can get someone to do this for you.

I am glad to see that people still do their work in such a way that everyone has something to do. In these prosperous times in which we live many people just go and buy machinery to do their work and thus crowd the older people off the scene. I feel this attitude is doing a lot of harm to Christianity. -West Montrose, Ontario

If you have someone to care for the children, who is not able to do heavy work, then it is very reasonable for you to help your husband. Before I was married, I often worked for my brothers and since I was not as strong as my sisters-in-law, it was nothing unusual for me to be left with the children. However, I do not think it should be this way every day. Since I am a mother, it has never appealed to me to make a habit of leaving my children with others for soon they will be grown.

-Fortuna, Mo.

After reading your question, I asked my husband if he thinks I did wrong by helping him in the fields when we were young. He said no. For my part, I think working in the fields is healthy. I was glad I knew something about his work for at times he was not able to do it. Now the children are old enough to do the work and I can't very well help anymore and don't need to.

-Fleetwood, Pa.

We've been married 23 years and have a large family. During the first ten years of married life I helped my husband on the farm, in fields and we also had quite a few chores which I helped him with. Then he'd help me with the children and dishes.

Although I must admit I wasn't caught up with some things such as patching and sewing, like some other women, I never gave it a thought of being a sin to help each other. I think it was a good experience and I have never regretted it. If it would have been a sin, I think my parents or his parents would have mentionted it to us, which they didn't. -Bryant, Indiana

I cannot see any wrong in a young healthy woman helping her man in the fields providing they have someone dependable to care for the children. Also when he is in the house, the man will help with the dishes, changing diapers and caring for the youngsters at night. I can tell from experience that this creates and keeps love and closeness between man and wife. It also has a tendency to rub off on the offsprings. -Sarasota, Florida

I am inclined to say it is not wrong but there are several factors which should be considered. First, is the one who cares for your children a motherly sort of person and a Christian example? Secondly, how often does this happen? Thirdly, does a day in the fields give your spirits a lift or does it make you tired with a "tendency to be grouchy?" Fourth, if it is a hired girl who cares for your children, are you sure some other mother does not need her worse than you do? -Meyersdale, Pa.

I think it does us both good to help with each other's work. It's a change from housework and sometimes it is easier to get a girl to help than a boy. Why would it be worse to get someone to stay with the children while I help my husband, than when we go to town?

-Grantsville, Md.

I love working in the fields for our children are still small and my husband needs help. We usually take along several of the children unless they'd rather stay with Grandma or one of the neighbors. Sometimes my husband does odd jobs around the house for me or babysits while I go someplace. I wonder if the criticizers would say this is a sin, too, since the husband's place is out making a living? -Plain City, Ohio

Where the wrong would come in is if you would do it all the time and not care to do your housework. I think it is good for little ones to rely on someone else at times so they won't get so timid that they'll cry as soon as Mother gets out of sight.

I'm a grandmother and I get many joyful hours taking care of the grandchildren when their mothers are busy with other work. -New Wilmington, Pa.

I wish the young mother many blessings in her undertaking for how often do we hear of wives willing to help their husbands in the fields? So often the emphasis is put on husbands helping their wives. This is good, for a wife does appreciate a husband who is willing to help in times of need, but why not vice versa? When the husband is behind with his work of it looks as though it will rain before evening, the wife can lend a helping hand.

There aren't many things more praiseworthy than a family all working together in daily work maybe with a song on their lips. -Central America

Your "helping sometimes" sounds reasonable enough but as in all things, moderation is necessary. If there is a lack of childhood training it can mean a lot of heartaches later. -Ephrata, Pa.

Of course it is okay to help your husband during the busy season. Husking corn is a slow boring job for one person alone and there is no reason the wife cannot help if health permits. My wife and daughter cut corn for me with the binder and they enjoyed it, too, as I had no other help available. It's the only way to get along in this world, to share and share alike, and help one another. Those were our most pleasant years when we were young and worked side by side in the fields.

My wife would always bring cookies and something to drink. When we would get to the end of the long rows we would take a few minutes off for a snack. Without my wife's help, my farming would probably have been a failure. We have now long retired but still like to think back over the years. But let's not forget to help the Mrs. in the evening when the corn is in the shock. Some men go away for days hunting and let the wife and children alone with the chores. -New Wilmington, Pa.

I wonder what community you live in? I never thought of it being a sin. Maybe if you would be outside all the time, it would be wrong. -Salisbury, Pa.

I don't think you are doing wrong at all by helping your husband. In the Bible we read of women reapers and it would appear that the mother of Samson was in the field alone without her husband. I wonder if those who think it is wrong, consider working in the factory or in public places commendable? When the Bible says, "keepers at home," it doesn't necessarily mean in the house. If you are helping your husband, you are at home and I think, too, that if you are one who likes to help her husband, he can safely trust in you. May the Lord help you to rise above these complaints and put a song of joy in your heart and a deep contentment, that no one will be able to take away. -Pennsylvania

I have worked as a hired girl for seven years and at some places I didn't like it at all when I had to stay with the children while the mother went out to do things which I could have done. At other places I did not mind at all, in fact I liked it. Why the difference?

The truth is that some people's children are taught to listen to the hired girl and obey her. When the parents went away they told the children, "Now you be good and do what______tells you to." When they came home, they would ask how everything went and whether the children behaved themselves.

But in other places, as soon as the parents were away, the children started doing everything they could think of which they were not supposed to do when Mother is at home. It takes a lot of the hired girl's time and patience if the children are unruly, and she will not be able to get her work done as she is supposed to. After all, a hired girl cannot take the place of a mother.

-Pennsylvania.

The Race Everyone Can Win

Did you ever hear of a race where everybody can win or get a prize? When we went to school on the last day of the term the teacher would line us up along the fence, give us our instructions for the race and show us the prize for the winner. All the children were anxious to enter the race and to do their best for they were looking forward to the prize.

When the "go" signal was given, everyone started out with the best of their ability but as the race progressed, the slower ones fell back. Finally some got discouraged and gave up, some stumbled and fell and some just kept running for the fun of it, knowing they would never get the prize. But the swifter ones were still going with all their might. When they got to the finish line, the teacher was the judge and only one could win the prize.

There are also many other kinds of races in the world. There are horse races, auto races, airplane races, and many more. In these races, not everyone can enter, only the best may enter the race and they must meet certain qualifications. A lot of practice and preparation is made beforehand and when the signal is given everyone does their best to win. Here again the judges decide who is the winner and their decision is final. But like in the foot races, only one can win.

Now let us think about another kind of a race where we all may enter. We do not need a lot of money (it costs only our self-will.) In this race we can be a cripple or an invalid, and size makes no difference. Only one thing is required in this race and that is to do our best. If we stumble and fall, that does not disqualify us. The only ones that can not win the prize are the ones which stay lying or fall behind and get discouraged and give up the race.

We want to keep in mind that in this race, even the strong are not ahead of the weak ones. Of him who has much, much is required. Of him who has but little, it is still required that he does his best. This race ends when we take our last breath on this earth and the Judge's decision is final. It cannot be re-run, and there is no second chance. The prize in this race is a gift from God— ETERNAL LIFE IN JESUS CHRIST.

We read about this race and of the prize in 1 Corinthians 9:24 and in Philipians 3:13-14. The length of our race may vary greatly and the starting point may be different for different people. It may be when we know the difference between good and bad or it could be at some other time in our life. But the end of the race is the end of our earthly life.

Pennsylvania

This Is Our Home

We are not many, just a family of six,
Thankful we're not living back in the wild sticks.
Although our house is not always real clean,
Love here abides and happiness is seen.
Many homeless in the world, have to roam,
But here we call this our "Home sweet home."

There is plenty to eat, we are satisfied
With good simple food which the Lord does provide
Out in the garden where we work, sweat, and sing—
We don't need rich, fancy food, fit for a king.
We harvest in cans, crates, cool places for winter
In hopes that not one will get too much thinner.

We don't suffer from cold, there're shoes on our feet,
Our clothes, though not stylish, we try to make neat.
My three good dresses are enough for Sunday—
A black one, two other colors, although not too gay.
You see, if we try to live humbly on less
There is more to share with the poor in distress.

Games and toys for the children- some are homemade,
Some of them broken and some are mislaid.
Of course, there are quarrels like all children have,
But soon it's over and again they will laugh.
Divine guidance is needed to lead the right way;
We hope they (or we) will never go astray.
-Edna Mast

WE HEAR SO MUCH about persecution. This is an unpleasant thought but such things have happened in other lands and can happen here. The best way to prepare for this is to "draw nigh unto God" (and He will draw nigh unto you- James 4:8).

Suppose some day the Bible would be taken away from us and church services would be forbidden, how long could we remain true to our faith? How much Scripture is stored in our hearts— and in the hearts of the children? This would be the Christian's defense. To prepare for persecution is to learn Scripture by heart, and to teach Bible verses to the children. This is what we should be concerned about. Much of the work that we do now will soon be in the past and forgotten, but to teach a child God's Word is a work that will remain throughout eternity.

ALL THE MOTHERS seem to be delighted with the mixes. One mother would like to have a pancake mix that tastes like Aunt Jemima pancakes. She tried the biscuit mix but her husband doesn't care for this kind of pancakes.

Another friend wrote and asked: "Does anyone know if meat and vegetables canned in a pressure cooker, or the canned foods bought in stores are safe to eat without boiling them first?"

Martha Weaver advised: "I use the two piece can lids. I check the cans when they are partly cooled to see if any have not sealed. These I give a few hard turns and then they usually seal too. This almost always eliminates the need to reheat the cans that for no apparent reason don't seal."

One Mother saves the cardboard from the lids when buying cans. She saves pictures from magazines and pastes them on both sides of the cardboard and then strings them up. A face of a watch may be drawn on some.

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PUT EXTRA VALUE into your cooking by adding herbs. Parsley to creamed potatoes, chives to cottage cheese, mint to meat, sage and thyme to dressing, dill to pickles, and caraway seeds to rye bread....I suppose many of the readers can add to this list. Oregano can be used in different dishes to add to the flavor. Herbs are easily grown and make nice shrubs or are nice in flower boxes.

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HERE'S A SPECIAL thank you to the mothers who have been sending their recipes in on file cards. This saves me some work for I like to keep my recipes on file so they can be easily checked to try and avoid using the same recipe twice.

A Pennsylvania mother would welcome advice about canning hot dogs. Has anyone tried canning them in a hot dog sauce? Another mother sent the following:

HOT DOG SAUCE
1/2 green pepper
2 T. prepared mustard
pinch of salt
3/4 cup ketchup
medium sized onion, chopped
2 T. brown sugar
1 T. worcestershire sauce

Mix these all together, then add about 1/2 to 1 pint of water. Cook 15 minutes, then add your wieners and cook until wieners are good and hot. I always serve this with mashed potatoes, for this sauce is very good on top of the potatoes. -Mrs. Bill R. Burkholder

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FOR GOOD SUMMERY SANDWICHES try
* chopped onions and carrots with salad dressing
* peanut butter, topped with salad dressing, then add lettuce and sliced bananas
* Lettuce, tomatoes, bacon crumbs and dressing
* Put butter in skillet. When melted, lay a slice of bread in the butter. Break an egg on top of the bread. Stir the egg slightly with a fork. Add salt. When bread has browned, flip bread upside down. Serve almost immediately. May be eaten with salad dressing and lettuce.

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RHUBARB PIE

3 cups diced rhubarb
1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
3 tablespoons flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 eggs (separated)

Combine sugar, flour, egg yokes, and lemon. Stir until smooth. Pour over rhubarb in unbaked pie shell.

Bake at 425 for 10 minutes, 350 for 30 minutes.

-Mrs. John R. Esch, Penna.

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RHUBARB CRUNCH

1 cup whole wheat flour
1 cup brown sugar
1 t. cinnamon
3/4 cup oatmeal
1/2 cup melted butter

Mix until crumbly. Put 1/2 of crumbs into greased 9" pan and cover with 4 cups diced rhubarb.

Combine:

1 cup sugar
2 T. cornstarch
1 cup water
1 t. vanilla

Cook until clear and pour over rhubarb. Top with the rest of the crumbs. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes or until the rhubarb is tender. -Mrs. Glen Mullet

(One mother said she makes a large batch of crumbs—crunch, minus the fruit, and stores them in cans. Then she can make any kind of fruit crunch in a hurry.-A.B.)

***

TOSSED SALAD DRESSING

1 1/3 cup white sugar
2 t. paprika
1 t. celery seed
1 cup vinegar
2 t. salt
2 t. dry mustard
1 small onion, grated
1 cup Wesson or Mazola oil

-Martha Helmuth

***

SHORT CAKE

1 qt. fresh strawberries
2 cups flour
3 t. baking powder
1 cup sugar
1 t. salt
1/3 cup shortening

Slice strawberries, sprinkle with sugar and let stand 1 hour. Heat oven to 450°. Grease round layer pan-8 x 1 1/2. Measure flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, baking powder and salt into bowl. Cut in shortening thoroughly until mixture looks like meal. Stir in milk, just until blended. Pat into pan. Bake 15-20 minutes. Split cake while warm, spread with butter, fill and top with berries. Serve warm with cream or top milk. -Mrs. Rieff

I mix a large batch at a time- all except the milk- and then store each portion in cans; then I only have to add the milk and pop it in the oven to make a shortcake.

***

GINGERBREAD MIX

8 cups flour
2 1/2 t. soda
3 T. ginger
1 t. cloves
2 1/4 cups shortening
2 1/4 cups sugar
2 T. baking powder
3 T. cinnamon
1 T. salt

Sift together all dry ingredients; cut in shortening. Store in gallon jar, tightly covered, in cold place. Will keep about 3 months.

Method for use: 2 cups gingerbread mix, 1 beaten egg, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup boiling water. Put mix in bowl; Combine rest of ingredients and stir into mix. Blend until smooth. Pour into greased 8"x 8" pan. Bake at 350° for 35 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream.

MAPLE GINGERBREAD:

Heat 2/3 cup maple syrup, combine with 1/3 cup sour cream and stir into 2 cups mix. Add 1 egg, well beaten. Pour into greased 8" x 8" pan. Bake at 350° for 40 minutes. -M.S.

***

CHOCOLATE SYRUP

4 cups brown sugar
2 cups cocoa
4 cups white sugar
2 cups water

Mix in a 6 quart kettle until all is blended. Add 2 more cups of water and stir again. Bring to a boil and boil for 5 minutes. (It is very apt to boil over.) Add: 4 tablespoons or 1/4 cup vanilla. If not canned, put cover on until cool or a crust will form over the top. Makes approximately 3 quarts. This will keep from September to April (school months) if put boiling hot in jars and sealed. -Mrs. Eli A. Troyer

***

HOT CHOCOLATE MIX

Sift 1 cup cocoa (or 2 lbs. Nestle Quik) and 1 1/2 cup powdered sugar. Add 11 cups dry milk (IGA is best), and 6 ozs. dry coffee cream substitute. Mix well. Store in large covered container. To serve put 1/3 to 1/2 cup dry mix in a cup, then fill up with hot water. Stir.

-M.S., M.M.

***

SPOON PIE DOUGH

To one cup lard add 1/2 cup boiling water. Stir until the lard is melted. Add 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and 1 teaspoon salt. Stir with a spoon then chill dough in the ice box for a few hours. -Mrs. Tobias Frey

Some Mothers Write

Being a warm night an upstairs window was opened by one of the family and a book used to prop it open. The next morning the children discovered it before I did. When I came in the room the 2-year-old was lying on the windowsill, head outside, feet off the floor, dropping toys to the 4-year-old below. I tried to impress on them what could have happened. "If you'd have fallen down maybe you would be dead now, then Maem and Dad wouldn't have their little boy and girl anymore."

"But, Maem," answered the earnest 4-year-old, "We would be in heaven then."

Oh, the faith of a child! -A Mother, Penna.

The two-year-old was playing inside the kitchen window when by accident she fell against the large window pane. Child and glass fell on the lawn below. Some time later the four-year-old was explaining the mishap to a visitor from thirty miles away. When he had finished his story the visitor commented, "Yes, I heard that."

The child opened his eyes wide. "Did you hear it way from down there?" -St. Jacobs

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

Dear God, make our faith greater than our troubles.
— Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Life's Pathway

Life is but a little pathway
  God has planned for you and me,
And He walks the way before us,
  Though the way we cannot see;
And we sometimes are discouraged,
  When the briars pierce us sore,
Then He comes to us and whispers,
  "I am with thee evermore."

Then how beautiful the roses
  Which along our path we meet;
If it were not for the briars
  Would the roses seem so sweet?
Now the day is getting cloudy,
  And before us is a hill,
Then our Guide with love assures us,
  "Fear not, I am with thee still."

Up the hill He gently leads us,
  Through the clouds His eyes can see;
And it makes us trust our Saviour
  As we say, "Lord, I love Thee."
Oft times Satan comes to try us,
  He would like to bend us low,
Then we tell it all to Jesus
  And He answers, "Child, I know."

If it were not for the briars,
  If the days were never dim,
If we met no disappointments
  Could we see the need for Him?
And if Satan never tried us,
  Would we flee to Christ for aid?
Could we know the joy of trusting?
  When He says, "Be not afraid."

But the joy that there awaits us
  When we reach our journey's end,
Is a joy that earthly mortals
  Cannot nearly comprehend.
It is worth all toil and patience,
  And our efforts every one
When we hear His word of welcome,
  "Faithful one, thou hast well done."

-Selected

THE FIRST SHUT-IN

Medical journals, history books, and church records have no information about the first shut-in. Only the Bible contains this account. It tells of a 600-year-old man named Noah and says, "The Lord shut him in."

Noah became a shut-in within the ark. God shut Noah in to carry out His divine plan by protecting him from the raging flood, by separating him from the sinful world, and by testing his faith under critical conditions. God did not make him a shut-in because He was angry with him. To the contrary, God shut him in because "he found grace in the eyes of the Lord."

God's way with Noah is used by Him with many shut-ins today. He has a special plan and purpose to accomplish.

Perhaps it involves:

Testing our dependence upon Him in all of life's circumstances ; or, teaching humility through suffering. (Christ was humiliated in this way. "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which He suffered" Heb. 5:8); or, developing a Christlike compassion for the needs of others.

We do not know God's plan. But we do know there is a final blessing for the Christian.

After being shut-in, "God blessed Noah and he went forth from the ark." A new life awaited him. He entered a world that had been cleansed, a world specially prepared for him by God.

We, too, will some day come forth from this shut-in condition. Some will recover. They will be better equipped to live this earthly life than ever before. Others will be taken to live with the Lord. For him there will be "no more tears, no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Rev. 21:4.

-Selected

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An Answer to

AN INVALID'S LAMENT

I feel a kinship to the person who wrote "The Invalid's Lament" (March issue). How well I know the indecision and frustration that comes before accepting an invitation to a wedding or even to church in another district. I need have no fear of not having room for a wheelchair but I do fear there will be stairs to climb and I can't keep up with the other girls or that I'll stumble and fall...Oh, the list could go on and on. I pray earnestly to God to help me and protect me. Often when I'm invited to a wedding I think, "Who will be there that I can be with?" Usually there's somebody and these people don't know how much their kindness is appreciated. I've learned to appreciate the older unmarried girls at such times. Usually when I come home again, I have a light heart and am glad that I went.

Some people stare and perhaps wonder but I suppose I would, too, if I'd be in their place. They don't mean to be unkind. It's just that...well, you know, something different and perhaps they even feel sorry for me.

People must not realize what they say when they make unkind remarks; perhaps I would, too, if I never stood in a handicap's shoes. I say too many things the way it is, that should not be said. I have learned to be quiet when unkind words are spoken to me...but they hurt. These words can be a blessing in disguise, though.

All in all, my handicap has proved a blessing in many ways, but I often have to wonder, "Why was I the chosen one?" I don't mean to complain for I'm thankful that it is so. Even my once disliked brace has become my friend and helper.

—Just another handicap

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SELF-PITY A DISEASE

When God confronted our first parents for their disobedience, they tried to avoid accepting responsibility for their behaviour. Adam accused his wife and Eve in turn pointed her finger at the serpent.

Thousands of years later, the children of Israel blamed their sins on the mistakes of their ancestors. Ezekiel 18:2 says, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." They used the sins of their own parents as an excuse for their own wrongdoing.

This attitude did not cease, but exists today and is manifested by believers. We feel very sorry for ourselves and blame others for our condition. Let us not expect others to pat and pamper us. We need to be totally honest with ourselves for each of us is accountable for our behaviour.

-A Reader, Pennsylvania

WHICH ARE YOU?

I can't is a sluggard too lazy to work,
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk;
No bread on his board, no meal in his bag,
His house is in ruin, his coat is a rag.

I can is a worker, who tills the broad fields,
And digs from the earth all the wealth that it yields.
The hum of his spindle begins with the light;
The fire of his forges are blazing at night.

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

RELIEF FOR STINGS

What some doctors consider a good treatment for insect poison is a quarter-teaspoon of meat tenderizer dissolved in a teaspoon or two of water and rubbed in the skin around the bite or sting. The meat tenderizer is rich in papain which counteracts the venom. If applied immediately, this simple and inexpensive household remedy will stop the pain of most insect stings in seconds.

Bee keepers also say that the juice from a lawn weed, plantain, either the narrow or broad-leafed type, rubbed into the skin will relieve the pain.

1. For bee sting, moisten garden soil and apply to sting.
2. For children's croup at night, give 1 or 2 teaspoons sweet cream.
3. For hives, put catnip into boiling water. Steep. Take the catnip leaves out and use those to wash off the hives. Use no cloth. -Mrs. Daniel Martin, Waterloo

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: This month's cover was sketched by Susie Hoover.

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THE DOOR OF OUR LIPS

Lord put a seal upon my lips;
Help me to guard with care
The things I say and swift repeat;
O tongue of mine, beware!

Loose and careless talk has always been a costly luxury to everyone concerned. During the second World War, enemy agents were constantly on the alert for a slip of the tongue, hoping to gain important information. One slip before the Normandy invasion might have brought defeat to the Allies. That is why the soldiers were constantly reminded, "Careless talk costs lives."

The psalmist long ago realized what a menace a loose tongue can be. Perhaps he had experienced its harmful effects because he had spoken out of turn at some unguarded moment. In Psalm 39:1, he says, "I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue."

Being convinced that he lacked the will to master his tongue, he later prayed, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

There is really no way of knowing how much pain, both mental and physical, is caused by an unruly tongue. We need not wonder why James calls it a "fire—an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

If we doubt the statement, let us check on our homes, churches and communities. Surely we will find that many of our troubles stem from an undisciplined tongue. James states that man has succeeded in taming all manner of wild beasts, "but the tongue can no man tame." This is true, but Christ can tame it. No one who talks recklessly can be a Christian. For the tongue, when wrongly used, "defiles the whole body."

The fault-finder always looks for the worst in others. He misses their good qualities altogether. He tries to become cleaner by throwing dirt, and to become taller by pushing other people down! Both of these things are impossible.

Just what does one who gossips accomplish? First of all, he hurts himself. He replaces love with hate, and kills his own humility. His character is ruined because he takes pride in what should be his utmost shame. Secondly, he hurts the one he talks about. Even if that person's faith is so strong that his feelings cannot be hurt, his reputation may suffer, his name may be bismirched.

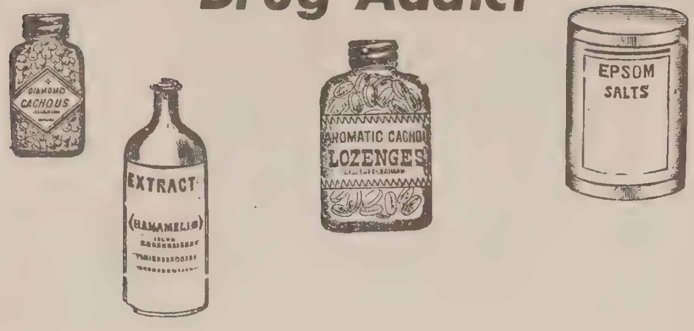
Thirdly, the gossiper hurts the one he talks to. Anyone who willingly listens to malicious talk must share part of the blame. A gossiper will not talk if there is no one to listen.

Everyone is hurt by gossip, no one is helped. A loose tongue indicates an uncertain and shaky faith. If we engage in loose talk, it leads others to question our sincerity. It brings the church into disrepute, it silences the Gospel message, it destroys the confidence upon which our entire social structure is built.

Our greatest need today is for the love that worketh no ill to his neighbors, not even the annoyance of an unkind look or word. We should learn to speak only according to God's law of love. To do this we need to pray fervently, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

-Selected, Berne, Indiana

I Took in a Drug Addict



(The following account is necessarily brief. If more information is desired, the author may be contacted by writing to Family Life. We will forward your letter.

Before my father died, he used quite a few nerve pills and sedatives. After he was gone, we found out that Mother was a very poor sleeper. She sometimes reported that she had sleepless nights for as long as five nights in a row. Then afterwards she would sleep for a day and a night straight through. At other times she would find herself wandering about in her sleep, falling against furniture and doors.

We knew something was wrong. We came to the conclusion that she was taking too much medicine. Her prescriptions had to be refilled often. Finally we came to realize that the medicines which the doctor was prescribing for her was actually different kinds of dope. She was gradually going down and had developed a bleeding ulcer of the stomach. She suffered much pain, apparently from gall bladder trouble. We noticed that her mind was not what it used to be and that she would forget quickly, and would forget that she had taken her medicine and take more.

The reason she came to our house was because the brothers and sisters agreed that she was no longer able to stay by herself in her own home. The doctor admitted to us that she is a dope addict and the only remedy he had for her was more dope. She had taken so much and so strong medicine that she could not do without them. She took a lot of laxatives and also antacid for her stomach. Every morning she started the day with a teaspoon of epsom salt.

It was pitiful to see her with her nerves in such a condition. She was not comfortable sitting still or lying down. Often she walked the floor day and night until she was too exhausted to go on. In severe attacks I would find her at night, rolling around on the floor, trying to relieve her misery. The only way I could get relief for her was by giving her more medicine. Often I went back to bed weeping, helpless to give her any real relief.

Changing doctors helped for only a week or so. The medicines they all give are much alike and soon starts reacting. I finally came to the conclusion that instead of really giving her relief, the medicine was really making her worse. The heavy doses of laxative were weakening her.

I talked with the doctor and he said he would cooperate. Much to her distress, we started taking Mother's dope away and limiting her laxative. She would beg for more medicine and often I would weaken and give her another pill. Later I would suffer with her. The battle was on but I found that it was not an easy matter to take away the dope from a person who had been taking it as long as Mother had.

We did not take everything away at once. Again and again I would to to the doctor for advice. He had other things to give her but it always turned out to be some other kind of dope which affected her in the same way. Finally I removed all the dope from my home so I would not have any on hand.

Meanwhile we started giving her a good grade of vitamin C for her stomach. After this, the vitamin pills and I had to take all the blame for her misery. It would have been much easier to bend to her wishes, but finally the day came when we were rewarded. The day came when Mother could quietly sit on a chair and rest without fidgeting her feet back and forth. She could walk around calmly without rubbing herself and continually talking about her miseries.

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Now, five years later, she is in much better health and seldom takes Anacin anymore. Her appetite is good, and she can eat almost anything without bad results. She sleeps much better and with a more restful sleep than she did when she was taking the medicines. She needs no more laxatives, and is well for her age, all except her mind which I believe would be more clear if she had not used dope so long.

The doctor admitted that he did not think she would live long and he gave her the medicine to try to keep her comfortable. He thought that that was the only thing that could be done for her.

It was a long, hard struggle and at times we felt like giving up. We give the honor and praise to God, for we believe that to be willing to work and trust in God is worth more than all the medicines. Now as we look back, we feel the turning point came when she requested to be anointed. She gained the victory over dope.

FAMILY LIFE

July 1974

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Letters

TO THE EDITOR

TOO MUCH SUNDAY WORK

I agree with the letter, "Working On Sunday," that too much unnecessary work is done in preparing the Sunday feast when company is expected. Are these feasts, with tables groaning with goodies, consistent with the true Christian walk of life?

Futhermore, I believe many of us are caught in doing unnecessary chores on this day. Some have cleaned out the pig pens on Sunday if they were at home and didn't get time to do it the day before. I don't think it is wrong to clean out a pig pen on Sunday if water gets into it and the pigs have no dry place to lie down. But if it's just a matter of routine work, I can't see that it's right to do it on Sunday.

One minister who has now passed on to his reward said that we should do everything possible on Saturday to get ready for the Lord's Day. If there is enough room available, we can see that there is enough straw and hay down to last till Monday.

Another thing which is somtimes done on Sunday is collecting maple sap if the run is heavy and the pails are running over. The argument is that it is wrong to waste what the Lord provides, so we must gather it. Does this not remind us of the Pharisees? Jesus condemned them because they liked to have the appearance of keeping the law, but all the while twisting it to their own benefit. What will we say to our sons if they decide to haul in hay or thresh on Sunday if it's a wet year and it looks like rain? How can we make a difference?

We must be careful that we don't get caught in our own traps. A few years ago a member of a plain church tapped some maple trees belonging to his Catholic neighbor. One Sunday evening while going in from doing chores, this neighbor was surprised to see the plain man out in the woods collecting sap.

Now it so happened that this Catholic man had asked another neighbor, who was also a member of the same plain church to bale his hay for him when it was ready and he agreed to. One Sunday the hay was just right to put in so the man raked it, (after he had gone to his church) and then went to ask this neighbor to bale it. The neighbor said he would bale it for him but not until the following day as he didn't believe it was right to work on Sunday. Can you blame this Catholic man for giving his neighbor a piece of his mind after seeing the other neighbor collecting sap on Sunday?

-- Aden Horst, Elmira, Ontario

THE PRICE WE HAVE TO PAY

I agree with the "Large Shadows," April "Views and Values" for it seems it always works that way. The larger the church gets and more scattered out and less working together in daily work, the larger the shadows get behind small objects. We don't learn to know each other's troubles and problems and go more by what we hear than by our own acquaintances. This leaves room for a lot of misunderstandings.

I have often wondered if this is the price we are paying for using more machinery to farm with. One man can handle his own work alone and each farm is more or less a self-sufficient unit rather than a part of the community.

-- John Imhoff, New Paris, Indiana

DISTORTED LUTHERANISM

I object to the one poem in the April issue of Family Life. It was the one about the thief on the cross being saved without works, which according to the poem, proves that faith is what saves. But I can't agree, for I think this is a form of distorted Lutheranism. It's a deep subject but what does the Bible say? It says we are saved by grace, through faith. It seems to me faith is only one part of the package, one of the conditions upon which salvation rests and the whole thing is possible only through grace, which of course makes it possible to earn merits by works, or any other way, including faith! In fact, according to John 6:28,29, it appears that faith itself is a work.

Concerning the dying thief on the cross, it was his faith that saved him, but here the word faith has a broad meaning. This same kind of saving faith would have made the thief a fruitful tree in God's vineyard (bringing forth many good works) had he been given the opportunity to live longer. The word faith takes in everything, - the fact that he was repentant, born again, etc. It doesn't mean that he merely believed superficially that Christ was God's Son. The devil believes that, too.

Guaimaca, Honduras

HASTY IN FINDING FAULT

The story in the May issue, "Does the Bishop Care" was worthwhile reading. Why is it that bad news and gossip always travels faster than good news? When gossip is being passed around, it's not unusual to hear someone say, "Did you hear the worst part of it? One of the preachers' boys was along."

The bishops and ministers of the church are human beings, just like the rest of the members. They and their children can make mistakes, too, for no one is perfect. They have a great responsibility in the church and we should be thankful that we can sit and listen to the Word of God being preached by ordained men. We should pray for them and their families instead of being too hasty in finding fault.

--Mrs. D.S Weaver, Penna.

MOTHER-IN-LAW TOO DISTANT

I want to thank you for printing that poem about a mother-in-law in April issue. I never call my husband's mother by that name for it sounds too distant. Sometimes I call her my husband's mother, but usually I just call her mother. My second mother is very close to me and I love her just as much as my own mother. When we lived close to them and were sick, she used to worry as if we (our whole family) were her children. She listened

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to all our troubles and helped out whenever she could. Whenever she had tears, whatever hurt her, hurt me, too. The same with my husband's father. He never said much to me but what he said meant a lot and it all made me feel like their own daughter.

-- With Two Mothers, Wisconsin

HELPED TOO MUCH OUTSIDE

Regarding the answers to the question, Is it a sin to help your husband? This is a question which I have lost some sleep over and now I feel compelled to write. It has brought back memories that I wish I could forget.

Not that I think it is a sin to help your husband. If it is, then I would have to say with the publican, "Lord have mercy on me, a poor sinner." for I would have been living in sin most of my married life.

I hope the other working wives don't have the experience I had. My husband soon learned that I was well talented to help along with things outside. Before I knew what was happening, I had gained a lot of responsibilities for I enjoyed giving him a helping hand.

But what hurt me was when he came into the house, maybe things were not in order like they should have been. It was easy for him to say, "Why didn't you get this or that done?" If only he would have said. "I'm sorry I was late again tonight," or "What can I do to help you?" how different this world would have been for me.

I remember once my husband went and bought linoleum for a few floors in the house. I should have been happy about it but I was so hungry for something money can't buy that it would have been much easier to cry. The Lord only knows why I still want to give him a helping hand when needed.

If your husband has the "Now what can I do for you?" attitude or at least stays cheerful when things don't work out the way you had planned, then I would say, "Stop and appreciate how fortunate you really are to be able to work hand in hand.

--Still Seeking Love and Appreciation.

NEVER A TIME TO RELAX

I had a large family. We had hard times, etc. I worked in the field and in the barn. I milked cows, fed chickens and pigs, swept and cleaned the barn, and washed the milking pails. I had a large garden, strawberry patches, and did everything on the farm plus my housework. Sometimes I didn't feel well and had back trouble but still had to milk and do my work. Nothing was supposed to stop me.

Now the children are all married and I am doing housework by the day, three days a week. There is never a time for me to relax. The Bible says wives shall submit themselves to their husbands. I read the answers to the questions in this paper and had to wonder about some of these things.

Now, I never believed it was the right thing to do for a woman to go out and work like that on a farm. I believe the woman belongs first of all in the house. If a woman is to bear children and care for them then she needs to spend much time with them. She needs time to read and study and pray. Prayer is the greatest need. She needs to pray for her children and her husband. He has time to study and pray while she is doing the evening dishes, cooking, or getting the children ready for bed. Perhaps in the evening she has ironing or mending to do.

Some children could tear the house apart while the man lies on the couch sleeping. It is a sad thing to say but I do see there are too many men who are not doing their part any more. They seem to want to sit back and say it is all the woman's fault, the same as Adam did in the beginning. I feel we need men, not to be slave drivers or merely bosses but to do their part in the house and in the church. I have heard it said that children pick up 90% of what we do but only 10% of what we say. Why is it that boys are falling away much faster than girls, or am I all wrong? I don't mean to complain for I'm serious and hope this may be a help to readers as well as to myself.

--From a hard working woman who wishes to be a homemaker and mother as she believes it should be.

FISHING SEASON IS HERE

We read a lot about the coon hunter's wife, how about the fisherman's wife? A lot of money is spent to go to the lakes and at times at the same time debts are waiting to be paid. Some mothers and children are alone much of the time because father, even after working away all day, will go fishing in the evening. What do the children learn from their father? Perhaps some unkind words and whose fault is it if the wife gets out of her place sometimes and says and does things she shouldn't?

--Author's name withheld.

BREAKDOWN OF AUTHORITY

I am thankful for such articles as "A Unit That Works" (April issue) To my way of thinking this breakdown of authority, wife to husband, husband to church, and church to Christ, has done more damage than anything else. It is about fifty years that women have had the right to vote and it is about this long that it has been more or less accepted that some women should rule the home and farm to a certain extent. The Scriptures admonish husbands to love their wives and not be harsh with them. This is much easier to do if it can be felt that she is trying to be obedient. If I am not mistaken, the wedding vows for the woman asks whether she will be obedient to the husband where not against God's will. This isn't asked of the husband. The husband is asked if he will support his wife and this is not asked of the wife.

-Indiana

IS THAT THE WAY PEOPLE TALK?

I was quite taken by surprise when I read the letters and comments on "Empty Arms" which had been published in Family Life. I had to wonder, is that the way people really talk about those who have no children? Recently I found out it is true, for I learned that a very thoughtless remark was made about me. People with families who talk so unkindly have no idea what they are really doing or they could not talk this way. How can they know if they've never had the experience? We were childless for quite a few years but now have one child. Only the Lord knows if there will ever be any more. Yet people who make remarks make it sound as if it were our choice, not God's plan.

-Name and State withheld.

SINGLE GIRL THE SCAPEGOAT

I agree with the letter from the single girl which appeared in Family Life recently. By the attitude many of the married people show, there would be reason to believe they think the Lord made certain girls to be similar to the scapegoat we read about in the Scriptures, that is for married folks to pile on all that which makes life a little too heavy for them, rather than to make a few adjustments themselves.

It would make life so much more pleasant for many of us who do without a husband and children if only we could have our own quarters where to do our own housekeeping and use our own dishes. However if we as much as mention it we hear curt remarks such as "Isn't the roof large enough for you and your parents to get along together?" or "You don't know how nice you have it to be able to stick your feet under your parents' table."

At the same time they may be complaining how rough married life is, but they wouldn't think of exchanging it for the single life they expect us to be so grateful for.

I guess this is just another way of saying that if more people could and would take time to imagine themselves in the shoes of another, and use others as they would like to be treated, life would be so much more pleasant for all. It may be true that many of us are better off than if we were unhappily married, but isn't an unhappy marriage also the result of not living the Golden Rule?

-Another Older Single Girl

NOT A GOOD EXAMPLE

In connection with the story in Children's Section, "Slow Feet", this story did bring out a good point in teaching us to do whatever we have to do joyfully. I wonder, though, if going some 20 miles from home during the night with a man who maybe is a Christian and maybe not, is a good example for our children? I, for my part, feel it is a bad influence.

-Ira R. Martin, Elmira, Ont.

SHOULD NOT GRIEVE ANY LONGER

I think the girl who wrote the story, "The Last Words For Mother" brought out a very good lesson for us to remember. But I feel if we ask to be forgiven we should not grieve any longer about our wrongdoings of the past. She says she knows that her mother had forgiven her and believes God forgave her, too. But we should continue to work to overcome our weaknesses.

-Mrs. H. O., Penna.

ADVANTAGES ON THE FARM

I was looking over some Family Life magazines of several years ago and came across an article entitled "A Mother who is Wishing for Prayers."

I think I know just how she felt. We had only five children when we went on a farm big enough so my husband didn't have to work away. I know I always looked forward to rainy or too-cold days so they would then spend a day or two at home which seemed came only few and far between. I feel our younger children have advantages and memories our older ones don't have because our two and three year olds enjoy to go out in the fields when their father or brothers are plowing, making hay, etc. They also help chore.

I've often been thankful that my husband has the patience to bother with them as I know that many times what he is doing can be done quicker without them. When I'm busy with the canning or washing, it also gives me a break.

Sometimes when I'm busy baking and tired, I take a warm roll or just a cold drink out to him and sit down and talk awhile. It refreshes my mind and makes me feel like working again and I believe it does him, too.

If a father is supposed to be the head of the house, I have never been able to understand how he can do this and still be gone from break of day almost every day, sometimes before the youngsters are up, and then come home not long before it is time to go to bed. I know some people can't do certain kinds of work and I don't want to criticize, but let's stop and think, are we doing our duty in raising a family?

Several of our children are out of school already and I do appreciate it that there are many things we can share together and also enjoy working with each other. I dread to think of the time when they will be leaving on their own. Only through the grace of God and our prayers can we teach them good from evil and that they have love in their hearts. I hope we can be a good example to them so in later years they may think of them but forget our many shortcomings.

-Ohio Mother

CUDDLING INSTEAD OF SPANKING

The letter from the mother of the over-active child upset me quite a bit for I feel spanking a child like this to make him stay in the crib would only make him more nervous. Some of ours were nervous and high strung and it seemed rocking and cuddling a child to sleep or reading to them worked better than spanking.

I was quite nervous when young and I am glad my parents did not treat me this way. I'm a mother of nine and take time to read and rock my little ones to sleep. They enjoy it very much if I read to them and in no time are off to sleep.

-Concerned Mother, Ohio

A HARD QUESTION TO ANSWER

Recently while the feed man was here unloading feed we were talking about crops, etc. Then he asked me if we raise tobacco. When I told him we don't, he asked, "What do you think of it?"

I told him I don't think much of it. He then asked, "Why do so many of your folks farm tobacco?"

I think that's a question that deserves an honest answer. He didn't think it was right to farm tobacco. How can we be a light to the world when even they think the things we do are not right?

-S.B., Lancaster Co.

COONS ARE IN THE SWEET CORN AGAIN

The best thing we've found to keep coons out of the sweet corn is to sprinkle lime along the rows on the ground. We tried everything else, dirty sweating shirts, moth balls, and hung out lanterns. They ate the ears right by the lanterns. If they could write they probably would have left a note, "Thanks for the light."

-Mrs. M., Michigan

RHUBARB CRUNCH

Special thanks to the mother who sent in the recipe for Rhubarb Crunch made with whole wheat flour (June issue). We have been making it regularly ever since we have received our F. L., and don't know how we'd do without it. And then I thought that if nobody had sent the recipe in, we'd never know how much we're missing.

-Grateful Daughter, Ontario

LIKES THE GERMAN SECTION

The reason we appreciate Family Life so much is because it contains literature so true to life and written by concerned people. I like the helpful hints, questions, recipes, etc. and read it from cover to cover.

We don't want to forget to thank the author of the German articles. If we take time to read them, we should surely benefit from them.

-Ontario

DOESN'T PAY TO BECOME CARELESS

I wish to make a special comment on "The Big Boom" (May issue). It was a good reminder as we are apt to become careless, especially if nothing ever happened to us before. That's the way it went with us the other evening.

Recently when we moved, we started using a kerosene cookstove. We thought it was in good condition but after having it several days we noticed a very slight leak at the thread where the pipe turns into the kerosene bowl. It didn't interfere with the burners and my husband said we would have to take it apart to fix it, which would be quite time consuming. Since the crops were pressing, plus a hundred other things that go with moving, we neglected to do anything about it. Yes, we would fix it sometime.

All went well until the other evening when I lit the first burner to make supper. A bit of char caused a spurt of flame to burn higher than the rest of the burner so without thinking, I took the end of the match and prodded it off. The tiny ember fell directly below, coming into contact with the oily pipe. I tried to blow it out but all to no avail. My first impulse was to run to the barn where my husband was choring but common sense told me I would be losing ground if I did.

By this time the flame was burning hotter and hotter. My only answer was to try out the new fire extinguisher which we bought since moving here. With trembling fingers I ripped the safety tape off and pressed the lever. With several attempts the flames were smothered with white powder. The powerful pressure caused powder to be in more places than just the stove.

It was a mess to clean but I cleaned it up with a thankful heart that we still had the roof over our heads. It just doesn't pay to delay. -Mrs. Cephas Kauffman, Ontario

WENT UP IN SMOKE

We can verify the danger of the mis-use of gasoline (back cover, May issue). I would like to relate an experience we had thirty-one years ago. The only place we used gasoline was in the watercooled engine at the barn to pump water for the cattle. My father usually brought the fuel home in a few glass gallon jugs.

One summer day upon returning home from town, the spring wagon was parked on the north side of the barn in the shade. The filled containers of gasoline were under the seat. Surely this was a safe place and no one thought any trouble could result. So we went about our work as usual.

After the supper meal was over, I happened to be the first one outside. Smoke was coming up over the roof of the barn. The spring wagon was on fire and smoke was coming up over the sides of the building. Immediately I pulled the rig away a safe distance and went for water. The buggy seat was burned off and most of one wheel and of course the body was damaged beyond repair. We still felt fortunate as a few seconds later could have resulted in the loss of the barn.

What happened was the rays from the sun found their way to the north side of the barn before sunset. Hitting the glass jugs, the heat evidently caused the gasoline to expand enough to burst them, although we heard no explosion. --Ivan Hurst, Ephrata, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Gasoline and kerosene does expand quite a bit, even in a warm room. If the glass jug were filled up completely with no air space on top, it could easily burst.

SOYBEANS BETTER THAN NAVY BEANS

The recent article on soybeans was interesting. Since we did not have edible soybeans available, we bought a bushel of ordinary soybeans from the local elevator. It takes quite a bit of cooking to get them soft, but when done up with tomato sauce, bacon and fried onions, etc. they are simply delicious. We found that a simple way to have them available when wanted without going to the bother of cooking them so long each time is to can them along with the tomato sauce. Then when I open them they are already cooked and all we need to do is boil them a few minutes.

Another reason I like soybeans is because they do not cause as much gas on the stomach as white beans.

-Ontario

Others

We travel the way of life but once;
'Tis filled with sorrow and joy;
We have our trials as well as our songs;
The gold is oft mixed with alloy.

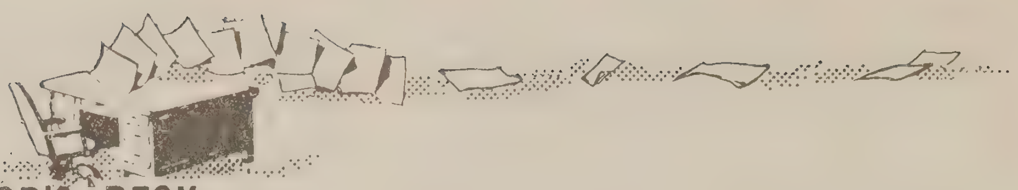
Pleasure will vanish like morning dew;
Time is the balm for pain;
But what we do for one in need
Will live over and over again.

To make life truly worth the while
For others we must live;
The rule for joy is not to withhold
But to give and give and give.

Often we meet a tired heart
Made weary by toil and care;
If we but give a cheery smile
'Twill help their load to share.

The soul of man doth yearn for love
For God has made him so.
Just give some love to an unloved one,
As on through life you go.

Oh, may I then forget myself
And all for others live
Assured that I will happiest be
When I give and give and give.
(Author unknown)



ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

We have quite a few different sections in Family Life and try to sort the material which is sent in accordingly. But it seems there are never enough sections, some material doesn't fit into any of them and these usually lie on top of the desk sometimes for several months before we find a place to put them. Following are a few articles that people would like to have information on.

1. How can a person blacken a faded wool hat?
2. Where can the hardware for making your own suspenders be obtained in large quanities, such as the leather strips for the buttons, the buckles and the metal which goes between the elastic and the leather strips?

Anyone having any suggestions, please forward to;

Editor's Desk, Family Life, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario.

We received a number of answers to our request for information on how to hull sunflower seeds. First of all, they can be hulled by hand, one at a time. This may be a slow method, but like eating peanuts out of the shell, they no doubt taste better if eaten slowly. One method of hulling by hand is to put them in boiling water a few minutes which makes the shell come off more easily. Another method is to use a pliers or a clothespin and try to crack them lengthwise.

To hull larger quantities, an ordinary hammermill may be used. Remove the screen and run the mill slowly, at about 350 revolutions per minute. Pour in about two gallons at a time then speed up the mill to full speed to clean the seeds out of the bottom so the mill will not clog up. This method should hull about 80% of the seeds.

Feed mills which have a regular oat huller should be able to hull the sunflower seed for you if you have a large enough quanity that it is worth bothering with. If you want to buy an oat huller to hull oats and sunflower seeds with, we know of two different ones which are for sale. Both of these are located in Canada. If interested, write.

We also have a letter from one who has made his own sunflower seed huller with hammers which rub the seeds against a rasp. For more information on this machine, see or write to Aaron Hoover, R.2. Port Trevorton, Pa. 17864.

Nearly every issue of Family Life contains some health items or articles. Sometimes it is hard to know which information is reliable, and which is applicable and of value to our readers.

Probably a dozen different persons have written in to tell us about the work of Dr. Ben Feingold of San Francisco. After experimenting with the diet of hyper-active children, a condition called "hyperkinesis", he has come to the conclusion that this abnormality can be remedied by putting the children on a diet containing no artificial coloring or flavoring. The question is, what are hyperkinetic children? Does it mean anyone who is overly active? The report says this condition is found only among boys, but we have letters from quite a few parents who felt their daughter is hyperactive.

Although it might be worth a try to cut down on artificial coloring and flavoring, are we to understand from these tests that all artificial coloring and flavoring is detrimental? For our part, we think it would be wise to wait until other doctors would experiment in this matter to see if their results are the same. One report says that Dr. Feingold states that hyperkinesis has increased during the last ten years in parellel with the increases in dollar value of the production of artificial flowers and soft drinks. Just because two things happen at the same time does not prove that there is necessarily any connection between the two. It may sound amusing, but the story is told of one farmer who thought he had discovered the cause of the grasshopper infestations of the thirties. It was at this very time that the rural electrification was erecting high lines throughout the countryside so he was convinced the electric lines were bringing the hordes of grasshoppers which were overrunning his farm.

During the past ten years there has come upon the scene a group of persons known as "environmentalists" or "ecologists". These people have done a lot of good in making the public aware of the dangers of such things as exhaust fumes and certain other things which are detrimental in the long run to the health of the people. But everything has its limits and when they go to extremes, their story cannot be accepted. Recently we learned of a case where so called environmentalists are holding up the drainage of two or three farms totalling about 500 acres. They have gone to court to stop these farmers from putting in a tile drain. The reason is because they say the warm water from the farms would be detrimental to the trout in the streams into which the water drains. They assert that tile draining is not nature's way of taking care of the water.

The Aylmer Young People have just completed a project which they have been working on for sometime, namely a history of the Aylmer Amish Community. The result is a 32-page booklet the size of "The Young Companion" with a short history of the first twenty-one years of the settlement with lists of the families who lived here and other historical facts of interest. Only a limited number of copies are available. Anyone wishing to have a copy, may obtain one while they last, by writing Ezra Wagler, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario. The price is $1.00 per copy or six for $5.00, post paid.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

EASY ON THE AEROSOL-

Twenty years ago there were hardly any of the pressurized containers commonly called aerosol bombs found in the homes of the plain people. Today several different kinds of sprays are found in nearly any home. The business has grown until nearly three billion of these cans are manufactured every year in the U.S. That's enough to put forty-five of the cans in every home of the nation each year. There are around three hundred different kinds of aerosol bombs.

Up to about eight years ago, these devices were considered to be absolutely harmless. But like other things that come into common use and are used carelessly, the problems started showing up. The bombs use some form of compressed gas to provide the pressure. Each time they are used, a small amount of this gas escapes into the air. Since it is heavier than air, it drops to the floor.

Finally it was discovered that when the bombs are used inside the house regularly during the day, enough of the gas may gather on the floor to make it dangerous for children playing on the floor.

About the same time there was an outbreak of mysterious deaths among asthma sufferers. These deaths were sudden and unexpected. Finally it was established that the victims had used an aerosol asthma spray shortly before they died, and some of them were still clutching the spray bomb in their hands.

Investigation showed that the bombs were dangerous in two ways. First, some of the bombs could release as much as five times the normal amount of medicine intended. Secondly, the gas which was used to build up the pressure was found to be a heart stimulant, which could cause a weak heart to overact. Numerous brands of asthma sprays were recalled from the market.

Investigation into other types of aerosol bombs brought out the fact that when used on the skin, they frequently caused burning, freezing, blistering, rashes and inflammation. In fact, they are sometimes used by skin specialists to remove a layer of skin. They are especially dangerous when used on the eye as the tiny particles can be driven into the eyeball.

There is evidence to indicate that vinyl chloride, which is used in many of the bombs, can cause cancer of the liver.

Not only are spray bombs more expensive, they are also more danerous than other forms of the same products

Many of the aerosol bombs are inflammable and explosive. That is, the spray will ignite it used near a flame, and the container will explode if it becomes overheated.

Aerosol sprays can cause damage to the lungs, since it is almost impossible not to inhale some of the spray. Several years ago an outbreak of sarciodosis, which is an inflamed condition of the lungs, was traced to the use of under-arm deodorant. Health authorities refused to disclose the brand name of the deodorant because "many commercial brands of deodorants contain the same ingredients." One doctor stated that nearly all antiperspirant sprays cause irritation of the lungs. Hair sprays cause a lung condition called "storage disease" which shows up in X-rays.

In view of the evidence, it would be wise to reduce the number of aerosol bombs to the least number necessary. If you do use them, handle them like you would other bombs, with care. Most products can be bought in other forms which may not be as handy but are nearly always cheaper. If you must use your allotment of 45 cans per year, be prepared to pay the price health-wise or in accidents which this convenience may cost you.

WHAT TO DO WITH 5,000 COWS

Mass production in any line often brings difficulties. One of the problems brought on by large scale feed manufacturing and distribution is what to do with the carcasses of approximately 5,000 beef and dairy cows which either have died or will eventually have to be killed. The cattle ate feed containing a poisonous bromide compound accidentally mixed into the feed by the Michigan Farm Bureau. Some of the cows have died but most of them are sick and scientists know of no way to get the poisonous substance out of their bodies.

The Michigan State Agricultural Department is looking for a five-acre site to use as a burial ground. It is estimated that it will require 9,000 loads of sand to cover the bodies in a five-acre hole ten feet deep. The carcasses can not be piled on top of each other because of the danger of a build up of methane gas which would cause the carcasses to explode.

It is a foregone conclusion that a lot of feed companies are going to take special precautions to see that nothing like this ever happens again.

NEW WAY FOR SKIN GRAFTS

Skin grafts have been performed for many years, chiefly for the victims of severe burns. The most painful part of the procedure has always been in obtaining the skin, which is taken from some hidden part of the victim's body.

Doctors at the Akron, Ohio Children's Hospital have now developed a new method of getting skin. They take a patch of skin about one inch square from the patient and put it in a specially prepared solution of amino acids, vitamins, and salts. Within a few weeks' time the patch of skin grows to many times its original size and then is grafted where needed on the patient.

GOVERNMENT PLANNERS MAKE POOR SHOWING

In 1966 the government of Prince Edward Island, Canada's eastern-most province undertook to revise the island's farming system and do away with the family sized farm. Many of the small farmers were paid and nearly forced to quit farming. Then the farms were rearranged to make large farms of 500 acres and up with the most modern equipment to operate them. This changeover was brought about by the government land-buy policy, tightly organized marketing groups and the official attitude that "farming has be large to be worthwhile."

About 2,500 of the island's 6,500 farms have disappeared and they are still decreasing at the rate of one a day. Along with this drop in number of farms has been a significant drop in farm production. The annual yield of potatoes (which represent more than a third of the yearly income), meat and milk production have all dropped about 20%.

Prince Edward Island is the last of Canada's provinces to change to mechanized farming. Fifteen years ago most of the farming was still done with horses. At that time a number of Amish families tried very hard to immigrate to that province but were unsuccessful. In view of the present government, they would probably find it difficult to make a living there now, had they succeeded.

SHOPLIFTERS SOUND ALARM

A new weapon against shoplifters is being used by large department stores. One large store in London, Ontario uses sensitized plastic stickers on its merchandise, which the sales clerk removes when the item is purchased. If one of these stickers is carried through the exit door, an alarm is set off and the person is asked to return to the store to have his parcels checked. Store officials say that one shoplifter a day is apprehended. When the system was first installed, two or three shoplifters a day were caught.

The system also causes a certain amount of embarrassment. It happens that the sales clerks ocassionally forget to remove some of the stickers from the items which sets off the alarm and causes delay and inconvenience for the shopper.

Shoplifting has now reached such proportions that many merchants must add about 5% to their selling price to offset the losses by shoplifting. Perhaps this is one reason why mail-order companies are able to sell their merchandise for less.

LOCUSTS A MODERN DAY PLAGUE

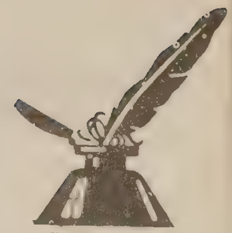
Locusts plagues are not just horrible stories that happened long ago in Bible times. They are happening every year, mostly in the underdeveloped countries of Africa. News reports from Ethiopia show pictures of hordes of the insects which can blot out the sun and clean up all vegetation as they go.

Locusts are short-horned grasshoppers, that is, grasshoppers with short antenna. They belong to another family from the long-horned grasshoppers. The cicadas or seventeen-year locusts are also entirely different. Locusts visit any warm countries at times. Outbreaks of locusts in the Mississippi Valley from 1870 to 1880 did millions of dollars worth of damage. No serious damage occured in the United States between 1880 and 1930. Then in the period from 1930 to 1940 there were more outbreaks in the western states.

Swarms of migrating locusts can shut out the sun, they interfere with railroad trains and make automobile travel dangerous. Train wheels spin and automobiles skid. Hordes of locusts have been known to travel from Canada to Texas. Sailors have reported seeing swarms as far as 1,200 miles at sea.

A machine called a "hopperdozer" has been developed which will pick up and crush the insects between two wheels. But the only effective way to combat them is with poisoned bran.

Views and Values



By Elmo Stoll

MAKING IT DIFFICULT TO FAIL

Jerry Troyer had made up his mind. The more he thought it over, the more he knew it was the right thing to do. It would make his wife happy. It would make the ministers happy. And deep in his heart he knew he would feel better, too, for he knew it was the right thing to do.

He realized it was going to be hard, going to be a struggle, but now at last his mind was made up. After all these years, he was going to stop smoking. He gathered up all his cigars and walked resolutely to the stove and opened the door. He tossed in two, and stood, watching them burn, his nose taking in the strong smell of tobacco. He tossed in several more and they, too, burned. And then several more. Finally he had only two left. He hesitated. Perhaps he was being rash. Maybe it would only be using common sense if he stuck those two in a dresser drawer somewhere. Not that he would smoke them, of course not. But after all, what if he tried and couldn't? "Wouldn't I be in an embarrassing spot if I found I couldn't make it any longer, and it would be some time when the stores were closed?" he mused to himself. He put the two in a dresser drawer but told himself very firmly that they weren't to be smoked. They were strictly there for an emergency, nothing else, absolutely nothing else.

He left the house and hurried toward the barn to get the horses out. He felt almost weak at the thought of what he had undertaken. He knew already that it was going to be pretty rough going for a few days. He was going to miss those cigars. He saw his wife was busy in the garden, so busy that she didn't even glance up and notice him. She had left her dishes and come out to the garden right after dinner while the children took their nap. Wouldn't she be pleased if she knew he planned to stop smoking? Jerry had half a notion to go over and tell her right then. But then he thought, "No, I'll wait. I won't tell her and see how soon she notices. She might not think of it right away, as I never smoked much in the house anyhow."

Out in the barn, Jerry still found himself a bit shaken at the idea that he had really burned his cigars. Was he biting off more than he could chew? Would he really be able to stop smoking? Yet he sincerely wanted to, longed with all his heart to be free of the habit. He knew he would need help from God not to weaken in his resolve. Humbly he took his battered straw hat in his hand, and bowed his head in prayer as he stood there beside the broad backs of his Percheron team. He prayed earnestly for strength to overcome his tobacco habit. He immediately felt much better. And that afternoon as he cultivated the young, strong plants of growing corn, he prayed some more.

Yet by the following evening, Jerry found it hard to think about anything else but how good it would be to smoke a cigar again. Again and again his thoughts would turn to those two cigars he had put in his dresser drawer. But no, he told himself he wouldn't give in to the temptation.

Jerry had a miserable night. He had such a bad night that he awoke thoroughly discouraged and out-of-sorts. He no longer felt like praying. He snapped at his wife when she asked him to do a favor, and he slapped one of the children for crying too much. He felt like a failure, disappointed at himself. What good did it do to stop smoking, if he was going to feel like this and mistreat his family.

All day Jerry was nervous and irritable and jumpy. He jerked the horses and kicked at the dog when it got in his way. He beat a cow because she switched her tail into his eye. At mealtimes, he tried hard to act normal, but he was still surprised that his wife didn't notice anything, or ask what was bothering him. Jerry hoped that his hunger for a smoke didn't show as much on the outside as it hurt on the inside.

Jerry held out until late that night, but as bedtime drew hear, his doubts got the best of him. He kept asking himself why he ever thought he could stop smoking. He couldn't bear to think of going through another night like the night before. He wanted only one thing, and that was a good long puff on a cigar. "And I know where two are," he told himself. He got one and went outside for a walk in the cool darkness of the evening air. The next morning he hitched up his horse and went to town, and got himself a supply of cigars that would last a long while. His wife never knew how hard he had tried to stop.

"I guess it's a good thing I never told my wife I planned to stop," Jerry mused to himself later. "It would just have disappointed her when I didn't get it accomplished. And I can be thankful I didn't burn those last two cigars. If I'd had to spend another night without a smoke, I don't know how I would have made it."

If he planned to fail, yes, he had indeed done the wisest thing. But if he planned to succeed, no. And if he planned to fail, there was no sense in making the attempt to stop smoking. What Jerry forgot to take into consideration was that perhaps if he had burned those last two cigars, and had told his wife about his resolve, those two factors might just have been enough to make the difference between success and failure. If those two cigars wouldn't have been so handy to get in his moment of weakness, he likely would have held out until the next morning. And who can tell, perhaps with the morning would have come new hope and courage, and the worst would have been over. Also, by telling his wife of his intentions, he would have been less likely to give up, if by doing so he knew he would deeply disappoint his wife. Also the humiliation of going back on his word would have made it harder to yield to the temptation. Her help, encouragement, understanding, support, and prayers could have been a source of strength he lacked this way.

No worthwhile goal is ever reached without earnest effort. The enemy of our souls makes sure that there are plenty of obstacles in the path that leads to success. Jerry Troyer's mistake lay in not deliberately planning to put as many obstacles as possible in the path of failure. Satan tries to make success difficult; we should try to do the opposite, to make it hard to fail.

History holds a good illustration of this truth in a story about Julius Caesar, a Roman ruler before the time of Christ. When Julius Caesar went to conquer what is now England, he had to enter the country by crossing the English Channel. He moved his men across the twenty miles of water in a fleet of ships.

Caesar's men knew they were in enemy territory. If they should be defeated, the only way to retreat would be on that self-same fleet of ships. "We'd better leave quite a few men here to guard the ships," his officers suggested worriedly. "If the battle should go against us, we'd really be in a trap if something happened to those ships."

The suggestion angered Julius Caesar. "Make your plans to win, not to be defeated," he shouted. Then he ordered all his troups to line up along the shore and watch. Before their dismayed eyes, Caesar had every single ship set on fire and burned to ashes. It was a dramatic and reckless gesture, but it worked. It added the touch of desperateness that spurred his army on to victory. Many times when the going got rough, they might have thought of retreat if such a possibility had existed.

Of course, none of us are soldiers invading an enemy country, and yet, in a spiritual sense we are very much at war with spiritual enemies that fight against our souls. The extent to which we gain the victory may depend in a large measure how difficult we make it for ourselves to fail.

To The Future

The past has its store of joys we remember
The future is ours undefiled...
Let us carry our weight with courage of men
But proceed with the trust of a child.
Kathleen Partridge

A DREAM OF THREE TRAINS

The other night I had a dream, strange, yes, indeed it was a strange one. If you will let your imagination run a little, I think you can follow me in my story. I dreamed I saw a big long train going down the track, rocking and rolling as it went. Everything seemed to go smooth. There were three engines and many small cars behind. Every car and engine in the train was headed for the same place, until they had to cross a rushing river. Then things began to happen. The train had to cross the river without a bridge!

The train in my dream could float as long as the engines kept going and trying to reach the other side. Once the motor stopped, they began to sink.

There was a very strong magnet behind each engine and so it was with each car also. The engines picked up speed and more speed so all the cars would drop into the river after them. Down-down-down they went, the engines separating as they fell, and the cars all went down after them. Because of the strong magnets, the cars all caught onto one of the engines. Now they were the same as three little trains going across the river.

On the other side was only one track but it had a very strong magnet on it to help pull the trains to it once they got near the tracks.

The wildest part of the river was close to the other side, just before they reached the tracks. Train No. 1 did a real good job of staying on the right course and made it across the river in good time.

Train No. 2 got a little off course in the wildest part of the river, but it fought and fought till it finally got headed back toward the track on the other side. All of a sudden the magnet from the track got hold of it and pulled it forward till it safely reached the track.

Train No. 3 had a faulty motor and the engineer knew it but didn't bother to get it fixed before starting out on the journey. At times the motor worked real well, but at other times it would falter, especially if the going got rough. Train No. 3 started on its journey across the river but once it got to the wildest part, the motor faltered a little but started going again. All the time it kept drifting down the river little by little. Then the motor faltered again. The engineer worked on the motor and got it going again. All the time it kept drifting farther and farther from the tracks. Then the motor faltered again and the engineer decided to give it up altogether. It had lost all contact with the magnet on the other side. The engineer was so discouraged that the motor shut off completely. Then it went under, taking with it all the innocent little cars.

At this point in my dream, I awoke and lay awake thinking. Yes, just thinking. I thought, train No. 1 is like some people in this life who can go through troubles and trials. They have to fight hard to stay on the right course but by keeping hold of Jesus' hand (the magnet) they get through pretty easy.

Train No. 2 is like people who are put through trials and become discouraged and sometimes stray off the main course. But through prayer, they are pulled back on the right course, by Jesus' hand.

Train No. 3 is like people who start out right and want to live right, yet do not put in much effort to see that everything is in order (faulty motor). When they meet the storms of life they falter and when the waves get too rough, they quit altogether, finally giving up completely and sinking to utter darkness.

Like which train are we? Do we care enough to do what is right to safely reach the other side and so also be a help to others who are looking to us for an example? Or are we like Train No. 3, careless and unconcerned and finally give up and maybe also cause others to go down with us? --S. B., Indiana

A COLLEGE GIRL Learns About The Amish

-Author's Name Withheld

IT WAS A HOT, HUMID day in the middle of August. Leroy Yoder had just put his horses into the barn and was on his way to the house for dinner when a buggy drove in the lane. "It's Robert Miller," he thought. "I wonder what he's up to." Robert was on the school board and the last Leroy had heard, they still hadn't found a teacher for the coming term. Maybe Robert's visit would have something to do with that.

"Hello, there," Robert greeted, driving into the shade of the big maple tree. "Going in for dinner?"

"Yes, you're just in time to join us," Leroy invited.

"I've got dinner waiting at home, and should be there already, but this errand is taking me longer than I thought it would." Then he came right to the point. "We've got a prospect for a teacher, but thought we'd go around and ask the others how they feel before we hire her," he said.

Leroy was puzzled. He thought it was up to the school board to hire the teacher. Why were they going around asking the rest? Something unusual must be brewing.

"We've heard of this college girl from Greenburg who'd like to teach among our people. What would you think if we hired her?" asked Leroy.

"You--you mean one who isn't Amish?" asked Leroy. He was sure he hadn't heard right.

"There aren't very many Amish college girls in Greenburg, are there?" asked Robert with a laugh.

Leroy realized how stupid his question had been, but he found it hard to laugh. "B-but isn't that defeating the purpose of having our own schools?" he asked. "Why don't we just send our children to public school, as long as we're going to have a teacher like that?"

"Oh, come now. It's not quite that bad, I don't hope," Robert said. "We've still got the say-so of what's going to be taught. And our children wouldn't have non-Amish playmates like they would in public school." Then with slightly changed tone of voice, he said, "I know, it isn't really what we'd like to have, but ut seems to be about the best we can do. Last night we board members got together and discussed it and decided to go tell the other parents what we're about to do. If anyone is strongly opposed against it, then we won't hire her. But—" He paused to put extra emphasis on the word. "Then it's someone else's turn to go out hunting for a teacher."

Leroy got the message. Either he had to agree to hiring the college girl or go look for a teacher himself. "Who is this girl anyway?" he asked. "How old is she?"

"Her name is Bonnie Anderson and she's twenty-two. We've talked to her and she seems to respect the Amish and is very interested in learning more about them."

"You don't mean she's interested in joining the Amish, do you?" asked Leroy.

"No, just learning more about them," answered Robert quickly.

"She'd learn a lot, perhaps more than we care to have her know," Leroy said ruefully.

"We shouldn't have anything to hide, or to feel ashamed about," Robert said quickly, his voice sounding slightly ruffled.

"No, of course not," Leroy answered, trying to keep his own voice calm and steady. "But meanwhile, I'm afraid our children will learn a lot about how the people of the world live."

By now it was evident that Leroy wasn't the first man Robert had tried to convince that morning. His patience was wearing dangerously thin. "You seem to forget that you and I and most of the other parents who are sending their children to Hickory Grove were educated by non-Amish teachers. Sure, we didn't learn to read German in grade school, but we did learn to speak English fluently, and that's more than we can say for some of the children who are attending Amish-teacher schools."

Leroy remained silent. He wasn't convinced that hiring a college girl for a teacher was the thing to do, but what could be done about it. He didn't want to start looking for a teacher— not with school starting in less than three weeks.

AND SO IT CAME ABOUT that when school opened at Hickory Grove one September morning several weeks later, Bonnie Anderson was there to be the teacher. The children were painfully bashful in her presence at first, but it wasn't long until Bonnie's bright smile and her quick wit had them more at ease. She won the children's confidence by telling them what "perfectly delightful" times they were going to have throughout the school term.

Meanwhile, Leroy Yoder and his wife, Ella, were at home digging potatoes. "I sure wonder what Esther and Andy will have to say when they come home," Ella said after the two had worked in silence for a while.

"I wonder, too," Leroy said. "One thing I'm thankful for. Esther's only in the third grade and Andy's in the first. I know having a college girl for a teacher isn't going to do them any good, but I'd be a lot more worried if they were older. Think of the influence she's going to be to the upper graders."

"I know," Ella said, stooping to pull a big weed stalk that was in her way. "Some of us women were talking about it in church last Sunday, but Robert Miller's wife didn't seem to be worried about it. She insisted that a teacher like Bonnie wouldn't be as bad an influence as an Amish girl who was out of 'ordnung.' She claimed they wouldn't follow Bonnie's example like they would an Amish girl's who was out of 'ordnung.'"

"It's too bad we have to choose between teachers who are out of 'ordnung' and those who aren't Amish at all," Leroy said. He leaned on his fork. "Just what is wrong with us Amish people? We let our girls work in town, then turn around and hire teachers from the world to teach our schools." He jabbed his fork into the ground and shook out a nice bunch of potatoes. "If it weren't for this 80-acre farm we have here to take care of and get paid off, I'd go teach that school myself!"

Ella laughed lightly. "Careful now. First thing you know you'll have a job," she said.

AS THE DAYS AND WEEKS passed, Leroy and Ella relaxed a little. So far things had been better than they had expected them to be. Even if the situation was far from ideal, there was little they could find fault with. Esther and Andy had the usual number of incidents to relate when they came home from school, but they told nothing that seriously alarmed the parents.

"Maybe we were worrying in vain," Ella said one day at the dinner table.

Leroy was a bit more pessimistic. "The term has just begun," he said. "If we don't run into trouble yet, I'll be mighty surprised."

LEROY WAS RIGHT; THERE was trouble ahead for the parents at Hickory Grove. The first incident that came up didn't involve Leroy and Ella and had been taken care of before they knew anything about it. Bonnie had brought comic books along to school for the children to read in their spare time. When the parents talked to her about them, she insisted that they were the "harmless, educational kind," but she still agreed to take them along home if the parents didn't want their children to read them.

The second incident came a short time later and this time Leroy was involved— more involved than he cared to be. It came as a jolt one evening after supper when Esther and Andy and the younger children were playing on the floor. Esther and Andy were building a house with their toy bricks when Daniel, the baby in the family, crawled over and demolished the structure with one movement of the hand.

Andy cried out in protest, but Esther reacted in another way. She swore through clenched teeth.

"Esther!" Leroy said, on his feet immediately. Without stopping to think that Esther might not know what the words meant, he dealt with her as he thought a swearing child should be dealt with. When the punishment was over, he explained to her that she must never, never say those words again, because they were bad words.

"B-but T-teacher says them," the little girl sobbed.

Esther wasn't the only one who cried that evening. Leroy went out into the kitchen to get a drink, then went to the barn to see if everything was all right. After regaining his composure, he returned to the livingroom. Esther and Andy were rebuilding their house. Leroy sat on the floor and helped them.

After the children were in bed, Leroy turned to Ella. "I don't think Esther had any idea that she was saying anything out of the way," he said remorsefully. "She had no idea there was anything wrong with the words she was using."

"She knows it now," Ella said simply.

"I know, but what a terrible way of learning," Leroy said. Sleep was a long time in coming that evening. Leroy lay awake, wondering what lay ahead for them at Hickory Grove.

He didn't have long to wait. One evening not long afterwards the children came home from school, aglow with plans for the Halloween party they were going to have the following week. "We're all supposed to bring old clothes along and we're going to make masks that make us look like spooks," Esther said. "We're going to have a contest to see who can dress up the funniest. Teacher said there will be two prizes. one for the upper graders and one for the lower graders."

Leroy was strangely silent. After supper he told Ella he was going over to Robert Millers. Ella didn't have to ask why. She knew what his errand was.

Leroy wasn't the only parent to protest against the proposed Halloween party. It didn't go through, much to the disappointment of the children. "I don't know why everyone has to spoil our fun," Esther complained several evenings later when she came home from school. "Teacher was mad about it. She said she was going to bring cookies and candy, but if we don't want to celebrate Halloween, then we won't get that either. She said she was going to feed it to the gobblins."

"What are gobblins?" asked Andy.

Since Leroy was in the barn finishing the chores, it was Ella's task to try and explain that there was no such thing as a gobblin and that the world's celebration of Halloween was nothing more than nonsense.

WITH HALLOWEEN PAST, THE parents at Hickory Grove relaxed and hoped for better days ahead. With only minor problems, November passed and gave way to December. The parents held their breaths, wondering how Bonnie would want to celebrate Christmas at school. When they heard no plans at all, they assumed there would be no celebration. Probably the Halloween episode had been educational to the girl who wanted to learn about the Amish.

Bonnie, however, had plans of her own. Yes, the Halloween episode had been educational-- it had taught Bonnie that if a celebration of any holiday was to take place at the school she taught, it would have to be sprung as a surprise to everybody. As the event drew closer, she added to her plans. She knew it would cost her quite a bit of money, but she felt it would be worth it. The children she was teaching were deprived of so much, she was going to give them a Christmas they would always remember.

Then, as a double check against being found out and her plans ruined, Bonnie decided to have the Christmas party a week before Christmas. On the evening before the eventful day, she and several of her friends rigged up a Christmas tree in the corner of the quaint little schoolhouse. Since there was no electricity, the lights were hooked up with a storage battery. Gaily wrapped packages were placed under the tree--one for each pupil. Though there was an assortment of sizes and shapes, they all held the same gifts--knives for the boys and and small pocketbooks for the girls. Besides these gifts, there was a bag of candy for each of the children.

The following morning when the children came to school school, Bonnie made sure she was on hand to watch the expressions on the children's faces. Though the younger children seemed pleased and awed by the beauty of the decorated tree, the older ones were visably shocked. There was quite a bit of whispering in Pennsylvania German and even though Bonnie had no idea what was being said, she began to be a bit skeptical about the whole thing. However it was too late to turn back, now that they were midstream in the venture. Before the day passed, the Amish children at Hickory Grove had been introduced as Bonnie put it, "to a real live Santa Claus for the first time."

The next morning the Christmas tree and every trace of the celebration had disappeared from the schoolhouse. The rest of the days before Christmas passed uneventfully, though the children reported Bonnie was more short-tempered and curt than usual. Perhaps the visit the school board had paid her following the Christmas party had something to do with it.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL the middle of February that Leroy and Ella could bring themselves to visit school. Even when they did go, it was out of a sense of duty, rather than really wanting to go. They had heard unfavorable reports of how classes were being conducted and didn't really look forward to the visit.

"Maybe things won't be as bad as we think they are," Ella tried to console Leroy and herself. They had stopped at a neighbors and left their prescholars with them and were now driving down the road toward the schoolhouse by themselves.

"Maybe not," Leroy said absent-mindedly. They drove the rest of the way in silence.

Bonnie answered their knock and welcomed them in. As they stepped into the classroom, Leroy saw five of the older pupils sitting Indian-fashion on the floor at the back of the room, their open books in their laps. They looked his way and just sat there, as if they were waiting on something or someone. "I hope the teacher doesn't sit down with them," Leroy thought, eyeing the short skirt she was wearing. But there was no chair close by. Just as he was about to panic, Bonnie walked to the front of the room and resumed a class there. The children in the Indian circle at the back of the room leaned forward and a discussion got underway. Leroy was surprised to hear that they were talking Pennsylvania German. Occasionally they referred to a globe at their side, then went back to their textbooks. Though they appeared to be studying geography, they found the lesson a lot more amusing than Leroy remembered it being when he went to school.

The unsupervised class continued until recess. Meanwhile, a similar health class got underway on the other side of the room. There was so much walking around and confusion in the classroom that Leroy wondered if even Bonnie knew who was doing what. They were surprised to see their own daughter walk to the bookshelf, get a health book, and go over to join the circle on the floor. "Those others are fifth graders, I think," whispered Ella to Leroy, who was as puzzled about it as Ella was herself.

Leroy and Ella stayed until school was dismissed, then they sent the children out to wait on the buggy until they had talked with the teacher. After a strained silence, Ella asked about the health class Esther had joined.

"Oh, whenever the children have their lessons done, I let them join some other class. Even if they can't contribute to the discussion, they learn a lot by listening. And Esther seems to take such an interest in health. I think she'd make a good nurse someday. She's such a smart little girl."

"Andy doesn't seem to be making much progress with his numbers, does he?" asked Leroy, changing the subject abruptly.

"No, but what he lacks in arithmetic, he makes up in reading," Bonnie said. "He just loves to read. He's reading with the second graders and gets away with it easily. But arithmetic is something else. Years ago, they would have pushed him in arithmetic to the extent that his reading ability would have been impaired. The modern approach is to encourage the child in whatever he likes to do. It helps him find and develop his special abilities. Pushing a child in any subject which is hard for him has been found to be very harmful to his attitude toward school." She smiled sweetly.

When Leroy saw the vast difference between his way of thinking and the teacher's, he excused himself and left. Later that evening when the children were in bed, he and his wife sat and talked about their visit at school. "I just can't believe what a difference there is between this teacher and the teacher I had when I went to school." Ella said. "We always had college-educated teachers, but we had to study whether we liked it or not "

"So did we," Leroy said. "I think it just goes to show that the colleges that educate the teachers aren't what they used to be. What it all amounts to is the breakdown of morals in modern society. They call it the modern approach, but I call it lack of discipline." Leroy's voice was earnest. "It simply amounts to letting the children do what they like to do and not making them do what they don't like. Our children like pie and ice-cream better than they like potatoes, but we wouldn't think of letting them live on sweets alone, just because they like them."

"I think this is just another reason why having our own schools isn't enough; we've got to have our own teachers, too," agreed Ella.

"I guess that geography class was supposed to be a modern approach to studying. I've read how recently in public schools they let the children sit on the floor or even lie down and stick their feet up the wall to study.

The theory is a person can study better when he's completely relaxed. I never sat on the floor to study in school, but I dare say I learned just as much geography in one period as the pupils in that class this afternoon learned."

BY THE TIME THE TERM drew to a close, it was hard to say who was more relieved to see the last day come, the teacher or the parents. Everyone, even Robert Miller, was ready to admit that it "simply hadn't worked out."

Bonnie, too, was glad to go back to city life. After the first few weeks the quaintness and novelty of Amish life had worn off and try as she would, she couldn't see any sense in these old-fashioned ideas the Amish clung to. Besides, the wages she was receiving barely reached to cover her expenses.

Still practicing the theory that children should be allowed to learn at their own speed, Bonnie promoted every pipil to the next grade. This means little Andy Troyer will be in the second grade next year, even though he still has problems recognizing the numbers from one to one hundred. He knows a few addition facts, but not nearly all of them. He knows nothing about subtraction. What little arithmetic he knows, he learned on evenings when his father pried him away from his reading book long enough to give him lessons in arithmetic.

Andy is not the only child who will face problems next year. There will be fifth graders who have not mastered the multiplication facts and seventh graders who do not know decimals. There will be others who will be in the dark in geography, because they didn't like it this year and were allowed to color pictures and develop their artistic ability while others in their class studied geography.

EVEN THOUGH LEROY YODER and his wife were relieved when the term was over, they realized there would be problems in the future. One day Leroy found out he wasn't the only one who was concerned about the coming term. It was Robert Miller.

Robert drove in one evening after supper to invite Leroy to a shed raising the following Monday. As usual when the two met, the subject turned to school. "We still haven't found a teacher for next year," Robert said.

"I guess we're in the same shape we were in a year ago," replied Leroy.

"I'd say we're in worse shape than we were last year," Robert said. "Not only are we without a teacher, we've got a rundown school on our hands, and it's harder than ever to get a teacher."

"Yes, I guess you're right," Leroy said, surprised to hear Robert actually admit it. "It's going to take a teacher a long time to fill in the gaps made by the 'modern approach'."

"And that's not even mentioning the habits the children developed," Robert said. "If the next teacher doesn't run into a lot of discipline problems, I'll be surprised. Why, that teacher had no respect for morals whatsoever."

Leroy stared at the ground and pushed a stone around with the front of his shoe. He couldn't help but respect Robert deeply for admitting that the school board had made a mistake when they hired a college girl. "Well, maybe one thing we've gained by having Bonnie for our teacher is that we'll appreciate our next teacher more, and try harder to cooperate with her," he said.

"That's right," answered Robert. Some of his old humor returned to his face. "There's another thing we must'n forget. In one sense the term was successful. Bonnie did learn a lot about the Amish." ◆◆

OUR CHILD WAS HANDICAPPED

And We Didn't Know It

When we were first married, we were bubbling with dreams of the happy home we would have together. We looked forward to the presence of children to complete our joy. Of course, we had read about other parents, some of whom had handicapped children, but we didn't really believe it could happen to us. We prayed to God that he would spare us something like that and give us children which would be normal. When our first baby came, a little eight-pound girl, we were elated to hear the doctor announce, "A healthy little girl. She's fat, pink, and beautiful!"

She was, indeed, to us. She was not only beautiful, she was BEAUTIFUL! I don't mean particularly beautiful in her facial features (I guess she was about average in that respect), but beautiful because she was healthy, strong and vigorous, a baby that had every indication of growing up into a normal child. Because we knew that some defect might still show up, we watched her every movement and were pleased the day she smiled up at us the first time. We felt a new joy and sense of relief at each stage after that-- the day we were certain she could hear, could see, and finally walk and then talk. Then we were convinced that our baby, indeed was a normal baby. All this while we had no idea that there was still something about our little girl which we didn't know— something she was born with and would make her different from other little girls.

Our goal for our children was the same as hundreds of other parents. We wanted our children to be happy, to mingle with our friends' children, to fit in, to belong and be a part of the group. No parent wants to have a child that is different, which will make her stand apart from the group and be a problem for her as long as she lives.

What fond hopes we had for our little girl. Already, in our mind's eye, we could see her skipping off to school, waving to Mom as she walked out the lane, or perhaps calling a good-bye to Dad who was watching from the barn. We could see her growing from a child to a young girl and then blossoming into beautiful womanhood. We could see her always loving and cheerful, quick to obey, eager to please, respectful of others, happy and pleasant. Later we could picture her taking instructions for baptism, kneeling with her friends, her young face aglow with hope and purity, receiving that outward seal of an inner commitment to Christ and the Church. That would surely be the happiest day of our lives, for this was our final goal— that she would fit in at home and school and grow up to accept the faith which burned in our own hearts, the precious faith which was handed down from our fathers. We wanted her to be able to give up her own will, to be born again, to live for Christ, to be obedient in the church, a good influence among her friends, and a joy and pleasure to us, her parents. But that was before we knew she was different, that she has a handicap which would make all these things more difficult for her.

Both my husband and I have gone back over those early years of our daughter's life a dozen times— no, a dozen, dozen times. We cannot understand how we could be so blind for so long and not realize that our daughter was headed for trouble. There were signs which we should have noticed before she was six months old— yes, even sooner than that. We saw those signs but we didn't grasp their meaning. Maybe it was because we didn't want to, for few parents are willing to accept the fact that their child is handicapped.

It is always sad when a child is handicapped, even if some parents try to convince themselves it isn't. They like to use such terms as "a special child" or talk of the "privilege" of having the added responsibilities, but underneath such cover-up terms we all know in our hearts that handicaps are sad.

This does not mean that a handicap cannot work to the good, for it can. Handicaps can be overcome and turned into triumph if we surrender our will to God. If we work together to make the best of the handicap, it can mean a richer, more meaningful life, but still the handicap in itself is sad.

The saddest thing of all is when parents fail to help their handicapped child to overcome it and to take his place in the home and church and be a useful person. This is exactly where we failed. Instead of recognizing our child's handicap and helping her to overcome it, we actually made it worse. Year after year we allowed the handicap to grow and to cripple her chances of ever reaching the goals we held for her.

Not all parents have the same goals for their children. If they want their son to be a lawyer, they will be overjoyed to hear that he can handle his tongue so smoothly that he will be able to convince people, regardless of which side of the argument he chooses. If they want their daughter to become a movie star, they will be elated if she has such a beautiful face that people on the street will stop and admire her beauty and all who know her talk about what a lovely girl she is. But as Christians, those are not our goals. Therefore these things would only be a hindrance.

The trouble with our child was that she is exceptionally intelligent. She has a very bright mind and her I.Q. rating is unusually high. You may be surprised to hear us say that. If you think this isn't a handicap, but something to be proud of, you are in exactly the same boat my husband and I were when our child was growing up. You do not realize what a hindrance it can be to her.

We do not say it proudly. Once we might have, but now we state it in the same way others might say, "Our child was born blind," or "Our child was born with a heart defect." Not with pride, not with a sense of shame— just a painful awareness that our child is facing great difficulties in reaching the goals we hope she will.

Now our daughter will soon be out of school. All along she has brought home A's on the report card. She skipped one grade and the teacher wanted to put her forward again but we saw what was happening, and begged him not to. She has stayed at the head of her class without even trying. Our daughter is smart and she knows it. The teacher has told her over and over again, as well as others, when they saw what she is able to do. They are urging her to go on through high school, to college and win for herself fame and recognition.

But we want her to grow up to be a Christian, to be humble and to consider others above herself. We want her to take her place in the church and be content in a position of willing submission to authority. We want her to learn that devotion to God is a much greater achievement than having the most brilliant mind. We want her to see that filling her place as a dedicated wife and mother is of much greater value than being a famous or learned person of great renown in the world.

Now as we look back we feel we have failed our daughter. We were pleased when she excelled her classmates and we secretly urged her on. We were proud when strangers commented on her intelligence. Perhaps without really realizing it, we instilled in her a sense of pride. We were actually teaching her pride instead of humility. And we had lots of help. Grandparents loved to fuss over her and relatives shook their heads in amazement at the clever things she was able to do. At two years of age, she could talk like a grown-up and before she went to school, she was able to rattle off the ABC's forward and backward, and she also knew the birthdays of everyone in the family down to the cousins. Our nieces and nephews loved to coach her to make the whole room laugh. All along she understood and grasped matters which a little girl her age ought to know nothing about.

Of course we reproved her when she showed off too much, and yet in a round-about-way we encouraged her, perhaps even without realizing that we were doing anything wrong. We taught her clever things and found ways of letting people know what a smart little girl we had.

Now our little girl is growing up. She is no longer the cute, lovable little girl we used to have. Sometimes she gets ideas of her own and finds it hard to give up her own will. She has been getting attention so long that she now loves it and hearing her own praises for so long has left its mark. She is visibly self-conscious when she enters a room, no doubt filled with thoughts of what everyone is thinking about her. Oh, if only she could realize her own unworthiness and sinfulness.

We still hope our daughter can reach the goals we have prayed she would. Just because she has a high I.Q. does not automatically bar her from true humility. But it makes it hard for her, and anything that is a hindrance is a handicap, whether we realize it or not.

From now on we want to be the kind of parents every handicapped child deserves— the kind that will help her overcome her handicap, to go on to reach the true goals of life— love, peace, contentment, submission. If she can grow up to be obedient and humble, to be a willing worker, to be cheerful and content with the lowly lot of God's people, then we will feel that our concern for her has been well rewarded. We are hoping that she will use her mind and intelligence, not for her own selfish interests, but to bring honor to God and to help others, and to build the church. Then all of us together will thank God for helping us rise above the handicap our daughter was born with.

◆◆ Family Life

STREAMLINING GOD'S PLAN OF SALVATION

-Author"s Name withheld

THE FIREMAN WAS PASSING the Miller home when he saw smoke rolling from the attic. He knew Mr Miller would be sleeping in his upstairs bedroom, so he quickly ran for the nearest ladder and scrambled up to the porch roof. He tapped urgently on the bedroom window and called out, "Mr. Miller! Mr. Miller!"

A sleepy voice replied, "Yes, what do you want?"

"Your house is on fire, and you're in danger. Do you believe it?"

"Indeed, I believe it. I smell smoke."

"Then listen closely," continued the fireman. "The escape plan is very simple. You can avoid being burned to death if you climb out this window and come down the ladder. Do you believe it?"

"Yes, I believe it," answered Mr. Miller from inside.

"Good," said the fireman, "you're saved." Then he walked over to the ladder and descended to the ground. Without a backward glance, he started for the firehouse, pausing only for a moment to write in his notebook, "March 7, 19__, 6 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Miller saved."

WHAT AN ODD STORY! And what an odd fireman! Surely he ought to have waited till Mr. Miller was safely down the ladder before writing, "Mr. Miller saved."

And yet this little story illustrates the method of many modern-day preachers and evangelists who, it seems, are quite content with a mouth confession and do not wait for results. Just as the fireman in the story was content with Mr. Miller's promises from within the house, so these preachers streamline and cut corners with God's plan of salvation. They emphasize believing without really understanding what the word means. Through their salesmanship, the Gospel is watered down, sugar-coated, and made to appear attractive. The plan of salvation is made very simple— pared down to a few easy steps.

"Do you believe you are a sinner?"
"Yes."
"Do you believe Christ died for sinners?"
"Yes."
"Will you receive him as your saviour?"
"Yes."
"Then you're saved. The Bible says so."

The tragedy of such an over-simplified approach is that many people are deceived into thinking they are right with God by thus "believing," and nothing more is expected.

Salvation is taken lightly, and grace is cheap. Much is heard of the believer "accepting Christ," but little of Christ accepting the believer. Jesus is gladly acclaimed as Saviour, but not as Lord and Master. There is much talk of the joy of salvation, but little of discipleship, self-denial, and the narrow way.

There is a German hymn, "Alle Christen Hören Gerne," that describes the Christ that people gladly accept, and also the Christ that they reject. The first two verses are translated as follows:

"Every Christian heareth gladly
Of the mansions glorified,
For he thinketh that already
One for him is set aside.
Oh, but sad, he does not tarry
When 'tis said what he must carry
If he would disciple be.
Then but few obey the plea.
"Pleasantly the words do soothe us,
'Come, ye heavy-laden, rest,'
But this is a hard instruction,
'Walk ye in the narrow path.'
When we hear of great rejoicing,
We, too, try our praises voicing;
But the cross of Christ to bear
Is a burden few will share."

In the days of the Anabaptists, becoming a follower of Christ was a serious matter indeed, literally a matter of life and death. Those who were baptized realized that they might have to pay with their lives.

Today we are not being persecuted unto death, but that does not say the Christian life is any less serious. Baptism stands for exactly the same thing now as it stood for in the days of the martyrs— a witness of a good conscience before God, of having been cleansed of the guilt of sin through Jesus' blood, and of a commitment to live wholly for God.

Many people today are being influenced by the literature and by the example of those who would streamline salvation. There is danger that we lose sight of what God's plan really is. Mass evangelism may sound good to us. We may come to believe that salvation is a soft and sweet experience, merely a free gift of God that we can claim as our own just by stretching forth our hands and accepting it. The cost of discipleship, so real to our forefathers, is rarely spoken of.

Only Believe

ONE POPULAR SHORTCUT TO salvation has been the "faith only" teaching, thus making believeing of supreme importance.

This emphasis on believing is based on a number of verses found in the New Testament, for example, John 6:47, where Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." Or in Romans 10:10, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

These verses sound very clear and simple, and indeed they are, yet many people surely fail to understand what the word believe means in these verses.

To return to the little story of Mr. Miller in his burning home, he confessed that he believed the house was on fire and that there was a way of escape. But what if he had then laid back on his pillow to sleep some more? Wouldn't we doubt that he believed the fireman's message? If he truly believed, he would at once flee the doomed house. Otherwise, we would have to conclude that he didn't believe what he claimed to believe.

Thus the words faith and believe have a special deep meaning when they refer to the true saving faith in Jesus Christ.

A lightly-considered lip confession falls far short of being the true faith. Let us remember that even the devils believe in God, and tremble (See James 2:19), but they are not repentant or born again, hence their faith does not save them.

To put much stress on "believe, believe" without making clear what the Bible really means by believing, can be a misleading and dangerous thing. Faith certainly is a requirement of salvation, and there is no Christian life without it. But faith can not be isolated and set by itself, it is part of a larger whole.

Sometimes the expression is heard, "Just believe," or "Only believe." But what right do we have to modify the profound act of believing with a just or an only?

Truly believing in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour is not a simple, nod-of-the-head sort of thing. It is passing from darkness into light, making complete about-face, to turn around and go in a different direction. True believing is to surrender our life to God and to destroy all selfish and earthly ties that would hinder fellowship with Him. True believing is such an all-encompassing thing that the words "just" or "only" do not fit at all.

To say, "Only believe," is much the same as handing a condemned prisoner this message, "Oh, it's not much. It's very simple. All you need to do is die." What is the new birth if it is not first a dying to the old man? Dare we use the word "only" for a transaction like that?

The Plan of Salvation is Conditional

THE APOSTLE PAUL IN HIS letter to the Romans explains carefully that eternal life is a gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. In his epistle to the Ephesians, the same writer states that salvation is by grace through faith, and not of works, lest any man should boast.

From these Scriptures we can learn that it is useless and sinful to try to earn salvation by good works. Nothing that we do will gather points for use in the eyes of God. We simply can't win our way into God's favor by such tactics. Our only hope is by God's grace, through the merits of the shed blood of Christ, and not by any merits of our own.

Nevertheless, if the New Testament teaches anything at all, it teaches that salvation is conditional. There are conditions to be met, or grace is not effective. Among these conditions are the six which follow. It is by minimizing and ignoring these conditions that men seek a streamlined, wide and easy way to heaven.

1. Salvation is conditional on repentance. Christ's first message was, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Repentance always comes before conversion, and if it is lacking, there can be no new birth. (See Acts 2:38; 26:20.)

2. Salvation is conditional on conversion, or the New Birth. Nothing could be stated more clearly than Jesus' words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Also, in the third chapter of John we read, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Conversion means change, a radical change in a person's life. This is not merely a decision, a spur-of-the-moment accepting of God's great gift. It is a birth. A birth is painful, yet it brings joy, for it is a passing into a new life.

3. Salvation is conditional upon obedience. Jesus said, "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother." If we are not obedient, we are not of God's family.

John in his epistle wrote, "Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep His commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

Someone may object, "This makes salvation dependent upon good works." In a sense it does, yes. If we would argue, it is with the Scriptures.

Certainly a man's faith brings works or it is not true faith. A good tree beareth good fruit, or it is not a good tree. Some things cannot be separated, and among them we find faith and good works.

4. Salvation is conditional upon self-denial and cross-bearing. Jesus said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple. So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple..." (See Luke 14.)

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." Matt. 16:24.

5. Salvation is of course conditional upon faith. In John 6 we read, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." And in Hebrews it is written, "But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

6. Salvation is conditional upon remaining true in the faith until death. To believe at one time, then depart from the faith, is of no value in eternity. The promise is only to those who are faithful. "But he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved." Matt. 24:13.

To Add or Subtract

IN THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE Revelation of the Apostle John, a two-fold warning is given. First, if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. Second, if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life.

None of us would like to be found guilty of either adding to or subtracting from the Word of God.

The plan of salvation is not complicated or difficult to understand for those who are led by the Spirit of God. God's plan is perfect and complete, a plan of redemption for fallen mankind.

To attach man-made conditions and red tape to God's plan, or to teach that by good works or by hardships and sufferings we can earn salvation—that would be adding to God's Word. Let us beware of this, for there is a great danger.

But let us not forget the equally great danger of taking away from the requirements as they are taught in the Word of God. To gloss over and cancel out commandments of the Bible in order to make the Gospel acceptable to worldly and carnal people—this would surely be taking away from the Word of God.

What is God's plan then? Is it not to take fallen men and to make of them children of God? To call unto Himself a company of redeemed, a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish?

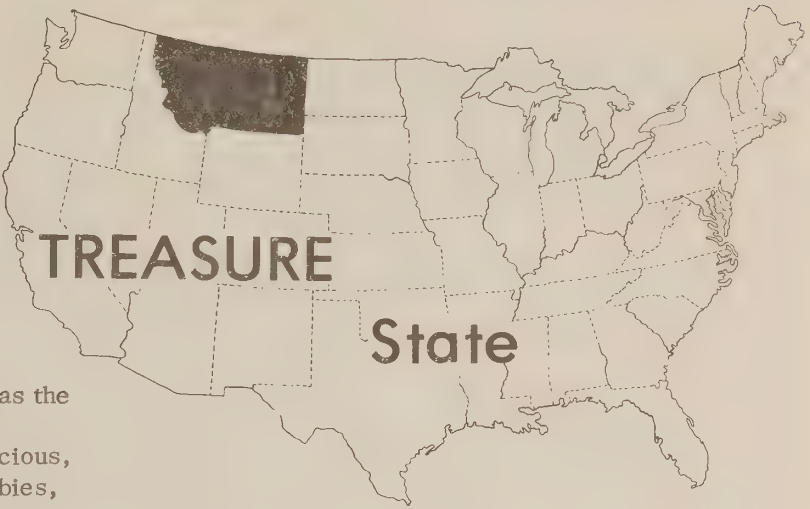
The children of God are as salt of the earth, and as shining lights in the midst of a perverse generation. Between them and the world there is a constant tension. Suffering and persecution are never far away. To live for Christ comes first of all, ahead of business or worldly fame, ahead of friends and family.

What a contrast all this is to the streamlined, simplified, easy-payment gospel that is preached in many churches today!

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat;

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Matthew 7:13, 14.

Amish In The TREASURE State



by David Luthy

FOR MANY YEARS MONTANA has been known as the "Treasure State" and not without good reason. Its mountainous western region is a storehouse of precious, semi-precious, and unusual stones. Sapphires, rubies, and gold are found in some of its streams. Montana is the third leading state in the production of silver and copper. Mining of one type or another is carried on in almost all its counties.

As rich as Montana is in valuable stones and metals, it was not gold which attracted the Amish to settle there— it was grass. Montana, being the fourth largest state, has a vast region of prairie land covering the eastern third of the state. This land has a high elevation and is gently rolling, broken by hills and wide river valleys. It is ideal grass land for raising livestock. Through this expanse of prairies flows the state's largest river, the Yellowstone River.

Every Amish person has heard of the famous national park, Yellowstone Park. It is located in the northwest corner of Wyoming and extends a few miles into Montana. The Yellowstone River (after which the park is named) begins south of the park and flows through it. Dropping down two waterfalls, the river enters Montana and crosses it for 671 miles until it merges with the Missouri River at the Montana-North Dakota state line.

As the Yellowstone River flows across the state, hundreds of smaller rivers and creeks feed it and make it large. One of the many creeks is the Thirteen-Mile Creek in Dawson County. It was along this creek that an Amish settlement once existed.

Part One: Leaving North Dakota Behind

In the summer of 1902, fifty-six-year-old Jacob B. Mullet was living in the Amish settlement in Rolette County, North Dakota. As he thought of another approaching winter, he longed for an area where it was not so severely cold and blizzardy. In his mind he rolled over the idea of settling in Montana. He had heard that the winters there were milder. The farming was similar to that in North Dakota, and also plenty of homesteads could be obtained free. So, Jacob B. Mullet decided to visit Bozeman which was 300 miles inside Montana. Boarding a train he traveled 250 miles across North Dakota until he came to Montana. He stopped overnight at Glendive which was but 20 miles within the state. There he got into a conversation with a real estate man who was determined to show him just what he was looking for.

The next day the real estate man took Jacob B. Mullet on a thirty-mile buggy ride northwest of Glendive to the valley along Thirteen-Mile Creek. Mullet viewed miles upon miles of lush prairie grass waving in the wind. The real estate man told him that much of the land was available from the government under the Homestead Act. Other land was owned by the railroads and was for sale at $2.50 an acre. Then and there Jacob B. Mullet decided to buy 320 acres, a half section, from the railroads.

Although Jacob B. Mullet was the first Amishman to purchase land in Montana, he was not the first to move there. The following spring, 1903, his oldest son, Joe Mullet and family moved there along with Joe's father-in-law and family, David E. Chupp. Accompanying these two families by train were two unmarried boys, Amos Miller and John Kauffman, who also had obtained homesteads.

The area along Thirteen-Mile Creek was unsettled. The closest neighbor to the Amish was a rancher five miles away. The closest railroad and town were 30 miles away at Glendive. Not only was the area isolated, it also lacked trees which the Amish settlers needed for constructing houses and barns. There were willow trees along the creek which provided some posts and poles, but the lumber for the houses had to be hauled from Glendive by wagon.

The following spring, 1904, Jacob B. Mullet and his family joined the settlers along Thirteen-Mile Creek. Then in the fall two more families arrived. They were Eli D. Chupps and Daniel F. Millers. Both were related to settlers already there. Eli was a son of David Chupp and his wife was one of Jacob B. Mullet's daughters. Daniel F. Miller was a brother to Amos Miller. The small settlement was glad for these new arrivals, especially for Daniel F. Miller, who was a minister. He had been ordained two years before in North Dakota.

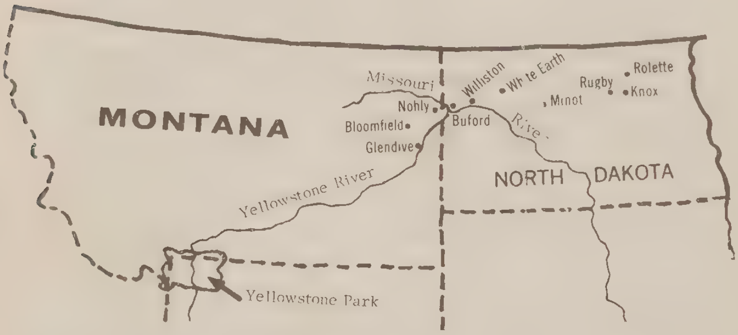
Part Two: Overland By Wagon

All the early Amish settlers in Montana came from North Dakota, traveling most of the way by train. Most also sent their livestock, machinery, and household furnishings by train. But two families, Eli Chupps and Daniel F. Millers, decided to take their livestock, grain, and some other items overland. Some members of the families went by train while others traveled overland. Following is an account of the 300 mile trek as remembered by one of Eli Chupp's boys:

"We had five horses, some grain, and a rack wagon loaded with hay for emergencies and also for beds since we slept out in the open. Some nights it got chilly, so we piled hay on top of our blankets. Our first night found us at Knox, North Dakota on the Great Northern Railroad which we followed all the way to the North Dakota west line.

"Most of the trip is quite hazy in my mind, but a few highlights stand out. The first was when we were going through the town of Rugby, the prairie grass was pretty well dried up by that time of fall; so when we got to Rugby all the lawns were nice and green and our cows decided 'This is what we have been heading all this way for.'

"My brother Ammon and the Millers' oldest son Moses rode horses, but I rode on my own two legs. I was completely worn out by the time we had those hungry cows safely away from that temptation. And to make matters worse, we had to put quite a few miles between our night camp and those lawns to make sure they wouldn't go back during the night. So it was after nine o'clock at night when we made camp. By the time the camp was made and the milking done and supper cooked, it was eleven and I was sound asleep. My uncle (bachelor Jake Mullet Jr.) thought it must be he could waken me enough to eat. He carried me to the table and propped me up, but I didn't wake up even if food was put to my mouth. This all comes from hearing it told, as I never became conscious.



"It was about four more days till we got to Minot. At White Earth we had to feed the cattle some of the hay and we began to get quite short of horse feed. I don't remember Williston at all, but I remember when we got to Fort Buford because there were lots of Indians there. The next day we crossed the Missouri River on a ferry a few miles above where the Yellowstone enters the Missouri. It took about the whole forenoon to make the crossing. They packed so much livestock on the ferry that I was sure it would sink, but it made it every time.

"I think we let our cattle and horses graze the rest of that day. The next day we went through Newton, Montana which is now just a post office called Nohly. That's the only town I remember all the way up the Yellowstone River as far as the mouth of Burns Creek where we left the river valley and followed Burns Creek for about fifteen miles. There the Millers' milk cow gave out so she wouldn't get to her feet anymore. We tipped our rack wagon, which was now empty of hay, over beside the cow and rolled her onto it. Then we hitched a team to the other side of the wagon and pulled it onto its wheels and hauled her the last 20 miles to Thirteen-Mile Creek where my father had a half section of railroad land with lots of grass and a real good flowing spring.

"We left all the cattle there and took our wagon two miles farther west to my grandfather Mullet's house—the journey was complete!!" (The trip lasted from Sept. 13 to Oct. 4.)

Part Three: An Amish Postmaster

The area in which the Amish settled in Montana was unpopulated except for several large-scale ranchers. The ranchers resented the Amish, or any other settlers, moving into the area. For years they had used all the land as "free range" and each summer they would hold a round-up. Five or six cowboys would herd the livestock from ranch to ranch. Since each rancher had a different brand, his livestock could be separated from the group. At this time choice animals were chosen to be shipped to market and the new born were branded. But as the government and railroads settled people on the "free range," the ranchers were forced to confine their livestock to the actual ranches and to construct fences.

The ranchers raised cattle and horses to export to markets in the Mid-West and East. Sheep raising was also done on a large scale as can be seen from what an Amish settler wrote to the Sugarcreek Budget in July of 1904:

"The sheep ranchers are now marketing their wool at 14 to 16 1/2¢ per pound. It is a sight to see the wool wagons come to town. They pack their wool in large gunny sacks, 8 ft. long by 3 1/2 ft. across. A sack contains from 300 to 350 lbs. of wool. From 14 to 18 sacks are on a wagon and all drive four horses to a wagon. Some of the ranchers have a three days' journey to get to town, from 50 to 70 miles. The wool wagons come to Glendive like grain wagons in a Dakota town. On Sunday we passed six wool wagons containing about $700 worth of wool each. An eastern farmer can't form an idea how great the wool growing industry is in Montana or the cattle and horse ranching."

The ranchers had a long journey taking their wool to Glendive, and so did the Amish settlers for it was their closest trading center. It was a thirty-mile drive by wagon or on horseback to get their mail, to buy supplies, or to catch a train for a trip. But it was only a few years until there were enough settlers, Amish and otherwise, along Thirteen-Mile Creek that a general store was built. Soon an application was entered with the government for a post office. Permission was granted, and the post office was established in 1906 in the home of Jacob B. Mullet, with him as postmaster. The name "Adams" was chosen by the Amish for the post office and the surrounding community.

But the Adams post office was short-lived. Two and a half years after its establishment, it no longer existed, bringing to an end a rarity in Amish history—the occupation of postmaster. The post office was not closed entirely; it was relocated a mile to the west where some settlers from Bloomfield, Nebraska had settled. They had built a general store and called it "Bloomfield." They applied with the government to relocate the post office, calling it "Bloomfield, Montana." Permission was granted.

Bloomfield never grew to any large size (today its population is 40!), but it did offer closer services than Glendive. By 1914 there were two churches, two general stores, a doctor, blacksmith, teacher, contractor, and a stage driver who drove the stage coach three times a week to Glendive for $2 round trip.

Part Four: Free Coal

The main reason Amish people settled in Montana was because they could obtain homesteads free from the government. For a fee of $25 paid at the land recorder's office, a 21-year-old person could obtain 160 acres of land. He was then required to live on the land for seven years during which he did not have to pay any land tax. After seven years he received a clear deed for his land. Or if he wanted the deed sooner he could pay $400 after residing on the land fourteen months. Also land could be directly purchased from the railroads who owned vast stretches of land. Its price varied from year to year. By 1907 it was selling from $10 to $35 an acre.

The Montana prairie, whether government land or railroad, was pretty well treeless except for along the creeks. The Amish settlers who had grown up in the Mid-West were used to having an abundance of oak and maple and other kinds of trees. Some of the settlers missed the maple trees in particular. The willow trees in Montana could not give them maple syrup. Several times relatives in Indiana sent the Amish settlers in Montana some maple sugar which was much enjoyed.

Having a scarcity of trees meant the Amish settlers had no ready wood for fence posts. The Mullet brothers solved this problem by traveling to another part of Montana where they cut 6,000 fence posts and shipped them home. Few trees also meant little firewood for the long Montana winters. But this presented no problem at all for the settlers along Thirteen-Mile Creek. Veins of coal ran close to the surface of the ground, and the coal was free for the digging. Pre. Daniel F. Miller reported in the Budget that there were six coal mines within five miles of his farm. Some settlers had as far as eight miles to the closest coal mine. One Amishman had a mine of his own. He was digging a well and had expected to hit water at 10 feet, which was the standard depth of wells in the area, but hit a vein of coal instead. He had two springs on his farm, so he was glad for the coal rather than water.

After several winters had passed, the settlers grew tired of mining coal. It was not long until all the larger mines had a man who regularly dug coal and kept a supply on hand. It was sold for $1.25 or $1.50 a ton, the price being for the man's labor not the coal, for the coal did not belong to him.

A good supply of coal was needed to warm the settlers' small frame houses during the long winters. One Amishman reported in the Budget that it was February and he had already used ten ton of coal. Perhaps it was an exceptionally cold winter. Montana could have exceptionally cold winters and exceptionally warm ones. For example, in 1908 there was a six-hour snow storm on April 29th followed by a second one on May 20th lasting twenty-four hours. There were eight inches of snow on the level around Thirteen-Mile Creek and drifts seven feet deep. It was nine days before the spring rains had melted all the snow. And during the next winter the following weather report appeared in the Budget: "This locality has been covered with 6 to 8 inches of snow on the level now for over a week, and the mercury registering from zero to 40 below since about January 1st until the morning of January 16th when the weather moderated to about freezing again."

But it would be unfair to give the impression that Montana was an ice box. It also could have exceptionally beautiful winter weather. One person who grew up along Thirteen-Mile Creek writes: "Our first winter in Montana seemed to me like our former North Dakota fall or spring. We kids and mother and an aunt went blueberry picking the second week in December. My brother and I didn't even have coats along."

Still people enjoyed teasing the Montana settlers about their winters. A letter from Oregon appeared in the Budget in which the writer told her brother in Montana: "If your ink is frozen, write with a lead pencil. I can read that, too."

Part Five: Months of Threshing

The Montana prairie land was covered with high grass which was matted into a thick sod. This was hard to break the first time. The Amish settlers used steam outfits to break the sod. This was a 40 or 45 horse power steam engine pulling twelve plows. Once the tough sod was broken, horses were used and plowing could be done both spring and fall, providing the ground was not too dry. Plowing was sometimes done as early as the last of March but more often was done in April. Sowing of spring wheat was sometimes done in March but generally in April and May.

Alfalfa, wheat, oats, barley, and flax were the Amish settlers' major crops. Different times they attempted to raise corn but were soon discouraged, because it did so poorly. Corn needed warm humid nights, but the Montana nights were cool.

In 1905 the yield of oats was 45 bushels an acre. That was quite good considering they did not have the improved varieties we do today. The U.S. government established an experimental station on an Amishman, Pre. Joe J.Bontrager's,farm. He was to experiment raising different types of grains and to keep record of their yields. In 1908 he reported in the Budget that winter wheat had given 42 bushels an acre and rye 40. In 1910 he reported yields of 48 bushels of oats, 39 of spring wheat, and 37 of fall wheat. Then came the terrible dry year of 1911 with average yields of 14 bushels of wheat, 25 of oats, 15 of barley, 9 of flax. Next year, 1912, a hail storm ruined the crops.

Hail storms were not rare. A former resident writes the following about the summer of 1918: "The first summer we were there, Dad,(Bish. David Y. Miller) had his wheat all shocked. Then a big hail storm came up. Dad's farm was sloping down from the hills towards the creek. His whole wheat crop went down in the creek and washed away. By the next spring he went and mortgaged his farm to buy seed and whatever he needed. Sowed his wheat which came up and looked nice. It was in milk stage when the weather turned dry with hot winds. So that burned up his second crop."

When the weather was dry, there was the threat of prairie fires. In the summer of 1912 a fire raged just a few miles west of the Amish settlement. It burned a path three miles wide and thirty-five miles long. There was also the danger of fire at threshing time. When Rudy Miller was threshing at Daniel F. Miller's farm, fire accidently broke out in the grain stacks. About 300 bushels of wheat were ruined and the belting and threshing machine needed repairs costing $100. The machine had a close call to be saved at all.

Since most of the crops grown by the settlers were grain crops, a lot of shocking and threshing were required. In 1912 it was mentioned in the Budget that Seth J. Schlabach had been shocking wheat each day for three weeks and was not finished. And the threshing lasted longer than the shocking. It began in late August and continued, if need be, until the next spring. It was not unusual at all for the stacked grain to be threshed during the fall and winter months. When it became too wet, snowy, or cold the threshing stopped. But as soon as the weather permitted, the threshing continued. Since the farmers grew large acreages of grain, threshing was a lengthy job. Driving the wagonloads of grain to the elevators in Glendive was also time consuming. Unfortunately no railroad came close to the Amish settlement.

Part Six: Church Life

The first Amish settlers arrived in Montana in 1903. A year later the group received a minister, Daniel F. Miller from North Dakota. After that date the church was never without a resident minister. In 1905 Preacher Joseph J. Borntrager moved to Bloomfield, Montana from the Amish church at Fayette Co., Illinois (now extinct). He lived in Montana until his death. These two men were the congregation's only ministers until July of 1913 when Eli M. Bontrager was ordained specifically for the Montana church. Several years later he moved to Lagrange County, Indiana from where he had originally come.

In January of 1914, Deacon Dan J. Coblentz moved in from Salinas, California after having lived there only three months. He stayed in Montana for quite a few years but lived at Kalona, Iowa at his death. In October of 1914 Preacher Daniel Nissley made Montana his home. He later moved to Newton County, Indiana (now extinct.) In 1917 the church received its first and only bishop, David Y. Miller of Dover, Delaware. Two years later he moved to Oregon and then back to Delaware.

The Settlers

Following is a list of the families known to have lived in the Old Order Amish settlement at Bloomfield, Montana. Some moved there from other states, whereas some were children who grew up there, married and made their homes there. Not all of these families lived there at the same time.

1. Jacob B. Mullet and his sons:
2. Jacob J. Mullet, Jr.
3. Joseph J. Mullet
4. David J. Mullet

5. John M. D. Miller and his sons and sons-in-law:
6. David J. Miller
7. Pre. Daniel F. Miller
8. Amos J. Miller
9. Rudy J. Miller
10. Samuel B. Kauffman
11. Jacob Hochstetler
12. John K. Kauffman

13. Amos Schrock (widower) and sons and sons-in-law:
14. Amos Schrock, Jr.
15. Ben Schrock
16. David A. Schrock
17. Seth J. Schlabach

18. David E. Chupp and his sons:
19. Eli D. Chupp
20. Gideon D. Chupp
21. Jacob D. Chupp

22. Pre. Joe J. Borntrager and his sons:
23. Glen J. Borntrager
24. Miles J. Borntrager

25. Pre. Daniel Nissley and his sons:
26. John D. Nissley
27. David D. Nissley

28. Jake K. Miller and his sons:
29. Bishop David Y. Miller
30. Simon J. Miller

31. Pre. Eli M. Bontrager

32. Deacon Dan J. Coblentz and his brother:
33. Isaac J. Coblentz

34. Enos D. Yoder

35. Francis B. Miller

36. Levi (L. or B ?) Miller

Also two bachelors:
Isaiah Kauffman
Emanuel Schrock
(son of No. 13)

Communion services were held regularly for the congregation. The first bishop to help at communion time was Eli J. Bontrager of Rolette County, North Dakota. And when he moved to Exeland, Wisconsin, he still had bishop oversight of the Montana church. But when he later moved to Indiana, the Montana church received bishop help from the North Dakota church.

From the beginning the congregation had church services every other Sunday. By 1913 Sunday School was held on the alternate Sunday during the summer months. It was a combination German school and religious service.

Daniel F. Miller, the settlement's first minister, wrote in the Budget in March of 1910: "The writer and wife took a trip to Colorado this winter. Their country looks good to me, and I intend to move there some time if the good Lord is willing." But the time never came, for he remained at Bloomfield, Montana and was the church's last minister— its first and its last. When he died in 1935, the church died too. It had been quite small for a number of years prior to his death.

Part Seven: Why Did It Fail?

It is always difficult to know why an Amish settlement becomes extinct. At best only possible reasons can be presented to ponder. The church at Bloomfield, Montana existed for 32 years and always had a resident minister and received bishop help at communion time. It would not, then, appear that the congregation broke up because of lack of ministarial help or because of unsolvable church problems. Nor were the people scared away by the numerous rattlesnakes in the area. Although as high as 80 were killed in a year, no record has been found of any Amish people having been bitten.

Quite likely one of the major reasons for the settlement's death was the very thing which had caused it to be born—homesteading. The early settlers were attracted to the area by free homesteads. But by March of 1910 it appeared in the Budget that the area around Bloomfield had very few homesteads available. With the passing of free homesteads, the area lost its main drawing point. Perhaps, too, the nature of the farming in the area kept it from receiving more Amish settlers. Amish people are basically general farmers having various seasonal crops and different types of livestock. Perhaps the ranching in Montana seemed too strange to them or too much like putting all your hopes in one or two crops. If a man had a good year, he made a lot. But when a hail storm ruined his crops or a dry spell gave him half a crop, what then? For settlers who had little financial backing, and it seems many homesteaders were this way, a bad year ruined them.

That a Mennonite church was organized at Bloomfield in 1917 with six of its charter members coming from the neighboring Amish church must be considered as a contributing factor to the settlement's death. Undoubtedly some families moved away because they were afraid of loosing their young people to the Mennonites.

So for various reasons the settlement died. Today there are no Amish in Montana. Well, that isn't 100% true. For during the past several years Amish have been traveling there—not to Bloomfield in eastern Montana, but to Boulder in the western part. There they, along with hundreds of others, sit for hours in uranium mines seeking relief for rheumatism. Although the minerals of the "Treasure State" did not attract the Amish to the state in 1903, it is a mineral mine that is attracting them today.

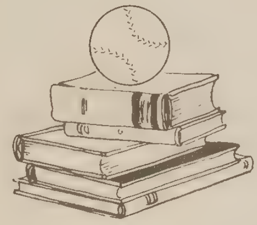
(Special thanks to Roman Chupp, Monroe Chupp, Mrs. Mary Slabaugh, and Mrs. Levi D. Christner for the information they supplied for this article.)

NEXT MONTH: Pioneer Life on a Montana Homestead

CHILDREN'S SECTION

IF YOU THINK SO

by David Luthy



Henry Smucker's teacher wished she could somehow get him to prepare for reading class like he did for softball.

THE CLOCK IN THE HICKORY HILL schoolhouse struck ten times. Mary Detweiler, the young teacher, put down the record book into which she had been copying grades and announced: "Sixth grade, time for your reading class."

Four boys and two girls left their desks and filed to the two recitation benches at the front of the room. Mary watched them come. "As usual," she thought to herself, "Henry Smucker is last. How queer that he sits the closest yet always arrives last. He sure hates reading class."

When the pupils were all seated on the benches, Mary said, "You may begin reading where we left off last time, Sarah, you may read first."

One after another the pupils took turns reading two paragraphs as was the custom at that school. Finally Henry Smucker's turn came. He realized it was his turn when the boy next to him was silent, but he had been day dreaming and didn't know where the boy had stopped reading. A hot feeling crept across his shoulders and neck as his eyes searched for the proper place to begin reading. Guessing where the proper place was, Henry read, "And the next two days the men..."

But the reading was interrupted, "Henry," asked Mary trying not to show displeasure in her voice, "weren't you paying attention? Daniel just finished reading that paragraph."

Hoping that the teacher didn't really expect him to answer, Henry quickly found the proper paragraph and began reading. He read smoothly along for two sentences until he came to the word "prudently." He hesitated before pronouncing it. He pronounced it "pru-DENT- ly" and continued to read.

"Wait a minute, Henry," said Mary. "How is that word pronounced?"

Henry repeated, "pru-DENT-ly."

Mary shook her head. No, you are putting the accent on the wrong syllable. It should be pronounced 'PRU-dent-ly.' Didn't you look that word up in the glossary at the back of the reading book?"

Henry lowered his eyes to his book and shook his head, no.

"Why not?"

Henry just shrugged his shoulders.

"Each time you come to a hard or unfamiliar word," said Mary, "look it up in the glossary or in the dictionary. That's the only way you will learn to pronounce words correctly." Then Mary thought to herself, "How many times have I said that to him already this year? I wish he would try harder. It isn't that he isn't smart enough, he plain doesn't try."

Henry was also thinking secret thoughts of his own. "That's too much work looking up all those words each time."

Henry continued reading. Then a few sentences later it happened again. He mispronounced a word. This time it was the word "insurance." He pronounced it as if the accent were on the first syllable—"IN-sur-ance." Mary told him to put the accent on the second syllable. He pronounced it correctly and read on. Then he came to the final sentence and mispronounced another word. He tried to pronounce it three different ways until Mary nodded her head that he had finally gotten it right.

"Whew," thought Henry as the class was dismissed and he was returning to his desk. "I'm sure glad we have reading only three times a week and not every day like some schools do. I don't know how anybody can learn to say all those words right, anyway. There are so many of them, and some look like they should be pronounced one way but aren't. I hate reading."

The recess bell rang and the pupils were dismissed —all except Henry. He was just leaping from his desk to join the other boys on the softball diamond, when

Mary's voice cut his steps short, "Henry I'd like to see you for a few minutes before you go outside."

Slowly Henry walked toward her desk. Awkwardly he shifted his weight from one leg to the other.

"Henry," began Mary. "I really wish there was some way you could learn to read better. Don't you think you could try a little harder?"

"But reading is too hard," complained Henry.

"Too hard," repeated Mary, as if weighing the words. "Too hard. I suppose it is if you think so."

"But it is," said Henry defensively.

"If you think so," repeated Mary. "Any thing is too hard if we think so. But when we see others accomplishing the same thing and even harder things, then it doesn't seem so hard anymore. Do you understand what I mean?"

Henry shook his head.

"What I mean to say is as long as you think something is too hard, it will be. For you will never try hard enough to conquer it. So that's why I say reading is hard if you think so."

The conversation continued for a few minutes and then Henry was allowed to join the others on the softball diamond. Soon Henry had forgotten all about his conversation with the teacher. He was too busy thinking about the up-coming softball game at noon. The school had divided into two teams which were going to play three games. The team which won two out of the three was to be "Champion." Each recess for several days Henry had been practicing catching fly balls with another member of his team.

Henry was too busy practicing to notice that Mary was standing at the window watching him. She sighed to herself, "If only Henry would jump out of his desk for reading class and practice regularly, as he does for softball, he'd have his reading problem conquered in no time. It isn't his intelligence that is lacking— it's his will power. I wish I could get him somehow to prepare for reading like he does for softball. But I really can't imagine how. I really don't think he'd miss reading even if he were suddenly blind."

"Suddenly blind...suddenly blind." The words repeated themselves in Mary's mind. They sounded very familiar. "I know," she thought at last, "that's the name of a story I once read." She stared out the window at the pupils on the playground, but her mind lingered on the story "Suddenly Blind." "I wonder if that story might help Henry. It's worth a try."

Two days later, when the sixth graders had reading class again, Mary announced to them: "Your next assignment is going to be something a little different. Instead of reading the next story in your reader, I'm going to give you each a copy of a story I have duplicated. You are each to read it and then write a paragraph telling what the lesson of the story is. You will read your paragraphs before your classmates next reading class."

STORIES TO REMEMBER

Here are 23 stories which appeared in the 1968-1970 children's section of FAMILY LIFE put up in book form for home libraries. These are stories with lessons or nature stories, but not Bible stories.
224 pages $3.00 postpaid

Order from: PATHWAY BOOKSTORE
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Indiana residents pay 4% sales tax.

The other pupils took their copies of the story eagerly, but Henry took his as if it were merely a routine worksheet being handed out. But when he saw the story's title, "Suddenly Blind," he couldn't help feeling a little interested and curious.

Henry returned to his desk where he had planned to work on an arithmetic assignment. But his eyes had been captured by the title of the story and he decided to read it.

SUDDENLY BLIND

LOUIS BRAILLE WAS BORN in 1809 in a little village of France where his father was a harness maker. His father's shop was Louis's favorite place to be once he was able to walk. He liked to sit and watch his father work with the supple leather. How quickly his father's hands used the various tools.

One day when Louis was three years old he was playing in his father's harness shop and happened to poke himself in one eye with a sharp tool. He screamed as any child would.

The village doctor could not save the eye from being blind and he was also very concerned about Louis's second eye. Even though it had not been injured by the tool, it was also in danger. For infection could travel quickly from the blinded eye to the good one.

Several weeks passed. Nothing could prevent the infection from spreading to Louis's good eye. Soon he was blind in both eyes. A terrible feeling engulfed him. He had been a carefree little boy who loved sunlight and bright objects. Now he was destined to live the rest of his life in the dark world of the blind.

Louis was a clever boy. He refused to merely sit in the house where he would be safe from bumping into objects. Instead he walked about the village using a cane to tap for things in his way. At first it took him a long time to go to where he wanted to, but soon he knew how many taps it was to certain places and could avoid dangerous objects. He also learned to use his ears more, listening for noises most people who have eyesight ignore. Sounds told him many things.

Although Louis learned to have an active life, there was one thing which he missed very much— school. He could not attend school with others his age for he, of course, could not learn to read. But Louis was determined to learn what he could. He would tap his way to the villlage school and listen to the others recite. He learned many things he would not have if he had stayed at home.

When he was ten years old, Louis was sent to a special school for the blind in Paris, the capital of France. There he was taught the alphabet by a teacher who spelled the letters out on a table using twigs. This way Louis could feel them and learn different words. But of what value were these words to him? There were no books with words spelled out in twigs. The very idea of such a book was absurd. It would be impossible, even for a short story, to be written in twigs. It would take a whole tree to make a story which would stretch for miles.

For many years Louis was bothered that he could not read or write more than simple "twig" sentences. He felt there must be a way that blind people could have books of their own, but ponder as he would, he could think of no possible way. Yet he refused to admit defeat.

Then one day he was having dinner with a friend at a restaurant. His friend was reading aloud from the newspaper for Louis' benefit. Suddenly the answer to the problem was before him. The friend was reading about how the secret agents in the French army were writing coded notes to one another called "night writing." Since talking with one another was dangerous, they were communicating with each other through notes that could be read in the dark.

"In the dark," exclaimed Louis springing from his chair. "If they can read notes in the dark, then blind people can also read!"

Louis's desire was to get in contact with the inventor of the night writing code and to learn all about it. He discovered that the man's name was Captain Charles Barbier. The very next morning Louis found out where the captain lived and went to speak to him. The night writing was explained to him. It was all very simple. When a sharp tool was pressed into paper it pushed the paper out on the opposite side forming raised dots. A person needed only to construct an alphabet with designs of dots representing the 26 letters. Then he could write letters or even books. The blind person could read them by memorizing the coding and touching the raised dots with his fingers. The blind person read through his fingers rather than his eyes. It was an inexpensive method and Louis Braille was delighted. He had been determined since childhood to find a way for the blind to read and write. Now he was overjoyed and felt he had accomplished the impossible.

People were slow to accept this new system of writing for the blind, but eventually they did. They no longer called it "night writing" but "braille" in honor of Louis Braille. Today blind people have the Bible and thousands of other books available to them—thanks to Louis Braille who refused to give up.

HENRY SMUCKER FINISHED THE story and tucked it inside his reading book. He got out his arithmetic book. The story he had just read lingered in his mind as he worked the division problems. He found himself admiring Louis Braille very much. "Louis did the impossible," smiled Henry. "He's like that man we once read about who climbed Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world. Everyone told him to stop dreaming for it was impossible, yet he did it."

But it really wasn't until Henry had gotten home from school and was doing the evening chores that he connected himself and the story. He happened to remember his conversation a few days earlier with his teacher. "She said that anything is too hard if we think so," thought Henry as he lifted a fork full of hay into the horse manger. "I guess she's right. If a blind person can learn to read, then almost nothing is too hard unless we think so."

Junior Storytime

Becky's "Bother"

-by Martha Helmuth

"Hi, Mother," called eight-year-old Becky as she came into the kitchen where Mother was working. "Oh, it's so nice and warm outside."

Mother smiled at Becky. "Yes, it is warm outside, and it's also very muddy." She looked around. "Where's Ruthie?"

"She's outside on the porch yet," Becky answered. "She's so slow."

"Well, you'd better go help her with her boots," Mother reminded her.

"Oh, she's such a bother! Why do I always have to help her with her boots?" Becky complained. "And they're so muddy."

"Well, ever since she got new shoes, she can hardly get her boots on and off. You'll just have to help her until we can get larger boots for her," Mother explained.

Slowly Becky went out to the porch to help Ruthie. Ruthie was leaning against the wall struggling to get off the first boot. "Oh, why did you have to get your boots so muddy?" Becky complained as she jerked at the boot.

"Be careful!" exclaimed Ruthie as she lost her balance and slid down on the wet porch floor. "Now you got my dress all dirty."

"I did not," retorted Becky. "It's not my fault you fell down."

Finally, amid more struggles and fuss, Ruthie's boots were removed. Becky, still in a dark mood, tossed the boots into a corner and went inside, followed by Ruthie. Without a word they changed into their every day clothes. Before long, though, their differences were forgotten as they told Mother of the happenings at school that day.

"I want to wash the dishes tonight," Ruthie said as she helped clear the table that evening after supper.

"No, you're too slow," Becky answered as she carried some plates to the sink. "Besides, I'm older than you are so I get to wash the dishes. You can wipe them."

"But I always have to wipe them," complained Ruthie, "and I think it's more fun to wash them."

"Of course, it's more fun to wash them, but you're too slow and that's such a bother," Becky added. "And you're just six. You have to wait till you are eight and then you can wash them."

"Girls, girls," called Mother as she came from the pantry. "Can't you girls ever do anything together without fussing and quarreling?"

"Well, she always thinks she has to do everything I do," complained Becky. "I get tired of..."

"But Mother, I always have to wipe the dishes. I never get to wash them," Ruthie interrupted.

Mother looked at the dishes stacked on the cupboard and then at Becky. "Let Ruthie wash them tonight. There aren't very many and she's old enough to wash them sometimes, too."

"Aw, Mother, she's so slow and I want to get done so I can read my book," Becky objected. "Why can't she wait until she's older? It's such a bother to..."

"Now, Becky," interrupted Mother. "That's enough. You sometimes washed the dishes when you were her age. Besides, it's time you learned to help each other without fussing. Why, a stranger would wonder if you loved each other at all."

Mother helped Ruthie get started washing dishes and then finished clearing away the left-overs. Sulkily Becky began wiping dishes. Mother looked at the girls thoughtfully and sighed.

The next few days came and went with the usual differences between the two girls. Then on Friday noon a neighbor brought Ruthie home from school because she was sick.

A few hours later when Becky came home, she found no one there but her father. "Where are Mother and Ruthie?" Becky asked when she saw him.

"Mother took Ruthie to the doctor," Father replied. "We think she may have appendicitis and will have to go to the hospital. If she does, Mother will stay with her all night."

The evening passed slowly for Becky. She asked Father numerous questions about appendicitis and Ruthie's probable stay at the hospital, a fact that became more and more certain as the evening wore on.

Early the next morning a taxi brought Mother home with the report of Ruthie's illness and operation.

"How long will she have to stay at the hospital?" asked Becky.

"Probably about four days," Mother replied.

That afternoon when Becky was finished helping Mother she walked through the house, wondering what she could do. Finally she got out her tea set, doll and small table to play. Slowly she set the little table with the dishes.

"Mother," began Becky as she came into the kitchen. "May I have some Cheerios?"

"Cheerios?" asked Mother in surprise.

"Yes, I'm playing with my dolls and tea set and I need something to eat," explained Becky.

"Okay," Mother smiled as she got the Cheerios box from the pantry shelf.

Soon Becky was back at her table with a small dish of cereal. She set the little dish in the middle of the table. Then she set her doll on one chair and sat down next to her. "Now just help yourself to the food," she began. "Ruthie, will you pass the... Oh, I forgot, Ruthie isn't here." She paused a moment as she gazed at the two extra plates she had set. "Well, I'll just pretend she's here." She looked in the direction of "Ruthie" and said, "Would you like tea or coffee?" She tried to swallow the lump in her throat. "Tea? Okay, I'll get it for you." Becky got up from the table and got some "tea" at the faucet. Slowly she returned to the table and sat down, thinking.

"I—I wish Ruthie was here," Becky said to herself. "It's—it's no fun to play all by myself. After a while she got up and put everything away again."

"Mother, what can I do?" she asked as she came into the kitchen.

"Why don't you go out and help Father?" Mother suggested. "I think he is working in the barn as I hear him hammering out there."

"Okay," replied Becky as she went to get her coat.

The next day the family went to church and in the afternoon Becky went home with her friends while Mother and Father went to the hospital to see Ruthie. Later, after they were all at home again, Becky went out and sat on the swing. Slowly she pumped herself back and forth.

"I wish Ruthie were here," she said to herself after a while. "We used to have so much fun swinging together. Besides, I have no one to talk to, now." She left the swing and went back into the house.

"Mother, when will Ruthie come home?" she asked as soon as she was inside.

"Probably on Tuesday," Mother replied, looking thoughtfully at Becky. "You miss her, don't you?"

Becky nodded soberly. "I—I used to think she's such a bother sometimes. I never thought I'd miss her so much when she isn't here." She was thoughtful a moment. "It was so nice to have someone to play with and to walk to school with." She looked at Mother. "Why, I think that was worth more than all the bother I thought she was!"

WHY DIDN'T WE TELL DAD?

I can't remember our exact age, but four of us sisters slept upstairs. Two of us went to school already but the other two were younger. Our room was rather small so we had the two beds standing side by side with a stand for the kerosene lamp between the two beds. One of my sisters was afraid of the dark so we kept the lamp lit but turned low all night.

This one night, my older sister sleeping in the other bed threw her arm out in her sleep, knocking the lamp down on the floor and it broke. This woke me up. I saw the kerosene was running across the wooden floor and starting to burn.

Little were we scared as we started to blow, thinking we could blow it out. Sometimes we had it almost blown out then it would flare up again. So we'd blow again. There was only a small flame but getting it out seemed impossible. We thought of getting water but we had to keep on blowing to check the blaze. Always it was just a tiny flame if we kept on blowing.

The bed that I and one of my sisters was sleeping on was an old-fashioned rope bed with a straw tick. Under this bed is where the kerosene had run and the flames were slowly creeping to the straw tick.

After these fifty years, I have to shudder when I think of what could have happened if Mother hadn't heard us. My one sister was still in bed sound asleep. Our room was right above our parents' bedroom.

How glad we were when we saw Dad coming up the stairway! Still we were afraid he would scold us. He looked frightened, came quickly to the beds, got a quilt and threw it over the flames which smothered it.

Then he explained to us this is the way to put out a small fire. But we should always come and tell him if we are in trouble. The next day Mother explained to us how dangerous a fire can be. She said we must never pour water over a kerosene fire as this helps spread it. And always grab something to cover it like flour, salt, soda or even milk if there is nothing else around.

After that we never kept our lamp so near to the bed.

--A., Ontario

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A Christian was dying with a terrible disease. Everyone was very upset and worried, but not he. Finally someone asked the man why he was so calm with death approaching.

He replied, "I know I'm going to have to cross the river soon. But you see, I know that my Father owns both sides of the river."

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Editorielles—

Dieſer Tag iſt vergangen,
Die betrübte Nacht bricht an.
Es iſt hin der Sonnen Prangen,
So uns all erfreuen kann.
Stehe mir, O Vater, bei
Daß Dein Glanz ſtets vor mir ſei,
Und mein kaltes Herz erhitze,
Wenn ich gleich im Finſtern ſitze.

Herr, verzeihe mir aus Gnaden
Alle Sünd und Miſſetat,
Die mein armes Herz beladen,
Und ſogar vergiftet hat,
Daß auch Satan durch ſein Spiel
Mich zur Hölle ſtürzen will;
Da kannſt Du allein erretten,
Strafe nicht mein Uebertreten.

Bin ich gleich von Dir gewichen,
Stell ich mich doch wieder ein,
Hat uns doch Dein Sohn verglichen
Durch Sein Angſt und Todespein.
Ich verleugne nicht die Schuld,
Aber Deine Gnad und Huld
Iſt viel größer als die Sünde,
Die ich ſtets in mir befinde.

Was iſt doch unſer Leben?

„Denn was iſt euer Leben? Ein Dampf iſt's der eine kleine Zeit währet, darnach aber verſchwindet er. Dafür ihr ſagen ſolltet: So der Herr will und wir leben, wollen wir dies oder das tun." Jak. 4, 14. 15.

Da ich anfing dieſes zu ſchreiben iſt die Sonne wieder am untergehen, der Tag iſt wieder dahin, und die Nacht kommt herbei. Wir ſind vielleicht am denken was wir Morgen tun wollen, aber der morgende Tag iſt uns nicht verheißen, wie der Jakobus auch im obigen Text ſagt vorher: Die ihr nicht wiſſet was Morgen ſein wird.

Ich ſahe daß es wieder Zeit iſt für mein Artikel bereiten und auf dem Wege kriege für der nächſte Nummer, aber was ſoll ich ſchreiben? Da gingen meine Gedanken am obigen Text. „Was iſt doch unſer Leben?" Ja, was iſt es, Heute war ich und ein andrer Bruder am reden von die Zeiten wie alles ſo teuer iſt. Er ſagte, es iſt noch etwas am kommen. Ja, ſagte ich, Ich hab angſt wir Menſchen finden noch mehr aus als was wir bis her erfahren haben. Wel, ſagt er: Wir brauchen nicht angſt haben. Nein, das iſt recht, aber das iſt unſer Weg von ſagen. Wir ſollen nicht angſt haben, nur unſer Vertrauen auf Gott ſtellen. Aber die Gedanken kamen mir weiter was unſer Heiland ſagte da Er redete von die Zukunft Chriſti und Welt Ende. Auf Erden wird den Leuten bange ſein, und werden zagen. Ich will nicht angſt haben, ich will nicht zagen, ich will mich nicht fürchten, die göttliche Liebe ſoll die Furcht austreiben. Ja, das iſt alles recht und gut; aber ich bin nur ein Menſch mit Schwachheit umgeben. Ich kann meine Gedanken nicht immer hinrichten wie und wo ich gern wollte, aber ich kann mich auf Gottes Gnade verlaſſen. Wie auch der liebe Apoſtel Paulus die Antwort bekommen hatte „Laß dich an meiner Gnade genügen, denn meine Kraft iſt in den Schwachen mächtig."

Ich kann wohl ſagen, es iſt mir bange daß ich vielleicht nicht ſtandhaft bleiben kann in allem dem was noch kommen möchte. Und wie ich armer Menſch hier zum Predigtamt und Biſchofs-Amt berufen bin, tu ich mich oft ein Vorbild machen in die Gedanken als wenn ich eine Zahl Leute ſehe und einer iſt voraus am gehen und ſagen: „Kommt." Da iſt die Frage oftmals, bin ich ſie der richtige Weg am führen? Der enge und ſchmale Weg der zum Himmel führt.

Wir leſen in die Märtyrer Zeiten da ſie ſagten, es waren einige die man meinte es könnte eine Kirche auf ſie gebaut werden, und da die große Verfolgungen gekommen ſind fielen ſie ab vom Glauben. Es wundert mich da nicht in dieſe letzte Zeiten auch einige ſein wollen die da meinen ſie ſtehen feſt gewurzelt, und nichts könnte ſie bewegen, wo doch abfallen werden vom rechten chriſtlichen Glauben. Der Feind iſt in ſolch einem liſtigen Wege am kommen zu derer Zeit, durch die neue Erfindungen, als mehr und mehr neue Wegen von Machinen die Arbeit leichter und ſchneller zu tun, und der mehre Teil von die Menſchen fallen dafür. Und dann werden Schrift-Punkten leicht geachtet wo doch klar und deutlich geſchrieben ſind.

Wir haben gemeldet, was ſollen wir ſchreiben? Ja, das iſt doch gerade wie ich fühle wenn ich aufſtehen ſoll zu predigen öffentlich vor die Leute. Was ſoll ich predigen? Ich will gern ein Evangelium predigen wo Himmelwärts führt, aber ich kann nicht predigen daß alle Leute es hören. Was aber auf dieſem Familien-Leben Blatt geſchrieben wird kommt in etwa 12,000 Heimaten. Sie können wohl nicht alle deutſch leſen, aber wie viel von die wo deutſch leſen können tun es leſen? Wir können predigen mit dem Schreiben ſo wohl als wie mit der Zunge, ſo wollen wir ſuchen etwas ſchreiben wo Himmelwärts führt, ſo wohl als wie wenn wir predigen mit der Zunge.

Geſtern Abend ließen wir ab vom Schreiben, ſo iſt wieder eine Nacht vergangen, und der Tag herbei kommen. Wir konnten einen ſanften Schlaf und Ruhe haben. Wie iſt es doch ſo ſchön, wenn wir zu Bette gehen können, nichts uns wehe tut, keine Schmerzen, dann wieder aufſtehen und der Tag anfangen mit friſchem Mut. Ich erinnere mich von manche Jahre zurück, wie wir viele Fällen hatten die mußten gepflegt werden. Wir gingen hin des Nachts und wachten mit ihnen die ganze Nacht. Einige hatten viele Schmerzen, konnten nicht gut ruhen, mußten über gedreht werden von einer Seite zur andere. Dieſes ging zu bei einige Fällen für etliche Jahre. Zu Zeiten hörte man ſagen, dieſe oder jene haben ſich ſchwer verſündigt daß ſolches über ſie kommt. Ich wollte doch nicht ſo ſagen, ich weiß nicht wie ich mein Ende noch nehme, das iſt mir gar nicht geſagt. Viele Menſchen nehmen ſchnell ein Ende durch ein Herz-Fehler, andere kommen um in einem Unglücks-Fall, daß ſie nicht wiſſen was gegeben hat. In einem Gebet kommt es vor, daß der Herr uns behüten ſoll von einem böſen und ſchnellen Tod. Ja, ich glaube wir wollten lieber nicht ſo die Welt verlaſſen in einem ſchnellen Wege, und gar nicht einen böſen Tod haben. Wir wollen auch lieber wenn wir nicht eine lange Zeit ſein müßten daß die Leute uns pflegen müſſen. Doch was ich Armer getan hab war gern getan, es war keine Laſt für mich. Es waren einige Fällen die lange wehrten daß es zu viel war für nur die Freundſchaft, dann hatten die Gemeinen dran Teil genommen. Bei einem Fall in ſonderheit da ich noch ein Jüngling war haben ſie endlich die Buben auch beſtellt fu gehen und Teil nehmen. Drei von uns Buben gingen hin etliche Nächt. Später da der Bruder als ſchlimmer geworden iſt war es angeſehen daß ein älterer Mann mit zwei von die Buben hingingen.

Solches iſt bei der Welt nicht mehr zu finden. So gar die Kinder wollen nicht mehr ihre Eltern pflegen, ſie tun ſie nur in einem Ruhe-Lager (reſt home). Wir haben ſchon hören ſagen daß alte Leute fühlen nicht gut an ſolche Heimaten, es iſt nicht Heim für ſie. Wir wollen uns doch hüten von ſolchem.

LETTER TO A SICK FRIEND

Dear Friend:

I am writing this letter to let you know our thoughts are often with you the last few days. When we first heard that you weren't well we didn't believe that it would take long till you would be back to your usual work and strength again. When time passed by, it pained us to know that you were weaker but still we couldn't believe that your sickness would last long. The time has now come that although we would like to think that you will regain your health again, we know that only a miracle from the Hand of God will enable your frail body to ever get well again.

We hear that you have now accepted the fact that the Lord may be using this sickness of your body as a means of calling you home. All of us will have to leave everything we own, yes, even the body that we are living in, the body that we could say is really only loaned to us to use while we are making our pilgrim journey through this world. We live here on earth for our allotted time and then pass on to that land of which there is no return, to be only a memory here to those who knew us.

God has given man dominion over the earth with their machinery and planting and building. Some men have risen to great heights of power and wealth, but no man, from kings and presidents to serfs and slaves, - from millionaire to beggars will ever escape that end of life here on earth that is called death. Even those who live until the second coming of Christ will be no different from those who have died before in that they will have to leave their mortal bodies and will never return to this life.

There are no exceptions, no loopholes in the fact that we will all have to die. The people who lived here on earth, say a hundred years ago have all passed on. The time will come when every single person living today will also be gone, such is the way of the stream of human beings passing through this world. If there were only one chance in a million that a person would not have to die many men would spend all their time and money to find that one exception, just to be able to live here on this earth forever.

This stream of humanity has always been changing. The faces of those people who lived here one hundred years ago are unknown to us. In the same way if the world would stand another hundred years and we would come back, the people living in the homes we now live in, and those tilling the soil we now till would be complete strangers to us, even if they would be of our own descendants.

There is really nothing on this earth that we can see that is eternal. There is nothing here that always stays good and new. Wood eventually decays, metals tarnish or rust away, and even concrete will eventually crumble. Our bodies are no exception. We all know what will happen to this body of ours when due to accident or disease, it will no longer be fit for us to use.

The end of our life here on earth can come in many different ways. Our walk through this world could be likened to walking through a woods where we would have no way of knowing what lies beyond the next bend of the trail. For some, it seems the last stretch of the road is straight so they can see what is coming. Others will walk along, totally unaware of what is before them, until the road will make a sudden turn and there will be the door of death that we all have to pass through to enter into eternity.

It is good that we do not know what the Lord has planned for us. We may be making plans for tomorrow, for next week, or for next year, but the Lord may have other plans for us. When we are starting in on the last full year of our life, when we lay down our tools on the evening of our last day's work on earth, or when we are starting in on the last mile of our journey, we will probably be unaware that it is so. It is good that the Lord has made it thus. We need to only take one day at a time and try to live each one well, and then trust that the Lord has planned the future for what is best for us.

Because we cannot see what is ahead, the future may look dark to us. We are able to look back on the road that we traveled but we cannot go back. We cannot stop, we keep on going with time but the future is veiled from our sight. All we know about the future is what we read in the Bible. The future is in God's hand and we can rest assur- assured that all will be well for those who try to do right.

We can read in the Bible where death came from in the first place. Our first parents, Adam and Eve were warned that if they disobeyed the will of God, death would follow. We can think that the punishment of being driven out of the Garden of Eden, away from the presence of the Lord came as a shock to them. But when the day came that they saw one of their own sons lying dead before them, beaten to death by his spiritually dead brother, they probably realized as never before what death actually is, and what they had really brought upon themselves. They had feelings just like we do and if anybody ever cried and wept until they finally fell asleep, they probably did that night after Abel was killed.

We can see death all around us in the world of nature. The cold winter wind comes and wilts the green foilage and bright flowers that colored the summer landscape.

But we can also see the evidence of resurrection. After the cold blasts of winter are over the sleeping seeds and buds of last year's growth awaken and grow to be fresher than ever. The seeds that we sow in the earth will soften, decay and crumble but will come forth in new life as fruit fruitful as the year before. The caterpillar, slowly crawling from place to place and living on leaves will some day make an unbelievable change. It will burst out of its shrunken crusty shell and fly away on beautiful butterfly wings, sipping the most delicious of all foods, the nectar of flowers.

If we were creatures whose lifespan was very short, say only a year, and we had no way of knowing better we would probably become frightened in the fall of the year when the leaves started falling from the trees. We would no doubt become alarmed when the first frost turned the fields and forests brown and when the wintery winds replaced the warm days of summer. Or if we had a lifespan of only a day, what would we think when daylight would cease and the shadows of night fell upon us?

Our life here on earth is short. If a thousand years are as one day before God then our time here on earth would be not more than several hours. The human mind cannot comprehend something it has not had any experience with so there is no wonder that we cannot begin to realize what eternity is really like. We have no more idea of what eternity is like than does a new born baby know what it's like to live to old age.

Were it not for the christian's hope of a resurrection, the thought of death would surely strike terror into our hearts. Our loving Father makes use of death to release us from this world of pain and sorrow and bring us home to him. God has decreed to our first parents that they and all their descendants would suffer pain, tears and sorrow and earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. He then drove them out from His holy presence and put them under the death sentence for their sins. But in His great mercy, He also uses this same death of our mortal bodies to bring us into His presence for eternity. He has made this possible through His Son who came down among men and was sentenced to death and was the first to rise from the dead that we might have life. This is what Paul the Apostle was thinking when he wrote, "Oh death, where is thy sting, grave where is thy victory?" 1Cor. 15:15.

Dear friend, as you lie on your sickbed no doubt hundreds of questions come into your mind. Will the prayers for your recovery still be answered? Is it God's will that your life should already be drawing to a close? What will your last moments be like before your body makes its final struggle? What will you see when you open your eyes on the other side of the grave? How can you leave your children and your loved ones? How will things go when your place in the family circle is vacant?

These and many other thoughts like them have dampened the pillow of those who appear to be facing death. In the Bible you have the assurance that the God who "In the beginning created heaven and earth," is the same God who is the "helper of the fatherless" Ps. 10:14, and "relieveth the fatherless and widows" Ps. 146:9. It is hard to find a better prayer committing yourself and your loved ones into God's care than the closing paragraphs of the first evening prayer in the Christenpflicht prayerbook.

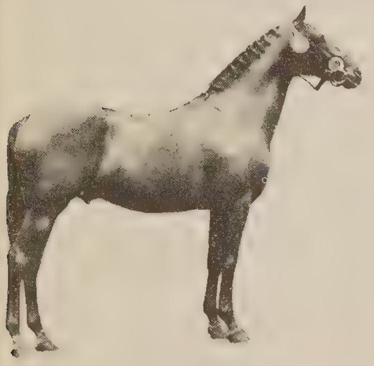
Doubts will probably also find their way into your thoughts. It has been said that anyone who has ever believed has also had doubts. The atheists, who claim to believe that death is like blowing out a flame which will then be cold forever, say it is impossible that the dead will come to life again. But have they ever stopped to consider that the life they now have was awakened out of dust? (This is a fact which modern science with its wisdom never was able to accomplish and never will be.) That we are alive now, is even a greater miracle than that which will take place when the Lord calls up the souls of those who lived on earth and gives them bodies which are indestructable forever.

The 23rd psalm can be a comfort for anyone who has ever feared the time when he will have to leave this world. Note that the writer of this Psalm does not say "The Valley of Death" but "the valley of the shadow of death". We know that a shadow can look larger and more fearsome than the actual object, especially in the evening even though it is harmless. We cannot reach those great and glorious heights on the other side without first descending downward through the valley, but we do not have to go alone. We can have that wonderful promise "Thou art with me", so what have we to fear? The result of our living our life here in the fear of the Lord is to "dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The Lord may be using your sickness, not only to bring your thoughts more to things eternal, but also those of your relatives, friends, and neighbors. It makes us do some serious thinking, too. You think your end may be near, but we know that many of us who are strong and healthy may be in eternity before you are. You have time to read and think and ask God for forgiveness while many of us, who no doubt need it more than you do, go on with our daily work and so often do not even think to thank God for all He has done for us.

For all of us the day of departing from this earth is one day closer today than it was yesterday. Let us all live as if each day could be the last. If we knew this morning that we would not be here to see another sunrise, what would we do? I hope we could go on for one more day, with our work in a quiet way, with now and then a prayer in our hearts, with love for those around us, and when at evening, we lay ourselves down like a tired child for our last sleep, we could say, "Thy will be done. Put my hand into Thine. Oh come, Lord Jesus."

God be with you, from a friend and neighbor.



THE STANDARDBRED SALE

Twice a year the standardbred sale
comes to our town
And people who are interested come
from miles around.
The multitude starts coming, already the day before;
By the time the sale has started, there are many more.
Showy catalogues are printed— in many letters bold,
Displaying all the horses that are to be sold.
Finally the day arrives, and what a milling crowd,
Turning the peaceful town into one that's rough and loud.
Cigarettes and gawking cowboys, worldly women partly nude,
Sandwiches, pop to gorge upon— yet no thanks for food.
The clear voice of the auctioneer comes forth loud and strong,
Filling the huge salesbarn with bidding all day long.
Amidst the din and clouds of smoke what do we see?
Some women of the Amish sect— Amish like you and me.
Whatever do they want there is a story yet untold;
Rubbing elbows with strange menfolks that are worldly and bold.
Women in such public places was unheard in days gone by;
Where is the Christian shamefacedness— women pure and shy?
Surely our heavenly Father is sad when He must see
That worldly lust and pleasure in the Amish hearts can be.
Wouldn't it be far much better if women at home would stay
To do their work with diligence and with the children pray?
Then if the Master in a cloud would come this very night
He'd find them ready, watching— their lamps a-burning bright.

-F.

A FAIR JUDGEMENT

It was a cold December day when my wife and I went on the bus to attend a wedding. It snowed off and on most of the way. We arrived the day before the wedding and they had quite a blizzard which cause bad roads, vehicles getting stuck, and greatly slowed bus service. Some people were late for the wedding.

The day after the wedding we decided to go home. It was just before Christmas with lots of people going places and especially college students going home.

We changed busses where there were many people so we hurried to get in line at the right gate. Just as it was about our turn to board the bus, it was full. Another was due in a few hours so we waited in line but no busses came and people lined up behind, beside and even some managed to get in front of us.

Some people got discouraged and went out the door in very cold weather but couldn't get back in as it was crowded with people. Finally a sheriff came upon the scene and seeing the people on the outside getting cold, opened the door and ordered the people to move back which caused quite an uproar. He was informed that these people had cheated by going outside, thinking they could get on first. Seeing he was unable to accomplish anything, he shut the door.

After a while he was back again in a very sour mood and shouted for the people to move back. A man in front of us, in a very nice way, told him this was the original line since five o'clock and also told him what the others had done.

Words not fit to print escaped the sheriff's lips as he shouted, "I don't care if you've been standing here since four o'clock. If you don't move back, you'll stand here until morning." Then the door was slammed shut.

Naturally we were quite downhearted and people were crowding forward again. A few minutes later the people on the outside were let in through a door on our left to wait.

Soon busses arrived and the people to our left were let out first. Next, enough to our right were let out to fill the bus. Soon a commotion was heard behind us as some people began to get impatient. Several sheriffs ran to straighten them up. Then another driver came up and opened our door and let enough out to fill his bus. After ten hours of waiting, standing in line and sitting on our suitcases, we were finally on a bus headed for home.

We had to think of the judgement day. There will be many more people involved there but there will be no way to slip around. Everyone will be judged fairly, we can be assured of that. The main thing is, are we prepared for that Great Day? --D. Y., Indiana

TOMORROW'S BURDEN

I watched my neighbor climb the hill,
Bent beneath a load;
He struggled, faltered, finally fell,
On the steep and dusty road.
I pondered for I knew full well
He had climbed that hill before,
With a burden on his back, and so
I asked, "Are you sick and sore?"
He answered, "I am well and strong
As in the yesterdays,
But I took tomorrow's burden
And added to today's."

A TEST FOR COOKS

Sometime ago I heard say that men are such wonderful cooks. Right away I blurted out, "Sure, but do you know why?" Then I went on to say that when they cook they don't have to skimp or substitute, and don't have a lot of other things to look after.

That really set me to thinking later on. I'm not a professional cook, by any means, but I'd just love to make up a test for some of these cooks to take. I mean some tests which are unwritten like the kind that mothers and wives take every day. Some folks might consider my test a bit fuzzy but scoring I would consider more than just the taste of delicious steak.

First on my test would be welcomeality, sometimes known as hospitality. They'd have to prepare a meal for folks they weren't expecting. I remember an excellent example of this once when we were traveling with some friends in Iowa. Our friends had lived in Iowa and were acquainted there, but we were total strangers. We arrived at this place on a busy Saturday morning just an hour before dinner when the mother wasn't even at home. The royal welcome we got would get a high score on my test.

I'd make allowance in my test as to whether the food was home grown or home raised. If we spend hours picking strawberries don't they mean more to us, or the ham taste better if we know what it takes to grow it?

My test would be timed, too. We all know how little time mothers have and how many extra little helpful hands there are sometimes which cause unexpected messes.

Part of the test would have to do with how many people are invited, whether it were only a couple, a large family or the whole church. Cooking for guests is a pretty important part of being a cook.

Maybe men make the best cooks but I wonder how they would score on a test like that.

--Just an average cook.

THE THREE MONKEYS

Three monkeys dining in a coconut tree,
Discussing things they had heard true to be,
What do you think, now listen you two.
Here, monkeys, something that can't be true
That humans descended from our pure race;
It's simply shocking— a terrible disgrace.
Never heard of a monkey deserting a wife,
Leave a baby to starve and ruin its life?
And have you ever heard of a mother monk
To leave her darling with strangers to bunk?
Their babies handled from one to another,
And scarce ever know the love of a mother.
I've never known a monkey so selfish to be
To build a big fence around a coconut tree,
So other monkeys can't get a wee taste
But would let all the coconuts go to waste.
If I'd put a fence around this coconut tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me.
And here's another thing a monkey won't do;
Get a bootlegger's cup and get on a stew,
Carouse and get drunk, disgracing his life,
Then reel madly home and beat up his wife.
They call this pleasure and make a big fuss;
They've descended from something—but not from us!

FARM & FIELD

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

CONCRETING THE FEEDING LOT

One morning after the threshing was finished and they had pretty well caught up with the odd jobs around the farm, Melvin Miller asked, "How about the feeding lot for the pigs? We were talking about getting it concreted sometime, weren't we?"

"Yes, I guess this would be a pretty good time to get it done," Dad Miller answered.

"Are we going to get the ready-mix truck like-like Hostetler's did?" Melvin wanted to know.

"Well, I don't know yet, Dad answered. "It all depends on how busy we are and how much cheaper it would be to mix it ourselves."

"But how can you tell how much cheaper it would be to mix it ourselves?" Melvin wanted to know. "Wouldn't that be a lot of hard work?"

"Yes, it would be hard work, but not as hard as it was years ago," Dad answered. "When I was a boy we used to mix the gravel and cement together with our shovels. Then we'd pour water on it a little at a time and keep shoveling it over and over until it was just the right thickness. That was hard work, and slow."

"How do we find out how many feet of ready-mix it would take?" Melvin asked.

"Well, our lot is 30 feet by 36 feet. First you change this to yards and find out how many square yards are in the lot. If we'd put the concrete a yard deep, it would take as many cubic yards of concrete as there are square yards in the lot. But since we only want it six inches deep we would divide it by six because six inches is only one-sixth as thick as a yard."

"How much would it cost if we mixed it ourselves?" Melvin wanted to know.

"We'd have to figure the cost of the gravel first. Since the gravel shrinks when you mix it into concrete, we would need about 10% more yards of gravel as the cubic feet of concrete we would need. In mixing the concrete we always figure one sack of cement for every five cubic feet of gravel."

"That shouldn't be too hard to figure," Melvin said as he went for a pencil and paper.

After awhile Melvin asked, "But wouldn't the ready-mix be stronger than our own?"

"That all depends on how much water you put into it," Dad answered.

"The more water you put into it the stronger it is? Melvin asked.

"No, just the opposite. The ideal amount of water would be just enough to wet every particle of sand and gravel and cement. About 4 1/2 gallons per sack of cement is about the right amount. Some people use as much as 7 gallons of water but then the concrete is not half as strong."

"Why does water make the concrete weak?" Melvin wanted to know.

"Because the extra water evaporates leaving little holes, or pores where the water was. This makes it like a honeycomb and is not so strong as if you used less."

"But wouldn't it take us a long time to mix that concrete?"

"Yes, we would need two boys to mix the concrete and one to push the wheelbarrow. I suppose it would take us two days to pour that much. So figure it up once and see how much we would save. Maybe it wouldn't be worth the difference."

Can you help the Millers decide how much they would save by mixing their own concrete? Use the following prices: Cement $1.75 per bag. Gravel $3.00 per yard. Ready-mix concrete $20.00 per yard. If the number of bags of cement comes out in a fraction, count it as a whole bag as you cannot buy part of a bag.

(Notice: Actual prices vary in different areas. The above problem is given merely as an example in figuring the actual costs.)

Send answers to Farm and Field Page, % Family Life
R.4 Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3
Deadline Sept.1, 1974

ANSWER TO FENCING PROBLEM

The Fencing problem in the May issue proved to be a tough one. There were so many corners to watch. Most of those who had it wrong had added an extra line post, some a corner post, and some had the right figures but didn't total them correctly. Altogether we received 65 answers of which only 35 were correct.

Here's a list of the material which will be needed, and the cost.

1 corner post	$4.00
4 brace posts	12.00
37 line posts	37.00
4 braces	4.00
40 rods woven wire	80.00
1 spool barbed wire	20.00
288 staples (4 lbs)	1.20
4 brace wires	.40
	$158 .60

One person mentioned that an extra two feet of wire would be needed at each end to wrap around the post, and also extra barbed wire, for the same purpose.

Most people decided it would be better to build the fence rather than to let the heifer get out on the road and cause an accident.

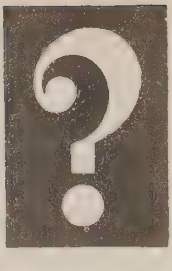
FARM HINTS

My horse had pneumonia. I had the vet out several times and it didn't help so I put a mustard plaster on her ribs and covered her with a blanket. She recovered and even the vet was surprised.
-S.K., Ohio

We had a sick calf. Having plenty of penicillin in the house, I gave her four to begin with, and a few later. It saved me a vet bill. D.M. Ohio

My mare had a colt which didn't want to drink so I milked the mare a bit and fed it to the colt with a spoon. After that, the colt wanted to drink but the mare kicked. I took a twine and tied it above the horse's upper lip. With a small stick I twisted it tightly. This kept her from kicking. I use this same method when a horse won't stand still while the foretops are being trimmed.
-A.Y., Ohio

Deadline for Answers Sept. 1, 1974



WHAT DO YOU THINK

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I have often questioned the custom of going out for lunch during council or communion services. Is it really necessary? It seems to me the ministers are preaching to a lot of empty benches. Some of the people are out quite a long time because they have to wait to eat. Also the hostess and several helpers who serve the lunch and wash the dishes miss out on much of the services. Sometimes you hear the rattling of dishes, talking, and perhaps even laughter. Would this not be distracting to the minister who is preaching? Is there no other way that this could be taken care of or would it be possible to forego eating a few hours until the services were over? What do you think?

A Minister's Wife

??????????????????????????????????????

ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTION- HOW MUCH MUST A PERSON HAVE TO BE RICH OR TO BE CLASSED AMONG THOSE MENTIONED IN 1 TIMOTHY 6:9? HOW MANY FARMS CAN A PERSON HAVE? DO WE HAVE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE TO BE RICH?

Some people can have a lot of money and still live as those who don't have. Others do not have much money and still live a rich man's life. So many families want the best of everything. They buy most of their food, even cake and pancake mixes, instant cereal,etc. It's too much work to have a big garden and can their own food. They want everything like their worldly neighbors, such as hot water, big refrigerators with freezer parts, power lawn mowers and what have you. They want to have everything they can have without getting in trouble with the church. Suddenly they claim they are in debt and want the church to help them. Then the ones who lived without these things and saved their money are good enough to help.

There are also some who are so tight and take advantage of others and grab up everything so no one else gets a bargain. It all depends on what we do with what we have. We should be satisfied with the crumbs from the rich man's table. (things that are not good enough for the world.

-Ephrata, Pa.

No I don't think we have to be a millionaire to be rich. It's not so much what we have but how we use what we have. Are we kind and helpful to our neighbors without looking for anything in return? Do we give where there is a need? Everything we have, God only loaned us to do good with it and not look down on someone with less. We should not be selfish and proud but should be grateful for what we have.

I have heard some say, "Poor management makes poor people." But there are things we do not know, perhaps they had more doctor bills, etc. God has given different talents to different prople.

-From the Keystone State.

The attitude determines more than the number of farms whether the heart clings to earthly things or heavenly treasures. Do we trust in self? Do we boast? Humility doesn't honor self. How often our actions tell on us!

The temptation of "wanting to be rich" is just as great for those of us without farms as those with several, and there is also the additional danger of envy sneaking into the heart if given a chance. The Bible says we shall not covet anything which is our neighbor's.

Often times others do not have the heaping bank accounts, the fat billfolds or live the life of ease we imagine they do. It is not enough to be content with our own living habits but we should consider, do they please God?

-Ephrata, Pa.

It does not say those who are rich, but those who want to be rich. If our heart is set on becoming well to do to the extent that we are not concerned about the needy and show sharp dealing in business matters, then money has become our idol whether we realize it or not. Covetousness is listed among the gross sins but we seldom ever hear of anyone being punished for greediness of "filthy lucre."

If we consider ourselves as God's people, our Sunday afternoons should not be spent talking only of money matters, the local scandals (of which it is a shame to speak of) and perhaps an off-color joke or two. If we do this, our church going is only an empty formality. Are we preparing for the appearing of Christ and eternity?

- Liverpool, Pa.

Sometimes people appear rich, but looks are deceiving. How many debts do they have? Is he preparing to give his boys a chance to farm? The amount of money a person has isn't necessarily what makes him rich, but whether he puts his trust in it and what he does with the profits. Like "Almosa" (alms) it isn't how much we give but how much we keep that counts.

-I., Indiana

What else is mentioned in the Bible more often than riches? In Naves Topical Bible there are three pages about "The Rich", over two pages about "Riches" and it says also see "Covetousness, Avarice, Bribery."

There is nothing that brings worldliness into the churches faster than riches or the love of money. Anyone who has several farms and is grasping for more, I fear is not putting first things first.

The Bible tells us if we have food and raiment, we should be content therewith. 1 Timothy 6:8. Too many people aren't satisfied with an ordinary income. As soon as a new way of making money comes along, they jump in and try to make a "haul", even maybe hiring a man or two so they can handle it faster. To me this looks greedy.

I have no objection to someone working so they can care for their families, help a young family get started or give a lift to someone less fortunate, but too often they forget that all we own really belongs to God. I know of wealthy church members who are extremely careful whom they lend to lest they won't get it back.

-Goshen, Indiana

I feel a person can live a rich life with borrowed money and can be classed with "der Reiche Mann". If we can own and use our money and not let it rule our life, then I don't think we can be classed as rich.

The rich man, Joseph of Arimathia, came and buried Jesus and he was also one of His followers. There is always the danger of having jealousy in our hearts when we accuse someone else of being rich. -Baltic, Ohio

Buying a farm for when the boys will be needing it may be okay but how about that friend, relative or neighbor who is having a hard time right now getting a start? Is he willing to lend him some money, at a low interest rate or does he think, "My money will be safer somewhere else? If I let him have some money, I may never see it again?" I think that would be the rich man, one who wants everything for himself.

-St. Clements, Ontario

When young people are buying farms, they are usually in debt. We have noticed that those who are paying off debts usually don't live the rich life as those that are not paying for their farms. You see it in new clothing, farm equipment and extravagence in the home. Where payments are to be made, you are more careful how you spend.

-Concerned about keeping our children on farms.

We are taught in the Scriptures that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof so how can we claim earthly possessions as our own? In Isaiah 58, it tells us that we are to fast by sharing our blessings with others. I believe this means more than just a little donation ocassionally. If we are sure to see that our own wants are taken care of first, it could hardly be called a fast.

In our community it is almost impossible for a young family to buy a farm and pay for it at farming. They are out-bidded by older men who already have one or more farms paid for and can use these to pay for another one.

On the other hand it does not seem to be a good thing for young people when they are "set up" on a farm by their parents. This is what allows them to buy all the "necessary things" that our grandparents never heard about in their day. I think we should be just as willing to help our brothers and sisters in the faith as we are our blood relation. If this were the case we would be just as ready to help our neighbor get their farm paid for as we are that our children should get a "good start".

In short, I think this is my duty, to work hard and deny myself the things other people cannot afford, feed and clothe my own family simply and then give what is left over to those who do not have the advantages I have. The money I make is not mine, anyhow. It is only given to me to use while here on life's journey and what I don't need should be given to those who need it.

-Dayton, Virginia

In Genesis 13:2 it says Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold. Yet so great was his faith that he was willing to offer his son as a sacrifice at God's command. I feel this is a good example of a man who had great riches, yet did not love them more than God, as also was Job.

I don't believe a person needs to have very much money to be guilty of wanting to be rich. My father was once at our local grocery store when a plain man who was well off left the store with a lot of groceries and did not pay his bill. After he had gone, the storekeeper shook his head sadly. "I don't mind giving a man credit when he needs it. But when they go to the ice cream freezer and 'dig right in' then charge it, that's a bit hard to take."

Here was a family who besides getting a good-sized weekly pay check, so much wanted the material things of life that they would rather buy on credit than go without. The Bible does not say that "Money is the root of all evil," but "The Love of money is the root of all evil." So I feel that it is through the love of such things that we fall into the snare of temptation, no matter are we poor, even in debt, or do we own several farms.

-Fleetwood, Pa.

It would be very unwise to set a certain line as to the amount of money or earthly pocessions as the line betwee being rich or poor. We should be more concerned about our attitude toward these "riches." Are we really seeking the Kingdom of God first or are we seeking earthly gain?

In the parable of the rich fool, (Luke 12), the man was thinking only of self, taking it easy, drinking and making merry. We don't read that he ever actually carried out his plans, he was only cultivating them in his mind but God called him a fool, for his soul was required of him that night.

If we are absorbed in getting material things to the extent that we neglect the needs of the soul, then we are serving mammon and not God. It's either one or the other Truly, the "will to be rich" brings many temptations and hurtful lusts, which will never satisfy or bring peace of mind. What, then is our best investment? But Godliness with contentment is great gain." 1 Tim. 6:6.

-Sugarcreek, Ohio

WHO ARE YOUR COMPANIONS

We had a visitor about a year ago. He was from Kansas. He was in his late twenties, and had served his time in Viet Nam. He had returned home intending to marry, and met a disappointment. He then decided to travel, and came to South America. He was well informed and intelligent.

Here is a story he told. His father has for years been a doctor of high standing in a mental institute. For an experiment they took a woman who was mentally normal and had her act as a mental patient as well as she knew how. The experiment was to last a month. To begin with her actions were 100% put on, but as time progressed they were easier and more natural. By the end of the month she had become a mentally sick person. She was treated as a mental patient and soon recovered.

What are we striving for and who is our hero? Those who not only carry the name of Christians, but who follow his footsteps and teachings of Jesus will in time arrive at the place he is at. Those who admire the hippies and follow their example will become hippies themselves.

It is another way of proving the point. Tell me who your companions are, and I will tell you who you are.

It is useless to think we can travel in questionable company without becoming involved.

It is equally true of being in the right kind of company. It rubs off and we are influenced.

-Samuel Hertzler

'Tis Canning Time

'Tis canning time and far and wide
Across this whole vast country side
They're carrying empties from below
Or toting full jars down to stow.
Mom has a feeling it's all right
To bottle everything in sight...
Our meals are lean and hurried up
While Mom fills up her measuring cup..
With beans or peas or carrots gold
She knows next winter will be cold.

For these past months about everywhere
There's not a single inch to spare..
There's jars of beets and jars of corn
A-gathering there since early morn...
There's relish, pickles, catsup and jam;
In fact, as much as Mom could ram
In jars of every shape and size
That she could really utilize..
Mom says it isn't right to waste
What God provides so she makes haste
From summer time till late in fall
To pick and chop and can most all
The vegetables in our own lot
And everything the neighbors got..
Our porch and kitchen overflow
And keeps us running to and fro..
With baskets full of everything
That has been grown since early spring...
There's running to the country store
For rubber rings and lids, and more..
For spices, sugar, salt and wax..
And won't let Dad and me relax..
There's pickles fat and pickles lean
And every kind of long string bean..
There's peas and white and yellow corn
That Dad and I have meekly borne..
From garden patch and berry row
And everywhere that we did hoe...

Oh, well, our cellar's nearly full
And I mean really bountiful..
And Mom's as happy as can be
That she went on this canning spree..
And I must own I really love
The smell of cinnamon and clove..
Of vinegar and spicy pears
And all the juices Mom prepares..
There's charm to canning time each year
With canning's special atmosphere..
But we know Mom; we know her mind
For she is merciful and kind..
Our shelves are loaded down today
But Mom will give about half away!

-Selected by Mrs. Noah Hoover

PART OF MOTHER'S JOURNAL--

APRIL 10—

It's a wonderful spring day. The children were all outside helping to plant potatoes. Dad dug the holes and the children planted while I covered them up. Our three-year-old planted a row all by himself. After the children had left to help Dad haul manure, I felt ashamed of the times when I thought life would be easier if we didn't have so many children.

Oh, how richly blest am I! May the Lord help me to cherish these gifts more closely, for they're just for today. Tomorrow brings changes and the children are grown. May He help us implant in them love, obedience, and a heart that's ready to yield to their Saviour's will. Rather than having them grow up and not finding God, I would wish He would take them now while they are still innocent, even though our hearts would break.

SEPTEMBER 6—

Our oldest started to school today. It seems such a short time since I held her in my arms for the first time. So soon she is trying out her wings and is leaving the nest. To leave her at the schoolhouse alone, almost in tears, made me feel like taking her under my wings and keeping her there. But the fledgling must learn to fly, and the child must learn to stand alone even though it costs tears.

SEPTEMBER 12—

I could hear the children scrapping and fussing in the kitchen from my chair at the sewing machine. Suddenly buggy wheels were heard on the drive. I heard one of the children say excitedly, "Daddy's coming!"

With one accord four little pairs of feet fairly flew out the door. All disagreements were forgotten.

The sewing machine sewed on. While my feet rocked the treadle my mind was thinking on other things. Have we forgotten our Father is coming, that we find so much time to argue and disagree with each other? If this were uppermost in our minds other things would seem quite trivial.

OCTOBER 15—

All of us, except the baby, spent the day in the woods. I tried to store each precious minute away in my memory so I could get it out some future day and relive it.

Dad wanted to show us a shelter which nature had provided for the beef cows, so he led the way. It was rough going at places. I helped the childish feet over fallen logs and through briars and weeds, following Dad's footsteps. No, I didn't know the way, but I knew whom to follow.

How like the church! The ministers don't always know the way but they know whom to follow. As they follow Jesus they must see to it that the family comes along—guiding, reproving, admonishing, encouraging as a mother does her children so that all may reach the heavenly gate.

Later we ate our dinner deep in the woods. Afterwards we lay on our backs and looked through an opening in the tree tops to see a swallow drifting in the breeze. How quiet and peaceful it was there! But life goes on and we must return to chores and to duties.

JANUARY 28—

I don't know if other mothers get discouraged, but this one does. Things look pretty bleak when you don't feel well, the house is dirty and cluttered, the children's clothes soiled, their hair uncombed...then company comes. The company is a mother whose house I imagine is always clean.

Such a miserable failure of a mother I am anyway! But perhaps it's good for a person to be "erniedrigt" (humiliated) sometimes. I'll try to find the good in the experiences.

FEBRUARY 20—

We had sickness in the family several weeks. I spent my Sundays at home. The zeal of having church by ourselves was wearing off among our little members. This particular morning Momma had grown sleepy and the pre-school congregation left the services. Just then our 2 1/2 year-old came with the prayer book. "Momma, we forgot to pray," he said earnestly.

My eyes grew misty. Bless the dear little heart, I thought. May you always remember to pray and your life will be blessed forever. -A Young Mother

MILD CUP CHEESE

1 level tablespoon soda and 1 level teaspoon salt for each gallon of milk. In cold weather set skimmed milk on sink and not on back of stove. When thick then next day put it in large dish pan to scald and heat very slowly until it is too hot for the fingers. Keep at that temperature for about an hour or maybe longer, and stir well about every 5 minutes, while scalding. Do not boil. Some milk takes more, and some less scalding than an hour. Then place a very loose muslin cloth in colander and pour the milk in this. Let stand until all the whey is drained out. This takes about an hour or longer. When whey is drained out put cheese in kettle and add soda and salt and work easy through the fingers. Don't squeeze. Let set for about an hour or overnight. Then set the kettle in a dishpan of warm water for 1/2 hour. Stir a few times. Then heat water up very slowly to boiling and stir often— about every 4 or 5 minutes. If it is too stiff some milk can be added. If still too stiff, a little soda can be added. Sometimes I add a little water also. Cool. Can be put into boxes and frozen.

-Mrs. Paul H. Fox, Stevens, Pa.

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VARIETY ONE-DISH MEAL

Cook together (any amount your family eats) rice (not instant), onion to taste, small amounts of carrots, red and green peppers (optional). When rice is tender and almost dry, add enough milk till juicy, add drained peas, margerine and seasonings to taste and cubed velveeta cheese. Heat until cheese melts and serve with fresh bread and butter and a salad or applesauce.

For variety substitute diced potatoes, noodles, or macaroni for the rice. Add ham, beef chunks, or almost any kind of meat, and green beans or peas. When potatoes are used, instead of adding plain milk, make a white sauce. The combination of any of the above ingredients and your imagination will make many nourishing meals. -From another Becky of Indiana

***

HEINZ CATSUP

1 pk. tomatoes
3 large onions

Boil till soft then drain in bag 2 hours. After draining run through sieve. Throw juice away.

Add:
4 cups white sugar
3 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoons cloves
1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/2 teaspoons dry mustard
1 pint vinegar

Boil 10 minutes. bottle and seal.

-Mrs. Atlee Hershberger, Oakland, Maryland

***

LIME PICKLES

7 lbs. cucumbers, sliced into 1 inch chunks, or thinner, if desired.
2 cups lime
2 gallon water
9 cups sugar (4 1/2 lbs.)
1 t. mixed spices
1 T. salt
1 t. celery seed
1 T. whole cloves
2 qts. vinegar

Slice cucumbers and cover with cold lime water. Soak for 24 hours. Wash out lime thoroughly; cover with the sugar, vinegar, and spice mixture. Put this on cold and let set overnight. Next morning pour off liquid and simmer 40 minutes. Put in hot jars and seal. These stay good and crisp.

***

FOR RASPBERRY PLANTS

2 parts of lime
1 part sulphur

Mix dry and throw a handful at the roots 3 or 4 times a year. This can also be made into spray and used on the plants. -Fern

Some Mothers Write

The two little boys, 5 and 6, have to wash dishes because there are no sisters to help. Once they were especially slow and Mama told them to hurry. "We can't," answered the 5-year-old, "the water's too dirty."

"Why?" the mother wondered.

"We put the turtle in the rinse water to see if it can swim," came the answer. -Indiana

Six-year-old Roy, saving every pencil he could in his cedar chest rather than sharing with the rest of the family, was asked why he wants to save so many pencils. He replied, "To give them to my children." His mother said, "Well, maybe you'll never have children." Roy answered, "Then I'll save them for my grandchildren."

-Mrs. J. E. A.

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

If we want
God to increase
our talents
we must
use them.
Aunt Becky

***

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

TRUST IN GOD

This is a lonesome world for me,
In heaven I would sooner be.
Because my sorrow is so great,
I wish to meet the golden gate.

O Jesus dear, I wish to ask,
To take me home when life is past.
Oh, how I long for that happy home,
In heaven to be when I am gone.

This is no cheerful world for me,
Because the sun I can not see.
In heaven there will be no blind,
How happy I'll be that place to find.

Yet I should be contented here,
What God has sent he'll help to bear.
So I will here with patience stay
Until I will be called away.

In Glory it will be always light,
Oh, that will be a pleasant sight.
If we can reach that happy shore,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

Let us be ready day and night,
To meet that world so shining bright.
For there no candle we shall need,
For there it must be light indeed.

My husband, he is called away,
And him I hope to meet someday.
And oh, how glad we then shall be,
Each other there in heaven to see.

To this dark world we'll say farewell,
How soon it be we cannot tell.
But if in Jesus we shall die,
Then nevermore we'll say goodbye.

The above poem was composed by Mrs. John (Susie) Fisher who was born about 1861. Early in life Susie started with arthritis. It was believed the arthritis was the result from Susie standing barefoot in the cellar to work her butter. This could have happened quite often during the summer season.

As the years passed, her crippling disease became worse. A number of years later the arthritis affected her eyesight. Being slowly drawn together from arthritis was heartbreaking enough, but a greater sorrow came into Susie's life when she realized she was not only going to become helpless, but that she was going blind. Susie was unable to follow her work any more, therefore a girl was hired to come in and help along with the work. Different girls worked for the Fishers during the years. The Fishers had no children.

After Susie's health failed, John moved from the farm into a small house in the Ronks vicinity. Their bedroom was on the upstairs, so an elevator was made to take Susie up and down.

Susie's future looked dark. She was forced to face two great handicaps. Slowly the cloud of blindness engulfed her so that she could no longer read, write, or enjoy the beauties of the world. Her friends became merely voices hovering near her, lifting her stiff body which could no more help itself, combing her, feeding her. And then the day came when she could not as much as chase a fly from her face. Susie wanted to be contended and cheerful, regardless of what came. She held onto the hopes that a brighter day for her was coming, and then there would be no more suffering.

Susie continued going to church, and did so whenever health permitted. Her wheelchair was rolled onto the back of an open spring wagon which had been made for this purpose. The people would always be expecting her and had a place prepared for her wheelchair. Church going was a great pleasure for her. She loved singing, and especially the singing in the services.

Then one day a far greater sorrow came into Susie's life. John, her husband, who had helped care for her throughout the years, became mentally ill and had to be placed in an institution. Since John and Susie had no children, Susie found herself very much alone. But God who will never forsake his own, sent friends and neighbors to help her along. One of the neighbors would come in the morning and assist her in getting dressed and getting out of bed onto the wheelchair. In the evening the neighbor would come again to help put her to bed.

In 1911 John Fisher died. When his body was brought home, Susie longed to reach into the coffin. She wanted to touch him again but her arms were too stiff and sore to move that distance. When friends saw her plight, they lifted her husband's arm from the coffin to lay on her hand. She was carried in the wheelchair behind the coffin in the funeral procession. This was a very pathetic sight to the onlookers.

In her later years a childless couple moved in to help her. Susie needed many pillows to make her comfortable, and they had to be placed at a certain position or she couldn't rest.

It is believed that Susie was crippled for thirty years, and blind for at least twenty years. By reading the following poem by Susie, we can know that she fully realized that there is no pain or sorrow on this earth that will not someday come to an end. On June 24, 1916 this hope was realized. Susie Fisher left her earthly life of suffering at the age of fifty-five.

(It is believed that Susie recited the poems to a friend, who wrote down the words for her.)

HAVE FAITH IN JESUS

We all must die and this we know,
For our God he tells us so.
This home to me is lonely here,
Oh, take me home, oh Jesus dear.

My sight is gone, I cannot see,
Not even one bird on the tree.

Oh, it is sad the sight to take;
I thought my heart would almost break.

Yet we should always bear in mind,
That Jesus still is very kind.
He let them nail him on the cross,
That we may not at all be lost.

But we must try our best to do
What he has bidden us to do.
So let us have faith and try,
All to be ready when we die.

◆ ◆ ◆

ANNOUNCEMENT The annual handicap gathering will be held August 24th at the Christian Day School-- a short distance west of Arthur, Illinois, on Route 133. A "get-acquainted" meeting will be held on Friday at a local school house. This gathering is for handicaps, their marriage partners, and necessary helpers only. Each brings their own lunch on Friday. Ask the local Amish resident for directions to this schoolhouse. Sleeping quarters will be furnished for out-of-staters. If you expect to attend, write how many are coming in your load. For further information contact: Ervin N. Hershberger

Route 1 Box 193
Humboldt, IL 61931

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HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

(Following are the answers to the reader's request-- April FL)

WHAT TO DO FOR ECZEMA

My daughter had a rash on her hand that looked like eczema. Different doctors treated her without success. Afterwards I discovered brewer's yeast is good for eczema. The rash cleared up. She hasn't been bothered with it since. F.E.B. Pennsylvania

About fifteen years ago I had eczema. A skin specialist told me I will have to put up with it, there is no cure. Then I remembered the yeast. I took the B vitamins and applied vitamin E liquid directly on the eczema. The vitamin E stopped the itching almost immediately. I was cured again. Mrs. A.Y. Pennsylvania

A paste of sulphur and lard applied to the affected area morning and evening is recommened as a cure for eczema.
Mrs. Paul H. Fox Pennsylvania

The bowels must be regulated and proper nourishment provided. No stimulants should be taken and no soap used. Instead of soap, use 1 teaspoon borax in a bowl of water for washing. During the first stage use an ointment of goldenseal and borax rubbed in vaseline. When the crust forms, poultice with flaxseed, sprinkled over with lobelia, ginger and goldenseal. Wash daily with witch hazel after the crust comes off. It would be well to take a tonic. Mrs. J.D. Paraguay

(Continued from page 36)

by a pro-communist ruler, the U.S. refused to sell wheat to that country even when cash was offered in payment. Shortly after the dictator was overthrown, the U.S. approved the sale of wheat to that country, and on a loan basis. The U.S. apparently has more control over the food situation in the world than the Arabs do over the oil supply.

Fertilizer supplies which were once believed to be inexhaustible are now plagued with shortages. This along with high prices, puts a limit on the grains which can be produced in the underdeveloped countries. India usually spends around $250 million for fertilizer but this year it will be short half a million tons but the cost has risen to $750 million. With less fertilizer there will be less grain produced.

And on top of these influences the weather has taken a turn for the worse. Authorities believe that weather as a whole over the globe is changing slightly from a favorable to one less favorably inclined for growing crops. During the last ten years, there have been very damaging floods in southern Asia. This year the winter monsoons which were depended upon to bring rains, have failed altogether. Wheat production in India looks as if it would be 30% less than the expected amount.

But there is one bright spot on the world picture. The anchovies have returned to Peru and fishermen are busy hauling in their catches. Soon the ships will go out to all parts of the world with this protein rich supplement. When this news reached Chicago, the price of soybeans tumbled to $5.00 a bushel. While hungry people all over the world were rejoicing that the anchovies had returned, the American farmer was not so happy. More than half of the 1973 soybean crop had not yet been sold for it was safely sitting in storage, waiting for higher prices. ■■

HE DID- HE CAN- HE WILL
The God that stopped the sun on high
And sent the manna from the sky,
Laid flat the walls of Jericho
And put to flight old Israel's foe,
Why can't He answer prayer today
And drive each stormy cloud away?
Who turned the water into wine
And healed a helpless cripple's spine,
Commanded tempests, "Peace, be still,"
And hungry multitudes did fill;
His power is just the same today
So why not labor, watch and pray?
He conquered in the lion's den,
Brought Lazarus back to life again.
He heard Elijah's call for rain
And freed the sufferers from pain;
If He could do those wonders then
Let's prove our mighty God again.
Why can't the God who raised the dead,
Gave little David, Goliath's head,
Cast out the demons with a word,
Yet sees the fall of one wee bird,
Do signs and miracles today
In that same, good, old-fashioned way?
He can. He's just the same today.

THE WORLD AROUND US

The Problem Of

HIGH PRICES

The anchovies are back and millions upon millions of people are rejoicing. But many farmers in the United States and Canada are not so happy. Why should there be such a difference?

The anchovies, in case you have never heard of them, are small fish which are ground up to make fish meal which is a valuable source of protein for feeding livestock. Millions of these little fish come swarming into the coasts of Peru where they are caught and processed and shipped all over the world. Each year Peru ships out tons and tons of this product, that is until two years ago when suddenly there were no more anchovies available. No one knows why the little fish disappeared, some thought the coasts were overfished, while others believed the little fish had merely found other feeding grounds, perhaps farther out in the ocean. When the countries which had been depending on this product suddenly became aware that there would be none, they started to look elsewhere for their protein supplements. The only thing they found available was soybean meal from the United States, so they started buying it up in large quantities. In a short time the price of soybeans doubled and then tripled. There simply was not enough to go around. Someone would have to do without, but who would it be?

When the price of soybeans rose from $3.00 a bushel to $11.00 the farmers of the United States and Canada were elated at the prospects of making unexpected money on their soybean crop, not realizing or perhaps little concerned about the fact that in other parts of the world millions of poor people who were already spending 80% of their income for food, would have to go hungry.

The richer countries of the world, which in the past have had surpluses of grain, have been eating more and more meat each year. In the United States the present grain consumption per person is one ton per year. But of this amount only 150 pounds is consumed directly such as in flour or cereals. The rest is used to produce meat. Since it takes around seven pounds of grain to produce one pound of meat, it is very obvious that only a small part of the actual food value is being used up.

During the past fifty years, while most of the people in the world were enduring famines and constant food shortages, the United States and Canada were battling with the problems of surpluses of grain and meat. To help get themselves out of a depression, farmers were paid to kill little pigs, and to plow under or not harvest crops. It came to be accepted without question that the United States was capable of producing enough food so there would never need to be a shortage of anything. Events during the past few years are showing us how little the experts really know about such things.

The Communist countries of Europe have had frequent shortages during the past but since there was little trade between these countries and the United States, this did not affect the world markets. However this changed in 1972 when the United States sold 400 million bushels of wheat to Russia. China has also been buying from Canada for a number of years.

Return Addresses:
In Canada- Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. - Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

Stephen xxxoScott
1097 Stony Battery Rd.
Lancaster, PA 17601

As a result of this expanded trade, surpluses have disappeared overnight. Supplies of grain were being used up faster than they were being produced. Last year when the reserve stocks of wheat dipped to an all time low, panic followed and the price of wheat on the world market rose from $1.80 to over $5.00 per bushel.

When we consider the fact that there are more than 600 million people in the world whose income is less than $100 per year and who are spending most of it on food, it is not hard to guess what effect such prices are bound to have. They will be going without food, which for them will mean starvation. While the average person in the U.S. might benefit by "tightening their belts", the millions of people in the poor countries who are on a subsistence diet simply have no more notches to tighten. There is no way they can offset a doubling in price of such foods as wheat and rice.

The countries of North America are still the "bread basket" of the world, and more and more they are using these resources in the same way the Arabs put the squeeze on oil last winter. Several years ago when Chili was ruled

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FAMILY LIFE

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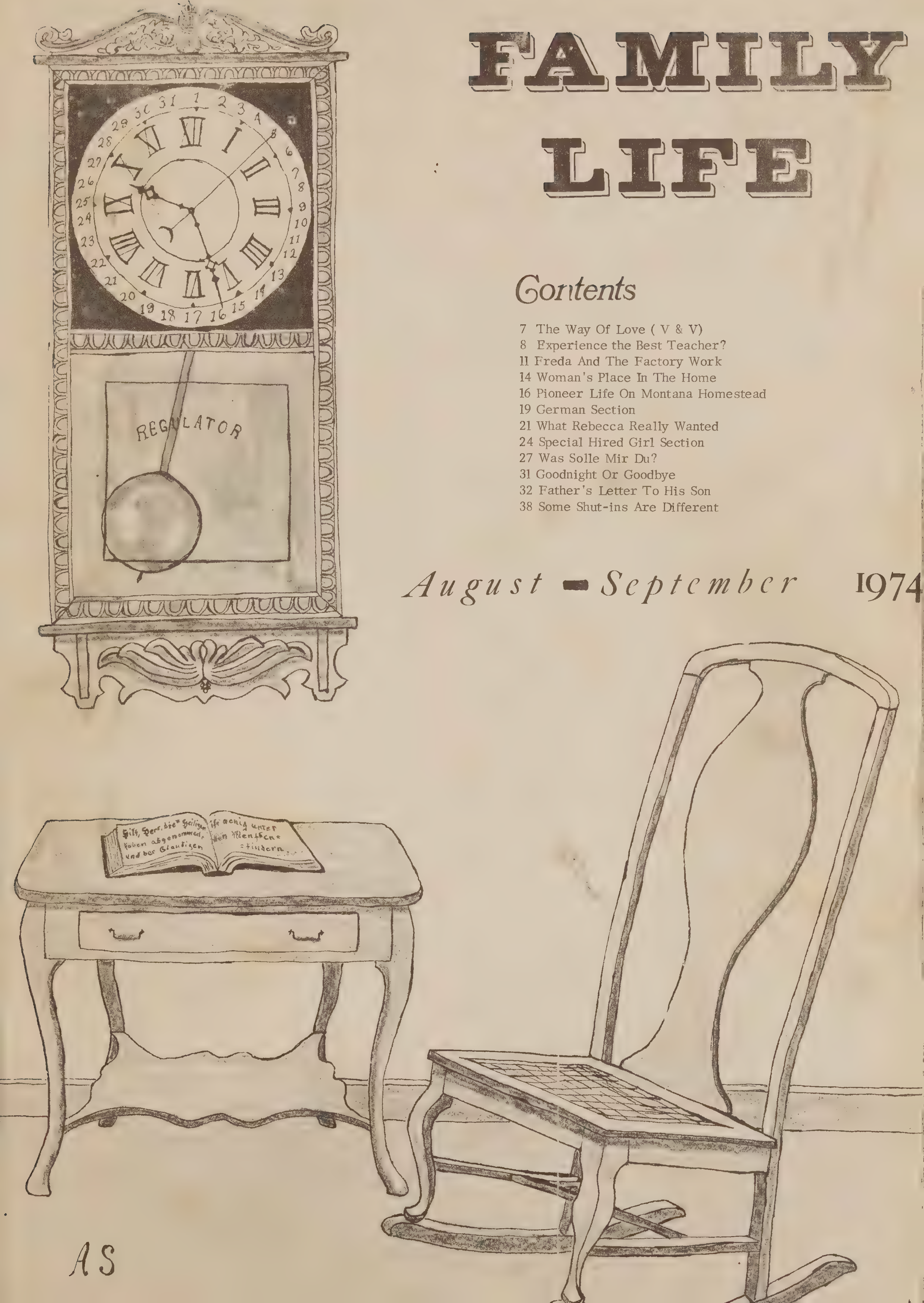
August – September 1974


REGULATOR
Hilf, Herr, die Heiligen haben abgenommen, und der Glaubigen ist wenig unter den Menschenkindern
AS

Letters TO THE EDITOR

MORE THOUGHTS FOR THE MINISTERS

Here are some additional thoughts to the "Dear Ministers" letter in June Family Life. I think it would be good for ministers to talk personally with the young people in regards to Scripture teaching as there are some who have questions and yearn to discuss them with someone but don't because of fear of ridicule. This is their time to learn and if they can't discuss the subject with someone, how will they learn the answers? It would be a good time to tell them to read the Scriptures and learn in it, especially for the ones who hardly ever touched the Bible in their lives up to here.

Simple and clear instructions in class meetings directed at the teens can help to awaken many to the truth and thereby the desire to talk during church services isn't so great. It might be wise to ask whether they are coming only because their family and friends want them to, or do they realize that all are sinners and need to repent and be baptized so Christ can forgive and send his Holy Spirit as their daily guide. Do they realize a change must be made in doing and saying things which Christ will not tolerate, such as in foolish talking, etc. Nowhere can we read that they shall "sow their wild oats when young", but it says, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Death can come during the teens as well as later and then either Heaven or an eternal fiery hell awaits each one of us.

These teenagers follow the steps of their parents so it would be wise for us as parents to pray that our faults will be revealed to us so we can correct them before our children go on in the same wrong things without realizing it.

One important point is that they shouldn't feel they are saved simply because they belong to the church. Only the true faith in Christ will bring humility and take them to Heaven if they are faithful until death. In our day, there are large congregations of Amish and Mennonites, but let's remember Christ said, "Many are called, but few are chosen."

—A Teen Once, Too, Ohio

NOT THE MINISTERS ALONE

I was impressed by the article, "Dear Ministers." Indeed the ministers do have a great responsibility in instructing the young people. However, I wonder if the mother who wrote the article realizes how much responsibility also lies upon the parents. Isn't it the duty of the parents to "train up a child in the way he should go," in the young and tender years so that he will have a desire later on to do what is right? Perhaps too many of us parents are letting our children grow up to church-going age with very little spiritual training and then expect the ministers to suddenly convert them into good Christians. If this doesn't happen, who gets the blame? The ministers, of course.

The parents who take time to sit down and read the Bible with their children and talk to them of the will of God and the way of salvation are doing much for their spiritual welfare in later years. They are also doing much in helping the ministers in this important matter of instructing the young people. When a tree is young, it is easily bent but after it has grown in the direction it chooses for a long time it is not easy to change its course. I think we as parents should realize that this responsibility lies upon us as well as upon the ministers.

East Earl, Pennsylvania

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS

The "Dear Ministers" article in the last issue of Family Life gave me an urge to also write a few lines. Yes, this is the time of year that we as ministers are looking forward to having the young people come to us for instructions for baptism as we know this is the only way our churches can keep in existence. Old members, as well as sometimes young ones, keep passing on, which makes it necessary for others to fill the vacancy. With God's help and the prayers of the church we want to teach them the Bible principles and show them the difference between "Life" and "Death."

But Dear Parents, we should remember that these young ones must be taught to be respectful and obedient before they come to us for instructions. If they come with the attitude like the one that came to Jesus and said, "What must I do (Luke 18:18) then we don't need to be surprised if they also walk away sorrowful. What grieves me is that when this happens, so often we ministers get blamed for not wanting them.

Remember, Dear Parents, you have these young ones for around sixteen years before they come to us and if they are taught to obey (read Proverbs 22:6 and 23:13-14) then it is so much easier for the parents, ministers, and the young ones.

We are deeply concerned for the young ones and for the future of the church. With God's help, we do want to do our part and trust you feel the same way.

(Written by one whose duty is to instruct the young ones and to baptize those who meet the requirements.)

MINISTER'S WORDS IN VAIN

There is much work to do but after reading the "Dear Ministers" article, my heart cried out to express itself. As the young wife of a newly ordained minister, our lives have greatly changed. No longer can I sit on the back row but must sit in front with four little ones for Daddy is one of those whom God has chosen to tell the "old time news" and to prepare the hearts of the young souls entrusted to his care. We would not ask to have it different even though there seems to be less time for wife and children and there are other sacrifices which only God knows. But we can find new depths in God's great love and in accepting his will. Never before have

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the ministers more greatly needed the earnest prayers of the church. Parents, don't forget daily instructing your child is your duty, too,so that the young ministers' words will not be in vain. —Pennsylvania

OTHERS NEED HELP, TOO

The "Dear Ministers" article was a good one for it is important that the young folks are led along the right way. But there are others who need help, too. I am referring to the banned church members. They need your help and prayers, too. They need visitors just as much as the physically ill for they are spiritually sick. Are not the banned members like lost sheep which should be looked for, found and led back to the flock? If you'd be living with a banned member, I think you would realize how important prayers and visitors are.

—Hoping and praying

NOT TRULY REPENTED

I have just finished reading "Not Able to Understand" in the June issue of Family Life. As I am usually the last one in the family to read it, we may have the magazine several weeks before I get to read it.

This subject is one which I feel is very important to understand correctly. If the deacon and the rest of the ministry had taken a firm stand against allowing cars for the boys and would have worked against it by not allowing any church members to ride with them, not taken along to communion any parent who refuses to cooperate, then they would have been a very big help to concerned young parents like Andy Coblentz. And also, they might have been found blameless before God.

Young parents who engage in loose carnal and loud talk and shouts of laughter as was going on at Adam Millers that evening are not, can not be training up their children in "der Zucht und Vermahnung zum Herrn" as the Bible teaches.

Also, I would like to point out that there is only one way to have sin forgiven. First, it must be acknowledged as sin, confessed and repented of. Thus it follows that those who boast of the misdeeds of their younger days and defend others who are now doing as they once did, have not truly repented, nor has the sin been forgiven even though they may have joined church and settled down and are reasonably well in ordnung but with an unregenerated heart. With the churches full of such unregenerated members, I feel this is a part of the "Abfall" written of in 2 Thess. 2:3.

(Bishop) —A., Indiana

FIRST STEP OF THE REMEDY?

The "Not Able To Understand" article was so regretably true to the actual conditions found in some of our larger communities. But I thought the article ended on a sad note. Is there no remedy? The question was asked in the article, whether this must go on and on from one generation to another. Surely there must be an answer to the problem, or is maybe the first part of the remedy, to be able to see the seriousness of the condition which are portrayed in the article?

—One who is hoping for improvement

WHOSE FAULT IT REALLY IS

While I fully agree with the article, "Not Able To Understand," I was made to wonder whose fault it really is that so many of the young boys have cars. Perhaps if they had to bring their pay checks home, or even a larger percent of it, there wouldn't be enough money for such things.

I have also wondered how some ministers can go to church on Sunday and so freely talk against the car when they themselves depend fully on the car the rest of the week to take them to and from work and to earn their living.

One incident which is hard to understand is how a church banned one of its members when his business forced him to leave the church, then let some of the other members (even married men with families) work for the same man.

It may be a good idea to keep a record and see how much we really invest in a car ourselves in a year's time. —Puzzled, too, Illinois

FILLED WITH AWE AND SHAME

When I read "Not Able To Understand" I was filled with awe and shame when I realized that there are parents who should be concerned to teach their children the way of salvation, would joke with them and make such remarks as "Hey, you are too young to drive a car." Would this not be the same as reminding them that when they are older, they will want to drive a real car?

Also realizing that there are some who think it is all right to sow wild oats as long as they plan to do differently sometime.

It must be very disheartening for parents and ministers to have their children learn of all their misdeeds even though they have repented of the same and are sorry for what they have done. In my opinion owning cars can bring bad influences in the church in many ways. We have horses, so why don't we use them or aren't they good enough for us any more?

I think we should spend time when the children are still quite young yet to explain that having what is pleasing to self-will is not pleasing to God. Or are we more concerned that they should be beautiful to the eyes and that they be popular? —A Reader, LaGrange, Indiana

NOT MAKE FUN OF THEIR SINS

I just read "Not Able To Understand" and feel it is a worthwhile story. One thing that grieves me is when young church members or older persons talk and laugh about the misbehavior of their younger days. If they are sorry for their past sins, and have confessed them on bended knees when joining church, they will surely not make fun of them. I can't see how Adam Miller could go move the car and find pleasure in it. Satan works in so many ways to lead us in the wrong direction. I often wish more could be done to keep the automobile away from the young folks. It is so hard for some to put it away, the same as other worldly things.

—Thank You For Such Stories

LOST HIS LIFE IN ACCIDENT

Regarding the story, "Not Able To Understand" I, too, in my untaught younger years had a car because almost everyone else had one, and my parents went with me freely. I put it away, by God's grace, and changed my ways, but my younger brother was not so fortunate. He lost his life in a car accident and went to his grave without Christian baptism. —Pennsylvania

RECEIVED ONLY PRAISE

I was looking for something to read and came across the 15-year-old's writing on Bible courses (April issue, Family Life). I felt I should write our experience. Our daughter received an application for a Bible course through the mail and sent for a lesson. The first lesson she received was on the Gospel of Luke. Everything was listed in a little book; all she had to do was copy the right words in the right spaces on another sheet. Upon receiving her first return she had an "A"—100%. Then she received more lessons on the Gospel of St. Mark. She always received much praise from those who sent the lessons. I was made to think of the verse in the Bible (Matt. 6:5) where it says that if we have our reward here on earth, then there is no reward for us in Heaven.

There was also a space on the sheet which asked if she confesses that she is born again. It went on to say that she is no Christian unless she saves a soul. Who are we mocking? Not the Lord, for he is not mocked. We want to teach our children the way of Life, but do not wish them to be praised for taking a Bible course.

We took the course and showed it to a minister who very kindly admonished us that a child should not have repentance forced upon him and especially not at such a young age. He said this must be left to the individual.

I think we should be careful what kind of literature we let our children read. —Missouri

SOME THINGS I HAVE SEEN

When I read the article "Some Things I Have Seen," (June issue) to my husband, he asked me if I wrote it. When I first read it, I thought my mother might have written it, although she didn't. I think it is a good article. I agree that women are weaker than men but when the husband is gone from early morning until chore time in the evening, the wife has to be stronger. During the day she has to make all the decisions and discipline the children without her partner's help.

Wouldn't it be better to live with less money and be around our children more? The children don't stay small very long. -A Reader

"FAUL GESCHWETZ" IS LIKE MURDER

While reading the German section in the June issue on "faul Geschwetz" (corrupt communications) I stopped and said to my wife, "This is worthwhile reading." According to the Bible, I believe many people prove that they enjoy corrupt communications by laughing along instead of keeping a sober face or taking a short walk when such things are engaged in. Sad to say, some of the Christians of different churches and even of those churches where they dress differently and do things differently are guilty of this.

Do they not realize that this "stinketh in the eyes of God?" Or do they not care? Or are they like Peter who knew the truth but was afraid or too proud to suffer reproach for His Name's sake? Is this not just as sinful as stealing, murder, or whoredom in the eyes of the Almighty?

It seems as though many people are beginning to think that small things do not matter, but the Bible teaches there is only hot and cold, and the lukewarm can not stand. Let us consider the ocean, how vast it is, can we take one drop, only one drop and say it is not water, it is something else?

I am thankful for what the above writer wrote for I believe God gave it to him to write, that small still voice which is to be our guide. —Kutztown, Penna.

MORE MONEY THAN NEEDED

I was surprised that none of the replies in the "What Do You Think?" section carried the dictionary definition of rich, "having more money or income producing property than is necessary to satisfy his normal needs." -L. Z., Lebanon, PA.

LEADS THE HORSE TO SHADE

I like the articles in Family Life, especially those teaching the breaking of the self-will, promoting obedience, and using the rod to achieve these ends if necessary. It will only be a little while before we go to meet the Bridegroom, let us be concerned lest we find ourselves in need of oil too late, "for our lamps have gone out" (Matt. 25: 1-8).

I agreed with and appreciated the article, "The Christian and his Animals," (April). When someone brought me a lunch or a drink to the fields, I would always when possible drive the horses to the shade and grass and loosen the reins. I would also use oil around their ears to keep the flies away. I seldom found it necessary to use a whip.

One thing I now regret is that I did not keep a few of the well-deserving horses on the pasture with the steers to now enjoy retirement with me. -K., Pennsylvania

THOUGHT HE WASN'T ALL THERE

Here's a few more pointers on overactive children. I've had some experience since I have a niece who was like that and also a daughter. My husband's mother said he was so bad that one of the relatives got a notion he's "not all there."

Nervous, high-strung children may have parasites (worms). Although this may not be the cause of overactivity, it can aggravate the condition. One doctor told me that two out of three children who are around farm animals have parasites, but strong, healthy children are usually not affected by them.

Such children usually learn well, but I have seen it that they have short attention spans, and a tendency to daydream and fidget. Our daughter's teacher said it seems she has "no seat." I believe such children will make a big improvement when put on a diet high in good nutrition instead of a high-sugar, high-starch diet.

-B., Pennsylvania

NURSING THE BABY

I wish more mention were made of the benefits of nursing the baby. The mother's milk is so superior in quality, more easily digested and nursing helps both mother and child physically and emotionally. Besides this, it's such a joy for it's as God intended it.

-Ohio

PRIVILEGE OF GOING TO CHURCH

If people would realize how lucky and privileged they are to be able to go to church with their families, I think they would help build up the church instead of tearing it down.

If you'd have to sit at home Sunday after Sunday (like I do) and cry and pray for the privilege of going to church, you'd think twice before you'd make trouble in church. It would mean so much to me to go and help sing, to listen to the preachers, yes, and getting the children ready for church, putting on white capes and aprons, and putting on the boys' white shirts and dark suits. Then the sound of the buggy wheels squeaking on a cold winter morning on the way to church.

Dear Friends, stop and count your blessings before you want more and more of the things of this world. You can't take them with you, so why not save up more spiritual benefits that will bring you peace and comfort?

-Name withheld

NIXON NOT A TRUE QUAKER

Recently I came across the editorial on President Nixon and his Quaker heritage (March, 1969). I am a member of the Society of Friends (Quakers.) You might be interested in knowing that long before Watergate, a great many Friends were also deeply anguished by Nixon claiming to be a Quaker and yet carrying on a most horrendous war in Vietnam. Numerous attempts have been made by Friends to labor with the President about his un-Christian conduct. A group of Friends from the Philadelphia yearly meeting was sent to Washington to speak with the President when he first went into office. The President would not see them. Many Friends have written letters to Nixon, both group and individual letters. We have never received answers. Because of this situation, many Friends have asked that Nixon be disowned from his "home church" in California. But his home church refuses to do this.

There are different branches of the Society of Friends in America, just as there are different groups of Amish and Mennonites. One group in particular, the one President Nixon comes from, has been very much influenced by the evangelical (missionary) movement. This is the reason for the President's close association with people like Billy Graham. This group has tended to drift away from the traditonal Quaker patterns into the evangelical patterns of Protestantism. I believe some Mennonite and perhaps even some Amish groups have fallen victim to the same influences. When this happens, one of the first doctrines to suffer is the peace testimony.

As stated before, the church in California refuses to disown Nixon and we have no central authority to demand such a disownment. Each congregation supervises its own affairs.

Besides the President's abandonment of the peace testimony, he has also abandoned virtually all other contacts with Friends. To my knowledge, he has never attended the Friends Meeting in Washington. It has been years since he went to his home church. His daughters were not married under the care of Friends. In short, none of his conduct indicates any desire to be a part of a Friends Meeting.

I have gone into this detail because I wanted to make it clear that the President should not be taken as a good example of Friends' beliefs. Friends do not support or condone military activity. My own meeting has had several young men in prison during the recent war because they refused to comply with the military. Others took alternative service. I know of no case among all the Friends I am acquainted with that a young man went into the service. -S. C., Goshen, Indiana

KISSINGER, THE BEAST?

I appreciated the article, "The Wrong Side of The Globe" in which you mentioned Kissinger. Recently someone gave me this theory. To me it's a long way around to come to the conclusion of its intent, but it does give an answer. Here's how you do it. Give all the letters of the alphabet a value, beginning with "A equals 1," "B equals 2," "C equals 3," etc. Then you take the letters of the name KISSINGER and add together their value, such as K has 11 points, I has 9 points, etc, and then multiply each one by 6. Add together the figures and the answer is 666, which according to Revelations 13:18 is the number of the Beast or the anti-Christ. Personally I was rather leery about it, but decided to share it with you. Maybe you've heard it before already. Someone told me that the same thing was done with Hitler, Roosevelt, and Kennedy, of course, using somewhat different methods. I wouldn't mind having the opinion of others.

-D. S., Belle Center, Ohio

Editor's Note: Yes, the same thing was done with Hitler and Roosevelt years ago, and when Kennedy became president, many people were convinced it meant persecution for the Protestants. According to the Scriptures, the Beast or anti-Christ can be recognized by his works, instead of depending on someone's clever twisting of the multiplication tables.

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

APPLE TREES FOR RENT

City dwellers in the San Francisco area of California can now have the privilege of watching their own apple tree come into leaf, blossom, and bear fruit. They can rent an apple tree for from $25 to $150 a year, depending on the size of the tree and are guaranteed at least two bushels of luscious, mouth-watering apples. Some of the larger trees bear up to a ton.

Customers can choose a tree from among the 1,000 trees in the orchard and they receive redwood plaques with their names on them to hang in their trees. They have full sitting, picking, picnicking, and climbing rights. The owner of the orchard takes care of the spraying, propping, and pruning. With apples selling at 25¢ each, this sounds to them like a good agreement.

ACID IN THE AIR

Alarmed at the black smoke billowing from their smokestacks, many factories have now either installed soot traps or changed to clean-burning natural gas or oil. But it appears that these anti-pollution efforts have created a new headache, a noticeable increase in the acidity of rainfall which is bound to bring an avalanche of problems of its own, perhaps worse than the original problems of soot polution.

Scientists have discovered that in some of the industrial areas of upper New York State and New England, the rainfall is 100 times as acid as normal (ordinary rainfall shows only a very minute trace of acid) and considerably more than in other areas of the U. S.

They believe the increase is due to sulfur dioxide, a highly corrosive sulfuric acid which is released into the air even with the cleanest burning fuels. In the "good old days" before the pollution control measures were taken, large quantities of soot was released along with the sulfur dioxide. Since soot is alkaline, most of the sulfur combined with the soot and was neutralized. But now all this is changed. Even though the newer fuels appear to be cleaner, there is no soot to catch the sulfur fumes which are therefore dumped out into the atmosphere. With the taller chimneys, the vapors are spread over a much wider area than formerly. One scientist stated that the change in fuels "has transformed local soot problems into a regional acid-rain problem."

It is not yet certain what effect the increased acidity in rain and snow may have, but it is suspected it may be related to the noticeable reduction in forest growth recently observed in the New England states. Laboratory tests show that acidic water can stunt pine needles, deform birch leaves and reduce the yield of tomatoes. It may also be linked with recent fish-kills in the fresh water lakes of Canada. There is a very real danger that contaminated rain water can corrode stone buildings, to say nothing of metal roofs and water pipes.

It is a sobering thought to realize that very probably many other measures which are being taken to get away from present-day problems will very likely someday cause problems of their own, just as bad or perhaps worse than the problems they were meant to solve.

ICE REGIONS EXPANDING

Weather scientists are worried about unusual weather conditions around the world during the past ten years. Africa has had six straight years of drought. The U.S.A., Pakistan, and Japan have had the worst floods in history. Canada has had wet, cool springs. The western U.S. winters have been unusually cold, while the New England states and northern Europe have had the mildest winters on record. The worst year in history for tornadoes in the U.S. was in 1973, but will probably be surpassed in 1974. Will each year continue? Is there some underlying cause for these widely separated unusual weather conditions?

Meteorologists tell us that the temperature over the world as a whole has dropped a little more than two and a half degrees over the past twenty-five years. The trend shows no signs of reversing itself. One study showed that the area of ice and snow cover around the North Pole increased 12% in 1971 and has been increasing ever since. Areas of Baffin Island in northern Canada which were once totally free of snow during the summer are now covered all year round. The ice around Iceland has been growing thicker every year, and in the western U.S., the warmth-loving armadillo is migrating southward a little every year.

Weathermen have found that the high altitude cold winds which surround the North and South Pole have been expanding each year and they believe there is a direct connection between this and the drought in Africa. This cold air blocks off the tropical winds which normally circulate around the earth and appear to be causing the Sahara and other deserts to be moving further south. This is also believed to be the cause of the unusual weather in the U.S. as cold winds are pulled down across the western U.S. and warm air is pushed up to the Northeast. The collision of these widely differing air masses can create violent storms, for example the rash of tornadoes of the past years in the U.S.

There is also a possibility that man may be partly responsible for the cooling trend. One scientist has stated that dust particles released into the air by farming and fuel burning may be blocking off more and more sunlight and keeping it from reaching the earth. It has been stated that even a 1% decrease of heat from the sun could be extremely serious if not castrophic.

With the population of the world at a new high, and increasing every day, only a small change in temperature or rainfall in the U.S., Canada, or Australia could bring on a world panic. These are the chief grain exporting countries of the world, and crop failures due to weather or other conditions could cause world famine. Recently one official made the statement, "I don't believe that the world's present population is sustainable if there are more than three years like 1972 in a row."

DEATH FOR THE AGED?

Recently the English class of a high school near Morgantown, Pennsylvania engaged in a debate. The subject of the debate was euthanasia (which the dictionary defines as "mercy killing") of all persons over 80 years of age by injections. One team spoke in favor of it and another team spoke against it. When both sides had finished, a vote was taken of the class to see which side had won the debate. An overwhelming majority voted in favor of the "mercy killings."

We can be glad that this was only a high school debate and not a congressional vote, but it may still give some indication of what is happening to the moral values of the young people who are going to school today. Someday these young people, or at least some with similar values, may really be in Congress.

We who believe the Bible,hold to the conviction that human life is to be given and taken only by the Creator and murder is wrong no matter under what name it is committed or what "good reason" there is to justify it. Abortion is also becoming more common every day, which is just another form of "mercy killing."

What else can we expect when students are looking up to and learning such things from their doctors, lawyers, teachers, sports stars, movie idols and even from some clergymen. Although such practices may be justified through human reasoning, they will not stand up in the light of the Scriptures which teach us to love one another and to see these things with the mind of Christ instead of just from a human point of view.

The pupils in this particular high school are not city raised, for they come from the country and small towns of the surrounding area. Yes, many of the pupils have plain people as grandparents or great-grandparents. It is only a few generations ago that the practice of putting old people in homes was accepted. What will be the next step?

"TODAY"

We shall do so much in the years to come
But what have we done today?
We shall gibe out gold in princely sum
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear
We shall speak with words of love and cheer
But what have we done today?

We shall be so kind in the after-while
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth;
We shall feed the hungering soul of earth
But whom have we fed today?

-Selected by M.E. Bontrager

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

We were pleasantly surprised to receive a German word quiz from a reader with an offer to supply one for each issue if needed. The words are taken out of the New Testament or other religious books, and the author says he wishes to take them out of the chapters which are used as texts in church services for each month of the year.

We like the idea and if there is enough interest among the readers to justify them, we will continue to publish one each month. Some of the words are rather easy but often times it's the easy ones we trip on. Although these tests are designed mostly for the beginner, they should be of interest to those who can read well. If you get a perfect score, then you should be able to read the German well enough to understand what you are reading. If you get more than five wrong, it's a sign you need a lot more practice in German.

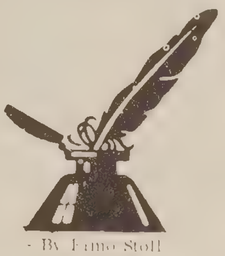
We realize that the German parts must be rather boring to those who can not read German. But since 95% of our readers speak and read the German, we feel there is a definite need along this line and plan to continue it.

In this issue we have a story in a new dialect, namely the Pennsylvania Dutch. We were a bit hesitant about using it but since we felt it is a good story, we decided to use it. Whether or not we print any more of this kind depends on the response we get from this one. Would it be better to have these stories in English, in High German or in Sammy Dutch? What do you think?

To "G, of Pennsylvania" who sent in "Andy Goes to School" in April Family Life, will you please send me your name and address.

And please remember, there will be no Family Life in September. This is the August-September issue, do don't look for any until October.

Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

THE WAY OF LOVE

The man's knuckles shone white as he gripped the razor blade and slashed wildly through the air around him. His eyes blazed with a strange light— one moment gleeful at the weapon he had found, and the next moment fierce and angry. His gaze darted watchfully to the door and back, defying anyone to approach him.

The above scene took place during World War II when many Amish young men were in CPS camps and hospitals.* The man with the razor blade was a patient in a mental hospital where some Amish CO's were serving their time until the war ended. The regular attendant, who was not a CO, had come upon the patient, but had quickly backed away, and locked the door behind him.

The attendant knew it was a very bad situation. Even with four or five strong men to help him wrestle the patient down, there would still be a chance of someone getting injured. Yet something had to be done.

"Get those Amish boys who just believe in love and peace," someone suggested, a bit of mockery in his voice. "Let them handle him. This is a good job for them."

Three CO's were called in, and told to get the razor blade from the insane man. The three walked to the door of the room, peeped in, and saw the patient all set for action. They closed the door again, rather hastily, and drew the bolt. They sensed at once the importance of the test to which they were being put. The other attendants were watching them to see what they would do.

With a prayer in their hearts, the three consulted together a few seconds, then two of them sent off to get a mattress, and the third unlocked the door for them when they came. With much straining and shoving, the two pushed the mattress through the door. The mattress appeared to be more than they could handle in the narrow doorway. They heaved and fumbled and pulled. Finally they looked up at the insane man and said, "Maybe you could give us a hand with this mattress?"

The patient forgot all about his anger and his violent intentions. He dropped the razor blade and grabbed the mattress. In that instant the third CO, with one flick of his hand, had the sharp blade, and slipped out of the room and down the hall with it.

Everyone breathed easier. The battle had been won without violence. The regular attendants were surprised and a bit beaten out to see with what ease the CO's had solved the problem.

Although cases might arise where it would not be wrong to wrestle an insane person to keep him from harming himself or others, these three CO's were still far ahead to try and find a more peaceful solution. And in doing so, they left a good example for those attendants watching them.

In the same way, in the problems and frustrations of our daily lives, we do well to seek peaceful means to settle disputes and difficulties. Anger begets anger, and violence begets violence. If our neighbor's cows get into our corn for the third time, it may seem like the thing to do to stomp to our neighbor's house and say, "We're about sick and tired of this. Get those

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*** Based on an incident written by Bishop Ira Nissley, in the book, The Story of the Amish in Civilian Public Service.**

cows out and keep them out."

Approached in a tone like that, though, the neighbor will be apt to feel a flush of anger himself and fly back with, "You don't need to think that we weren't tired of it last spring when your horses kept getting into our oats!"

When our neighbor's cows get into our corn, he may very well be in the wrong for not having fixed his fence better. But getting angry at him won't solve anything. He likely feels very bad about it already, and is at loss to know what to try next to keep his cows at home. How much better if we would say, "I guess it's partly our fault, as we shouldn't have planted the corn as close to the fence. It makes it pretty tempting to reach through and get the fence down."

By accepting some of the blame ourselves, we make it easier for the other person to take his share, and more likely than not, our neighbor won't think about the fact that our horses were in his oats in the spring. Instead he would be more likely to say, "Your corn isn't that close. We'll just have to move those cows to another field until we can put in a new fence. I know we should have earlier, and we just haven't gotten around to it yet."

We've never experienced what it's like to have cows in the corn, but we did have quite a struggle with the neighbor's sows one summer. Our neighbors at the time lived very close, their buildings only a few hundred feet from ours. They were sloppy, careless people who didn t feed their sows very well, and gave their fences even less care. As a result it seemed as though we chased their sows constantly. Still they did a lot of damage to the corn during the summer. Many times we felt like storming over, and letting them know what we thought of the whole deal, but we never did. Then at corn husking time, to our surprise, here came the neighbor's boys with a large load of corn, and scooped it into our crib. "It's for what the sows damaged your corn this summer," they explained.

We have no way to prove it, but we still wonder to this day if they would have brought the corn if we had gone over and given them a piece of our mind when we felt so much like it.

Solomon said a long time ago, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger"(Prov.15:1). That was spoken three thousand years ago, but the rule still works today— soft answers soothe hurt feelings, and harsh replies still make people mad. If we blame someone, he will feel like blaming us. If we scold someone, he will give us a bawling out in return. If we raise our voice, others will be tempted to raise theirs. But if we try the way of love and goodwill, we will find we provoke the opposite responses. As we appraoch others with kindness, they will feel kindly toward us. As we are thoughtful of others, they will tend to be considerate of us.

The three CO's working in that mental hospital during World War II were put to a hard test when they were asked to get a razor blade from the insane patient. We may never be put to a test as dramatic as that, but some of the tests we meet in real life may still require all the strength of character that theirs did. For the day-in-and-day-out frustrations of living can often wear down noble intentions more quickly than a great crisis that may appear more threatening. Yet no matter how trifling, or how great the problem, a solution based on gentleness, kindness, and love will surely prove to have been the better way in the end. ◇

* * *

FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

EXPERIENCE THE BEST TEACHER?

FIFTY-FIVE, FIFTY-FIVE, WHO'LL give me fifty-five?" the auctioneer begged. "That's a fine calf and who'll give fifty-five?"

John Raber nodded his head.

The auctioneer grabbed the bid and began coaxing for sixty dollars. John held his breath, hoping no one else would bid. The warm, stuffy auction room made his head ache, and he wished the fat cattledealer in front of him would stop blowing smoke back over his shoulder. But John was happy. He was buying calves to veal.

Just then John's father entered the auction room, scanned the bleachers and spied John. Stiffly he climbed up to where his son was seated and sat down beside him.

"Buying anything, John?"

John felt his face redden. "Yes, some calves."

"To veal?"

"Uh, huh."

"Aren't you afraid of disease, buying them out of the salesbarn like this?"

"Oh, I don't know," John shrugged. "There's a risk, I guess. But I just sent a couple of finished calves to market that I bought here several months ago. They did fine. I cleared forty dollars apiece on them."

"You were lucky. Sooner or later, you'll have problems. How many are you buying today?"

"I've....I've bought nineteen, I think, if I've counted right."

"Nineteen!" There was surprise and dismay in his dad's voice.

"Yes, I'm fixing up those back box stalls for calves, and I got a bank loan for ninety days. I figure the price veal is now, I can't go wrong. It should be a fast way to pay off the mortgage, if the two calves I sold are any indication."

The auctioneer's voice broke into the conversation. "Fifty-five dollars. Sold once again to the young man over there, John Raber."

"That makes twenty, doesn't it?" asked John's Dad.

John nodded.

"Well, I guess it's your business," sighed the older man. "But I'd be afraid of it myself. You could maybe get by raising a few calves, but that many..."

John looked at his shoes. How could he tell his father that he had planned to put in fifty calves?

"Buying direct from a farm would be less risky, John, but even then you'd be wise to go slow till you have more experience, I think."

Well, to John's credit, he did not buy any more calves that day. But he resented his father's advice, especially when he got the calves home and saw how many little stalls were still empty.

That evening at the supper table, John confided to his wife. "Dad's too cautious. He's scared to try anything. Nowadays a fellow has to go in big if he wants to make anything. Here I have a plan to pay off the farm in a couple of years, and he doesn't like it."

His young wife was sympathetic, but wisely said, "Maybe your dad knows best. We can raise these, and if they do good we can get more the next time."

Meanwhile, across the fields an older and wiser man was also talking to his wife over the supper table. "I'm disappointed in John," he said. "Buying that many calves out of the salesbarn without asking advice. They're more likely than not to get sick and he'll loose half a dozen, for sure. Maybe he'll have to learn the hard way. Experience is the best teacher, they say."

In John's case, experience proved to be a stern but effective teacher. Three of the calves were dead within a week, and half of the remainder were unthrifty and did not grow well. Far from paying a sizable amount of the mortgage, the calves lost John money instead.

From incidents such as this has sprung the proverb, "Experience is the best teacher," All of us learn from experience, from the small toddler placing his finger against the hot stove, to the grandfather who overexerts himself helping with the haying. Experience is a very good teacher.

All the same, experience is not the perfect teacher. It has limitations, and many of those who learn from experience have poor grades. There are even dangers in learning from experience.

Is experience the best teacher? Hardly.

Experience is Always Incomplete

One disadvantage of learning from experience is that we never know when a lesson is complete. That day at the salesbarn, John convinced himself that he had learned from experience. Hadn't he raised two calves with wonderful success?

His next lesson in the school of experience was that raising fifty calves, or even twenty, somehow creates more problems than raising two. He learned that it's not true that if you make forty dollars on one calf, you will make twenty times forty dollars on twenty calves. The lesson he learned from that stern teacher, Experience, was that figuring a profit on paper is easier than having money to deposit in the bank.

But who would say that John's lesson was now complete? He was only beginning and had much to learn yet about raising calves. To give up and go out of the calf business was one choice, but perhaps a better choice would have been to learn improved methods of feeding and sanitation, to purchase disease-free calves, etc.

But this article is not about raising veal calves. It is about the deeper lessons of life that are learned by experience. These lessons are many, and indeed life is too short to learn them all. Although experience is a good teacher, the classes never end. The course is never finished. The lessons are not complete.

We can learn a great deal from experience, but to build too much on what we have learned can be dangerous, too, simply for the reason that our experience is so incomplete. Like John with his two fat veal calves, we may jump to the conclusion that we know all about something, and actually we're just beginners.

Experience Can Be Misinterpreted

Being human, all of us are subject to error. Our knowledge is in part, and our judgement not always correct. We make mistakes.

Sometimes, perhaps, we think we have learned something from experience, and it's actually not like that at all. We are like the young man who experienced a severe stomach ache soon after eating an apple, and decided the apple had caused it, hence he would eat no more apples. We may form a wrong impression and learn a lesson that experience had no intention of teaching us.

I remember very well one evening years ago, when I was still a lad, that we had company from a neighboring state. My father started talking to the two visitors, and

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the subject eventually turned to tobacco and bed courtship.

I am convinced our visitors were sincere and concerned men. Yet they defended the use of tobacco and the practice of bed courtship, even though they admitted (when Dad pointed it out) that a century ago both of these things were strictly forbidden in all Amish churches.

"Our experience has been," they explained, "that any church or group that works against these two practices soon becomes liberal. They go hoch."

Now we might ask the question, was this truly their experience or did it only seem that way to them? If they had reason to feel as they did, was experience in this case the best teacher, or even a good one?

Can a matter be judged by how people turn out? Or is this one of Satan's tricks to confuse us, so that we are guided more by experience (?) than by God's Word?

A highly-respected Amish bishop was once asked this question, "Can we judge a matter by how people turn out?" His answer was, "Only as far as our conclusion is in agreement with the Bible."

Certainly, a study of the past and its problems can be of great value to us today. If we could not profit from the experiences of our forefathers, there would be no point in studying history.

But we do not want to forget that building a church on experience alone is a dangerous thing. To do so is to place human judgement and wisdom above the Scriptures. Experience used in such a way is a fragile platform.

And yet it happens to others, and it can happen to us. Experience can easily be misinterpreted or misunderstood. By looking at a part, we may think we see the whole, and yet we don't.

If a brother or sister falls from the faith, we can take warning and try to analyze what caused his downfall so that we do not follow his footsteps. But we must be careful to took at the complete picture and find the real reason he left the faith. We may blame an apple for a stomach ache when the real problem is an ulcer. The Word of God has to be the final and absolute authority.

THE OLD LAMP

A lamp once hung in an ancient town
At the corner of a street,
Where the wind was keen and the way was dark
And the rain would often beat,
And all night long its light would shine
To guide the traveler's feet.

The lamp was rough and plain and old,
And the storm had beaten it sore;
'Twas not a thing one would care to show,
Whate'er it had been before;
But no one thought what the lantern was,
'Twas a light that within it bore.

The lamp was a text for young and old
Who seek in a world of pride,
To shine for their Lord and to show Him forth,
And never their light to hide;
You are the lantern, a thing of naught,
But Christ is the light inside.

Experience Can Blind Us to the Truth

Ordinarily, experience helps us to see the truth more clearly. But strangely enough, at times experience can do just the opposite. It can blind us to the truth.

Something may make such an impression on us that ever after it colors our thinking, and we become biased or prejudiced. Or we remember so well a lesson we have learned that our minds are not open to new lessons and new truths.

I guess that's how it was a couple of years ago when our son Timothy nearly banged out one of his front teeth. He came running into the house, his hand clasped tightly over his mouth. Tears were running down his cheeks.

"I knocked my front tooth out," he cried.

"Oh, no!" both my wife and I exclaimed, hurrying to look. Still fresh in our minds was the agony and expense we had suffered a year earlier when Timothy's brother, Peter, had chipped a big piece off his front tooth. Peter had spent painful hours in the dentist's chair, having steel pins put in and a big filling stuck on. Three times in as many months, the filling had come loose, and Peter had to go through the ordeal again.

Now the same thing had happened to Timothy! Not quite the same, for Peter's tooth had been chipped and Timothy's whole tooth was knocked loose. It looked loose enough to pull with the fingers.

"That's too bad," I said. "But maybe if you're real careful the tooth will grow fast again."

Several weeks passed and the tooth was partly forgotten. Then one day my wife reminded me of it again. "Just look at Timothy's tooth," she said, "it's turning real dark. I'm afraid it's dead."

My wife proved to be right, as we discovered a few days later. While Timothy was munching his supper, he bit something hard and his poor tooth let go, all except a bit of skin on one side. As he opened his mouth, his tooth stuck out sideways.

Once more we looked and then the tension relaxed. We laughed heartily at ourselves. Timothy's faltering tooth was a baby tooth! A big strong permanent tooth was pushing through underneath it.

How stupid we felt then. We should have thought of it that Timothy had not yet pulled his upper front baby teeth. And yet, it seemed all we could think of was Peter's broken front tooth and the frightening thought that another one of the boys had lost a good tooth. As long as Peter's experience was foremost in our minds, it never occurred to us that Timothy's tooth was supposed to come out.

I'm sure this happens quite often, that what we have learned from past experiences may hinder us from learning a new and different experience. Experience is a good teacher mainly because her lessons stick so well, but sometimes they stick too well.

AND SO WE RETURN to the question, "Is Experience the Best Teacher?" I, for one, think it would be more proper to say experience is a good teacher, and let it go at that.

Learning by experience has its shortcomings, and its dangers. This is especially true if we put too much stock in our own experience, if we begin to think we've learned a great deal by experience and by observation, and forget that our wisdom is as nothing compared to divine wisdom and God's Word. ◆

FREDA AND THE FACTORY WORK

Freda Mast sat tensely on the hard bench. The bishop stood up to announce where church services were to be held next. Freda held her breath as he continued....... "Howard Miller and Emma Mast, Mike Miller and Ella Mast wish to be united in marriage on Thursday, Nov. 15." Freda relaxed now that the most important announcement was made and listened while he finished.

Freda was 23 and her two sisters, ages 21 and 22, were planning to have a double wedding. Their future husbands were cousins so it was decided to have only one wedding since many of the same people would be invited anyway. Freda wished she could also be looking forward to marriage but at the moment was happy for her sisters' joy and happiness. She also looked forward to being waiter with the boys' cousin, Steve Miller. Even before her sisters had dated their boyfriends she had had a date with Steve. But at the time both were young and decided they weren't ready for a partner yet. Maybe theis would be the one for her after all and they could get better acquainted at the wedding.

The next ten days were busy ones and before she knew it Freda was sitting beside Stephen Miller, waiting for the wedding services to begin. The ministers brought forth many examples of marriage in the Bible and also admonished and advised the two couples about building a Christian home. During the afternoon Freda found herself wishing she could think of something to say to strike up a conversation with Steve. After a while he turned to her and smiled. A warm feeling circled her heart, knowing that someone knew she was present, too.

"What are you going to do without your sisters?"

"I don't know but I do know we'll really miss them with two going the same day."

"Do you plan to work at home this winter?"

"Well, I don't know. We finished husking corn already and now with the wedding past, we don't have much work here at home. Alice and Alva are out of school now so Mom and Dad each have a good helper. I have thought of applying for a job at a trailer factory. Some of my friends are making from $100-150 a week." Freda blushed when she realized what all she had been saying.

Their conversation jumped from one subject to another until the singing started. Freda was enjoying the day and was hoping Steve did too. But he didn't ask for a date, making her feel a bit disappointed. Maybe he wanted to think it over more. She had thought he seemed interested in her.

The next week everyone was busy cleaning houses and getting the two couples moved. Freda was still trying to decide about working at the trailer factory. She knew Bishop Eli had in the past forbidden communion to factory workers. She also knew that the 5 or 6 men, boys, and girls that worked in factories usually quit for a month or two until communion was past, then took up their jobs again. But she didn't think she could do that with a clear conscience. She knew it wouldn't be as educational nor as worthwhile a job as school teaching was but she wasn't interested in teaching. She could always find plenty of work among the families of the church but they paid only $20 a week. "I have worked 5 years in our neighborhood, it's about my turn to make higher wages," she thought. Dad and Mom Mast couldn't see anything wrong with working at a trailor factory "as long as she stayed in her place". Her application form was filled and sent to the factory and 4 weeks later was summoned to work.

Monday morning Freda was nervous as she entered the huge building. One of the men entering in front of her showed her how to punch her card on the time clock. She looked around bewilderedly wondering what to do next. It seemed as if everyone were looking at her to see what the new girl was like. Finally she spied some girls, Lena Troyer and Clara Keim. They beckoned her to join them which she eagerly did. They showed her around part of the building and then stood and chatted until seven o'clock. They had 6 minutes yet before starting to work.

"What are you hens cackling about?" Three heads turned to see Ora Eash walk past. He was a man with grown children and Freda was taken aback at his boldness. Evidently Lena wasn't.

"We're telling Freda how awful it is to work around so many men! She's soon going to find out how it goes."

Ora laughed and winked at Lena as he kept on talking.

"What a way to talk!" thought Freda, glad that she was too bashful to ever talk like that to any man or boy.

She soon adjusted to her work and found out that she liked it. There was usually something going on to keep it from getting dull. But underneath, Freda sensed an uneasy feeling that many men and girls who were members of the church were teasing and joking with each other in a way which was dangerous. At first it didn't seem funny to her but gradually she couldn't help but smile and laugh sometimes. On the inside she was still glad none of the men dared talk to her like that. She never took part in the conversation. The winter wore on, bringing some very cold with it. One cold morning, Freda walked over to the hot chocolate machine and dropped in her dime. She watched as the hot milk started running into the cup.

"Good morning!"

Freda turned quickly to see a young married man standing beside her, smiling a friendly smile. "Good morning," she managed to say.

"I've been wondering who the new girl is. What is your name?"

"Freda Mast. My dad is Henry Mast. We live in the Bontrager district."

"Um. I'm Freeman Hershberger and we live about 15 miles southwest of town. It's in Abe Schrock's district. Well, I guess we'd better not talk too much or the boss will catch us. Hope you like your job. I appreciate you."

The incident might have passed if Freeman hadn't said that last remark. "Just what did he mean?" she wondered to herself. Maybe he meant he appreciates my work, but then how does he know what kind of work I do? He works in the other department and never sees my work. Maybe he noticed that I don't talk and joke with all the men. He certainly seems like a nice man and couldn't have meant anything bad. Now if Steve Miller would have said that, I would feel good. Freeman Hershberger's wife must certainly be happy with a kind husband like that."

A few weeks later Freeman again found an opportunity to talk with Freda. After their lunch was eaten she returned to her work area to rest and relax awhile.

"Penny for your thoughts!"

Almost Freda returned, "Nickel to mind your own business!" as she had often heard Lena and Clara say. But she caught herself in time and looked up into the friendly face of Freeman. She actually didn't know what to say but she was hoping he wouldn't go away. She liked to talk with this man.

"Do you have any children?" she ventured when he did not say anything. She was always interested in little children.

"Yes, we have three. Our oldest, Marion, started to school this fall. It's amusing how these little children try to talk English. When our three-year-old started with the whooping cough, he told his teacher that Marilyn has the blue cough!"

They both laughed at the childish translation.

"We have a 9-month-old baby girl yet. She's really at a cute age."

"What is her name?"

"Inez. That is also my wife's name."

After a short silence Freeman said, "Tell me your secret, Freda. I can tell you're interested in children and all girls are interested in getting married. Now tell me why you aren't hooked yet. Lucky man who manages to hook you!"

Freda looked at him indignantly. Just as she was ready to say something the other girls came around the corner to resume their work. So Freeman grinned and left.

Now she began to realize that his word of appreciation meant more than she had thought at first. He was giving her attention on purpose. She sort of enjoyed visiting with him if only he wouldn't talk so personal. After all, he was a married man! But then other thoughts came to Freda. "Who ever cared for you? None of the boys even look at you so it won't hurt to get a little enjoyment out of life. It won't hurt just to be friendly as long as you don't return his intended affections." She realized she enjoyed these affections. Never before had anyone taken that much interest in her.

Let not your heart be troubled
Whate'er your need may be,
For Christ said, "You believe in God.
Believe also in Me!"
Let not your heart be troubled,
And may cares that cloud the day
Like morning mists before the sun,
Silently drift away!

In the following months Freeman watched for opportunities to say something to Freda and even bought her a pepsi a few times. Soon others around the factory began to notice and whisper behind their backs. When Clara and Lena tried to rebuke Freda, she was insulted that they should come and accuse her of doing something she shouldn't. She never teased the men and told off-color jokes like they did. In spite of the rumors and facts floating around, the friendship continued.

THE SAD FACTS REACHED Mrs. Hershberger's ears, who refused to believe them. She was reluctant to ask her husband about it, thinking his feelings would be hurt. Convinced it couldn't be true anyway she decided to ask him. She had promised to be loyal to him and felt this was the only way.

Lying in bed one evening after the lights were out, Inez kept wondering how she could start. Finally she asked, "Did you know some false rumors are being said about you?" She waited tensely.

"So that's what's been bothering you?" he said after a few minutes. "Why didn't you tell me sooner. Then I could have saved you all this worry. What makes you doubt my love for you? Have I been mistreating or neglecting you?"

"Well, no, I guess you haven't. But I wondered why people would talk about you like that." Inez was relieved even if he hadn't answered her question directly.

"As far as I know all of us men talk and joke with those working around us and this Freda and I happened to be at the chocolate milk machine at the same time and visited a little. You know some people look for something to gossip about so right away we had done something wrong by talking to each other. Guess maybe we tease the girls more than we should but I'm going to try harder to avoid them. I'm sorry this talk is going around. Remember, Inez, I still love you and all the Fredas in the world couldn't measure up to you."

With that Inez fell into a pleasant sleep, happy that life was right side up again.

But Freeman had a hard time going to sleep. A verse kept repeating itself over and over in his ears. "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." As hard as he tried to think of something else, he could not get it out of his mind. He knew that he had given affections to a girl which he, a married man, had no right to give to anyone else except his wife. And now when she found out, he had denied it, he had lied to her. Well, no, he had not really lied, he tried to make himself believe, because he was going to ignore Freda from now on. Finally he fell into a fitful sleep.

The next day, a new day, a new week, and with a new resolution, Freeman never glanced or looked at Freda. For a whole month he stayed true to his promise, but can a man walk on hot coals and not be burned?

Freda sensed that something had happened to Freeman and felt ashamed that she had ever let herself care so much for his attention. Then one day as she came out of the restroom, there stood Freeman getting a drink. Immediately he forgot any resolution he had made.

"Long time since I've seen you!"

"I was here all the time in plain sight. I wondered why you don't see me any more." Freda was shocked to think she had actually expressed her thoughts like that. But she had been caught by surprise, running into him so unexpectedly.

"Well," he paused, "I guess you know about the rumors and they got around to my old woman. So I'll have to be Mama's good little boy. She's watching me pretty close." With that he smiled and walked away.

So his wife knew! She hoped she would never have to face her.

Days passed into weeks and weeks into months. Time and time again she found herself watching Freeman. There was a longing in her heart. Sometimes he would glance over and smile which sent a thrill through her. They both knew they were playing with fire but found it hard to quench the flickering flame.

When summer work started Dad Mast offered to pay Freda $25.00 a week if she would help him and Alva with the farming. He also offered to pay her fare to Kansas to visit her cousins for two weeks in August. Then in the fall Emma and Ella both wanted her to work for them. "So why not?" she asked herself, "and get away from it all. Then I can forget Freeman now and always."

She never regretted that she stopped when she did. Working outside gave her a feeling of accomplishment after doing the same thing over and over at the factory. The summer passed quickly and Freda was on her way to Kansas. Thinking over the past year she remembered with shame and embarrassment the silent affair with Freeman. She was glad that that part of her life was over and decided then she'd never work in a factory again after seeing how many so-called Christians were living in sin.

Her cousins made her feel at home and she admired their attitude toward being single. One of the girls was her age and the other two were older. They seemed happy with their lot in life and spent much time with their neices and nephews and helping others. Freda wished she could be as happy as her cousins were. When the two weeks were over she boarded the train again with happy and sad feelings. She had learned so much and wanted to live up to what she had learned.

The first few days were spent telling Mom the news from Kansas and the many pleasant times the girls had together. She was relating about their picnic by the Arkansas River and glimpsing through the two week old local paper at the same time. Something arrested her full attention so that she stopped in the middle of what she was saying. Quickly she regained her composure and hurriedly finished the picnic story so she could go back and find out for sure what she had thought she had seen.

Sure enough, there under the deaths was the name, MRS. FREEMAN HERSHBERGER, 28. "Surely not the one I know of," she thought. Reading on she learned that it was Inez who had died from cancer, being sick only a few weeks. Once more she thought of Freeman.

During the following month many thoughts raced through Freda's mind. Try as hard as she could, she could not forget that now Freeman was free to marry her. But why did God let Inez die? The children needed their mother. Would God take Inez away because he knew Freeman and Freda were attracted to each other? Freda recoiled at the thought. The whole episode of the silent affair with Freeman came flooding back to her. The God she had once known and was now longing to know again was a holy God who cannot tolerate evil thoughts or actions.

Freda's heart was heavy as she thought of Inez. Oh, what grief her actions must have caused the suffering woman. Was she, Freda, perhaps guilty of bringing Inez's sickness and death. Had Inez been grief stricken when she had learned of her husband's affection for another woman? Surely she must have known.

A short time later, Mike and Ella's little girl arrived and Freda put her whole life into taking care of her sister and the baby. The fall was a busy one with raking leaves , putting up storm windows, butchering hens, canning grapes and applesauce, harvesting the last of the garden vegetables and finally husking corn. But all the time the thought kept coming back, "What will Freeman do?"

"With so much to do Freda's days sped quickly by but her evenings and nights were torturous and miserable. She felt positive Freeman would ask sometime but what would she say? She had heard of widowers marrying single girls before. When she asked herself why shouldn't she, she really didn't know why not. Everyone knew he needed a wife, the children needed a mother, and she was old enough and experienced so that she could fit in real well. If there were so many good reasons she should, then what made her so doubtful? For a while Freda cried herself to sleep every night, wishing for peace and rest in her soul. Tossing and turning, unable to sleep one evening, she gave herself up, fell to her knees and confessed her sins to her loving Father. Sobs choked her so that she scarcely said anything but God heard and understood. As she lay once more in the dark, a peaceful sleep overtook her. She was happier now after confessing that she had sinned and with peace of mind she could think about Freeman in a different way. Sometimes she felt she should write him an apology for being a temptation to him. But with confidence that she would get a chance to write him in the future she decided to wait.

She didn't have to wait long. Just three months after Inez passed away, a letter with strange handwriting was in the box for Freda. She had been husking corn with Alva until 11:00, then picked up the mail before she went into the house. Exhausted, she dropped into the rocking chair. She felt both lightheaded and happy after reading the short note. She was lightheaded with the reality of the letter and happy that she knew what she was going to answer. Freeman wrote, "I believe God called Inez home because He knew we weren't as happy as you and I would be."...... Freda thought it sounded as if he were trying to impress her with his Christianity by mentioning God but inside she felt he was far from being a Christian. She knew God wouldn't work things out to satisfy the lusts of the flesh.

The next morning she had her answer written in a few short sentences and the letter was in the box. The note read:

> To Freeman,
>
> You have tempted me to do things I didn't feel were right. I am not completely blameless and I regret for the sorrow I caused Inez while yet living. If I in any way caused you to feel as you did, please forgive me. I could never trust you to be faithful, knowing how you and many other men carry on with other women and girls. I'll pray for you.
>
> Freda

◆◆

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE HOME

As WIVES AND MOTHERS, we accept our privileges and responsibilities by working for God in the home. If we take our duties seriously, we won't make major decisions without consulting our husbands. In most cases, we will take into consideration the likes and dislikes of our families. Important decisions should be made only after discussions between the two of us.

We will support our husbands in disciplining our children so that if one parent disciplines, the child cannot go to the other parent for sympathy. Neither should either of the parents show any partiality in dealing with the children.

Any disagreement between the parents will not be discussed in the children's presence. Otherwise they will begin to side with one or the other of the parents and that is not good. Children should have equal respect for their parents. In order for them to do this, the parents need to show respect for each other in front of the children. "We are doing it this way because Daddy thinks this is best," or "Be careful, that's no way to talk to your mother," are terms we may use to help teach respect. The children will not expect Daddy to be too hard on Mother when she comes home with the wrong kind of nails which he had asked her to get at the hardware store. Neither do they like to hear Mother give Daddy a tongue lashing for every mistake he makes. Perhaps in some situations, Mother's advice would have been the best, but this must not be emphasized in the children's presence.

Neither should we criticize our companion to our friends, or it will look as if we had very poor judgement in choosing such a person with which to share our life.

A Christian wife will encourage her husband in his work. She will try to arrange the activities of the home so as to be suitable to his work schedule. Likewise, the thoughtful husband will assist his wife in her responsibilities. Most mothers are "on duty" seven days a week and welcome an occasional change. At some time or another all the members of the family will need to say, "I'm sorry," or "I was wrong."

Because of time-saving conveniences and fabrics, women of today spend less time in the laundry and kitchen than they did several generations ago. Perhaps part of this extra time could be spent in helping our husbands during the busy periods.

"How To Preserve A Husband:"

Be careful in your selection. Do not choose too young, and take only such as have been reared in a good moral atmosphere. When once decided upon and selected, let that part remain forever settled. Some insist on keeping them in a pickle, while others are constantly getting them into hot water, but they do not keep well this way.

Even poor varieties may be made sweet, tender and good by garnishing them with patience, and well sweetened with smiles. Then wrap well in a mantle of charity. Keep warm with a steady fire of domestic devotion and serve with the fruits of constant devotion and milk of human kindness. When thus prepared, they will stay sweet and good condition for years.

When we think of mothers, we think of the verse in Psalms 144:12, ".... sons, vigorous and tall as growing plants. Daughters of graceful beauty like the pillars of a palace wall" (Living Psalms). We want our sons and daughters to be Christians, obedient to God's word and to the church. Disobedience occurs when parents speak against the church, its leaders, beliefs and regulations in the presence of their children. In this way the children lose respect for the church, its leaders, and its purpose here on earth. Of course, Christian parents will faithfully support their church and its activities with their children.

We should show an interest in our children's friends and in their social life. Recently a mother told me that when her daughter's friends come, they come to the kitchen and talk with Daddy. No generation gap here–these children weren't ashamed of their parents or to have their friends come into the kitchen. The parents are to be commended for taking time with their children's friends. No doubt, Daddy would have had plenty of other things to do but he was investing his time well when he took time for such visiting. Our children are our most valuable investment; their spiritual welfare is our primary concern, and to a very large extent, their success or failure is our responsibility. Parents will want to know where their children are, what they are doing, and with whom they are associating.

Children should learn to assume responsibilities for the results of their actions. The first grader who breaks her schoolmates pencil box and the boy who throws the ball that breaks the neighbor's barn window will learn this when they see their parents paying for the replacements. Broken friendships may need some mending, too. Children should learn to say, "I am sorry," and to ask forgiveness from the heart. They should be taught to share, to be able to "give and take" in the game of living.

We mothers need to be good listeners so our children will come to us with their problems. At the same time, we should keep their confidence by assuring them that what they tell us will go no farther than their fathers. I once read of a mother who shared with her friends what her daughter had told her confidentially. As they were laughing about the stories, the daughter walked in. Very likely she went somewhere else the next time so as not to become the neighborhood laughing stock.

Mothers should show an interest in their children's interests and talents, expressing encouragement and help in worthwhile projects. It is good for children to memorize portions of Scripture and other good literature. Parents are responsible to teach their children good reading habits. Why let them wallow in the "garbage" when there is so much good food for the mind?

Children need to be taught to respect authority in both the church and in government matters. When fathers and mothers knowingly violate the law (even in little matters), or cheat the government in taxes, how can they ever expect their children to be obedient to the

A PRAYER

If I should fail in these my humble tasks
Of cooking, washing dishes, mending clothes,
If I should fail in washing little faces,
In scrubbing floors, and healing wounds and woes,
Yes, then these little folks Thou gavest me
Would suffer want and care materially!

If I should fail in teaching them Thy Word,
In pointing unto them the Heavenly Way,
In telling them of God and His dear Son,
In showing them His life each passing day.
Yes, then these little souls Thou gavest me,
Would suffer now and in Eternity!

I feel the greatness of these homely tasks;
I cannot do them by my strength alone;
I need a portion of Thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy gentleness, Thy kind and patient tone,
Thy spirit of longsuffering through each gale,
I need Thy guiding Hand — Lest I should fail!

-Pauline Rissler

law? There should be respect for property, first of all their own, as well as other's and public property. School authorities shoud be spoken of only with respect in the children's presence.

Children should be taught to respect older people, crippled folks, and retarded persons. They can be taught to speak courteously to grandparents and other relatives. Parents should show respectful attitudes toward their in-laws which in turn will be absorbed by their children. Some years ago while two young people were planning their wedding, a certain idea was suggested. The young man questioned whether his parents would approve of it. The bride-to-be had also been taught parental respect, so the questionable idea was dismissed. Young people need not always consult their parents about every decision they make, but when a principle in involved, they should consider their parents' wishes. One young woman planning to be married was determined to go more than half way in establishing good relationship with her future husband's mother. She was pleasantly surprised when she found she had received a thoughtful new mother who at times recounted to her the adjustments she had to make when her own marriage was young.

We will want to teach our children to show respect for minority groups and races. Just because people look and live differently than we do is no reason to make fun of them. Children should be taught to be sensitive to the needs of others.

Children should learn to use money wisely, to give cheerfully, unsparingly and not grudgingly. They should realize that happiness does not consist of having the latest and most modern of everything, for many times something older which is in good condition will serve the same purpose. Of course, at times something new is a better buy than buying old things but we must learn to discriminate in this and not have the attitude which is so prevalent today that we have to pamper ourselves.

Children should be taught the value of honesty and work well done. Parents may wish to encourage them by praising them for a neatly set table or dishes washed cleanly, waste baskets emptied promptly without grumbling or a well mowed lawn. They should not expect to be paid for everything they do. They can learn to work for the satisfaction of a job well done.

Our sons and daughters will need to be taught modesty. This probably applies more to the daughters but the sons need to be taught to respect girls who dress modestly if they are to choose them later as their wives.

We do not need a lot of money to spend for family activities. Such things as a hike through the woods, a picnic supper, singing or playing games, or visiting a local point of interest together will strengthen family ties and leave fond memories which will not be forgotten. Historians tell us that the Roman Empire fell because the mothers which had formerly lived simple, dedicated lives became pleasure seeking and careless and neglected the training of their young. No nation is better than its homes. A writer once stated, "If the first concern of a nation is in its homes, it matters not what is second or third." Every good home contributes to the welfare of the nation.

In the 31st chapter of Proverbs, mention is made several times of the hands of the virtuous woman. First that she "worketh willingly with her hands." Second, that she "layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff." Third, "she stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yes, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." Then this wonderful chapter closes with these words, "Give her of the fruit of HER HANDS; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

These are attitudes and ideals which we have received from our parents. We should pass them on to our children as a heritage. If we fail in this, we have failed them and all the generations to come.

-Mrs. F.H.K., Pennsylvania

A HOME PRAYER

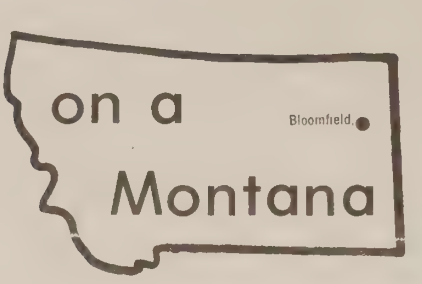
"Lord of all pots and pans and things,
Since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things
Or watching late with Thee;
Or dreaming in the dawnlight
Or storming Heaven's gates
Make me a saint by getting meals
And washing up the plates.

"Although I must have Martha's hands
I have a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots and shoes,
Thy sandals, Lord, I find!
I think of how they trod the earth,
What time I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord!
I haven't time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with thy love,
And light it with Thy peace!
Forgive all my worrying
And make all grumbling cease!
Thou who didst love to give men food
In a room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do —
I do it unto Thee!"

-Author Unknown

Pioneer Life on a Montana Homestead



-by Tobias E. Yoder

The following account of life in Montana was written in the spring of 1967 by a former settler's son. Unfortunately the writer died before he finished his memories of Montana, but he wrote enough to give us an idea of pioneer life among the Amish in Montana.

Part One: Settling in Montana

My father, Enos D. Miller, 36 years old; his wife, 33; their family of five children: Tobias, 11; Sam, 8; Eli, 6; Mattie, 3; and Malinda, 1 year old, left Garnett, Kansas, for Glendive, Montana, by train in March, 1906 to take up a homestead in Dawson County, Montana.

Before boarding the train, my father paid the ticket agent at Garnett $143.55 for the two full-fare and two half-fare tickets. The two little girls were allowed to go in free. There was a certain amount of baggage by weight also free with each ticket, besides several suitcases we carried with us. The baggage was put on the baggage coach and left Garnett on the same train we did. Leaving Garnett in the afternoon, we arrived in Kansas City that evening where we had to change trains, the first time any of us children had changed trains in a big depot like that. We got quite a thrill out of it.

I remember we were on the second floor where we could see down on the first floor most of the time. There were so many people going out and coming in from the trains that the floor was completely covered. There was a man in the depot standing on a platform calling out the names of the trains as they got ready to load. When our train was ready he said, "The Burlington is now ready for Sioux, Council Bluffs, Omaha, and Denver. The train runs on Track Four. All aboard." He talked in a big horn like the phonographs or talking machines used to have, only larger.

I don't remember how long we waited at Kansas City. I would judge between two and three hours. Emanuel Hostetler, my father's brother-in-law, traveled with us. He lived in North Dakota, was married to my mother's oldest sister and was to Kansas on business. He was much help in keeping us together where there were so many people like in the depots. When we came to Jamestown, North Dakota, he had to change trains for Mylo, North Dakota, then from there we went without him. But we didn't have to change trains anymore till we got to Glendive, Montana, where we arrived the morning of March 23, 1906, after daylight.

That was 30 miles from where the folks lived that were to come after us. They came with two spring wagons, two horses hitched on each wagon and two seats on each. With the two little girls, there were seven of us, and a driver for each team made nine, besides the baggage. So after we got loaded to go we had two pretty good loads, but one thing, the road wasn't muddy as it didn't rain too much out there.

Once in a while we had a steep hill to pull, but I don't remember that we had to get off and walk up any of the hills. I don't remember if we stopped to feed the horses on the way or not, but the western bronchos were pretty tough. After we were there, we always stopped halfway out to feed them when we hauled loads in and out of Glendive. When we got on the ridge we always called that the "table."

The drivers we had that day took us down from farther east, which made it several miles farther. That way they could bring us to the east end of the valley where the creek forked and ran northwest instead of straight west, coming in at the fork of the Thirteen Mile Creek. This made it look much better than if we would have come in the shortest way, which was usually taken to Glendive. The way we came in showed a nice valley about as far as you could see, with Thirteen Mile Creek running through the center. This valley was called Southfork of Thirteen Mile Creek.

All the Amish lived in that valley, that were there at that time. Ten families were all the Amish living there when we came. There were several single Amishmen there with houses on homesteads they had filed on. Moses Mullet was one. He let us move in his house until Dad had found a claim to suit him. I don't remember anymore whether he stayed there with us or whether he went to his father's place until we moved out. Moses' father, Jacob, lived right close to Moses' homestead. Dad had about 1 1/2 tons of household goods shipped from Kansas that came by freight, things we didn't want to part with so we used them to get by till we got on our claim.

Jacob Mullet (Moses' dad) took my dad around to look for a suitable place for him to file. Then on April 6, 1906, Dad filed on 160 acres in Northfork of Thirteen Mile Creek, the first homestead filed on in Northfork across the ridge from where the Amish lived.

It was one and one-half miles from where the new schoolhouse was built in the fall of 1906, which was in Southfork Valley of Thirteen Mile Creek. So we had 1 1/2 miles to school. Several of the Amish had less than a mile to school and very few more than 1 1/2 miles. In the spring of 1906 I went to school in a little house where Jacob Chupp lived. Emma Miller was our teacher. I judge she was about 21 years old. Don't think they would have let anyone teach under 21. We didn't have anyone in school over the fourth grade. I was in the third reader. Don't know for sure how many there were. Don't think there were more than 15, maybe twenty. Just went there several weeks till school was out.

When they got their new schoolhouse built they had a certified teacher and had more scholars as quite a few new settlers came in 1906. When we first came, Jacob Mullet had a little room in his house for a post office and our address was Adams, Montana. They took the mail bag to Glendive only when someone went in. Sometimes we didn't get mail more than once a week, usually twice a week.

Part Two: A New House

The day we moved on the homestead in 1906 was a nice day. I still remember my mother saying on our way over that she was glad the children were still too young to realize that we were moving on the prairie where there was no house ready to move into. We borrowed a tent from Miles J. Bontrager who was single yet and had a small house built on his homestead. Don't remember how many days we lived in the tent, but I know it wasn't long.

We had a heavy rain one day and the tent leaked a little at one place and it was hard to keep it dry inside. As soon as they got the little wooden shack ready, we moved in that. Anyway, that was new lumber and the roof didn't leak on that. The shack was very small, had a cook stove, a few chairs, a bed for the folks to sleep in and a cot was placed above their bed nailed at the second floor which was built-in to store a few trunks and small items. We three boys slept in the cot. We had a small child's bed that the legs would fold underneath that was pushed under the bed in the daytime and in the evening it was pulled out and set up. The two little girls slept in that.

Of course, in the daytime us children were mostly outside on the prairie, no trees in sight. But the creek was only a short distance from the house where we could wade in the water which was never very deep, but gave us a chance to clean up when we were dirty.

Dad soon bought himself a team of horses we called Tom and Frank. Frank was a spotted horse, sorrel and white, and had one glass eye. They were a steady work team, broke to ride or drive single or double. I don't remember they ever tried to run away. He paid $70 for Tom and $35 for Frank. I think Tom was about 5 or 6 years old and Frank was smooth mouth.

When Dad made a trip to Glendive after supplies, he would always take one of us boys along, sometimes two of us went along. But I don't remember that he took us all three along at one time, usually just one, taking turns to go.

One time my brother, Sam, I think went along. Anyway, I know I wasn't along. It would take one day to go in and come back the next. Then after Dad had got his load ready, they would cross the river bridge across the Yellowstone where there was a nice place to camp overnight where there were small trees. Anyway, that time they met a man there that was traveling with a horse and buggy, had two or maybe three little boys with him. He told Dad that he lost his wife and he and the boys were traveling to where some of his relatives lived and he was getting low on money. Then he wanted to sell his rig to Dad, so Dad asked how much he wanted for it. He said, "I'll sell you the horse, buggy, and harness for $75." Dad told him it was worth it, but he said he is just starting up a homestead and that he absolutely couldn't spare that much money. Then he came down to $50. "No," Dad said, "I can't spare that much." Then he asked him how much he could spare. "Well," Dad said, "I can spare $40 but not any more. If you can get more it will be all right with me. That is the best I can do." So he let Dad have the rig. I think that was the first buggy we ever had in Montana. If we went somewhere before that we had to go with the wagon. That horse was a bay saddle horse named Barney. All we used him for was to ride and drive in the buggy. I know we were glad to see Dad come home from Glendive leading a horse and buggy behind the wagon.

Soon after we moved on the homestead, Dad went to look for some cows so the family would have milk and butter to use. Don't remember where he bought them, but they were surely two good cows, easy milkers and good producers. The one we called Red and the soptted one we called Sheck (Dutch name for Spot). He paid $40 per head for the cows and we kept them till we left the state.

The first year –1906 – twenty acres was about all we got plowed as we had only the three horses. We did the plowing with a walking plow and two horses, Tom and Frank. We also had to build a bigger house for the winter.

November, 1906, we moved in our house. We had a nice bank to set a house in right close to the shack, about thirty feet west of the shack. The lower room was set in the bank up to the second floor. The dug-out or cellar was on the north end of the house so the lower room and the upper room you could go out on level ground. They were both 12 x 18 feet.

On the east side of the house we had dug out to fill with coal in the fall. Then we could open a door in the lower room without going outside. We had a double wagon box full of nice potatoes that we raised that first summer, also other vegetables. We put these in the dugout and covered them up for the winter. So we went up two steps instead of going down about ten or twelve.

I think we nearly always sold some potatoes in the fall as we always planted plenty. We also churned butter and sold it to ranchers for from 40¢ to 50¢ a pound. The first year we had 10 acres in oats. We just spread it on the sod by hand after we had plowed and harrowed. It made 158 bushels when we had it threshed. Also had a little corn that ripened. That fall the season was later. After that we never had any corn that ripened and didn't plant much.

Part Three: Sheep, Cattle, and Horses

Montana is noted as a sheep country, so Dad wanted to get some sheep. The first fall he bought 100 head of lambs and also enough ewes so we had 244 to start in the winter, including eight bucks. We boys had to herd the sheep. We thought it was fun at first, but we soon got tired of it. It had to be done every day unless we had them penned up.

The winter of 1909 was the worst winter, more snow and cold than any other winter between 1906 and 1912. Only one winter that 25 below was the coldest. Sometimes it was 40 below. We left on December 19, 1911, and sometime in January, 1912, it went down to 50 below. But we had skipped out by that time.

Anyway, between 1906 and 1907 winter we lost 110 head of the sheep, mostly old ewes after they had eaten about all our oats from the summer before. In August 1907 we sold all our sheep to August Ritz, a sheep rancher. Got $2.75 per head for the old ewes that were left, $2.60 per head for the lambs, and $3.50 per head for those lambs we had bought in the fall for $2.00 per head. We sold $42 worth of hides from the sheep that were sheared in the spring and still lacked $38 from getting the money back on the sheep cost in the fall. So that ended the sheep business in Montana for us.

So next we tried cattle. A neighbor gave us some cattle to raise and we got all the milk and were to have half of the increase we raised. That paid better than the sheep did, but the cattle started getting into the homesteaders' crops where the fences were poor. There was still free range, but you were supposed to have your crops fenced in. We put a three-barb wire fence around our 160 acres we had bought and kept our cattle in as we wanted to farm some of that, too. We had to reduce our cattle herd so as to have enough pasture.

Then Dad decided to try raising horses. He put one-barb wire up and these western horses wouldn't even go close to it. We could turn them out, and would also stand the winter better than cattle or sheep. So the next fall Dad bought four colts, after they were weaned, for $35 a piece, and three yearling mares. I think they cost him $75 a piece. And another thing, horses could be used in farming to work so he also bought a stallion and two brood mares. One had a suckling colt with it, $125 and $100 for the mares and $200 for the stallion.

So by the time we were ready to leave Montana, we had 27 head of horses and colts. We had seven suckling colts in the spring of 1911 and till fall we had eight mares in foal for the next season. So if we had stayed another year I think we could have made more in one year than we made in the other almost six years.

But after Dad had his homestead proved up and a farm bargained for of 200 acres in Kansas where we came from, no one could have kept Dad from moving again. And another thing, there didn't any of us try it very hard as the winter was coming and we were all anxious to fly south again. But by train instead of by air as the birds did at that time, and as lots of people do in this generation.

I suppose you have been wondering what we did for a barn. We built a shed for a barn. Never had a barn in all the time we lived in Montana. I don't know the measurements of the size of it. The first year it wasn't very big as we didn't have much livestock; three horses, two cows, maybe a few head of young cattle. We had 244 head of sheep; they were put in a separate pen, taking up most of the shed.

There was very little money invested in the shed. The posts that held up the roof were hauled from Dry Creek. Of course, it had some water in it, but that was the name of it. A small creek flowing into Burns Creek, which was much larger, and I think Burns Creek went to Yellowstone River.

In the low places along Dry Creek there was quite a little timber dry ash, swamp ash and elm, to name a few. Also some other kinds, mostly young growing timber, not many big trees. Also choke berries, wild plums, and buffalo berries to use for fruit; also some wild cherries.

Then there was a good coal mine along the south side of Dry Creek where we got most of our coal for the winter. This was eight miles east of us. The wood and coal was on government land. All it cost us or anyone else that wanted it, was the work it took to cut the wood, mine the coal, and haul it home and make use of it.

Coming back to the shed again, we would dig holes in the ground, set the largest posts we had in the ground to hold up the roof. The lighter poles would be used to lay up the roof. Then at threshing time we would thresh on top of the shed which made a good roof. Along the north side of the shed we built a long hay stack which answered for the north side of the shed. Part of the west side also was a haystack, also part of the east side.

Dad would haul some poles every winter and each year as our livestock increased, he would make the shed longer, always building onto the south end. So by the time we left in 1911 we had a big shed with a lot of wood in it. Wood was a very scarce article. So when we left Dad sold the shed to A. A. Buller for $50. I suppose he tore it down and burned the wood for fuel. He only lived a little over a mile from us. I was back once about 45 years after we left, but there were no buildings there anymore of any kind.

Part Four: Making Hay

The shack we lived in the first summer we used for a granary until we left. We three boys used to sleep in it in the summer when we didn't need fire to heat it. Don't know whether Dad sold that any time or not. We heard after we left one winter somebody stole the flooring out of the house. The rest, I guess, just rotted down in the ground.

We used to stack all our grain we raised near the shed so we could thresh the straw on the shed for a roof in the fall. Also, we used to cut a lot of hay on railroad and government owned land. What wasn't taken up was free for making it.

The first few years we lived in Montana, we boys were too light to pitch hay or bundles and make a hand at it. So when we went to the field after hay or bundles, Dad would take two or three of us boys along and teach us how to load hay and bundles. He would do all the pitching himself. Then when we came in with a load he would teach us how to stack hay and bundles and he would do all the pitching off the load himself, too.

After the hay was mowed, we would rake it into windrows, then usually go over it the other way with the dump rake, then follow with the fork and make it on piles handy for Dad to pitch on the wagon. The wheat and oats were cut with the binder and put on shocks and Dad would do all the pitching for that, too. We boys had

(Continued on page 26)

His Protecting Hand

This is the story of a little girl who grew up hardly knowing what it is like to live in her own home with her own family. It is also a story of pioneering in the Dakotas and northern Michigan, of hardships, of mistakes and regrets, and of God's protecting hand.

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Editorielles—

Die Güte Gottes

Was frag ich viel nach Geld und Gut,
Wann ich zufrieden bin.
Gibt Gott mir nur geſundes Blut,
So hab ich frohen Sinn;
Und ſing mit dankbarem Gemüt
Mein Morgen- und mein Abendlied.
Drum bin ich froh und lobe Gott,
Und ſchweb in hohem Mut;
Und denk es iſt ein großer Gott,
Der meint's mit Menſchen gut,
Drum will ich immer dankbar ſein,
Und ſeiner Güte mich erfreuen.

„Die Güte des Herrn iſt, daß wir nicht gar aus ſind; ſeine Barmherzigkeit hat noch kein Ende. Sondern ſie iſt alle Morgen neu, und deine Treue iſt groß. Der Herr iſt mein Teil, ſpricht meine Seele, darum will ich auf Ihn hoffen." Klagelieder Jeremias. 3. 22—24.

Heute, da ich gedacht ein Editoriel zu ſchreiben ſah ich in einem Laden eine alte Handſchrift. Darin laß ich ein wenig von einem Gefangenen in Rußland. Dies war bedauerlich zu ſehen wie die Gefangenen dort behandelt ſind worden.

Von 500 bis 1500 waren in einem Barake eingeſchloſſen. Da war nur ein kleines Feuer in der Mitte. Ohne zweifel war es kalt und unbequemlich an die Wände nach, welche nicht zu gut waren. Die Wände nach waren zwei Reihe von Bänke worauf die Gefangenen ſchlafen ſollten, aber es war nicht Raum genug, ſo müßten oftmals einige auf den Boden liegen. Sie taten ihre Kleider nie aus, es war kein Weg ſie zu waſchen.

An Lebens-Mittel war es ſehr arm beſtellt, nicht genug daß ſie Kraft erhalten kannten zu arbeiten. Morgens waren ſie in den Wald getrieben zu arbeiten. Erſtens waren ſie am 5 Uhr Morgens ausgetrieben, ſpäter ſchon am 3 Uhr Morgens, und ſie kannten nicht in dem Barak hinein bis ſie das Maß wo ihnen vorgeſetzt war getan hatten. Nur die allerſtärkſte Männer kannten dies zuweg bringen, und das nur für eine Zeitlang, dieweil Lebens-Mittel nicht genugſam war um die nötige Kraft zu erhalten. Viele kannten wohl ihr Maß nicht vollbringen, die waren zu die Untüchtigen gezählt und als weiter ausprobiert bis ſie endlich erſchoſſen waren.

O! wie iſt es mit uns beſtellt? denken wir an die große Güte Gottes? Denken wir dran, daß wir als noch an unſere Tiſche gehen können drei Mal des Tages und uns ſatt eſſen? Ja wie manche Sachen könnten wir benamen, wir haben gute Kleider anzutun im Winter um uns bequem zu halten, wenn es regnet oder ſo etwas können wir im Hauſe gehen, des Nachts können wir uns zu Bette liegen und einen ſanften Schlaf und Ruhe bekommen.

In all ſolche Sachen können wir die große Güte Gottes ſehen, wie gnädig und barmherzig unſer Gott iſt; oder denken wir in einem fleiſchlichen Sinn, ich habe dieſe Speiſe bereit, ich habe der Samen in die Erde geſäet und acht gegeben auf die Pflanzen. Ich habe meine Kleider gemacht und dies Haus gebaut. O nein! wenn nicht Gott ſein Gedeihen dazu gegeben hätte, dann wäre alles umſonſt geweſen.

Nun können wir in Wahrheit ſehen, daß es allein die Güte des Herrn iſt daß wir nicht gar aus ſind. Wir Menſchen können gar nicht begreifen was für ein gütiger und ein barmherziger Gott wir oben an uns zu wohnen haben, von welchen alle die gute und vollkommene Gaben von oben herab kommen.

Wir ſind jetzt ſchon wieder eine Zeitlang im Sommer wo alles ſo im ganzen grünet. Im Winter waren die Pflanzen, die Bäume und ſo weiter dürre geworden. Wie iſt es mit uns Menſchen beſtellt? Iſt unſer Leben am grünen oder ſind wir als noch im dürren Stand. Ein Dichter ſchreibt: Die Winter Zeit, das Geſetz bedeut. Das Geſetz iſt zum Teil vergangen, wir leben in der Gnadenzeit. Gott hat ſeinen Sohn geſandt und uns erlößt vom Fluch des Geſetzes. So ſollen wir leben im neuen Weſen des Geiſtes, und nicht im alten Weſen des Buchſtabens, der Buchſtaben tötet, aber der Geiſt macht lebendig.

Jeremias gibt uns noch weiter zu verſtehen wie der Herr ſo gütig iſt in Vers 31—34: „Denn der Herr verſtößet nicht ewiglich, ſondern er betrübt wohl, und erbarmet ſich wieder nach ſeiner großen Güte; denn er nicht von Herzen die Menſchen plagt und betrübt." Nein, er iſt nicht ein ſolcher Gott der uns ſchaden will, er läßt uns zu Zeiten fallen aber er hilft uns wieder auf. Alles was begegnet oder widerfährt ſoll uns zum Beſten dienen.

Joſeph konnte ſagen zu ſeine Brüder: „Ihr gedachtet es böſe mit mir zu machen, Gott aber gedachtet es gut zu machen, daß Er täte wie es jetzt am Tage iſt zu erhalten viel Volk."

Wie manches Mal tun wir vielleicht die Gedanken faſſen, dies oder jenes war doch gewißlich nicht gut. Wenn wir aber im vollen Sinn des Worts es betrachten, müſſen wir doch denken, Gott wollte es gut mit uns machen, Er wollte uns heimſuchen um unſer Glauben zu ſtärken. Seine Güte und Treu iſt noch alle Morgen neu, und ſeine Barmherzigkeit iſt groß.

Wie viel unterſchied iſt es zwiſchen Güte und Gnade? Gnade, wie ein Schreiber es gibt, meint unverdiente Barmherzigkeit überkommen. Gott handelt nicht mit uns nach unſern Sünden, und vergilt uns nicht nach unſere Miſſetaten, ſondern Er hat Geduld mit uns, denn Er weiß was für ein Gemächte wir ſind, Er gedenket daran daß wir Staub ſind. Er weiß daß wir arme und ſchwache Menſchen ſind. Darum tut Er uns manche Mal überſehen. Aber gewißlich will Er nicht daß wir boshaftig werden und denken die Gnade tut alles zudecken. Nein, ein ſolcher Gott iſt Er gar nicht. Güte geht Gnade ſo hinten nach. Gutmeinigkeit, Gutherzig, ſo wie im Engliſchen goodneſs and kindneſs.

David in ſeinem 103 Pſ. tut im 8 Vers die zwei Worte gebrauchen. „Barmherzig und gnädig iſt der Herr, geduldig und von großer Güte." Ja, die zwei gehen miteinander, Gnädig und von großer Güte. Seines gleichen iſt nirgendwo ſonſt zu finden wie unſer Gott im Himmel iſt. Es iſt nur der einige Gott und kein anderer. Wie wollen wir entfliehen ſo wir eine ſolche Seligkeit nicht achten, wie unſer Gott uns anbietet.

In dem daß unſer Gott dann ſo gnädig und gütig iſt wollen wir doch gar kein Vorteil nehmen unſere Natur zu dienen. Die Schrift tut uns deutlich geben zu verſtehen daß wir dem Fleiſch kein Raum geben ſollen, darum wollen wir immer mehr Fleiß anwenden, daß wir wachſen und zunehmen können. Gott kann immer ſehen ob wir Menſchen am tun ſind was wir können. Wenn Er ſieht daß wir laß und träg werden, meinen es macht nicht ſo viel aus, ſo wird bald die Gnade und Güte auslaufen.

Wir hoffen dies Schreiben tut niemand ſtärken in Bosheit, und auch niemand mutlos machen, ſondern vielmehr auf die Güte des Herrn hoffen und vorwärts gehen. Der Heiland lehrt uns wie wir ſollen wachen und beten, denn wir wiſſen nicht wann unſer Herr kommen wird, ob Er kommt am Abend, zur Mitternacht, am Hahnengeſchrei, oder am Morgen. Wir waren wohl ſchon alle wacker ſo um drei Uhr Morgens und hörten die Hahnen krähen, dies iſt ihre Natur und Eigenſchaft, Gott hat ſie ſo erſchaffen. Die Gedanken ſind mir ſchon öfters kommen, möchte es ſein daß unſer Herr ſeine zweite Erſcheinung machen wird in dieſe Zeit von die Nacht wenn die Leute bald alle am ſchlafen ſind. Laſſet uns bereit ſein, denn wir wiſſen weder Tag noch Stund wann der Herr kommen wird. Er kann kommen wie ein Dieb in der Nacht, unverhofft zu uns, wenn wir gar nicht daran denken.

Wir denken noch an einem Lied wo die drei letzte Vers ſo ſchön ſind zu bedenken abends zuvor wir einſchlafen.

Soll dieſe Nacht die letzte ſein
In dieſem Jammerthal,
So führ mich in den Himmel ein
Zur Auserwählten Zahl.

Und alſo leb und ſterb ich Dir,
O Herr Gott Zebaoth!
Im Tod und Leben hilf Du mir
Aus aller Angſt und Noth.

Drauf tu ich meine Augen zu
Und ſchlafe fröhlich ein;
Mein Gott wacht jetzt in meiner Ruh,
Wer wollte traurig ſein?

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. Answers on page 35

1.	APOSTELN	a. apostasy b. companions c. oppose d. church leaders or followers of Christ
2.	BAHN	a. excommunicate b. road c. bone d. ban
3.	DASELBST	a. therefore b. far away c. at this location d. contemporary
4.	FLIEGEN	a. winged b. to flow c. to fly d. to plow
5.	GRENZEN	a. distant b. boundary c. river d. outrage
6.	JAMMER	a. summer b. distress c. terrible d. outright
7.	JENSEIT	a. alongside b. lately c. at d. other side
8.	KUND	a. known b. measure c. child d. loudly
9.	MALZEICHEN	a. patch of hair b. mark or sign c. (exclamation) Show me! d. grinder
10.	MENGE	a. multitude b. to merge c. waves d. mountain
11.	MÜHE	a. joy b. worthless c. trouble d. anger
12.	NUN	a. never b. have not c. now d. danger
13.	PFORTE	a. door b. fortress c. enclosure d. forty
14.	REDEN	a. cluster of grapes b. red-tinged c. poetry d. to speak
15.	REISE	a. journey b. horseback c. caravan d. vegetable
16.	SCHUTZ	a. protection b. heaven c. arms d. sentry
17.	SEUFZEN	a. hard labor b. current events c. sick d. to moan
18.	STIRN	a. star b. forehead c. staring d. stern
19.	TÜCHTIG	a. parasitic b. qualified c. silent d. loose-tongued
20.	UNZUCHT	a. unlikely b. feeling, showing, or causing lust c. fashions d. rebellious

THINK OF PLEASANT THINGS

When days are dark and filled with dread
I think of pleasant things instead.
I think of flowers, birds, and trees,
Of apple blossoms and honey bees...

Of children that I see each day
And whom I watch while at their play,
I think of loving, thoughtful friends
And of the love their friendship lends.

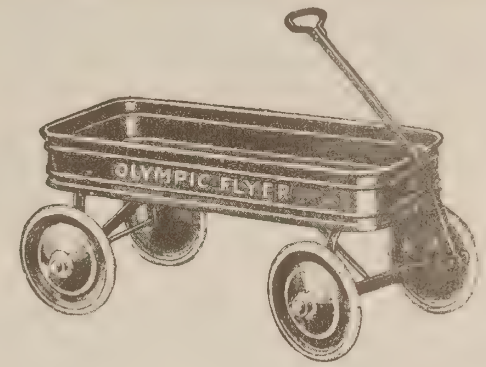
I thank God for the rising sun
And for the stars when day is done.
So much is given you and me
If only we have faith to see.

If we have courage that withstands,
And we never question God's commands,
Then it will not matter what life brings
If we smile and think of pleasant things.

Lillian Burns Hudson

CHILDREN'S SECTION

WHAT REBECCA REALLY WANTED



Rebecca was disgusted with Andy. She knew he didn't really want to play with the wagon. He just wanted to take it from his younger brother.

-Elizabeth Miller

REBECCA HERSHBERGER SQUIRTED a bit of liquid soap into the water, then began to wash dishes rapidly. It wasn't that she had to be done by a certain time, or that she was that eager to get to her next job. It was just that she always worked fast when she was upset. "I can't see why Mom always sticks up for Sylvia," she grumbled under her breath. "Sylvia always gets her own way, just because she happens to be younger than I am."

Even while she was angry, Rebecca knew she wasn't being fair. Mom didn't always stick up for Sylvia, and Sylvia didn't always get her own way. But grumbling seemed to help her get the feelings out of her system, and as long as she didn't say these things out loud, she didn't think it really mattered.

Rebecca was twelve and her sister was only a year younger. They were so nearly the same size that people often took them for twins. Since they were so nearly the same size, they could do the same work. And this was the source of their problems. There were certain jobs they both enjoyed doing, while others they didn't like at all. Washing dishes was one of the jobs they didn't like.

Most of the time the two girls helped each other with the dishes, taking turns to wash and dry them. But once in a while there was something else that needed to be done right after a meal, and one of them had to do the dishes alone. Rebecca could always think up at least three good reasons why Sylvia should wash the dishes, and Sylvia could think up three equally good reasons why Rebecca should.

Today was Saturday and the day to pick the strawberries. At the breakfast table Mom had said, "I'd like to have the berries picked and canned by noon, so I think one of the girls and I will go out and start picking right after breakfast. That will give us a head start."

Without stopping to think, Rebecca had said, "It's Sylvia's turn to wash the dishes."

"It is not; I washed them on Thursday night when you helped Mom transplant cabbage after supper," Sylvia had said.

Rebecca remembered; Sylvia was right, but that didn't make her give up without at least trying to get her way. "What I mean, I washed the dishes last night, so it's your turn to wash them this morning," she said, thinking of a different approach.

"But I dried them last night," Sylvia shot back. "It's your turn to do the dishes alone."

"You can put them on the drainer and let them dry," Rebecca said. "I'll wash them at noon then, and it will be the same as if we had helped each other this morning."

"How do you explain that?" Sylvia wanted to know. "Just tell me, how is having you help with the dishes just the same as not having you to help?"

Mom had interrupted the argument right then, but she hadn't settled it. All she said was, "All right, girls, that's enough. We'll decide later."

"It seems to me you should both be wanting to wash the dishes," Dad had put in. "That's not nearly as tiresome as picking berries."

Neither of the girls had answered. Even if they had tried, they couldn't have explained to Dad why they wanted to pick strawberries, even if it was more tiresome than washing dishes. They remained silent, but continued the argument with looks that had no need for words.

All along Rebecca had a feeling she would end up washing the dishes, but she made up her mind to at least try and get her own way. After breakfast Mom had said, "Is it Rebecca's turn to wash the dishes?"

"No, I washed them last night," Rebecca had answered before Sylvia had time to say a word.

"I mean, is it your turn to wash the dishes alone?" Mother's voice was beginning to sound a bit stern.

Instead of answering the question, Rebecca had given a suggestion. "Why don't we help each other with the dishes, then both pick berries?"

"No, I'll take Sylvia out with me right away," Mom said, as if the matter were settled. "You don't have to dry the dishes. Just leave them on the drainer." She had gotten several large containers out of the cupboard. "Don't play around. I'm expecting you out in the berry patch in half an hour."

So that's how it came about that Rebecca was splashing water and rattling dishes and grumbling to herself. All the time she worked, she knew it was her turn to wash the dishes, and already she was rejoicing that the next time it wouldn't be her turn. She hoped Mom would come up with a job she liked real well right after dinner. Then Sylvia would find out whose turn it was to wash the dishes. And Rebecca hoped they would have stacks and stacks of dishes when it was Sylvia's turn to wash them.

By the time Rebecca swished the dishrag over the sinktop and dumped the water, she was no longer upset. She even hummed snatches of a song to herself as she hung up the towel. "There, I guess that wasn't too bad after all," she thought to herself, glancing at the clock. She was pleased to see that washing the dishes had only taken her twenty minutes.

As Rebecca walked out to the strawberry patch a short time later, she discovered that the sun was shining through a hazy atmosphere, making the morning warm and humid. She had to remember what Dad had said about about washing dishes not being as tiresome as picking berries. "At least, it's a lot cooler in the kitchen than it is out here," Rebecca thought. But even so, she knew she wasn't going to offer to do the dishes the next time. It was Sylvia's turn now.

MOM DIDN'T HAVE ANY pressing task right after dinner, so the girls helped each other wash the dishes. After supper they helped each other again, and the next morning before they went to church, they didn't even to stop and think about doing anything else. They helped each other wash the dishes. In fact, Rebecca had all but forgotten that she had washed the dishes alone on Saturday morning.

However, on Monday morning she remembered again and remembered in a hurry. The dishes had been done and the girls were helping Mom with the washing when a buggy drove in. "It's Ben Fisher. I wonder what he wants," Rebecca said.

"Probably wants to talk to Dad about something," Sylvia said, her voice sounding uninterested.

Ben Fisher, however, did not want to talk to Dad. He came in through the yard and asked the girls, "Is your mother at home?"

"Yes, she's in the wash house," Rebecca answered.

If Ben had asked for Dad, the girls would have neither been surprised nor curious, but as it was, they were both. "Go in and see what he wants," Rebecca challenged her sister.

"No, you go," Sylvia returned. They were hanging out wash and their basket wasn't empty, so they had no excuse to go into the wash house.

Ben didn't stay long; in a short time he walked past the girls on his way back to the buggy. "Nice wash day," he commented.

"Sure is," Rebecca returned.

As soon as the clothes basket was empty, the girls raced to the wash house. "What did Ben Fisher want?" asked Rebecca, shouting to be heard above the roar of the motor.

"You couldn't guess," said Mom with a smile.

If the girls were curious before, they were even more so now. If there was something they couldn't stand, it was the kind of mysterious smile Mom was giving them. "Come on, tell us," Sylvia coaxed.

"He wanted a babysitter," Mom said.

"When?" asked Rebecca, already convinced in her mind that she would be the one to go.

"Why?" asked Sylvia, wanting to go just as much as Rebecca did.

"Tomorrow afternoon while Ben Esther goes to the dentist," Mom answered. "That is going to help settle a question I've had in my mind. I'm going to town this afternoon and I was going to take one of you along. So it's up to you to decide who's going with me and who's going to Ben's tomorrow afternoon."

The girls carried the waiting basket of wet clothes to the washline. Rebecca had a hard time deciding. She wanted to go to town with Mom, and she wanted to go to Ben Fisher's, too. Bens only had two children, three-year-old Andy and two-year-old Samuel. They were both as cute as cute could be, and taking care of them would be great. But going to town with Mom would be almost as great. It was her turn to go to town, for Sylvia had gone with Dad several weeks ago. And going with Mom was even more fun than going with Dad. Mom usually went to the dry goods stores and the dime stores, whereas Dad only went to the hardware store and the feed mill and places like that. Yes, Rebecca had decided she wanted to go along to town, but then Sylvia said something that made her change her mind.

"You can go along to town; I want to go to Ben's," Sylvia said, trying to sound very generous.

"Oh? And what makes you think you've got first choice?" asked Rebecca. "What if I want to go to Ben's?"

"But it's your turn to go along to town," Sylvia reminded.

"You're forgetting that I stayed home while you went along to town, so I get first choice," Rebecca said. "I want to go to Ben's."

Sylvia didn't say anything more right then, but as Mom and the two girls were getting dinner, she said, "Mom, it's Rebecca's turn to go along to town and — and I want to go to Ben's. May I?"

Before Mother had time to answer, Rebecca spoke up. "I'm going to Ben's. Sylvia's too young to take care of the boys when no one else is at home."

"Oh, Ben will be at home, but he's going to cultivate corn," Mom said quickly. "He said he'd be in the field right next to the house."

Rebecca had to think of another reason why she should be allowed to go to Ben's. The best one she could think of was, "Mom, remember the other morning when Sylvia got to go pick strawberries while I did the dishes? I had to give up then, so it's Sylvia's turn this time."

Mom looked first at Sylvia and then at Rebecca. "I wish you'd decide some of these things yourself in a peaceful way," she said, sounding tired. "Sylvia, why don't you go with me this afternoon? The boys will be sleeping most of the afternoon anyway, and you might not get much chance to play with them."

Sylvia gave up, though rather reluctantly. After dinner, as the girls were washing the dishes, Sylvia said, "Rebecca, if you let me go to Ben's, I'll wash the dishes all by myself three times."

"Nope!" said Rebecca, not giving the offer any consideration. "I want to go to Ben's, and you might as well not try to talk me out of it."

A short time later as Rebecca stood and watched the buggy drive out the lane, she had the unhappy feeling of having been cheated. Only then did she realize how much she had wanted to go to town with Mom. "Why did I insist on going to Ben's?" she asked herself. She discovered this was a question she couldn't answer.

THE NEXT DAY, HOWEVER, Rebecca was glad she hadn't gone to town. This way, she had her good time still coming. "Don't you think I ought to go right after dinner?" she asked Mom.

"I think you've got time to help with the dishes, if that's what you're asking," Mom answered. "Ben said Esther's appointment is at three o'clock, and that she'd like to leave around one-thirty. It will only take you ten minutes to walk over there."

So Rebecca helped with the dishes and still left about ten minutes earlier than she really would have had to in order to get there by one-thirty. When she got to Ben's, she found the boys in bed taking their afternoon naps. "I told them I'd be gone and you would be here when they wake up," Esther told her. "Andy was really excited about it, but Samuel of course didn't understand. But he will be all right."

"What shall I do until they wake up?" Rebecca asked.

"I mowed the lawn last night and it needs trimming," Esther said. "I'll give you the shears. If you have time you can trim along the walks and the fence. And," she smiled apologetically. "I left the dishes for you, too. We had dinner late today and I wanted to be sure the boys were sleeping when you came. By then I saw I couldn't get the dishes washed and be ready to leave by one-thirty."

"That's all right; I'll do them," Rebecca offered, making it sound as if washing dishes were her favorite job. To herself she thought, "I won't tell Sylvia, though."

"When the boys wake up you can take them outside. They like to play in the sandbox and they have a wagon, too," Esther said. "The main thing is to keep them from wanting the same thing at the same time."

"I think we'll be all right," Rebecca said.

"I'm sure you will be," Esther assured. "If you need something or if someone happens to come, Ben's in the field right next to the house. He promised to keep an eye on the house this afternoon." Esther had her bonnet in her hand and was ready to leave.

A few minutes later Rebecca heard the buggy leave. Suddenly she felt very much alone in the big house. The clock on the shelf sounded as loud as the schoolbell that called the children in from recess. "It's just my notion," Rebecca told herself firmly. "There's no one in the house except two sleeping boys."

Finding a dishpan, Rebecca set to work. She made enough noise to hush the loud ticking of the clock, but not enough to wake the sleeping boys. "Bens don't have as many dishes as we do," she thought, scraping the skillet with a pot scratcher. "It sure didn't take me long to do them." To her own surprise, Rebecca realized she had actually enjoyed doing them.

After the dishes were done, Rebecca went out and started trimming the grass along the walks. Every so often she tiptoed over the porch to the kitchen door to see if the boys had awakened from their naps. The time dragged. "I wish they'd wake up," Rebecca thought, remembering the trip to town she had turned down in order to come over to take care of the Fisher boys.

At a little after three Andy came out to the porch, dragging his blanket. He seemed sober at first, but Rebecca soon had him talking. "Mom went to town," said Andy. "She's going to buy us something."

"That's nice," Rebecca said. "Do you want to play with the wagon?"

"No, I want to play in the sandbox," Andy said.

Rebecca went to the sandbox with Andy and played with him for a few minutes, then she went back to her trimming. About half an hour later a cry from the bedroom told her that Samuel had also awakened from his nap. At first he seemed bewildered about Rebecca's being there instead of his mother, but he soon made up and was ready to play. Rebecca took him to the front yard and gave him the wagon to play with. He pulled it a few steps, then turned and grinned at Rebecca.

Rebecca hadn't returned to her work when Andy came running around the corner of the house. "I want to play with the wagon," he said. He ran over to Samuel, pushed him aside, and yanked the toy rudely away from him.

"Oh no, Andy," Rebecca said, coming to the younger boy's rescue. "Samuel had the wagon first."

"But I want to play with it now," Andy said.

"All right, you pull it and Samuel can sit on the wagon," Rebecca said, putting Samuel into the wagon as she talked.

"No, I want to pull the wagon fast and Samuel's too heavy," Andy protested.

Without a word Rebecca took Samuel from the wagon and carried him over to the sandbox. "Here, you play with these things," she said, giving him a shovel and a little bucket.

Samuel just looked at Rebecca and gave her another big grin. Assured that he would be all right, Rebecca went back to her trimming. She had barely started when she heard a cry. Looking up, she saw the wagon standing in the yard. Andy was in the sandbox, taking the toys she had given to Samuel away from him.

"I thought you wanted to play with the wagon," she said disgustedly to Andy, picking up Samuel and trying to hush his crying.

"I did play with the wagon, and I'm ready to play in the sandbox again," Andy said, looking at Rebecca as if she should have known that much herself without asking.

Rebecca tried to divide the toys in the sandbox, but when she saw that the sandbox wasn't big enough to hold both boys, she coaxed Samuel into playing with the wagon. Soon he was tottling across the yard, pulling the wagon.

Before three minutes had passed, Andy was tired of playing in the sandbox and had taken the wagon from Samuel again. As Rebecca picked up the crying little boy, she was thoroughly disgusted with Andy. She knew he didn't really want to play with the wagon; he just wanted to take it away from his younger brother.

Knowing there was no use trying to get any more trimming done, Rebecca put away the shears and played with the little boys. She put them both into the wagon and pulled them around. When she got tired of that, she took them to the sandbox and played with them there. The three of them had a good time as long as she was there to keep peace, which wasn't too hard as long as Andy had more than his share of the toys.

It was almost five o'clock when Esther came home. As soon as the boys saw the buggy, they ran to meet her. True to her promise, their mother had brought something home for them. The "Something" turned out to be a candybar for each of them and one for Rebecca.

Rebecca tucked hers into her pocket and helped Esther unhitch. "How did you get along with the boys?" Esther wanted to know.

"Not too bad," Rebecca answered. She debated a minute, then told Esther briefly how Andy had insisted on having what Samuel had. She didn't want to tattle, yet at the same time she felt Esther would want to know about it.

Esther frowned. "He's had a real problem with that," she said. "He's often been punished for it and does pretty well when Ben and I are around. I guess this afternoon he felt he could do as he pleased."

He wasn't bad at all when I played with them," Rebecca heard herself say. "I guess it's only natural for chil dren to want what others have."

"I guess it is, but a child still shouldn't get away with it," Esther said. "As long as they're allowed to be selfish, they don't get along with others and they're not happy themselves."

Right then Rebecca understood something she hadn't understood before. She knew why she had insisted on coming to Ben's when deep down she really wanted to go along to town. She knew why she argued about washing dishes when she knew in her heart it wasn't such a bad job at all. It was because she was like Andy, who didn't fight for what he really wanted, but for what he thought others wanted. The real reason she was here this minute was because she had been too selfish to let Sylvia have what she wanted.

As Rebecca walked home a short time later, she was truly glad she had come to Ben's, and she had a good reason for being glad. Taking care of Andy and Samuel had taught her a valuable lesson.

SPECIAL SECTION - HIRED GIRL STORIES

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Following is a collection of hired girl stories which we have received during the past year. They deal with various aspects, some of which have not been touched upon before.)

WHAT A HIRED GIRL NOTICES

I have worked as a hired girl and there have been times when the work was piled up so high that I could hardly see my way through. But hard work, dirty jobs, cold bedrooms, etc. don't bother me as much as some other things. Then again I think, who am I, just a hired girl in her mid-twenties, to be saying things about the families I have worked for? How much should a hired girl say about the conditions like the following?

Once I went to another community to work. First I went to the church services and then to the singing. Afterwards some young folks took me to the family I was to work for, whom we shall call Levi Millers.

Levi came out to open the gate for me and to my surprise he didn't have a shirt on, not even a T-shirt. At first I thought he must have been in bed already and was afraid I would be scared of the dog or something. But when I entered the house, his wife was there to greet me and right away I saw they had waited up for me. We did have a nice visit but all the while Levi sat there without a shirt.

Several other times he also didn't have his shirt on or else didn't have it closed like I thought was proper. Later his wife saw I had a slip in the wash. She made it plain I don't need to wear one if I'd rather not. She felt since it was so-o hot, why wear such things? But I was taught and believe that a woman should have clothing on that's not too thin. A lot of material nowadays can be seen through if there is not proper clothing underneath. This family would have been hurt if I had worn a short dress or one that was tight, or a small covering. Shouldn't men and women both be modestly clothed? God made Adam and Eve proper clothing to cover their nakedness and they were man and wife and no one else was around at that time. Therefore I feel that even married people should be properly clothed in their homes. If not, they will likely be caught by strangers or neighbors sometime.

Another place I felt they weren't very careful about their prayers. Quite often the motor was going and several times they forgot to close the door before praying. You could hardly hear, so the wife got up from her knees and went to shut the door. This didn't look too bad to me but when she sent her six-year-old son out to stop the motor while we were praying, I had to wonder. Then once when they had company, the visiting man led in prayers. In about the middle of the prayers the man of the house called the little boy and whispered to him to go outside to do something. The boy didn't come in again before we were finished.

I had to wonder what do the parents expect from their children. Apparently they were being taught that if you have time to pray, it's all right, but if you think of something else that should be done, you jump up and go do it.

Then there was another family I worked for whose seven-year-old daughter couldn't sit still through prayer at meal time. She either counted or said the ABC's or something, of course, in a whisper. But she sat beside me and I heard. She is a bright child and started to school only that year. Later I asked her why she doesn't sit still and she said she doesn't know why. I asked her if she knows why we bow our heads and are silent before and after meals. To my surprise, she said, "No."

I know this little girl is taught many nice things by her parents, but why not teach the children some kind of table prayer? I tried to explain it to her but my heart ached at the same time. I had to wonder, are we too tied up with our work to teach our children to pray? Are they almost ashamed to speak to anyone about Jesus or prayer or such things when they get older? Whose fault is it if they are?

Another time a friend of mine gave a little boy a piece of candy. His mother told him to say, "Thank you," but he didn't want to. She pleaded with him but finally just said, "You're too bashful to say 'Thank you,' aren't you?" Then she left it at that. She had even told him before that he would have to give it back if he didn't say thanks. This same thing happened several times. What does this teach a child? He knew he didn't have to. Someday he may not have to do other things his mother tells him to. Whose fault is it if the child doesn't mind?

Yes, I know the saying that nobody can raise a child better than a single person. I don't want to point any fingers—I'm sure I would make many mistakes, too, if the Lord gave me such a "lot" in life. But I hope these few words can help someone in someway to encourage them. Little children are so dear. Let's keep them as close to Christ as we can.

I do believe that if we as Christians would really live for Christ and show more love for our fellowman and for everyone, the world wouldn't be in the condition it is today. If our churches could show more love and concern for each other instead of having so many disagreements and tongue battles, it might be different.

I was not raised in a Christian home but at times things look quite discouraging to me. Not that I would want to return to my old life for I am very thankful for what Chirst and "His people" have done for me. But it is so hard to explain some things to non-Amish. I know of several persons who were interested in our way of life but couldn't understand some of these practices which are tolerated in the churches. Perhaps they had the idea I did at first, that Amish are very nearly perfect. I was disappointed to find out differently later. But of course now I realize we are all only sinful mortals and are saved only by the shed blood of Christ.

—A Concerned Family Life Reader

THE PARENTS PRACTICED NO COURTESY

I have always liked to work out, especially at places where there are a few clever children and friendly parents. I like places where there is plenty of work but also a little spare time in the evenings with the children to tell them Bible stories or play with them.

Once I worked at a place and I liked to be with the little children. But their parents didn't practice very much courtesy. They had an abundant supply of cattle and farm machinery and they owned two farms and a property in a town. But it never seemed that this was enough for them.

I worked there over the weekends and I felt like a puppy fastened to a chain. I always had to help milk, feed chickens, gather the eggs, feed the calves and so on which wasn't always fun. The most embarrassing time was when I had to fix lunch and the man said something about it. One time I had made the macaroni and one of the men asked if it is related with hay or strawstacks.

One evening I was supposed to move the kitchen things from the basement kitchen to the upper kitchen while the woman was away. One of my sisters came to help me so we could get it done. When the woman came home she couldn't find the nipple for the baby and she got mad at me. But she didn't ask me where it is.

It seemed that about everything that happened made the mister mad. Sometimes I heard him give his wife a round so that she was crying. It surely was nerve wrecking to work at a place like that. One morning they were going into a building and he got mad at her and kicked her. She wanted to get even with him and hit him, but hurt her arm more than she hurt him. It just looked like two perplexed children fighting and talking back to each other. They never showed any sympathy for each other that I could see.

Sometimes I have to wonder what kind of example they want to be for their children. I took a lesson from this that it is better to love one another and do to others as you would have others do to you.

—An Eighth Grade Girl

THE JEWEL THAT WAS LOST

I enjoy the hired girl stories in Family Life. The experience which is most deeply impressed on my mind while working as a hired girl is of quite a different nature from any I have read. At the age of seventeen, I was helping my mother's sister and they had two little boys and a girl. The girl was the youngest, only two years old and at a cute age, learning to talk and a very loving little girl. The whole family and also me as a hired girl were deeply attached to this little "jewel."

One day in August my aunt said she is going out to pick beans in the truck patch and she gave me work to do in the kitchen. After a while the hired man was getting a horse in from the pasture and I heard him hollering at the horse. There was a door at the barn on rollers and it was only open far enough so a horse could get in. What her brothers and I and the hired man didn't know was that this little girl was sitting on the floor just inside this opening. But the horse saw her and slowed down, that is why the hired man hollered at him.

So the horse went on and jumped over this little girl. Of course it also scared her and probably she got up. Anyway the horse's hoof hit her head and caused a fracture. I was at the window and saw the horse jump in but still didn't realize that the little girl was there. The father heard the hired man call, as the boys and I also did, but the mother was too far away and she didn't hear anything.

Never will I forget that feeling of seeing something like that as they brought her to the porch, with blood all over her face. Her eyes were pools of blood. The father said, "Get something to wrap her in and we'll take her to the doctor right away."

I quickly ran to her crib and got some blankets and they wrapped her in them as the hired man held her and they drove quickly away. No more than gone, the mother came in and of course her first concern was, "Where is my little girl?"

Oh, it was hard to tell her what had happened. I also had a feeling that we should have watched better over the little one. But never a word of reproach was spoken to me.

The men didn't come home for so long, and my aunt asked me to help her get something ready so we could lay the little girl down in the kitchen so we could keep close watch over her when she comes home. Oh, I often have to think of the motherly concern my aunt had for her little girl.

Now the sad part is that the little girl didn't come home. She was taken to the hospital where she lived for several days. But the mother was able to go to be with her before she passed away. Never will I forget when a neighbor came and said she had passed away. The tears just rolled down my face while her oldest brother looked at me so funny.

It so happened that at about the same time the message came, the boys came in with this little girl's favorite pussy and said, "See, a car hit it and it's dead." They were so worried about the pussy being dead.

It was the first time I had come so close in contact with death after I was old enough to understand. Now I am a grandmother and have seen other deaths, some after long sufferings and also some sudden ones. But this experience I well never forget as long as I have a sound mind.

—Hired Girl in Pennsylvania Long Ago

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A HIRED BOY STORY, TOO

We have had very few stories about hired boys in Family Life. I believe this is because boys do not write as soon as girls. Perhaps there is also a difference in the kind of work.

My husband and nearly all his brothers worked at many different places as hired boys. The stories he told me about some of these places are hard to believe. He talks very little about these things, only if I ask him. He comes from a family where there were lots of boys and several of them were hired out each year. I asked him why his father was not more careful in selecting places for his boys and he answered, "Dad would think he knew the people but some of them wanted to make sure they get their money's worth."

At one place the husband and wife would have arguments at the table which made him sick. At another place he had to sleep in the attic bedroom which was so hot on summer nights that he could hardly sleep. Some of his brothers had to work at places where they had to keep going from morning till night.

I believe one of the hardest things many young hired boys have is having no one near his own age to talk to. One of his brothers once got into trouble because he was so lonesome. Sometimes he would go to another hired boy in the neighborhood and they would go to this place and that place. Finally one of them got a radio and they would sit and listen to it. When his father found out about it, the boy was brought home.

At one place where one of my husband's brothers worked, he sometimes had to go hungry. The father of the family would start the dishes of food at his end and fill each child's plate and then pass the dish to the other end. The hired hand had to scrape the dish and be satisfied.

Boys who work away from home all the time miss out on family life, the closeness that brothers and sisters feel for each other. When they come home over the week end they don't quite feel like one of the family. How can they confide in a father that is a stranger? The language and habits which they have picked up during the week can not so easily be straightened up over the week end. If a boy is still young, special care should be taken in finding a good place, a man to work for who will be fatherly and considerate.

Since many of my husband's boyhood days were spent with different families, he was often very lonesome. For this reason, he looked forward very much to marriage so he could have a family of his own. I had a childhood with many brothers and sisters around all the time so I found it hard at first to realize his emptiness. Now I try to make it up for him. Frequently he says that it is so nice to come in to his own family, even though yet, we are only a few.

My own brothers never had to work out as hired boys more than for a day at a time. Neighbors were always glad for an extra helping hand during busy times. But when they were at home we had a grand time together. During the winter my father had a woodworking shop so the boys had something to do.

Working as a hired boy can be a good experience but it can also be damaging to character. Young boys need a father they can talk to who is understanding.

- Wife Of A Former Hired Boy

For God so loved the world,

that he gave his only begotten Son,

That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

(Continued from page 18)

PIONEER LIFE ON A MONTANA HOMESTEAD

to do the loading and stacking.

We had a little red pumphouse built about thirty feet south of the house where we had a well dug. The well was dug by hand and a wall of flat stone laid up inside the well to keep it from caving in. After we got down too deep to throw the dirt out with the shovel, we would fix a scaffold over the hole of the well with a pulley and use a long rope with a bucket on each end. The person in the well would fill the bucket with dirt or water until it was deep enough; about fourteen feet was the depth of our two wells.

We had another well farther south beside the gravel bank where we had a space dug in the ground wide enough for two head of livestock to come down the bank. There we had a little well-house built with poles, the sides and roof covered with straw, and posts dug in along the sides of our path so the stock could get to water without going outside when the weather was too stormy.

Part Five: An Exciting Happening

One day three men got out of jail in Glendive. I could mention how they did it, but will just skip that. Anyway, it was early in the afternoon and they scattered after they got out. One ran into a livery barn and hid behind some barrels and they soon got him. One of them went to the river and started to cross it in the water, but was seen soon after he got in. They ordered him to come back out and soon had him, too.

The third one made it to the river bridge and got across the river on the bridge. A man hauling a load to town met him about half way across the bridge and wondered why he seemed to be in such a hurry, but didn't know him so didn't ask him any questions when he passed him, as he was running very fast. After he got in the timber across the river he soon got himself lost where they searched until dark.

But I think then in the morning they went along the road to check a small town, seven miles north of Glendive, as they thought he might have stopped there for his breakfast. Sure enough, they said, there was a man there and when he left he followed the road northwest.

So the sheriff, his deputy, and an attorney from Glendive, that were looking for him, just followed the road in a car and inquired at several different places where he had come through and had stopped at a rancher's place for dinner. It was in the afternoon when he came to our place. There was an Amish family from the East out there to visit some relation, and our neighbors one and half miles south of us had brought them to our place to visit us, too.

Soon after they came, this man came in there, too, and wanted to ask Dad if he had some work he could do to earn his supper as he was traveling north. He said after supper he would leave again. Dad said he didn't, but "we have company here for supper so we will have it early" so he can have his supper, anyway just to go along in the house with us.

He hesitated a little to follow the rest into the house, but still came on in. They then sent me to Bloomfield for supplies. I rode our 3-year-old riding colt we called Billy Boy. I put a light saddle on him and took a gunny sack along to put in the supplies. It was 6 1/2 miles from us to Bloomfield. We had what we needed for supper, but needed more for the next day.

They didn't expect me to be back till after supper. Don't know how long I was gone till the sheriff car came but as soon as this man heard a car coming in from the road, he got up quick and started for the lower room downstairs. Dad got up and opened the door that led outside of the upper room where the men were visiting. The attorney came to the door and asked Dad if they had seen a man traveling north. Dad said, "Yes, there is a man here now." He said, "Where is he?" and came right in with his revolver in hand, but with the barrel pointed straight up. Dad told him he went downstairs where a door opened out of the lower room where the women were getting supper. They then told him he went out that door so the attorney went out, too, and ran to the east side of the little red pumphouse south of the house.

By that time the sheriff and deputy were up on the bank calling him to stop. But he just kept on running as fast as he could and was getting close to the other well. So all three of the officers fired about the same time, and the man screamed and fell to the ground, but wasn't killed. Only one shot hit him. So they didn't know which one it was, but it passed through his abdomen.

I wasn't there, didn't see it happen, and don't know whether he was able to walk to the car or whether they carried him. He asked for a drink of water right after the shooting, which they brought to him.

The attorney told Dad afterwards it was a $75 shot as that was what his hospital bill was, but he came through all right again. The attorney rode in the back seat of the car with him when they left. I still remember the sheriff's name, also the attorney's, also the prisoner's, but don't want to mention them. But I never knew the deputy's name.

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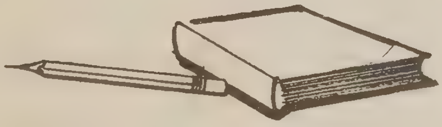
WAS SOLLE MIR DU?



DER JECKI REIST SEIN MAUL uf und guckt gege die Uhr. "Noch net acht Uhr und mir hen schun die myah Arvet gedu und sind bald readi für da Sonntag," denkt er. "Des gebt mol wieder ein langer Tag." Der Jeckie weist verwas sie so früh ufsteh misse uf der Sonntag als durch die Woch. Der Daet will hawwe das die Küh g'molke werde an die same Zeit alle Tag. "Es is besser für die Küh," sagt er.

"Besser für die Küh," denkt da Jackie weiter. "Aber net besser für ein zwölf Jahr alter Buh." Er reist sein Maul wieder uf.

Die Eel Mast Familie hen ihr Breakfast gesse und ware fertig mit ihr Myah Gebet. Da Daet machts Buch zu. "Jecki," sagt er, "fütter die Hinkel, ich mach die Chores weil die Lizzie die Maem helft mit dem Gscha."

Es war net lang bis die Arvet all gedu war und die Mast Familie war readi für der Sonntag. Als der Jecki in die Stubb lauft guckt er nunter über sein sauber Hem. Sei Naas war am scheine. "Ein sauber Hem und Hosen und wir kriege ken 'Psuch und gehn net fat," sagt er.

Die zehn Jahr alt Lizzi lacht wo sie das hört. "Es iss schad 's du mol schee guckst und niemand schunnst seht dich als mir." Sie hebt da drei Jahr alt Pauli vom Boden. Er kickt und greischt, noh dut sie ihn wieder nunter. Die sieben Jahr alt Elli war am spielen mit ein Dollbupp.

"Ach, was kenne mir du?" fragt die Lizzi als sie zu die Maem lauft und hängt über ihr Stuhl.

Die Maem war bald am schlafe und ihre Buch 's sie am lesen war, war uf der Bode gfalle. "Misse mir mol wieder sell höre?" sagt sie. Bei die Zeit war sie ganz wacke.

"Mir hen gar nix für du," klagt der Jecki von die Kausch wo er sich anne geblutzt hat.

"Dir kennet mir helfe Buppa spiele," sagt die Elli als sie ein Dallbupp uf dem Jecki sei Schoos liegt. "Du bist der Daet und die Lizzi die Maem. Pauli und ich sind euer Kinder."

Jecki lacht als er die Bupp hebt mit ihre Füsz in die höh und der Kopf nunter. "Oh, was für ein grosze Naas hat des Kind?" Er schwetzt es wann er sich verstaune dät, weil er die Füsz gut beguckt.

"Ich glaub es 's Bubeli krank iss," lacht die Lizzi als she gegen die Kausch lauft.

"Du hebst es net recht," zankt 's Elli. She probiert die Bupp nemme von dem Jecki.

"Oh, Maem, Maem, geh gschwind und hol da Doktor!" ruft der Jecki als wann die Lizzi weit weg wär.

Es Elli greist als sie die Dollbupp von dem Jecki sei Händ reist.

"Kinder, schtill," ordert der Daet, er sitzt an da Leibrrarri Disch an die grosz Bibel lese. Er guckt gegen die Elli. "Die Lizzi und da Jecki sind zu grosz für Buppe spiele."

Elli grickt ihre Bupp und geht an ein ander Blatz für spiele.

"Was solle mir du?" klagt der Jecki wieder. "Mir hen nix für du."

"Dir sellet mol net zarte," zankt die Maem. "Gehnt und leset ein Buch."

"Nehmet das Schtorri Buch von die Bibel und leset," sagt der Daet, ohne rum gucke.

"Ich gleich net lese," sagt die Lizzi, sie war hartlernig.

Der Jecki macht ein Schnut und guckt net willig, aber sie gehn und lesen ein Weil. Glei ware sie müd von des. "Was solle mir du?" fragt da Jecki als er sein Buch weg schiebt.

"Gehnt an die Krick und gucket die Fisch," sagt die Maem.

Jecki runzelt sei Naas. "Ich will net an die Krick geh."

"Ich aa net," des kommt von die Lizzi.

"Gehnt in da Busch," sagt da Daet. "Es hat imme

scheene Vögel datt im April."

"Mir welle lieber geh im Mai wann die Song-Vögelen dort sind," sagt die Lizzi.

"Dir kennet Balle schmeise," suggest der Daet.

"Ach, die Lizzie laszt ihn immer falle," klage da Jecki. "Ich wünsch mir hätte zwölf Kinder wie's Joe Beachys hen. Sie hen imme eppas für du und hen viel gspasz wann sie spiele oder schaffe."

"Dir sind iverzweich." Die Maem war müd von die Kinder höre sich beklage. "Wann dir schaffe sollet dann wisset ihr von ein dutzend Sache es dir du kennet. Wann der Sonntag kommt dann wisset ihr nix für du. Gehnt und poppet Popkorn."

Die Lizzi guckt gegen der Jecki, dann gehn sie mol schloh gegen die Küch. Glei hört die Maem der Popkorn Popper am geh, dann legt sie sich uf da Kausch für schlafe, und der Daet geht in die Kamme uf's Bett.

Ob er einschlaft hört er die Lizzie und der Jecki uf die Porch komme. Sie sitzen uf die Stepp mit ihre Bohl von Popkorn zwischen sich. "Des iss juscht wie Luft esse," hört der Daet der Jecki sage als er ein wenig Popkorn in sein Maul steckt. "Aber es iss gute Luft."

Da Daet lacht zu sich selber als er die Kinder hört schwetzen. Er denkt, nau hen sie mol eppis gfunde für du.

"Ja," antwortet die Lizzie. "Wann ich des alles lehnig esse deht, dann deht ich doch juscht an Kupple voll Popkorn esse."

"Ee Kupple voll Popkorn aber zehn Kupple voll Luft," macht da Jecki fertig.

Sie ware ein wenig still noh sagt die Lizzi, "Wann ich Kinder hätt und sie wette eppes hawwe für du, dann deht ich mol net sage, "Gehnt und poppet Popkorn."

"Ich aa net," antwortet der Jecki. "Weil es iss bald same es sage, "Gehnt und esset Luft und sind zufriede." Er tut bissel lache, aber es kommt net von sei Herz. Er sagt weiter, "Ich gleich der zwische Sonntag net. Ich wünsch es wär noch Schul."

Wo der Vater dies hört dann dut es ihn net lächere. Er hört die Lizzi antworte, "Ich gleich da Sonntag aa net wann mir just daheim sind und niemand kommt. Wann wir mol grosz sind, dann wird es net so sei. Mir darfe net zu unsere Freund geh, mir darfe net geh fische, und mir solle net schaffe."

"Ja," sagt der Jecki, "schaffe iss doch besser es gar nix hawwe zu du. Ich kann glaube 's faule Leut ein rechte elendige Zeit hen."

"Ich glaub es wann mir net so schaffig wäre, dann wär es net so hatt uf uns. Ich bin müd von nix schaffe," sagt die Lizzi als sie ihr Arm ovich ihr Kopf streckt.

"Ja, und müd warre von nix du iss der schlimmst satt von Müdnisz, weil mir kenne net schtoppe und ruhe," sagt der Jecki. Er hat geschwetzt es wann er sehr müd wär.

Dies was die Kinder sagen macht der Daet mol dief schtuddia. Er wünscht er kennt der Sonntag mache 's die Kinder ihn enjoyije däte. Er will hawwe 's sie der Daag gleiche und recht halte. Er weist 's die Joe Beachy Familie ihre Kinder meh hawwe zu du und meh G'spasz hawwe es sei Kinder. Er studiet bis er einschlaft.

Die Kinder ihr Elend war noch nicht vorbei. Am zwei Uhr kommt ein Buggy die Leen neu. Die Elli kommt ans Haus rum am greische, "Lizzi, Jecki! Es kommt ein Buggi die Leen neu. Mir grigga Psuch."

Jecki und Lizzi waren unter ein Baum am Lemon-Eed trinke. She hen ein wenig Balle g'spielt aber sie waren 's ledig. Die Sache es sie du hen darfe hen sie net welle du. Sie waren müd von alles. "Greisch net so laut; sie höre dich." sagt die Lizzi als sie und der Jecki zu ihre Füsz springe.

Wo sie ans Haus rum komme sind, sagt der Jecki, "Lizzi, ich glaub es iss Joe Beachys Gaul und sie komme in ein Surri. Nau hen mir Kinder für mit spielen." Jecki sei G'sicht war am lache.

Die Kinder kenne bald net warte bis sie die Leen reu komme. Sie stehn mit ihr Daet an die Fens am watche. Wo 's buggi nächer komme iss noh sehen sie es Joes juscht die alt Mommi und die glennste Kinder dabei hen. Der Jecki und die Lizzi ware nimme hitzich für die Psuch. Ihre lange G'sichter hen tziemt bald nunter bis in ihre Schuh lange.

"Net ee Kind dabei für speile mit uns," wispert der Jecki zu die Lizzi.

"Vielleicht hen sie so viel Schpasz daheem es sie net komme hen welle," sagt die Lizzi zurük in ein leichte Schtimm.

Der Eel Mast guckt mol gege seine Kinder, noh geht er für 's Buggi miete.

Die Kinder helfe Stühl uf die Porch trage für die Leut all hie sitze. Die zwei Kinder sitzen sich uf die Schwing.

"Jecki und Lizzi sind disappoint 's dir net eure Kinder mit gebrocht hen," sagt der Eel Mast als er ein Schockel Stulh hie stellt für die alt Mommi.

Der Joe ziegt sei Stuhl aus die Sonn und Sitzt sich. Er lacht gege die Kinder. "Ja, ich wünsch sie wäre mit komme."

"Der Eel und der Benj sind zu der Dennis Miller ganga," sagt der Joe sei Frau, die Leize. "Und der Menno und 's Sadie sind zu's Elmer Schrocke gange. Ich glaub das die Junge eppes am geh hen dott. Ich weisz net wo da Mahlon und da Roy sind für ein Reid, und..."

"Neh, sie sind net," schwetzt der Joe neu. "Ich glaub das sie uf 'n Picknick gange sind und der Menno und 's Sadie sind vielleicht..."

"Ach, neh," disagried die Leise, "Ich hab sie ghört schwetzte und ich glaub es sie eppes anders noch sind." Sie lacht, noh sagt sie weiter, "Ich denk sie welle aa net imme hawwe es mir wisse wo sie sind."

Da Eel Mast und sei Frau meene net das es funnich war. "Unsere Kinder ware net ortig zufriede heut awwa mir wisse wo sie sind," sagt der Eel.

"Ja, ja," lacht der Joe, "es waar 'n Zeit das wir g'wisst hen wo unsere Kinder sind, awwe es iss nimme so. Wo mir g'senne hen das andere Leut ihre Kinder g'schkättert ware da zwischen Sonntag dann hen mir g'sagt welle des net so geh lasse in unse Haus, awwe es iss doch komme."

"Und es werd komme in eurem Haus aa," sagt die Leise. She gnuckt ihr Kopf mit Ernst gegen der Eel Mast.

Da Eel fielt schlecht uf seim Mage. Er wundert ob die Zeit komme wird das er so leicht lache würd wege die Sache. Würd er lache wann seine Kinder g'sckhättert warre uf der Sonntag und gehen ihre Blasier nach... und sie wisse net wo sie sind? Musz es so sei? Kann nix gedu sei wegen die Sache? Kann es net verbessert werde? Der Eel wundert bis sei Kopf weh dut.

Jecki und die Lissi sehne das ihre Daet net antwort. She sehne das er bluszig guckt. "Komm, Jecki," sagt die Lizzi, "Mir welle geh für ein Walk in dem Busch."

"Eel, was iss letz es du dich net reddi machst für ins Bett?" fragt die Saerre selle Owett wo die Kinder mol ins Bett ware. She ziegt Spelle von ihr Rock und dut sie ins

Spelle Schissli.

Der Eel sitzt in die Küch mit sei Kopf in sei Händ. Wo er die Saerre hört schwetze dann hebt er sei Kopf uf und guckt gegen sei Frau. "Hast du schund draa gedenkt was der Joe Beachy und sei Frau g'sagt hen?"

"Meenst do wo sie g'sagt hen, oder probiert hen sage wo ihre Kinder sind?" fragt sie.

"Ja, sie hen net gwisst wo ihre Kinder sind— net allewann."

"So gehts awwe mit viel in diese Gegend," antwortet sie.

"Ja," sagt der Eel, "awwe welle mir hawwe 's so geht mit unsere Kinder— eins doh, ein anders dott, und wir wisse net wo sie alle sind?"

"Ach, neh," sagt die Saerre als sie uf an Stuhl sitzt, es wann sie gar kein Kräfte meh het. "Ich will net hoffe es sie dien wie die andere Leut ihre Kinder."

Da Eel nemmt sei Schnuptuch und reibt sei G'sicht ob er wieder schwetzt. "Sie ware ungeduldig heut wie sie oftmals sind uf der Sonntag. Denkst du net wann sie grösze wäre, dann wäre sie gange wie 's Joe Beachys ihre Kinder?"

Die Saerre denkt ein wenig. "Joo, ich feich 's wär so." Sie schwetzt es wann sie liewwe net denke wett dawege. "Ich denk mir misse juscht es nehmen wie es kommt. Ich weisz net was mir du kenne dawege."

"Ich hab sie g'hört sage es sie gleichen net da Sonntag. Mir misse es mache das sie der Sonntag gleiche und aa halte in der recht weg, das sie gleiche daheim sei bei uns."

Die Maem tut net grad antworte, noh sagt sie, "Du sagst mir misse, aber mir wissen net ob mir kenne. Was kenne mir du? Ich fiel für sage wie die Kinder, es is nix für du."

Es war der nächst Samstag Abend. Da Eel Mast sei Kinder ware alle im Bett, aber der Jecki war noch net am schlagen. Er hört der Daet und die Maem in die Stub komme. "Daet," sagt die Maem, "welle mir die Kinder sage myah was mir geplännt hen?"

"Neh," antwortet der Daet, "weil mir selber net wisse was alles mir do welle. Welle warte bis es Zeit iss, und nix sage noch grad."

Jecki hat bald net einschlafe kenne, weil er so gwunndrig war was der Daet und die Maem gmehnt hen. Der nächst myah kommt er früh an die Lizzi ihre Stubbe Daer und wispert, "Lizzi, bist du wacke?"

"Ja," kommt von 's Koppekisse. "Was ist letzt?"

"Hast die die Maem und da Daet g'hört schwetzt geschter-owett?"

"Neh," sagt sie als sie mol gschwind uf huckt.

Da Jecki verzählt durch die Daer was er g'hört hat.

"Ich wunder was sie mehne," sagt sie.

"Ich wunner aa," sagt der Jecki. Er hört 's Bett grecksa und guesst die Lizzi iss am ufsteh.

Die Kinder ware exseitet wege was sie wisse, aber sie schäme sich für sage das der Jecki es g'hört hat, weil sie wisse das sie net suppost ware für 's hören. Selle Myah war die Eel Mast Familie in ein Hurri für in die Gma geh. Die Kinder hen bald net Zeit katt für stiddia wegen ihre Eltere ihre Siekret.

Alle Tad die nächst Woch wunderte sie ob es bald Zeit iss das die Maem und der Daet ihre Plann sage. Aber Montag kommt und geht, der Dienstag kommt und geht. Die Kinder sehne es der Daet und die Maem oft schtuppe schwetze wann sie dazu komme. Biss an 's Ende von die Woch hen sie bald gedenkt sie finde 's gar net aus, und sie möchte juscht so wohl es vergesse.

Da nächst Sonntag Myah iss komme. Die Chores ware gedu und der Eel und sei Jecki laufe gege 's Haus. Selle Zeit kommt die Lizzi von der Hinkel Schtall, und lauft mit sie.

"Es iss ein schöner Tag. Mir hen die Chores gedu, was selle mir du Heut?" sagt da Jecki zu die Lizzi.

"Ich denk Luft esse," lacht die Lizzi, aber sie wundert selber was sie du will. "Ich wutt mir kennte fatt gehe oder gehe fische, oder..."

"Ich wutt es wär noch Schul," kommt von der Jecki.

Da Daet hört was die Kinder sage, aber er sagt nix.

Glei hen sie sich g'wäsche und saubere Kleider an katt und ware reddi für der Sonntag. Der Jecki guckt mol wieder nunter iwwer sei sauber Hem, und sagt, "Was welle mir du nau?"

"Es iss zu warm für Pitch und Kätch spiele," antwort die Lizzi, "Mir hen nix für du."

Die Kinder sehne das die Maem schmeilt gege der Daet. Er schmeilt zurück. "Mir gewwe euch eppes für du," sagt er. Sitztet euch mol an da Disch."

Weil er schwetzt steht die Maem uf und geht in die Stubb.

Die Kinder waren exseitet. Die Lizzi rennt der Jecki in 's Beh mit ihre hand das die Eltere es net sehne, und lacht gege ihn.

Die Elli läszt ihre Bupp falle und kommt zu springe. "Ich will aa helfe," greist sie, weil sie uf die Bank graddelt.

Glei kommt die Maem von die Stubb mit ein Schublad, und stellt sie farne der Daet.

Die Elli steht uf die Bank und probiert in the Schublad sehne, aber es war an Pabier iwwe die Schublad und sie kann nix sehne was drin war. "Was hast du?" fragt sie.

Die Maem schmeilt as sie hie sitzt. "Elli, sitzt dich. Du muszt warte bis dei Turn kommt."

"Ich will aa. Ich will aa," bettelt da Pauli. Er langt für 's Papier, awwe die Maem dut sei Hand weck pushe.

"Die Maem und ich hawwe geplännt und geplännt was mir du kennt heut," fangt der Daet an. Er legt sei Arm iwwe da Schublad. "Mir wisse noch net recht wie oder was mir du welle, awwe mir hen ein wenig Plänns g'macht."

Die Kinder heuche, reddi für ennicheppes du als lehnig spiele.

"Mol am erste," geht er weiter, "tun mir die Bibel kriege und lese ein Kapitel von Mattäus, und nehme Turns."

Wo g'lese war dan sagt der Daet, "Nau welle mir mol bissel singe. Wir sage jedes ein Lied das wir singe welle."

All die weil sie singe wundere die Kinder was nächst kommt und kenne bald net warte.

Wo sie fertig ware singe, sagt der Daet, "Nau sollet dir Questions mache von da zweh erste Kapitele in die Bibel für die Maem und ich. Gucket ob mir sie antworte kenne. Und mir machen ein Quiz für euch von Deutsche Worte. Mol sehne wie viel dir wisset." Der Daet lacht gegen seine Kinder, wo er g'senne hat wie froh sie ware für 's du.

"Was soll ich du?" die Elli war fast am heule.

"Ich will aa helfe," grangelt der Pauli.

"Ihr kennet net helfe," sagt der Jecki und 's Lizzi bald miteinander.

"Oh, ich hab schier vergesse," lacht die Maem. Sie langt in da Schublad. "Ich hab eppes für euch aa." Sie ziegt ein neu Kolorbuch raus. Die Elli ihre Auge warre grosz. Alle Pictur hatt an schee Vers dabei. "Du muscht dei Picturs schee kolore and das Vers lerne, noh darfst du noch eins kolore," sagt die Maem.

Die Lizze springt ihre Kolors hole und hört net alles es die Maem gesagt hat. Die Maem ziegt ein Sack mit Animals raus und gebs zu der Pauli. Er war froh und lacht.

Die Kinder hen g'mehnt es war G'spasz wo sie die Quizzes gedu hen. Wo sie fertig warre dann lesst der Daet ein Schtorri das sie noch niemols g'hört hen. Wo er fertig war mit des, dann sagt er, "Die Maem und ich hawwe der Sonntag geplännt für euch. Nau welle mir turns nehme für plänne. Der Jecki iss ältst. Er kann zuerst plänne. Ich helf ihn und die Maem kann die Lizzi helfe."

"Wer helft mir?" fragt die Elli. Sie will imme dabei sei und du wie die andere.

"Ich helf dir," sagt die Maem. "Du kannst aa plänne."

Es Elli schmeilt gege ihre Maem.

"Es iss awwe noch ee Ding," sagt der Daet. Er langt in da Schublad und ziegt fünf Not-Buch Papiere raus und gebt eins zu die drei älste Kinder und zu die Maem. "Nau schreibe mir was mir g'lannt hen Heut. Ich helf die Elli und die Maem schreibt ihrer Tschurnal für die Woch."

Wo die Kinder fertig warre sagt der Daet weiter: "Nau schreibet die schöne Sache es g'happent hen in die letzte Woch, die schöne Sachen 's dir g'hört hen, und gedenkt hen, und ennig eppes 's dir net vergesse wellet. Wann dir eppes schönes oder interestinge Sache g'lese hen dann kennet dir es raus schneide oder koppia und es in der Tschurnal du."

"Oh, des iss g'spasz," sagt der Jecki. "Ich zähl schreibe es da Daet mich g'laszt hat lehnig in da Stadt geh mit die Hack für's erst mol."

"Und ich zähl schreibe das ich die alt Miller Mommi ein Kerrsche Boi gebracht hab," sagt die Lizzi.

"Schreibet es alles grad wie es g'happent hat," sagt der Daet. "Noh iss es besse für lese später. Ich will euch ein Not-Buch kaufe für eure Papiere nei du."

Alles war schtill weil sie all schreibe.

Ob sie 's wisse war es schund Zeit für 's Mittag mache. Der Jecki und die Lizzi hen g'mehnt die Zeit war noch nie so katz als selle Sonntag. "Ich kann bald net warte bis es mei Turn iss für da Sonntag plänne," sagt sie Lizzi. "Ich zähl es ein Sekret halte was ich plänn. Juscht die Maem darf es wisse."

"Ich zähl mei Plänns aa net sage, ohne zu der Daet," sagt der Jecki.

Wo die Maem ang'fange hat die Sache zamme du, hebt der Pauli sei Animals teit und will sie net gewwe. Wo die Maem somm von sie nehmt, greist er. Die Maem guckt gege der Daet für sehne was er sagt.

"Da Pauli musz lanne sei Sache uf gewwe," sagt der Daet. "Wann er es hawwe darf so long es er es will, dann wär es net so speschal zu ihm nächst Sonntag. Pauli," sagt er zu sei glenna Buh, "Gebs zu da Maem, noh darfst du es hawwe nächst Sonntag."

Wo der Pauli des hört dut er es gewwe. Er weist net wie lang es geht bis der nächst Sonntag kommt.

"Nau schliesz da Schublad," sagt der Daet weiter.

"Sie brauch es net schliesse. Mir gehn net draa," sagt die Lizzi.

"Ich bin froh wann dir net dien," antwortet der Daet. "Wann dir es sei lasset dann gewwe dir aa nix drum wann sie es schlieszt. Die Glenne möchte dra geh, so dut sie es besser schlieszen und euch von Drubel halte. Mir halte die Schublad für unsere Sonntag Schublad."

Der nächst Sonntag warre sie in die Gma gange. Sie ruhen wo sie heem komme sind. Da Jecki hat geplännt das sie esse ihre Suppe in da Hof wann sie die Chores fertig hen, und dun ihre Leses und Schreibes aa im Hof. Die Lizzi hat g'mehnt sie hat eppes besseres geplännt es da Jecki.

Die Lizzi hat bald net warte kenne bis der nächst Sonntag für die andere surprise mit ihre Plänns. Aber der Nächste Sonntag hen sie Psuch griegt und bis sie heem gange ware am Owett und die Chores gedu ware, dann ware sie zu müd. She schreibe juscht in ihrer Tschurnals und lese.

Der nachste Sonntag war es spät bis sie heem komme sind von die Gma weil die Elli und sie Maem hen geplännt sie Psuche bei ein alter Dahdy uf der heem Weg. Dann hen sie die Chores gedu und wieder geschriebe und g'lese. Wo sie in ihre Tschurnals g'schriebe hen, hat der Daet suggest sie schreibe alles was sie meinde von die Predig.

Die Lizzi kann bald net warte aber es war der Jecki sei Turn. Er plännt sie gehn all in da Busch für lese und singe und hen ein Picnick; und sie nehmen der lahm Joel Yoder mit, weil er nimme in da Busch laufe kann lehnig. Der Joel sagt sie von die Vögel und die Diere was er g'lannt hat wo er ein Buh war. Die Kinder hen g'mehnt es war viel meh g'spasz in dem Busch sei wann da Daet und die Maem und der Joel dabei ware.

Die Lizzi war disappoint wo ihr Turn komme iss uf der Gma Sonntag; aber die Eel Mast Famili geht früh heem von die Gma. Sie ruhe, noh griegt die Lizzi ein neu Scrapbuch raus und sagt sie welle es fixe für ein krank Mädli. Sie hen viel g'spasz katt für schöne Pickturs bei suche.

Net lang danoch war der Daet und die Maem am ruhe uf die Porch. 'S Lizzi und der Jecki hen net g'wisst es sie nächst ware, weil sie sitzten hinten an Wisteria Schtock.

"Ich kann bald net warte bis Sonntag kommt als," hören sie die Lizzi sagen.

"Ja, es iss so long von ee Sonntag bis zu der Nächst," antwortet der Jecki. "Mir hen so viel zu du mir sette öfters Sonntag hawwe."

"Ich glaub es wir so viel g'spasz hen es Joe Beachy's ihre Kinder." Des kommt von die Lizzi.

"Ich bin froh es wir net so viel Kinder hawwe als sie," sagt der Jecki. "Wann mir hätte dann dät mei Turn net so oft komme."

Die Kinder lache als sie weck laufe.

Wo die Kinder weck ware guckt der Eel Mast gege sei Frau und schmeilt. "Du hast g'mehnt die Kinder sind juscht iwwezweich wo sie als so gegrumbelt henn und als g'sagt, "Was solle mir du? Mir hen nix für du."

"Ja," sagt die Maem, "Ich feicht es war uns 's g'fehlt hawwe und ware iwwezweich, und net die Kinder."

"Du bist recht," antwortet der Daet, "mir selle sie versorge in natürliche Sache und aa in geistliche Sache. Mir misse des du wann mir sie net ver-schkättert hawwe welle."

"Und wann wir dun was mir kenne dann wisse mir net wie sie aus drehe," sagt die Maem. Sie schtoppt schwetze und heucht. "Was höre ich?" fragt sie.

Der Eel steht uf und guckt gege die Scheuer. Er schmeilt. "Ich glaub die Kinder am schterrte sind mit die Chores."

"Wir hen noch net gesse," sagt sie.

"Ich denk sie kenne bald net warte bis mir wieder die Schublad raus grigge," lacht der Daet. • •

GOOD NIGHT OR GOOD BYE?

An elderly Christian man was involved in an accident and seriously hurt. He was hurried to a hospital where he was informed he had only a few hours to live. This did not bring terror to him for he had implicit faith in the goodness of God and hope for the future life. To him, death was only a gateway leading to a better world. So he called his family together and gave them each a parting message.

Addressing his wife, he said, "You have been the greatest woman in the world to me. Through sunshine and shadow we have walked together. You have been my inspiration in everything I have undertaken, especially in our service for God. Many times I have seen the glory of God shining in your face. I love you far more than on the day that you became my bride. Good night, dear, I shall see you in the morning."

Turning to one of his daughters, he said, "Mary, you are our first born. What a joy you have been to your father. How glad I am that you have followed in the footsteps of your mother. In face and spirit you have always reminded me of her. I see in you the sweet beautiful young woman who left her home to be the builder and keeper of mine. What a Christian you are, Mary. Never forget how your father loved you. Good night, Mary, good night."

He then turned to his oldest son, "Joseph, your coming into this house has been an unmixed blessing. You were a manly boy, you have become a good example of a man. You love the God of your father. How glad I am for such a son. May you continue to grow in Christian grace. Good night, Joseph, good night."

Harvey was next but Harvey had fallen under evil influences and had grieviously disappointed his father and mother. The dying man passed over him and spoke to the youngest child instead.

"Anna," he said, "your coming was like the breaking of a new day in our home. You have long been a song of gladness, a ray of light. You have filled our hearts with music. When you surrendered your life to Christ, your father's cup of happiness was full to the overflowing. Good night, little girl, good night."

Then the dying man called Harvey to his side and there were blinding tears in his eyes as he said, "Good-bye, Harvey. What a promising boy you were, Harvey. Your father and mother believed you would develop into a fine Christian man. We tried to give you all the opportunities we gave the other children. If there is any difference, then I believe you will have to admit that the difference was in your favor. But you have disapointed us. You have followed the broad and downward road. You have not heeded the warning of God's word. You have not listened to the call of the Spirit, and have not yielded your life to Christ. But I have always loved you. God only knows how much I still love you. Good-bye, Harvey, good-bye.

The dying man's eyes closed and his hands grew limp. Harvey seized his father's hands and between sobs he cried out, "But Father, why have you said good night to all the others but good-bye to me?"

Slowly the man's eyes opened and his son repeated the question. Then his thoughts came back to him and he answered, "It is because I will meet the other members of the family on the other side of the river in the morning. I do not doubt it because God's Word tells us so. But the same promises which assure us of a reunion in Heaven deny me any hope of ever seeing you again. The Bible tells us there is no hope in all eternity for those who do not repent and believe. All I can say is, Good-bye, Harvey, good-bye."

Harvey fell on his knees by his father's bed and cried out in agony of soul, asking God to forgive his sins so that he, too, might have the hope of meeting his father. "Do you mean it, Harvey, are you in earnest?" the father asked.

"God knows I am," said the brokenhearted young man and there was a ring of sincerity in his voice.

"Then God will hear you and save you, Harvey. Now I can say Good night to you instead of Good-bye. I am so grateful to God that he has allowed me to live to see this hour. Good night, my boy, good night." And he was gone.

Harvey was true to his promise. He is now an earnest Christian. He made a very wise choice when he decided to prepare to meet his Saviour - and loved ones in heaven, while he still had the time.

- Selected and Adapted

THREE SCARES IN THE NIGHT

There are several incidents which I will never forget. When I was a girl of fifteen, my mother and I were alone as my father had died some time before.

It was a warm night and I had my window open. Around midnight I was awakened by sounds on the outside of the house. Pails were rattling and I was sure I heard footsteps. Louder and louder it came and my heart began to thump as it neared my window. I was lying on my back with my head turned toward the window but afraid to sit up and look outside. Instead, I began to get stiff with fright. I wanted to get up but couldn't. Now it was coming right to my window. Then a face appeared and there was a loud "Moo" which made me jump. Then I realized it was nothing but our cow that had come through a gate which I hadn't shut good enough the evening before. I tried to relax, but couldn't get to sleep until toward morning.

It was some time later one evening just getting dark and we were eating our supper. The road goes past in front of the house and we heard a car stop right in front of the house. But soon it went on again. As we were talking about the incident, we heard a scratching on the cellar window toward the road. Carefully I peeped out and saw a beautiful white cat. I went outside to take a look at the cat and it followed me right inside the door and went up to the table and sat on a chair, very politely and gracefully. It seemed to expect something to eat but didn't touch the plate on the table. I fixed a pan of food for her on the floor but she wouldn't come off the chair . Then I set the pan on the table and she began to eat as politely as any lady.

We soon saw that this was not just an ordinary cat. It was an educated Persian cat with long white hair.

A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON

It is with mingled feelings that I write to you for I see by the calendar that your 21st birthday will soon be at hand. I remember so clearly the tears that were shed at the time of your birth and the prayers to God on your behalf. Now I feel that He who rules the universe and controls the hearts of men, saw and heard them, too.

In the years you have been with us, your mother and I have tried to establish you in the Lord so that He might direct your paths. We have tried to show you, both by example and precept, that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that preceeds from the mouth of God. We have tried to teach you the true way and to avoid on the one side the dead formalism, and on the other side, the worldward drift of many Christian churches. Our sense of responsibility to you has always been one of our foremost thoughts and if at times we have failed in our duty toward you, please forgive us.

It has taken chastenings and rebuking in your life at times but we trust it has been for your good, as our thoughts turn to Proverbs 10:1. "A wise son maketh a glad father." I hope this gladness which is in my heart at present may continue through life and that you may continue to grow in wisdom and in favor with God and man.

One of our most precious memories of you is the day when you asked to become a member of the church of Christ. Now we are expecting you to assume the responsibilities of life and the choosing of an occupation. We believe you will not want to become rich, but that you will always lay your possessions on the altar for the service of God, and the welfare of your fellow man. If you ever assume the responsibilities of a husband and father, or be called to a responsibile position in the church, you will find that it will take all the love and grace at your command to do your task well. Your training and attitudes now will then mean much to you.

You are at the point in your life where it will not matter so much anymore what others do or don't do for you. You are accountable to God and must answer for yourself to Him. We hope you will be in a right standing through mertis of His Son.

May God grant you wisdom and may He direct you in every good work, and keep you blameless until the appearing of our Savior Jesus Christ, who gave His blood for the remission of our sins. May our Heavenly Father also grant you the blessings of friends and health, and many joys in the Holy Spirit, as well as material blessings to fill your needs. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

-Selected and adapted

When she finished eating she washed her face with her paws and walked into the living room and curled herself up on our rocker.

We could never figure out why the cat was dumped off at our place but she was pretty old and lost a lot of hair all the time. We couldn't keep her in the house, even though she was so well trained because of the long hair she was losing continually.

It was sometime later my brother who was older and lived away from home, came home for the night. About two o'clock in the night I was awakened by a noise in the cellar. It sounded as if someone were coming up the steps. My mother also heard it and we silently tip-toed to the kitchen and lighted a lamp. I went behind my mother and we stood and waited. Soon we heard it coming up the steps quite loud. By this time my brother was awake and came softly down from the upstairs. There we all three stood and didn't know what to do. We whispered to each other. I was convinced it was human footsteps but my brother was not so sure whether it was or not.

Just then the door knob started rattling and I was certain it must be a burglar or some kind of monster just ready to pop out. I was getting shaky, but the door didn't open. When nothing happened, my brother started getting up his nerve so he called out, "Get out of here!" Then it answered, "MEOW." I went for the door and opened it and there stood our Persian cat. For some reason she had accidently gotten into the cellar and couldn't get out. She tried her best to awaken us by sounding like human footsteps and rattling the door knob (she had to stand on her hind feet to reach it) but didn't meow until she heard we were there. She wanted to go outside.

—Kalona, Iowa

The saddest words of tongue or pen—
I'll never pass this way again.
I saw one in desperate need,
I passed on by and gave no heed.

FARM & FIELD

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

Harley Hochstetler stopped in at the Millers to see if he could borrow another scythe as he and his Dad both wanted to clean fence rows. As they were talking about the latest happenings they were interrupted by a loud squealing from the pig pen. "Oh, it's that old sow again," Melvin said as he started running for the pig barn.

Harley followed him and as Melvin poked the old sow to make get get up, he said, "It's about her tenth litter and she's getting lazy and awkward. If it wouldn't be that she always raises such a good litter of pigs we would get rid of her quick."

"How many pigs has she got?" Harley asked.

"Fifteen, if this one is still breathing," Melvin answered, shaking the limp pig.

"I'd say that's about fifteen too many for the price corn is and what weaner pigs are bringing at the sale," Harley said.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Melvin answered. "Corn is a high price but hogs are, too. Dad says he remembers when hogs were seven cents a pound."

"I believe that," Harley exclaimed. "and they could go there again. We've got some pigs and we're going to sell them. Corn is too high to feed when it's the price it is now."

"Oh, I don't know about that. When hogs were seven cents, corn was probably fifty cents a bushel," Melvin answered. "We were figuring over the corn-hog ratio the other evening and it looks favorable."

"What's the corn-hog rad-rad--?"

"The corn-hog ratio means how many bushels of corn a hundred pounds of live hogs will buy."

"But corn is over three dollars a bushel!" Harley exclaimed.

"Yes, that's true," Melvin answered. "But these pigs won't be eating much corn for several months. You have to figure what the corn will be worth when the new harvest comes in, and what hogs will be worth. Dad said he thinks the price of hogs should be real good this fall. If corn is cheaper like it usually is, then it might pay us to feed out these pigs. Anyhow we've got the pigs and also a corn crop coming on, so we won't have much to lose in feeding them out.

Can you help the boys figure out what profit they could expect on their hog feeding operations? Over the years, the corn-hog ratio averages about 14. That is, 100 pounds of live hog will buy about 14 bushels of corn. It has varied from 7 to 20. It is usually figured that it costs about 10 bushesl of corn to produce 100 pounds of hog liveweight, counting the feed the sow will eat. Thus, at a 14 to 1 ratio, there would be money left over for labor and other expenses.

Supposing that this litter of 15 pigs was born on Aug. 1 and goes to market weighing 200 pounds each on February 1. Let us assume that the total feed costs per pig are equal to the market value of 10 bushels of corn. Make an estimate of what you think the price of corn will be this fall and also the selling price of hogs on February 1, 1975. Using your own estimates, answer the following questions:

1. What is the corn-hog ratio for the above figures?
2. How much profit or loss could be expected over feed costs on feeding out a litter of fifteen pigs and sending them to market?

Send us your answers, but be sure to include your estimates as to the price of corn and hogs.

Send answers to Farm and Field Page, % Family Life
R.4 Aylmer, Ontario N5H 2R3
Deadline Oct.1, 1974

* * *

ANSWER TO JUNE QUESTION:

The steer question proved to be a hard one. According to our figures there would still be profit left even if one steer died. Total cost of the steers to begin with was $2400. Pasture rent for the nine steers totaled $324.00 and pasture rent for the one steer which died was $18.00 for three months, making a total of $324.00 for pasture rent. Interest on $2400 at 10 % for six months would amount to $120. Total expenses would be $2862. Nine steers weighing 870 each at 40¢ a pound would bring $3132.00, leaving a profit of $270.00 for the transaction.

Had the one steer not died, the selling price would have been an additional $348.00 but there would have been extra pasture rent for three months, totaling $18. Had the steer not died, the profit would have been $600.

We had 16 correct answers and 35 answers which were not correct in at least one of the two figures. Quite a few made the mistake of figuring the interest for a whole year instead of only for six months.

THIS MONTH'S FARM HINTS

To keep sows from lying on piggies, put a 2" by 4" railing around the pen. The railing should be about ten inches from the wall and ten inches from the bottom.
--O.B., Ontario

When starting fire to burn tree tops or other trash, place a piece of tire in the ashes. The tire will burn a long time and stay hot. —G.A.R.,Ohio

I store our curry combs in a gallon paint bucket half full of fuel oil. This way they stay rust-free and much cleaner. —C.E.O.,Illinois

To save an ax handle from splitting, wind light wire tightly around it, starting at the head and working back along the handle for about 6 inches.
A farmer's boy, Amos Albrecht

Deadline for Answers Oct. 1, 1974

WHAT DO YOU THINK

??

A good wife reverences her husband and strives to be submissive. How can such a wife get her husband to do necessary things around the house such as fix a badly leaking roof, open clogged drains or do away with an old cistern which is causing an overabundance of insects around the house? I feel these are a man's job but I have been waiting for years with little or no response. I don't want to nag and I have tried kind reminders. What should I do next, or is there nothing to be done? What do you think?

- Still Waiting Housewife.

???????????????????????????????????

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION, IS IT RIGHT TO SEND FOR MERCHANDISE WE DON'T WANT IN ORDER TO GET TO KEEP A FREE GIFT?

This reminds me of an experience we had with these merchandise companies. About four years ago we were receiving at least one and oftentimes two of their advertisements each week. They wanted us to try out a new set of cookware, or tools or coats or suitcases, etc. Finally I was so tired of their circulars that I sent for a luggage set on thirty days free trial. We received it surprisingly soon and thought it was nice enough but felt we couldn't afford the whole set. We looked around but couldn't find anyone to take the one suitcase so we sent back the set "return postage paid," and kept the free gift, which was a tote bag and a purse. Well, I've only heard from the company once since so it was worth something. But I don't think I would do it again just for the free gift. Somehow it just doesn't seem quite right.

-S.M. Ohio

To me, it seems like covetousness to send for merchandise knowing you don't want it to begin with, just to receive the travelling bag. The Bible tells us to work and provide our living in an honest way. If we wanted to go the second mile, like the Bible tells us, it might be better to pay for the merchandise and some extra for the travelling bag instead of not even considering buying the merchandise when sending for it.

-D.O., Leola, Pa.

In our early married life, we too, accepted an offer to have two pillow cases free, just for trying out a new expensive mattress for two weeks with no obligation to buy. I had no intention to make a purchase.

These offers are made as a lure with the theory people will buy rather than facing the disgrace of returning the goods. The part I didn't like was the unhappy countenance on the men's faces that received the returned mattress. However no questions were asked.

If you keep the gift and return the merchandise, you are defeating the company. If you buy the merchandise, the company gets well paid for the free gift. I would advise to avoid all gimmicks for I like to have everyone happy that I deal with. I think we should buy from local merchants whenever possible. That way we will feel better and will have a clear conscience.

- Ephrata, Pa.

We received literature in the mail for an encyclopedia set urging people to send for it. They said they can't understand why people don't jump for the chance to receive such a book as the first one free. Then you'd get to examine the second one on a ten day trial basis and send it back if not satisfied.

Now our children wanted this free book very much as the company said we should send for it, so the children wondered why not. We told them we'd send for it only under one condition, - that we tell them we don't want them to send us anything except book No. 1.

You can guess the rest. We never received the free book. I feel quite sure if you'd make them the same offer with luggage or whatever they have, the answer would be the same.

But at least one good thing has happened, - the company has taken our name off their mailing list. These companies figure if they can get a free gift into somebody's home, they'll want the rest, too, and thus make money on the sale of it.

- Ontario

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

Out on the highway these words are given
While traveling along with the throng;
We must use them too on the way to Heaven
Lest we enter the danger zone.

The oft repeated phrase which we have heard
"The road to destruction is wide
Surely must be so for we find in God's Word
That seventeen "stop signs" abide.

In Galatians five these "stop signs" are given-
They're the earthly sins of the flesh;
Of them all not one will lead to God's throne
But plunge us to eternal death.

In whichever lane we're caught in the wrong,
Our conscience we must not suppress;
We must STOP if guilty as we travel along
And perceive our own wickedness.

LOOK unto Jesus and you will be saved
And His fullness be receiving
Not because of your faith, but by His grace—
We realize we're saved by believing.

LISTEN
To LISTEN means to heed, the right direction to read
Turn right onto the narrow way;
We can't get lost on the way of the cross—
For it leads to eternal day.

-Anna J. Miller

PUNCHING HOLES IN DARKNESS

"And the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not," John 1:5.

If we have ever been in a small room without any light or window, then we know how small a hole it takes to let some daylight into that dark room.

What have we done for the poor sinner in the darkness of sin? Have we prayed for him or given him a visit and a word of cheer? Could we with the power of God punch a hole to let in the light of our Lord to the sinner who is sitting in darkness?

For the sick, with a weak body or mind, do we punch the hole of kindness, help in any way, do we pray for them? Do we take time through the week or is this something which can be done only on Sunday or holidays when they already have too much company, as sick and weak as they are.

Also the families who have lost one who was so dear to them. They have long, dark hours. Have we helped get light to them? Or have we been too busy to punch holes that they may receive more light? The old and weak of mind? Do we care for them enough to visit with them? There are so many ways the Lord has for us to give them more light in their old age.

—A brother still looking to punch more holes in darkness

* * *

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY—

For bridling your tongue when about to say something you should not say.
For thinking the best possible of the doings of others.
For forgiving those who have wronged you.
For having given money to help others.
For being prompt in keeping your promises.
For being patient with stubborn friends.
For speaking a kind word to a poor sad child.
For sympathizing with the oppressed.
For shedding forth a good influence.
For asking pardon when in the wrong.
For refusing to listen to vulgar stories.
For being honest in everything.
For harboring clean thoughts.
For thinking before speaking.
For honoring your parents.
For having a sunny spirit.
For being courteous.

* * *

HOW HIGH MY AIM?

He who is a hunter of deer and other game,
Spends lots of time to learn the proper way to aim,
He holds his rifle steady, in practice many days,
Sets up a target plain, and tries his best always.

And soon he learns that he must aim above the dot.
The bullet travels in an arc, not straightway to the spot,
Since gravity pulls down. (Thought no one knows just why).
The hunter aims his gun a bit above the target's eye.

Now I am not a hunter with animals of prey,
But I am daily hunting the straight and narrow way.
I find that I, poor human, must elevate the same,
Because my carnal nature pulls down my surest aim!

-Dorcas Herr

PLEASE NOTE:

Corrections to Handicap Catalog: Page 5—Mary Blank
should be Mary Plank. Also, price of her smocked pi
lows is now $3.50, due to increase in cost of materia

Page 9— Jonas Miller, Jr., change of address to c/
Harvey M. Brubacker, Route 1, Box 133, West Salem
Ohio 44287. Do not send cash with order as prices h
changed. He will send you a bill.

Answers to: KNOW YOUR GERMAN

1. Aposteln d. church leaders or followers of Christ
"... und er ward zugeordnet zu den elf Aposteln." (Acts 1:26)

2. Bahn b. road, way. "Dein guter Geist führe uns ebener bahn." (Morgengebet, Christenpflicht)

3. Daselbst c. at this location "Es war aber daselbs
Jacobs Brunnen." (Jn.4:6)

4. Fliegen c. to fly "Fliegen über Berg und Hügel (Dichter, Wo ist Jesus Mein Verlangen)

5. Grenzen b. boundary, to border or join "... alle Kinder zu Bethlehem töten und an ihren Granzen." Mat. 2:16 (Mat. 2:16)

6. Jammer b. distress; misery, lamentation, wailin
"Hier lebt der Mensch ja stets im Jammer." (Dichte
Ach! Wie betrübt sind fromme Seelen)

7. Jenseit d. on the other side "Und sie kamen jense
des Meers." (Mk. 5:1)

8. Kund a. known "... und die Geschichte sehen, di
da geschehen ist, die uns der Herr kundgetan hat." (Lk. 2:15)

9. Malzeichen b. mark or sign "... das malzeichen seines Namens angenommen." (Rev. 14:11)

10. Menge a. multitude, quantity, crowd "... Eine grosze Menge fische, und ihr netz zerrisz." (Lk. 5:6

11. Mühe c. trouble, effort, pains "Dieweil aber mir diese Wittwe so viele Mühe macht..." (Lk. 18:5)

12. Nun c. now, then, henceforth "... und den du n
hast, der ist nicht dein Mann." (Jn 4:18) 18)

13. Pforte a. door, gate "Und die Pforte is enge, un
der Weg ist schmal..." (Mat. 7:14)

14. Reden d. to speak, talk, or converse "... so sorget nicht, wie oder was ihr reden sollt." (Mat. 10:

15. Reise a. journey, trip, travel "...Da nun Jesus müde war von der Reise..." (Jn 4:6)

16. Schutz a. protection, shelter, cover, safeguard "Nimm uns in Deinen göttlichen Schutz und Schirm... (Christenpflicht)

17. Seufzen d. to moan, sigh, groan "Meine Macht is schwach über meinen Seufzen." (Job 23:1)

18. Stirn b. forehead "...und traf den Philister an se
Stirn." (I Sam. 17:49)

19. Tüchtig b. Qualified, capable, efficient, thoroug
good "... und tüchtig Dein göttliches Wort zu reden, zu hören..." (Christenpflicht)

20. Unzucht b. feeling, showing, or causing lust, als unchastity, prostitution "Offenbar sind aber die Werk
des Fleisches, als da sind Ehebruch, Hurerei, Unrein
igkeit, Unzucht...." (Gal. 5:19)

Did you know? In pronouncing the final syllables ig, igst, and igt, the g is pronounced like ck or k. Example: ewig, billigst, vereinigt

Rating on quiz : 20 correct - excellent, 18 or 19 co
rect - good, 16 or 17 - fair, 15 or less - poor, better study some more.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

I wash the dirt from little feet
And as I wash I pray,
"Lord, keep them ever pure and true
To walk the narrow way."

I wash the dirt from little hands,
And earnestly I ask,
"Lord, may they ever yielded be
To do the humblest task."

I wash the dirt from little knees,
And pray, "Lord, may they be
The place where victories are won,
And orders sought from Thee."

I scrub the clothes that soil so soon,
And pray, "Lord, may her dress
Throughout eternal ages be
The robe of righteousness."

Ere many hours shall pass, I know
I'll wash these hands again;
And there'll be dirt upon her dress
Before the day shall end.

But as she journeys on through life
And learns to want and pain,
Lord, keep her precious little heart
Cleansed from all sin and stain.

For soap and water can not reach
Where Thou alone canst see.
Her hands and feet, these I can wash,
I trust her heart to Thee.
B. Ryberg

THE MIRACLE OF OUR HANDS

Just the other day after doing a big wash and numerous other tasks, I looked at my hands and the thought struck me: Isn't it a miracle how we use and abuse our hands and they don't show it? Here I had them in hot water then hung wash in the cold wind. Another time I'll be digging late beets or getting potatoes for dinner, gripping the handle of the ax to make kindling or milking the cow. How well hands wear! Just like the clothes that the Children of Israel wore in the wilderness for forty years— and they didn't wear out! How marvelously we are created and how little thought is given to it. -Mother, Pennsylvania

* * *

STOVEPIPE HINT- When a new stove pipe is handled without gloves, it leaves messy finger prints. In order to please the "Frau", after all is set up, take a soft cloth wrong out of warm soap water and wipe off the whole stove pipe. Then wipe dry with soft dry towel. This makes it sparkle for it washes off the oil that is put on the pipes to prevent rusting. -Mrs. Emma Byler, Ohio

* * *

Quite a few mothers have written in and asked for a "hard" pretzel recipe. I sometimes wonder if something like that exists, or if the soft pretzels are hardened when crisped in the oven.

"An easy and cheap way to clean windows is with vinegar and water in a spray bottle. Wipe dry with a cloth."
-Mrs. R. Beiler

A Mother from Holmes County, Ohio advises: Add vinegar to the water to coldpack meat to keep cans free from grease.

She writes further: Here is a "Quick scratch" one-dish meal that we enjoy— sliced potatoes, canned hamburger, canned string beans, onions and seasoning. Mix with white sauce and bake covered, stirring a few times.

The following white sauce I use when a recipe calls for canned soups:

Melt 3 or 4 tablespoons butter (oil or lard), add 2 rounded tablespoons whole wheat flour. Brown lightly then add milk to the right consistency. Add herb seasonings, red pepper. (Black pepper is irritating, red pepper is healing. Basil takes the place of black pepper.) Peas or other vegetables may be used instead of string beans. During the spring I like to add dandelion in whatever dish I can.

Our family likes mixed-up meals. One evening I stirred the wrong things together and it certainly wasn't good. I think I used sweet potatoes, corn, string beans, tomato soup and sauce. By the time it was baked it smelled like ensilage. (We didn't eat it.)

* * *

DON'T GIVE YOUR child an old pacifier that may come apart. Mrs. Melvin Miller wrote in to tell of a child who was choked in this manner, when he swallowed part of his pacifier. Two other babies had their pacifiers on a chain around their necks. The chains caught on the edge of the cribs and the babies were strangled.

To save time, sprinkle powder on your baby's diapers when you fold them.

When cooking corn on the cobs, lay slices of squash on top of the corn. By the time the corn is ready, the squash is soft. Serve with salt and butter. The squash is more delicious steamed than boiled.

When baking squash, scoop out the center but don't peel. Place fresh hamburger in the center, then cover with tin foil to bake.

If you don't have hamburger on hand, peel and grate raw potatoes fine. Put into the center of the squash. Add butter, salt, and pepper.

FOR BIRD LOVERS -Save your cantaloupe and watermelon seeds for the winter feeder.

If you have leftover cooked squash, add it to your caramel pudding for dessert. Add it to the cold milk before heating or to the browned sugar and butter. The following is a recipe we enjoy:

COCONUT SQUASH

2 cups mashed squash (or pumpkin) Pinch of salt
1 cup fine biscuit crumbs, or bread crumbs
1 1/2 cups milk 1 cup sugar 1/2 t. nutmeg
1/2 cup grated coconut 2 well beaten egg yolks
3 T. melted butter 1 1/2 grated orange peel (optional)

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Bake slowly in casserole until mixture thickens and is slightly browned. Make a meringue of the egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar. Spread over pumpkin and brown. Yield: 8 servings.

* * *

CANNED ZUCCHINI

Put 1 or 2 tablespoons oil in the bottom of a large kettle. Add: 1 chopped green pepper, 1 small chopped onion, chopped parsley, about 1 quart tomato juice, 1 1/2 gallons zucchini squash which had been cut up in 1 inch square pieces. Add salt and pepper. Add enough water to almost cover the squash. Cook 25 minutes. Pack into cans and cold pack. -Mrs. Monroe I. Mast, Ohio

* * *

MELON BALL SALAD

Combine watermelon balls, muskmelon balls, pineapple chunks and white grapes for a refreshing summer salad.

-Mrs. Jonas E. Hochstetler, Fredericksburg, Ohio

GRAPE JUICE

5 lbs. grapes 1 qt. water 1 lb. sugar

Wash and stem grapes; add water and boil 10 minutes. Strain, but do not press. Add sugar, stirring until dissolved. Bring to a boil and bottle. Add water before serving (about twice the amount of juice— according to taste).

Put the pulp through a sieve, add sugar to taste and can for grape sauce. -Martha Helmuth

* * *

BROCCOLI WITH SAUCE

Cook broccoli in small amount of water. Drain. Put half of the broccoli in a buttered casserole. Add 2 cups chopped onions. Make cheese sauce of 4 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk and 1/4 lb. mild cheddar or American cheese. Cook sauce until thickened before adding the cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Pour 1/2 of the sauce on top of the broccoli in the casserole. Add the remainder broccoli, then the rest of the cheese sauce. Bake at 375 for about 45 minutes.

* * *

ZUCCHINI SQUASH CAKE

1 cup oil
3 cups flour
2 cups sugar
2 cups peeled drained zucchini squash
1/2 cup raisins
3 eggs
1 t. soda
1 t. salt
1 t. baking powder
2 t. vanilla
nuts (optional)

Mix as other cakes. Put in 2 small loaf or one large one. Bake 1 hour at 350 . -Mrs. E. Martin, Pennsylvania

* * *

CANNING PRUNES WITH SODA

Take 2 tablespoons soda to 1 gallon of water. Bring to a boil then drop the prunes in— a handful at a time. As soon as they rise to the top, ladle them out into a clean jar. When the jar is full, fill with hot syrup then seal.

* *

BEAUTITUDES FOR MARRIED COUPLES

Blessed are the husband and wife who continue to be affectionate, considerate and courteous long after the wedding bells have ceased ringing.

Blessed are they who have a sense of humor and laugh together, for this will be a handy shock absorber in every day problems.

Blessed are they who attain parenthood, for children are a heritage of the Lord.

Blessed are they who remember to thank God for their food and who take time daily to read the Bible and pray.

Blessed are those mates who never speak disrespectfully to one another and who make home a place where seldom is heard a discouraging word.

Blessed are the husband and wife who regularly worship in the church and who work together for the advancement of God's kingdom.

Blessed are they who arrive at a satisfactory mature understanding concerning financial matters.

Blessed are the husband and wife who forgive and forget each others faults and mistakes.

Blessed are they who show true concern for others, who love their neighbors as themselves.

Blessed are the husband and wife who humbly dedicate their lives and their home to Christ and who practice His teachings in their home.

A child loves to learn when parents love to teach him. Kind words are worth much and cost little.

Some Mothers Write

Our children, ages 4, 5, and 6, were playing school but they didn't want to be the teacher. Then they asked me what a teacher looks like. I told them that my sister was a teacher once. The oldest one was very much surprised. She said "Ei, wann is es vidda recht wadda und yuscht an maidel? (When did she get real again, just a girl?)

-An Indiana Mother

Last winter our 4-year-old son came in to me saying, "Mother, do we have a fresh horse?"

"No," I answered, "Why do you ask?"

"Andy said there are fresh horse tracks in the buggy shed." -A Reader

We were coming home from a visit one lovely moonlit evening when our 2-year-old remarked about the pretty moon. As we drove in the lane she noticed the moon again and exclaimed in surprise, "What? another moon!"

-Mrs. M. H.

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

A faithful
friend is one
who keeps the
Golden Rule.
Aunt Becky

SOME SHUT-INS ARE DIFFERENT

After I met Ivan Davis I certainly changed my mind concerning shut-ins. Before then, I had thought that every shut-in lived in close fellowship with God. There had been no question about this in my mind, for why wouldn't the shut-in be in close contact with God. Illness makes people think of eternity. And when they think of eternity there are thoughts of heaven, hell, and God...and this often brings true repentance. And when someone repents, there is a fellowship with God. So my thinking was not too unreasonable.

Another reason I thought along this line were the poems. Whenever the poet spoke of the shut-in, the poem had a spiritual theme. One writer wrote:

"Earth says, Set aside for illness;
Heaven says, Set aside for stillness."

Alice Mortenson wrote also about this, with different wording:

"There was much that I wanted to do, dear Lord,
So much that I wanted to do,
And now with most of it still undone
I'm shut in alone with YOU.
Shut in alone, but never shut out,
From the wonderful power of prayer,
For on spiritual wings I can still send aid,
To needy ones everywhere.
And sometimes as I finger the keys
Unlocking Thy promises true,
I think perhaps there's a far greater need,
Just being shut in with YOU!"

When I first saw Ivan he was sitting in the lobby of a large rooming house in a big city. It was Handicap Week and he was there for the occasion. There was no celebrating for me, although I was also crippled.

A non-Amish handicap friend had taken me along to town to tend to some business. This meant we would be staying a few days. We happened to be staying at the same place Ivan did so we were in contact more than once.

Ivan was a victim of arthritis. He accepted this fact grimly...as if he were a victim of fate. He did not seem happy. Although only in his thirties, his thin oval face showed lines of age. He seemed different from any shut-in that I had ever met. Almost constantly a mist of blue smoke hung in the atmosphere about him as he twiddled a cigarette between his crippled fingers. His long gangly form was not in the regular type wheelchair, but he was squatted down on an armless chair with casters. He maneuvered himself about in this with his feet.

One day I approached him as he sat in the corner of the lobby. I limped to the overstuffed chair beside Ivan and sunk into its depths. He seemed glad to have someone to talk to, and soon began speaking of his private life. "My wife and I couldn't get along so she left me," he explained simply as he peered at me through a cloud of smoke. "I'm living with a spastic girl and we are happy together."

"I looked at him questioningly. "With all his sufferings and he hadn't turned to God?" I thought astounded.

"Then you remarried?" I asked.

"No, we're not married, but we're happy together. It doesn't make too much difference, does it, for I'm happier than I was with my wife."

Sitting there numbly, I wondered if no one had ever told him how wrong it was to live in adultery. Later when I tried to explain to him about salvation, he told me bluntly, "I can't be a Christian. My dad is in his eighties and he's a drunkard." Ivan didn't realize that he wouldn't have to be judged according to his father's wrong doing. Yet Ivan couldn't be convinced that he was wrong.

After visiting a while he said, "The handicaps have a club in town and every so often we have a meeting. One is tonight and you are welcome to come. Cars are sent to pick up the handicaps that can't come otherwise."

I was immediately interested. It would be nice to meet other handicaps, I thought.

When my friend who brought me to town heard about this, she warned me, "You don't want to go to that meeting. They play cards and the ones who can dance, dance.

I was taken aback. Then there must be a lot of other handicaps that are no Christians, I concluded. Ivan's attitude surprised me to begin with...and now this. I came to realize that people with no religious upbringing are not apt to turn to God, even in illness.

Not long afterwards I heard that Ivan Davis died, and he probably died with the same faithless attitude: "I can't be a Christian for my father's in his eighties and he is a drunkard."

* * *

OUR LIFE

Our Life is like the morning dew,
It seems so sure and here to stay
And yet before our very eyes
So soon it will all fade away.

When evening comes we give a sigh,
It seems it had just been the dawn;
Where has the time all slipped away?
Where has the day so swiftly gone?

Before we know it, time has fled
And soon it's been another week;
Where have we been? What have we done?
Have we had time with God to speak?

And at the end of every month
Where are the weeks that were just here?
It seems it was just yesterday—
Have we had time the sick to cheer?

Thus go the days, the weeks, and months,
And then the years roll swiftly on;
We cannot see the time go by
But each day is forever gone.

Do we our lives to the fullest live?
Do we with care plan each new day?
Like morning dew it soon is gone—
So soon the days are passed away.

Some men live years, some but a day,
Some live for just a week or two;
We know not when- but this we know,
Life fades away like the morning dew.
-Mary Schmidt

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

HOW TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Take a thimbleful of powdered borax, let it dissolve in a teacupful of water. First brush the head well, then with the brush wet the hair. Do this every day for a week, and twice a week afterwards- for 2 or 3 weeks- and you will effectively remove dandruff.

-D., Paraquay

Dampen the scalp 3 or 4 times a week with sulphur water made by putting a half ounce of sulphur in a pint water, shaking occasionally for a few days; then pour into a clean bottle, and apply.

-Mrs. J. D., Paraquay

Boil an ample amount of stinging nettle (which has to be gathered with gloves) in vinegar diluted with water for 30 minutes. Cool and strain. Use this tea for the last rinse when shampooing. Repeat as necessary.

-L. Hostetler, Ohio

A COLD WET RAG applied immediately to a bruise will keep it from swelling or turning blue, and will make the bruise less painful.

-Mrs. Eli Troyer

Here is a health hint for those who will be suffering from hay fever this year. Don't drink raw milk. Heat milk to the boiling point, then cool before using. This seems to kill the pollen in the milk. Although this isn't a cure-all for hay fever, it certainly has been a big help to me. I would like to hear what remedies others have for hay fever.

-Illinois

WINDMILLS (Continued from Back Cover)

mill and tower can be erected for a little more than what a diesel engine would cost. It all depends on the size of the wheel and the height of the tower. The Baker Company lists a forty foot tower at around $600.00 and an eight foot mill at about $400.00.

Considering the fact that the wind is free, there is very little upkeep, and of course, no pollution problem whatsoever, this looks like a very pracitcal way of pumping water. At eight foot mill pumps around 500 gallons of water an hour with a 40-foot lift in a 15-mile wind. The Aermotor makes mills up to sixteen feet in diameter. This size will pump up to 3,300 gallons per hour, which is nearly a gallon a second.

Forty feet is the standard heighth of tower although if there are no buildings or trees nearby, a lower tower will work just as well. If there is an obstruction within a hundred feet it will lower the efficiency of the mill. In the prairies of the west where there are no trees for miles around, the towers are seldom over 20 feet in height.

In Lancaster County, the Aermotor mills are sold and serviced by Samuel U. Zook, a farmer who has a windmill repair shop near New Holland. Most of the servicing consists of changing oil which is done only once every year or two, and requires two quarts of oil. About 80% of the mills in Lancaster County are Aermotors.

The Aermotor mills begin to operate in a five-miles per hour wind. The recommended capasity is reached at fifteen miles per hour wind. When the velocity reaches twenty-five miles per hour, there is a safety device which throws the mill out of the wind to prevent any possible damage to the mill.

Most farmers have a fairly large storage tank as there will always be times when the wind does not blow for a day or two. Railroad tank cars are set on end, often times one tank car is cut to make two storage tanks. Others use discarded stainless steel milk truck tanks, especially where the water is used for household purposes.

Once a system is properly working, there is no cost for fuel and very little upkeep. Many mills have been operating for ten or twenty years with only a change of oil about once a year. Figuring 800 gallons of water per day, this would be a total of nearly one-third million gallons per year. With a little more figuring, this adds up to an operating cost of one penny for every 2,000 gallons of water pumped. Is there any other method which will put running water on the farm at that price, and with no worry about fuel costs or pollution? ◇

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

I shall not pass this way again
May wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And love be mine, that so I may
Plant roses all along the way.

I shall not pass this way again;
Grant me to soothe the hearts of man,
Faithful to friends, true to my God;
A fragrance on the path I trod.
-Selected

THE WORLD AROUND US

WINDMILLS ON THE WAY BACK?

Have you ever heard of a windmill which costs almost a million dollars? The United States government recently announced its plans to build a giant windmill near Sandusky, Ohio to help generate electricity. The mill will be mounted on top of a 125 foot tower. If the venture proves successful, the mills will eventually be mass produced at a fraction of the cost of the first one.

Forty years ago when rural electrification came to the farms of the United States, windmills were torn down and replaced with electric pumping systems. Today that trend is being reversed. It has been said that there is enough wind to furnish practically all the power needs of the country.

All energy comes directly or indirectly from the sun and it is also the rays from the sun which cause the wind and the weather. Uneven heating of the earth's surface causes low pressure areas and high pressure areas. The air moves from the high pressure areas toward the low pressure areas the same as water moves from a tank that is higher to one which is lower. If this movement is strong enough we can feel it and call it wind. If it becomes stronger we call it a storm and perhaps even a hurricane. It has been said that an ordinary thunderstorm exerts more force than an atomic bomb.

Over the past several years there have been some drastic changes in the power picture. Fuels which were once so plentiful that it could hardly be imagined they would ever become exhausted are becoming scarce and expensive. The atmosphere, surrounding the earth which was thought to be so vast that it could never become polluted, is beginning to contain an increasing amount of dangerous gases. A few years ago the popular goal was "two cars in every garage," but today so many fumes are being thrown into the air by the cars and trucks which crowd the highways and giant airplanes which fly through the air that many people are becoming alarmed. To these are now added the many electrical power plants, most of which are run by coal or oil-burning engines, throwing out a considerable amount of air pollution.

Is there any wonder windmills are coming back in? Perhaps it is not proper to say they are coming back, since among the Amish people, they have been here all the time. It is estimated that throughout the Amish communities, half of the water is pumped by the wind. The other half comes from natural springs, or is pumped by water wheels, or gasoline and diesel powered motors. Lancaster County is estimated to have at least 500 windmills, in spite of the fact that there are dozens of water wheels going the year round.

A hundred years ago herds of wild horses roamed over the western states, sometimes doing damage to crops and livestock. But once they were tamed and harnessed, they provided an enormous source of power for producing food and providing transportation. The wind is also a source of power many times greater than the herds of wild horses and much easier to harness.

When windmills went out of style, the Amish were able to buy them up at their own prices, ranging from $25.00 to $50.00. But in recent years they have become scarce and more costly. Now a good used mill in some communities may bring up to $400.00.

Since the demand for new mills dropped to almost zero, most of the windmill companies went out of business. The Aermotor Company which was perhaps the largest windmill company in America, closed its Chicago offices and moved to Argentina. In Canada, the Beatty Company which manufactured a mill which is considered superior to any other, discontinued making both new mills and parts.

Today the picture is completely changing. The Aermotor Company, with its headquarters in Tulsa, Oklahoma is doing a thriving business with offices all over the country. Shiploads of new mills are being brought in from Argentina and sold throughout the country. The Baker Company, too, is making a complete line of mills and towers. Last year the Beatty Company of Canada announced that it would be manufacturing new mills and sent out prices.

What is the cost of new windmills? Can ordinary farmers afford to buy them? Compared to other machinery on the market today, they are reasonably priced. A

(Continued on page 39)

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FAMILY LIFE

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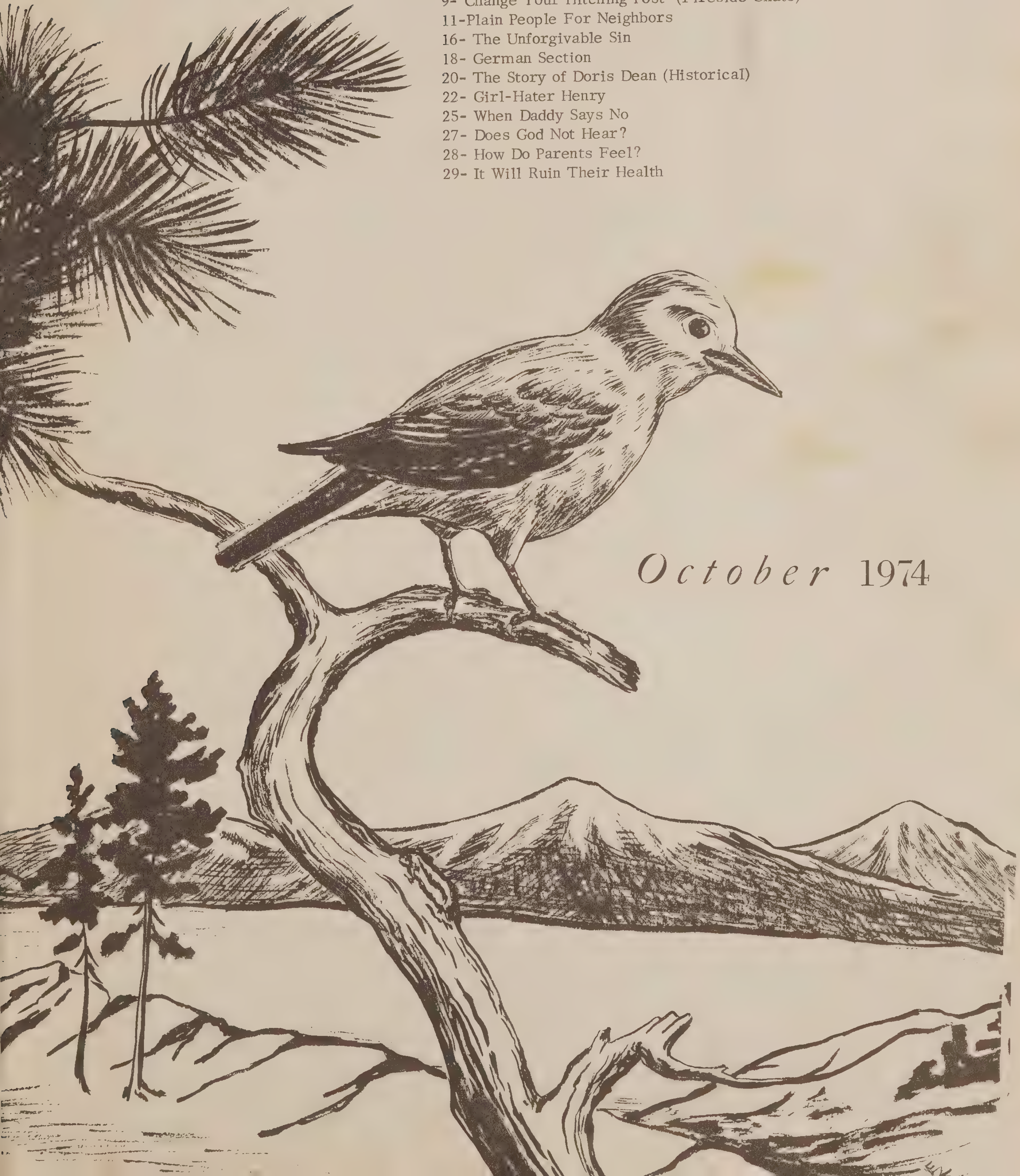

October 1974

Letters TO THE EDITOR

TO BECOME PROPERLY HUMBLE

I liked the article "Our Child Was Handicapped" (July issue) and am glad to know there are some people who realize the danger in above average intelligence. I have seen too often what happens to those who feel they are special. I wish each one who is this way could stop and realize where these gifts come from for then he could become properly humble.

-L.S., Pa.

SPECIAL TALENTS ARE NEEDED.

Concerning the article, "Our Child Was Handicapped and We Didn't Know It" the Bible teaches that we do not all have the same talents. To one person was given five talents, to another, two, and the other only one. The important thing was how each one used the talents the Master gave them. The way the article sounds, this "handicapped" child was sent to a public school. Wouldn't it be better to send our children, gifted or not, to our own parochial schools? Then their talents can be directed into useful channels. They can be encouraged to help other less gifted children instead of showing off in the classroom.

Such children could also be encouraged to become teachers for our schools. There is a great need in this area and perhaps the Lord gave these talents for just such an important work.

We are also parents of a child who can learn with seemingly very little effort. Although I cannot say there are no problems, thanks to Christian education, these talents can be directed toward proper goals. Our prayer is that our child can grow up to use these gifts in a way which will bring glory to the One who gave them.

-M.S.A., Pa.

ADVANTAGES OF A COLONY

The article on the Hutterites was interesting. Years ago a friend and I visited a colony in South Dakota. We saw some advantages. For example, the clothing among them is very modest, the dresses reaching to the ankles. They are not affected so much by the drift toward worldly fashions because they have a few responsible dressmakers who make the clothing for the colony, whereas in our own Amish communities, this is left to the individuals. The head scarf serves them well as a covering whereas in some of our communities, the cap has become an object of pride and so small it could well be considered more as a decoration than a covering. The newly-married Hutterite finds all his material needs taken care of whereas the young Amishman may put himself in debt buying a high priced farm and become so wrapped up in making money to pay for it that he neglects his spiritual life.

In the colonies, there are always many helping hands. I may be suffering from a backache because I tried to lift the wagonbox myself. I didn't bother to go to the neighbors for help. The Hutterite will have a dozen willing hands to help him with the job. The young Amish mother may have a nerve-wracking day getting all the work done and caring for the children while Mrs. Hutterite has her children being taken care of in the nursery and the work load is divided among many hands. The Amish father may lie awake in bed on Saturday and Sunday night wondering where the children are or what they are doing while Mr. Hutterite is sound asleep. Courtship and young people's gatherings are nearly unknown to them.

At the time of my visit, I was twenty-one years old and was soon surrounded by boys my own age. We exchanged questions and had the rare opportunity of finding out their inward feelings. I asked, "Do you have cars?" "We wouldn't have the money if we wanted to buy one. The colony only has a van and a truck. Their use is restricted to the colony supervisors." When I asked them if they smoke, one of the boys grinned and answered, "Where would we get the money to buy tobacco? And besides, we never get to town to buy it." When I asked them if they have radioes, one boy confided, "I have longed for a radio already but where would I get the money or the chance to buy it?"

Since the average Hutterite doesn't see much of the outside world, this probably explains why they loose only about 1% to the world. The Hutterites are a very e close society. There are also disadvantages. The Amishman may live as a close neighbor to the non-Amish and through his life and dealings may win his neighbor's love and respect. I found that many outsiders hate the Hutterites and misunderstand their way of living as a form of communism. As one man said, if they keep multiplying, they'll soon take over the whole state. I visited with the bishop and he lamented, "We need new blood. Intermarriage is a serious problem. I wish I knew the answer. Many of our young folk marry within the colony." I found the visit interesting.

-D.E.B., Iowa.

FOUND IT HARD TO BELIEVE

Recently three ministers from a Hutterite colony in Alberta visited us. It was very interesting to meet these ministers. They were quite plain, with long beards and hooks and eyes. They sing the same songs we do out of the Unpartheish Gesangbuch and also use the Ausbund. They use written sermons. On my request, they sent me a sermon on 1 Thess. 5 which contained 67 pages and was written a few hundred years ago.

After visiting a number of Amish churches in this district they found it hard to believe that there still are plain people living in the world and having daily contact with the world and still stay plain. The enemy they have is the same enemy of the truth as we have. When asked how many they lose, they said from one to two percent

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which seems to be a pretty low figure compared to the churches around here.

A.B.M., Ephrata, Pa.

LESS SUNDAY WORK

I agree with the article in July Family Life about too much Sunday work. I think we should get the chores in order on Saturday so there won't be so much to do on Sunday. Another thing which could be made less of is spending money on the Lord's day. I think it should be very necessary before we spend for eating and drinking, or whatever it may be. I think we as plain people should be a better light to the world in this respect.

My thoughts went still further. The same as we get ready for Sunday, so should we be in our younger days, getting ready for later life. Everyone has his weaknesses, but we don't want to build on them, much rather on the Rock and Foundation of our faith, which is Jesus Christ.

- Lancaster County Reader.

ARTICLE ON REVELATIONS?

I would like to see an article on the book of Revelations. I have heard so many say it means this or it means that. I have heard it says that Communism will take over the world, that the Catholic Church is the harlot, and the churches which branched off from it are the harlot's daughters, that the seven churches mean seven church ages such as the first, the Catholic, then Martin Luther, then John Wesley, etc.

It seems that especially those who have left the church have a lot to say about the book of Revelations and I feel they have "verhuddelt" others with their talk. I am afraid that anyone who is sure they know exactly what the book of Revelations means is putting himself in the place of the scribes and Pharisees who were sure they knew just how and when the Messiah would come. Yet where were they when He came?

-M.B., Pa.

MORE ON THE IN-LAWS

I read with interest the in-law problems and answers. From what we have learned from our experience it takes both sides to really make things go smoothly. The newly-married are usually just as unprepared as their in-laws to get along with each other. It's often only after the parents have more than one married child that both the younger ones and their in-laws learn to overlook the faults of each other.

The young couple must learn to adjust to each other's "freundschaft" while getting their own home started. The older people have gone through this but they still have to learn to adjust to each other's ways and this does take a lot of effort.

-Missouri

SUBJECTION COMES NATURALLY?

I think the article "Some Things I Have Seen" is well worth reading. I think too often the husband forgets that the wife is the weaker vessel and so much needs a husband's love and appreciation. If a husband has the right love (see Eph. 5:28, 29) then reverence and subjection comes naturally for the wife and a happy blessed home will follow.

-Ontario

EDITOR'S NOTE-We believe that according to the Scriptures the only way that it "comes naturally" for us to do the good is if we keep ourselves in the will of God, and that even then each one of us will have to put forth effort at times to do what we should.

WHO HAS SUCCEEDED?

The story about the man who tried to quit smoking and failed (July Family Life) is all too common today. We shouldn't be thinking about that. Wouldn't it be more of a help to read about those who tried to quit and succeeded? Surely there are persons who have had this experience and could give us an article on how they did it.,

-Indiana Reader

NO PLACE FOR MEN, EITHER

When I read the poem about the Standardbred Sale (July issue) I had to wonder if perhaps some of the lines were left out. Surely if it's such a lustful place, then our men shouldn't be found there, either. I don't feel our husbands should be away so much, especially at nights, and their wives at home alone.

-Monroe, Indiana

WHY GIVE THEM SECOND BEST?

I'm so glad someone wrote in about nursing babies. I nursed all our babies except one which didn't do so well, so the doctor advised putting him on a bottle. I still heldl him during feeding time but didn't get the satisfaction I did from nursing the others. Babies love to be cuddled and held, so when could there be a better time than while feeding them?

They are so precious so why give them second best when the best is available. Of course, I realize some women can't nurse their babies which makes me all the more thankful that God has provided me with such a wonderful way to feed mine.

-Mary.

MOTHERS ARE NOT ALL ALIKE

I agree that Mother's milk is the best and is as God intended it to be but we are not all alike. Some babies become overly fat by nursing, others are puny and whining. If a baby does not grow and gain like a normal baby should then there must be something lacking.

-Name and State withheld.

MOTHER NATURE'S BEST

I heartily agree with one mother's statement that nursing should be encouraged, especially among us plain people. I have successfully nursed an 8 1/2 month old baby and am now nursing one 7 months old and if it's the Lord's will, I want to nurse him as long as he wants Mother Nature's best. America is a very backward nation as far as breast feeding is concerned. Less than 25% of the babies born in the U.S.A. are nursed for even the all important first 3 to 5 days after birth.

Some doctors do all they can to prevent mothers from nursing their own babies. Medical schools ignore the subject but spend considerable time on the complicated subject of artificial formulas. Nurses at the hospitals, whose job it is to feed the baby discourage the mother by making such remarks as, "Your milk is no good because it looks watery" (that's the way it should look until towards the end of the feeding.) Often times the result is that first time mothers start doubting their ability and then right away there will be trouble with the let-down reflexes and the baby gets fussy. Too many people are prejudiced against breastfeeding but it is based on ignorance and fear. We weren't created to be sex objects such as Hollywood agents would like to brainwash the whole world into believing.

I know from experience that it sometimes seems like a bother and a time consuming job to take time to nurse the baby but it's such a rewarding and fulfilling experience. What a perfect time to read to the toddler, write a letter or read Family Life. Many times I wouldn't get around to reading the Pathway papers it it weren't for nursing. It's such a wonderful time for prayerful thoughts and for thanking God for such a perfect miracle — the BABY.

A baby doesn't need solid food until he's 5 or 6 months old. It isn't even necessary to give him Karo water if he's breastfed. Don't try to put your baby on a feeding schedule. He'll let you know when he's hungry. In other words, don't be a clock watcher and wake him every 2 or 4 hours. Learn to relax. This is the secret of successful nursing. When you are tense and nervous, the let-down reflex is very slow. Sit in a confortable chair, get a favorite book and learn to RELAX. You'll be doing the baby the biggest favor of his life.

There are so many advantages to breast feeding. It's free, no need to mix formulas, or heat bottles for it's always the right tempetature. It contains the right amount of vitamins, no bottles to drag along to church or wherever you go. Babies are healthier and should get along better in school, learn easier, have fewer allergies, and are immune from disease for a longer time. With nursing, there is less breast cancer as there is reason to believe that this disease may be caused through the failure of the breasts to perform their normal function.

Remember to keep things in the right perspective, order before prettiness, convenience for you before style, and above all—people before things. Of course it would be nice to have beautiful floors and the uncluttered look throughout the house but it's more important that you get a nap and the time to nurse baby. A walk in the sunshine can do wonders for your health. Your family will appreciate you more if you save your strength and good humor for smiling to them and listening to what they have to say about the day's events. Yes, your husband wants a certain amount of neatness but more important to him is to have your happy loving company. Your family needs first of all a cheerful loving mother and wife.

For further reading on this subject I would suggest the following books: "Nursing Your Baby" by Karen Pryor and "The Womanly Art of Breastfeeding" by the Laleche League Mothers.

-Young nursing mother who is still learning

WHICH MEAL DO WE WORRY ABOUT?

Sometime ago there was a discussion in Family Life as to the difference between being rich or poor. Someone once made the statement that the difference is that the poor man's worry is about his next meal, whereas the rich man worries over the one he just had.

-W., Indiana

JIGGLING LETTERS AND NUMBERS

A note of appreciation for the articles in Family Life, more specifically referring to the item about Henry Kissinger and his number of 666. I didn't know that this had been done with Rossevelt, Hitler and Kennedy but I had heard it about Kissinger. I think the method of figuring this out is rather weird. We would do well to be alert to things that are taking place, but to jiggle letters and numbers to make things come out right seems unwise.

-E.W., Pa.

HONEY FOR THE SEWING MACHINE

Thanks for printing the hint on the use of sorghum and honey for machinery belts. I tried a few drops of honey on my sewing machine belt that kept slipping even after repeated shortenings. It solved the problem, also for the bobbin wheel.

-Mrs. C.Y., Kansas

TOO MUCH COON HUNTING AGAIN

After reading all the coon hunting and deer hunting stories, I was also tempted to write. I have been married to a coon hunter for about fifteen years, he has also gone deer hunting and likes to hunt groundhogs in the summertime. He works away from home five days a week and on Saturdays he has other business to run after. I have eight children to look after and keep straightened up. Sometimes I almost feel like giving up.

You husbands— someday you may be old and helpless. Will your children feel like caring for you then? If not, who will? At any rate what really counts is did you do your share in bringing them up? But then it will be too late to change it and maybe all your pleasures will turn into sorrows.

But what really hurts is that if I as much as mention it to his relatives, they will make all kinds of remarks and take his side. If only they would talk to him about it, it would work so much better all around.

-Just his wife and daughter

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

OUR MAIL SERVICE IS EXCELLENT

Do you sometimes get impatient with the mail service? If so, then you can be glad you don't live in Italy which has the reputation of having the world's worst postal system. Letters going from Naples to Rome, a distance of around 125 miles do good if they get there in three weeks time, many letters between Italian cities take six months to deliver, while air mailed Christmas greetings from New York arrived in Rome at Easter.

The postal authorities admit there is a backlog of 5,000 tons although some newspapers claim it is 12,000 tons. Many business firms have discontinued using the postal system and use expensive courier service instead which may cost as much as $8 to get a letter delivered from one city to another. Those who live anywhere near the border drive into Switzerland to mail their international mail.

Working overtime by postal employees was prohibited but a new law which has just been passed, allows the workers to put in overtime. It has been suggested that the undelivered mail be scrapped so the post office could start over again. Someone in the postal system apparently agreed for it was recently discovered that 200 tons of undelivered mail had been sold to a scrap paper plant for recycling.

Someone made the bitter complaint that Italy and Tibet are the only two countries in which it is impossible to communicate through a postal system but someone pointed out that the charge is unfair to Tibet. An air mail letter from that country to New York which travelled via yak, truck and plane arrived at its destination a week sooner than it takes to get delivery on a letter between Naples and Rome.

THE HIGH COST OF DOCTORING

One reason why doctors have to charge more today than they did several years ago is because of the greater risk of being sued. Malpractice suits have become so common that one doctor out of four can expect to be sued at sometime during his career. Nearly all doctors carry insurance to offset this risk.

Insurance rates have risen sharply during the last several years. Many doctors pay as much as $10,000 a year for this insurance and some specialists have to pay $15,000. Many older doctors who practice medicine on a part time basis are being forced out of the business by these high insurance rates.

Everyone knows that doctors make mistakes the same as anyone else. Formerly the medicine was given by a family doctor who was also a close friend and the patient had the confidence that he was doing the best he could. Today much of the work is being done by specialists and if something goes wrong, the first thing the patients (or the survivors) think about is how much money they can collect.

In several cases where it has been proven that the doctor was at fault, awards of more than a million dollars have been made. Nor is negilence the only grounds for collecting damage. Juries seem to think that if a patient dies during an operation, the family is entitles to compensation.

Several years ago a suit was brought by a patient who was partly paralyzed during an operation, which it was conceded, saved her life. In spite of this fact, she was awarded damages. After such an experience, a doctor would no doubt be very reluctant to perform such an operation again.

Doctors also order additional tests for surgical patients, which would ordinarily not be considered necessary in order to protect himself. As many as 35 different tests are now performed on patients, costing them up to several hundred dollars, and requiring an extra day in the hospital.

Who pays the money which is awarded to the patients who sue their doctors? It is not the insurance company because they protect themselves by charging higher premiums. It is not the doctor because the only way he can pay an additional $10,000 a year is by charging higher fees to the patient. Then it must be the patient who has to foot the bill, but unfortunately, all the patients must pay more because a few persons like to get as much money as they can in any way they can.

FOR FAME AND RICHES

Lured on by the prospect of making six million dollars, a stuntman recently tried to ride his rocket-powered motorcycle across a half-mile wide canyon in Idaho. He expected the speed of his motorcycle, which was more than 350 miles an hour to take him across. But for some reason a parachute which was carried on the machine opened up, slowing him down and landing him on the river below unharmed.

The sponsors of the event collected 18 million dollars from television companies plus another 5 million dollars from spectators who paid $25 each to see it. It is to be regretted if any Christians spent time or money to see this man risk his life for no good purpose, merely for fame and money and to provide entertainment for millions of people who depend upon thrillers for their enjoyment in this life and to forget their problems. Although he did not die in his attempt to cross the canyon, he did saddle himself with a problem with which he may have to contend with for the rest of his life. If he can use six million dollars in a way that it will be a blessing to him instead of a curse, he will probably be the first man to do it.

TELEVISION TO BLAME?

An editorial in the Ephrata Review (Ephrata, Pa. July 25, 1974) recently brought up the question as to how much television really has to do with the wave of crime and lawlessness which is sweeping over the country. The editor says that in spite of claims that the programs have been cleaned up, the young, the impressionable and disadvantaged are still being taught how to commit crime worse than ever. He points out that the recent killing of two persons in a Georgia church including Mrs. Martin Luther King, was carried out in the same manner as many of the shows on television.

Many experts have testified before congressional committees that the glamorized television shows are having a detrimental effect on the morals of the watchers but it is the crime and shock shows which attract the audiences. The sponsors of the shows naturally put profits first, regardless of what the overall effects may be.

MARIJUANA NOT SO HARMLESS

Seven years ago Dr. David Powellson of the University of California made headlines by saying marijuana is harmless and should be sold on the open market.

But now he has changed his mind. Powellson recently told a Senate committee that after seven years of study on the matter, he is now convinced that the drug is injurous. Those who use it are less able to think objectively, followed by loss of memory and loss of reasoning ability.

Of course, common sense would have told us all along that anything which puts the user into a dream world, making him content to sit around idly and do nothing is harmful. There are also indications of other and more harmful side effects. It is hard to understand how anyone could use it with a good conscience.

BLEIB GESUND REPORTS ON SMOKING

Among regular smokers, one person out of ten will be affected by lung cancers, according to "Bleib Gesund" a health magazine published at Wuppertal, West Germany. Among non-smokers, the average rate is only one out of 270 persons according to the magazine.

ADOPTED

When Christ received a soul into His love, He adopts it into His own family. So all of us who are Christ's are brothers and sisters. We all have the family name and the family dress. Now than,our Father looks down on us, feeds us, clothes and protects us. Let us thank our kind Father for accepting us into His family circle.

-Selected

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

WHAT WILL YOUR MOM SAY?

It was the first wedding I attended after I was with the young folks. Most of the folks had gone home to chore and the cooks were preparing supper. Another girl slightly older than myself suggested that we two go for a walk down the long lane. We hadn't gone far when we met several more boys and girls. One of them suggested we play party games in the adjoining pasture.

The young folks' doings were still a little new to me since my brother wasn't old enough yet to take me to week evening gatherings. I had heard our ministers warn against party games and I remembered they said it is a "straf-bar" sin. But none of these young folks objected so soon I was included in the merry circle and for the first time heard the rhythmic strains of a party song. Soon a few more boys joined the group and the playing gained momentum. A tall blonde fellow drawled something about a guitar and I half expected one to appear but none did.

Just then two more boys arrived on the scene and watched us a few moments. Then one of them called out my name and said, "What will your Mom say?"

I was taken aback but after thinking a few moments, I answered, "That's still to be found out."

What little enjoyment I had gotten out of the party game suddenly left me. Fervently I wished I had gone back to the house even if I had to walk alone. A few minutes later someone came to call us for supper and I was relieved. But the knowledge that I had gone against my knowing better kept bothering me.

I don't remember for sure but I believe it was me who told Mother about it later. She explained to me in a nice way that it would be necessary to make a public confession. I agreed and restitution was made.

Now, nearly twenty years later I can better understand the concern of praying parents. It is our hope that our children shall not become involved in fleshly lusts and the evil desires of youth. We hope our children may not take part in questionable activities and be spared the ringing haunting question: "What will your Mom say?"

-Name withheld

HER NAME WASN'T THERE

It was the first day of school. Since there were more fifth graders than seats, the teacher explained to us, "I have a list here of about twelve pupils who will go to the room downstairs with a combination of fifth and sixth graders. Now as I call the names will those pupils please stand in a line by the door."

My name was called so I got in line. But my best friend, Francie realized we would be separated for a whole school year because her name was not called. She decided she would not let that happen so when the teacher wasn't looking, she slipped in line.

When we were ready to go, the teacher walked walked toward the door to open it. I stood tensely wondering what would happen next. Then she noticed Francie standing in line.

"Francie, was your name on the list?" the teacher asked.

Francie shrugged her shoulders and did not answer a word as the teacher checked the list. "It isn't here, so why did you get in line?" the teacher asked.

She didn't know what to answer but finally said that she didn't want to be separated from her best friend for the whole year. "I'm sorry," said the teacher, "but I didn't make the list and I can't change it now. Go back and sit down."

Sadly she turned and went back to her seat. That was more than fourteen years ago and I still remember it as an example of what could happen on the Great Judgement Day. Suppose when the Great Teacher comes, our name is not on the list. Will we be like Francie and try to "slip in line" where we don't belong in hopes of getting into that "Room of Gold" inside the Pearly Gates. If so, the Teacher will tell us, "Go back and sit down," and we will have to turn back and be separated from our loved ones, not only for a year but for all eternity. This is the time to think about it.

- Name and address withheld.

SHE HAD HER OWN WAY

When I was a little girl, our neighbor's daughter, (who usually got her own way) got a new toy wrist watch. Of course, I wanted one, too, very badly. Wrist watches are not allowed in our church but I thought this wouldn't matter since it was just a toy. By my parents didn't think so and I was not allowed to have one. I pouted about it quite a bit but still didn't get my way.

To this day - around thirty-five years later, I feel I cannot thank God enough for such parents. Now both I and this other girl are married and have families of our own. From what I know of circumstances, her marriage is not as happy as mine. I wonder if part of the reason is that she was always used to having her own way.

- Name and address withheld

WORK BEFORE YOU PLAY

Since I had only one sister older than myself, I had to help with the housework until I was about twelve years old. Like other boys and girls, we sometimes got to playing and didn't get our work done on time.

One evening Mother told us, "If you don't have the dishes finished by the time I get in from milking, I'm going to take you to the woodshed."

We could see the barn and knew how many cows Mother milked and we could see her empty the milk pails into the milk can. Suddenly we realized that we have to hurry to get done by the time she came in. We didn't want to go to the woodshed.

Sister was done washing but of course I couldn't finish wiping ahead of the washing, so she helped me. The last item was a paring knife. I grabbed the handle and sister the blade and without giving it a thought I pulled the blade through her hand cutting one finger almost to the bone. That was a lesson to me for she carried the scar as long as she lived. Mother had told us to always do our work first and then play.

-M. B. M., Fla.

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

Occasionally we get a request from persons to announce a shower for their friends or relatives. We would like to say again, that we do not ordinarily do this. Family Life is a monthly paper and we need the material so far in advance that it would not be practical to announce showers.

The Budget is a weekly paper and specializes in this kind of announcements. We would encourage our readers to make use of its services as this is a quick and econonical way of making such needs known.

We would like to add, however, that when short items or life stories about handicaps or sick persons are published on the Shut-In page, they do usually receive quite a bit of mail. So if you know of stories which would be of general interest, send them in for consideration. But remember, that most of the material for the Shut-In page is gotten ready months or even perhaps years before it is published.

Sometime ago we asked for suggestions as to how to blacken a felt hat which has faded. We received three answers and are publishing them herewith.

TO BLACKEN A FADED HAT

I use several coats of gloss black spray paint and just put a mist on it. This restores the quality of the hat. I have used it on black strawhats, too. On light strawhats I use a clear spray paint which makes them weather and rain proof. -Kutztown, Pa.

We used the regular black paint, (oil, not water) in the Aerosol cans and sprayed the hat. Do not brush or touch until it is dry. We were well pleased with the results. -Fleetwood, Pa.

To blacken a faded hat, first scrub all dirt and grease spots from hat. I use Sal Soda and a good soap or detergent in warm water. Use a stiff vegetable brush to scrub. Then use a black liquid dye (I use Rit), 1/2 water and 1/2 dye. Apply with soft paint brush. Hang the hat over a jug or pail to dry and you would never recognize it as the same hat. - Shipshewana, Ind.

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Geschicklichkeit kommt von dem Herr;
Wir brauchen nicht der Menschen Ehr,
Wir brauchen nicht der Menschen Lob
Weil alles Gutes kommt von Gott.

Ja, alles Gutes kommt von Gott—
Der Lieb, Fried, Freud, und guten Rath,
Sanftmuth, Demuth, Geduld so süsz
Wir finden das alles an Jesu sein Füsz.

-Sarah M. Weaver (Selected)

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Views and Values

By Elmo Stoll

THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY

It was a place that drew my attention even as a small boy whenever we happened to pass it. When our parents took some of us children along to town, we would hardly notice the other homes along the road, but this one place stood out as special. It seemed the horse never walked slowly enough for us to see all that we wanted to see before we were too far down the road.

It was the home of an elderly German couple. They lived on a small plot of land and had a large garden, which was always neatly hoed—row after straight row of vegetables were weedless. Flowers bloomed in small patches among the vegetables and between the many fruit trees. Roses climbed up trellises and fence posts. The trees were pruned and trimmed, and their trunks carefully wrapped to protect them from gnawing rabbits and mice. Every twenty feet or so the garden was crossed by a path of beaten, packed earth from the couples' constant walking back and forth to check the progress of every root and plant.

But as interesting as the garden was, the man and his wife to whom all this belonged were even more fascinating. We could pretty well depend upon seeing one or the other of them at work in the garden, regardless how early or late we passed. While other neighbors sat reclining in lawn chairs with their feet propped up, they were down on their hands and knees, digging out weeds, and checking for insects and disease. Stooped and bent over from age and hard work, they would glance up long enough to wave to us as we passed, then resume their work again. They were always clad in old-fashioned European peasant dress and seemed as unmindful of changing styles and fashions as we Amish ourselves. Both the man and his wife had faces of leathered skin from a lifetime of exposure to the sun and wind and rain and ceaseless hours of patient toil.

It was plain to see that their work was their life, they loved the clean soil and the growing plants, and they put everything they had into their gardens. Year after year their flowers bloomed more profusely, their vegetables yielded more richly, and their lawn became neater. And then one year everything came crashing down upon their bowed heads. Their children decided they were no longer well enough to live alone, just the two of them, bent with age, and stiff-jointed, and slow and tottery. So the old couple was sent off to live in a nursing home.

"Too bad," a sympathetic neighbor observed sadly. "They won't live long in a nursing home away from the soil. They've always been active, busy, useful. They're used to working with their hands, hoeing, weeding, spading, pruning, and trimming. With nothing to do, nothing to live for, I'm afraid they'll go backwards fast."

His words turned out to be only too true. In the nursing home they sat idly day after day, bored and restless and lonesome and heartbroken. They paced the halls and tried not to think, but they longed once again for the feel of fresh, moist earth between their fingers, longed to have the wind blow in their faces, the hot sun on their bent backs, and to be busy, needed and useful. Instead they were cooped up, sent away by their own children to await their death. No matter how intently they walked up and down the waxed floors of the nursing home halls, they could not escape the fact that they were no longer needed by anyone— their lives held no purpose. Their health deteriorated rapidly, and soon both of them were gone.

One cannot help but wonder whether their last days might not have been brighter if their children could have worked out some less heartless solution than sending them off to a nursing home. If they could have lived in an adjoining house with one of their children, who can tell how many happy days they might yet have had. Then there would not have been the forced idleness, the utter lack of purpose, the destroying uselessness. They could still have puttered around in the garden when they felt well enough. They could have helped with meals and dishes and cleaning and babysitting. But it was not to be— they were old and in the way. They were the unhappy victims of changing times. They belonged to the last generation that believed in personally caring for their parents, and became the first generation to be put out of sight and out of the way.

Not only would the children have spared their parents much pain and loneliness, but they themselves might have ended up benefitting the most from the arrangement. They could have found their own lives richer from sharing the experience and wisdom that only the aged have absorbed and can impart.

Today we drive past the former home of this German couple, and no longer does it give a picture of care, hard work, and love for the soil. No longer does it speak of people who love their surroundings and try to brighten their own small corner to make a better world. Many of the fruit trees have been torn out. The roses have withered, the fence rows grown up, and the lawn become shaggy and unkept. Everything seems fittingly in mourning— mourning a generation that passed, mourning the loss of former values.

Someone has said that caring for aged parents and relatives is a Christian virtue. But really, that is less than acturate. Traditionally down through the ages even heathens have had enough compassion and human decency to care for their own elderly. But now all that has changed. Now not only the world feels no pangs of conscience about sending their aged to nursing homes to be cared for by strangers, but Christian churches have joined the trend. Even supposedly plain churches are caught in this subtle snare of Satan. Instead of realizing that the very idea of nursing homes is in conflict with Christian values, some of these churches have put up nursing homes themselves. These homes may have been provided originally for the world's aged, but the trend is that gradually members from the church find themselves within the walls. And thus a vital link is being severed between the past and the future, between one generation and the next. Something of great value is being lost forever. Spiritually and naturally there will be fewer flowers, fewer roses, fewer fruit trees if each generation has to make all their mistakes for themselves, if they cannot, or will not, learn from the mistakes and wisdom of the generation before.

A very important part of Amish communities are the "dawdy houses" situated near many of the homes. They are a symbol of an important link between generations. As long as they continue to be a part of our communities, we have much to be thankful for. In learning from the past, there is hope for the future.

Recently our local paper published plans for a proposed nursing home to be built outside of Aylmer. It is to be a 100-bed home at an estimated cost of $1,400,000 which would figure out to the astonishing sum of 14 thousand dollars a bed. It is clear that worldly people are willing to pay money to provide for their parents, but unwilling to make the greater sacrifice of inconvenience and time to care for them personally. This particular home outside of Aylmer is to include such features as an auditorium for recreation, dances, and dinners, a bowling alley, small kitchens situated so patients can make their own tea and coffee, beauty parlour, and men's hairdressing salon and billiard room.

A quick glance at the above list tells a lot. What kind of people need beauty parlours and dances? What are people who are spry enough to dance doing in a nursing home? Apparently the trend is to send your parents to an institution at a younger and younger age, and then to ease your conscience, make sure they are penned up in expensive surroundings. Most older people do not care as much for gadgets and material facilities as they do to be around their loved ones, to share in family life, to be needed, to give and to receive love and understanding and companionship.

After explaining what all the Aylmer nursing home would include, the spokesman for the planning committee said, "I realize that I have suggested a lot of luxury... but I feel our senior citizens deserve the best money can buy."

That sounds very, very generous indeed! The best money can buy, as though that were a great deal. Whether or not that is all the world's elderly deserve, we will leave to their conscience. As a Christian people, we know that the best money can buy is not enough for parents who taught us that money cannot buy the best.

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THOU ART MY GOD- Psalm 63:1

For us to have deep communion with God
Is a privilege that is most blessed
In a world where it seems there are many things
To sadden us, and to depress.

In a world where its vice can ruffle our thoughts,
Where there's pride so haughty and vain
Ever seeking to defile our spirits pure,
And to render them vile and profane.

"Thou art my God," the psalmist said—
These words are a fountain of joy;
And his prayer, "...early will I seek Thee"—
In prayer nothing will long annoy.

In God's pavilion we secretly enter
To commune, and to find sweet release,
To aspire to holiness and God—
This also brings composure and peace.
-Anna J. Miller

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FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

CHANGE YOUR HITCHING POST

IT IS AN OLD STORY, one that I have heard many times. You may have heard it too.

Back in stage coach days, the owner of a stage line was in need of a good driver. Perhaps the former driver had died, or maybe he was no longer able to manage the six horses along the narrow mountain road. Whatever the case, the owner of the line ran an advertisement:

> WANTED: capable, experienced stage driver for dangerous mountain route. Applicant must be responsible and have skill with horses. Good pay.

Three men applied for the position. The owner wanted to hire the best man of the three, so he decided to test them.

"I will let each of you make a trial run of one mile," he announced. "Thus I can decide which of you is the best driver."

The six prancing horses were hitched to the stagecoach and they all climbed aboard. The first driver grasped the reins, determined to get the position, for he needed the salary to support his family. How could he show the proprietor what a skillful driver he was?

The mile-long test route was a curvy mountainous section of the road. At one place a steep cliff fell off on one side, hundreds of feet down. As the first driver approached this treacherous piece of road, he felt compelled to prove to the owner his skill. Urging the horses into a fast trot, he carefully guided them near the edge of the cliff. The coach thundered along, only a few feet from the edge, yet the driver seemed to have full control of the horses.

The coach reached the end of the run, and there changed drivers for the return trip.The second driver set his lips and gripped the reins tightly. He would show these people some fancy driving. He lashed at the horses and with a lunge they were off. With great skill he guided the stagecoach around curve after curve, faster and faster, yet carefully missing the worst bumps. Soon they neared the cliff. The tracks of the first trip showed plainly in the dust. The second driver decided he would beat the record and get the job. Closer, ever closer to the cliff he turned the horses until the outside wheels were less than a rim's width from the edge. The owner's face turned white with fear and he clutched his seat. But the driver seemed to know what he was doing. At last the run was finished, and it was evident that the second driver had outdone the first one.

Now what would the third driver do? It seemed impossible to be more daring and skillful than the two previous drivers had been. But he climbed on the driver's seat with complete confidence and turned the horses onto the road. As the coach glided along, all could see that this man too possessed a rare skill, for he held the horses in where the road was rough and let them run fast where it was smooth. With this driver the passengers would ride in comfort.

The coach neared the cliff now. The owner trembled, for he was afraid. Yet he must go through with the trial. What was the third driver doing? As the coach neared the dangerous stretch of road, the driver kept the horses as far away from the cliff as he could. They rounded the curve and headed on down the road.

Now the owner knew which driver he would hire. The third one got the job. For, said the owner of the stagecoach lines, "It may take skill and control to drive near the edge, but it takes sense to stay away from it."

I don't know about you, but I think the owner chose the right driver. If I were to travel by stagecoach through the mountains, I'd want the sensible driver holding the reins and keeping as far away from the cliffs as he could. I wouldn't want to be on board if the first two drivers were in charge.

Shun All Temptation

There are many people, it seems, who drive through life the way the two drivers drove the mountain road—recklessly going as near the cliff as they can and figuring there is no harm done as long as they don't plunge over. This is a dangerous kind of thinking, as can be seen by climbing down the cliffside and seeing the wrecks below.

For example, in courtship— where young men and women seek a life partner and prepare for marriage. This is one of the most serious decisions in life, yet there are young people who date each other for the fleshly pleasure of it. They think they can flirt and pet and kiss, and no harm done as long as they do not commit the scarlet sin. They think they can drive along the edge of the cliff and not fall over.

They are mistaken, First of all, it would appear from the teachings of Jesus in Matthew, chapter five, that even lustful thoughts, if they are nurtured, is the same as committing adultery. Secondly, such flirting and petting is like playing with fire. It is a dangerous course to take, contrary to all Christian principles.

The same is true of evil companions. Many a young person has thought, "I won't take part in the wrong things. I just want to be with the crowd." Yet in time he has found himself doing what the crowd does, and thinking and talking like them.

In the "Rule of a Godly Life" we can read these words of advice:

> "He who does not avoid the conditions that lead to evil cannot expect to overcome sin...Those who spend much time with sinful companions are easily corrupted by them, adopting their habits of speech and becoming similar in character ere they realize it. ...If you do not wish to be enticed to fornication and impurity, flee diligently from occasions and persons where the door to these sins would be open."

The apostle Paul wrote to the young bishop Timothy, "Flee youthful lusts." This is the only escape from sin or temptation— to flee from it, and get as far away as we can.

Many a young person has come to himself, sadder and wiser, and realized that the sin he had been teasing had turned upon him and got the best of him. God has not promised to help us if we give ourselves into temptation. Once we start crowding the cliff, seeing how close we can venture to it, He may no longer be with us.

Stay Far Away

The secret of a victorious Christian life is to shun sin at its very start, before it has any hold. When temptations come, they should be frightened away at once and not allowed to stay for dinner. There is an old saying that if you feed temptation even once, you have a dangerous pet that may turn into a lion and rend you. Or, as an Anabaptist once testified, "If you let the devil come on the first step, he will come up higher."

Whole churches have gone over the cliff through these wily tactics of our Enemy. First there is a mellowing and a compromising and a winking at sin because it looks so little and harmless, but in time the little sin grows and spoils the church.

The only safe course is to crowd back away from the cliff and take no chances. To see how close we can get to the edge is the second last step.

A Different Hitching Post

An alcoholic once came to the Christian faith and of course, resolved never to drink again. Yet each time he went to town, he still tied his horse at the post beside the saloon where he had been used to tying him before. Each time he went to town, he walked past the open door of the beer parlor, caught the whiff of liquor in his nostrils, and heard the pleas of his former companions to come inside and have a drink.

When the deacon happened to come to town one day when the former drunkard was there, he took in the situation at a glance. He saw the man hesitate at the saloon door, speak a few words to those inside, then shake his head resolutely and walk on down the street.

Now some people might think he was doing all right, and that resisting the temptation each time he came to town was strengthening his faith. But the deacon did not think so. He saw a terrible danger. Sooner or later, in a weak moment, the former drunkard would be a drunkard once more, unless he stayed farther away from the temptation.

"I see you're still tying your horse at the same place," began the deacon kindly.

"Yes, I am. It's a good hitching post. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I would advise you to find another hitching post at once, so you won't need to pass the saloon. You're putting yourself into unnecessary temptation, and that puts God at a disadvantage. Change your hitching post, young man, change your hitching post."

Certainly, the deacon had good advice. All of us face temptations from time to time, and if we resist them they are not sin. But if we place ourselves unnecessarily into temptation, that is a different story. That can very well be a sin in itself, besides leading into further sin.

A bishop I know has often preached, "You cannot keep a bird from flying over your head, but you can keep him from building a nest in your hair." Isn't it possible that if a bird is chased away often enough and quickly enough, that it won't return as frequently?

From Jesus' teachings, it seems clear that we are to avoid not only sin, but every temptation that leads to sin. He said, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." And in the Lord's Prayer, we pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Can we truly pray to be kept from temptation if we are not willing to avoid it if at all possible? If we pray to be kept from drunkenness, yet stand at the saloon door and look in, it doesn't look as if we meant business. It would be much better to change our hitching post and stay away from temptation.

Paul writes to Timothy, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition?" That is pretty strong language. Every Christian should be heartily frightened of the temptation to want to be rich. Yet how is it among us? Isn't it true that we admire and praise the man who has a knack of making money? Should we perhaps instead be taking greater precautions against the love of money, or find a hitching post farther removed from the tinkle of coins? In the letter to the Ephesians we are reminded, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

We might ask ourselves a few more questions. In many of our plain communities, it seems, the young people are sowing bigger fields of wild oats with each passing generation. Light-mindedness, wild living, and immorality are on the increase. Sins that should "not be once named among you" (See Ephesians 5:3) are quite common. What is the matter? What has brought on this corruption of morals? (These same sins very, very rarely occurred among our churches a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago.)

Is it because we have become dulled to the danger of the cliff and are letting our children run too close to the edge? Is our hitching post next door to sin? Why have we not been shielding our young boys and girls from temptation and sin, and teaching them something better — a life of submission and purity in Christ?

Surely our young people and we parents as well need to realize that sin is deadly, that it will bar us from heaven unless honestly repented of, that life is too short and time too important for any crops of wild oats. Our best defense against sin is the method God recommends— staying as far away from it as we can, and resisting temptations as they come to us. We need to stay as far away from the cliff as the third stagecoach driver did, and seek a hitching post quite removed from temptation.

Then we can be God's obedient children, and He can lead us by His spirit, and help and protect us. ◆

PLAIN PEOPLE FOR NEIGHBORS

It was the spring of 1956 and our neighborhood was alive with excitement. Rumors were flying around thick and fast and the subject was all about one thing— the moving in of the plain people. I don't think there would have been more fuss had the Indians been coming. At least most of us would have known more about Indians and how they lived than we did about these people.

My neighbor, Joe Carson, stopped in at our place one morning to see about buying some corn when we saw the land agent go by. In his car were people with broad-brimmed hats and whiskers so we figured that these strange people who had been here sometime before, were coming back to buy more land.

"Did you know Allie Smith sold his farm to them?" Joe asked.

"No," I answered in surprise. "I didn't even know his farm was for sale."

"He told me he hadn't planned on selling it now," Joe explained, "but they offered such a good price for it, he decided to let it go."

I could hardly believe my ears. Allie was a farmer and I could not imagine him doing any other kind of work. It was plain to see that Allie liked his work and he took good care of his livestock and his land. He had always said he would retire on those acres, that was the only place he would feel at home. And now he had sold out to these people.

"Yes, I was surprised, too," Joe said, reaching for the handle of his car door, and getting ready to go. "I suppose he's sorry that he let it go but it's too late now. Oh well, they tell me these folks are very religious so they shouldn't make any trouble in the community."

"Won't make any trouble!" I exclaimed. "That's not the way I heard it. Somebody told me they make an awful lot of trouble about their schools because they don't want their children to have any education. If I understand it right, that's why they're moving here, because the school laws are more lenient and they think they can do as they please."

"I don't know about that," Joe said as he slid into the seat of his car, "but I do know I'm not going to let them have my farm right away. I'm not ready to retire yet."

"I don't think anybody ought to sell to them," I answered a bit impatiently. "If a couple hundred families moved in here, they would sure disrupt the community. They don't take any part whatsoever in civic and social affairs and don't even vote."

Joe didn't seem to be paying much attention to what I was saying. "One of them stopped into our place the other day," he told me.

"You— you mean to buy your farm?"

"Yes, but I told him I'm not interested in selling," Joe replied. "He was real nice about it and didn't try to press me in any way. Just asked me if I wanted to sell and then he left again."

"I wouldn't mind meeting some of them," I said. "Did that one have an accent and use quaint words?"

"No, not at all," Joe assured me. "He was very friendly and you couldn't help liking him right away."

"Hmmm," I blew my breath through my nose. "I think I would like them better the farther away they were. My wife read a book on them and she knows quite a bit about them if anyone does. She says they use very poor English and some can't hardly speak English at all."

There was the sound of the motor as Joe pressed on the starter. "Well, I got to get going," he said and was gone.

I watched the early spring mud ooze out from under his tires and the ruts fill with water as he drove away. It was easy to see what Joe's opinion was of these queer people. But it was really no wonder that Joe liked them for he got along with everyone in the community. He was always friendly and ready to lend a hand whatever came up in the neighborhood. He was well-liked and very much a part of the community. I was glad he wasn't going to sell to these people for if he went, it would leave a void in the neighborhood, yes, in our neighborhood for he lived only a short distance up the road from me.

At noon I told my wife, Goldie, "I'm glad Joe Carson's not interested in selling out to these people. As long as they don't get too close, they shouldn't bother us too much."

"But what if they offered him a good price for his farm?" Goldie asked. "The book says some of them are very well-to-do for they save every penny they get. They think it's a sin to spend money unnecessarily, and don't buy things like chewing gum, candy, or coffee. I don't suppose they use any sugar for that's a luxury and could be done without. They must really be queer."

"I'd agree with you there," I grumbled.

It was about two weeks afterwards when the first blow fell. I'd been working in the fields all morning and as I entered the house the first words Goldie said were, "Joe Carson sold his farm."

I didn't even have to ask to whom. I knew it was to the Plain People. "They must have pressured him into it." I told my wife. "He told me he wouldn't sell, so it must be they offered him more than it was worth."

"The way I heard, he only got $25,000 for it," she told me.

"Only $25,000!" I gasped. "Why, he could have gotten more than that for it at auction. If I'd been him I'd ask twice that amount."

"But maybe he's satisfied," she tried to tell me.

"Satisfied," I scoffed. "I guess he has to be satisfied for it's too late now to change it. I think I'll go over right after dinner and see if it's really true and find out what happened that he sold it. Surely he got taken this time and probably is sorry he sold it by now."

I found Joe leaning on the barnyard fence and looking out over his plowed field. I guessed he was crying inside because he had sold his farm. Well, I decided I wouldn't mention it right away. "I see you're beating me with the plowing this spring," I said, trying to act cheerful.

"Yes, I promised Yost Yoder I'd plow up those two fields yet if I could before I moved off. It's part of the agreement."

"What are you getting out of it? Is he going to give you part of the crop?"

"Well, I'll have the satisfaction of helping someone. This man has nine children and will have plenty of debt.

And he'll have lots of work to do after he moves. You know they take out the electric and all that stuff."

"Humpf, I'd make him leave it in until the farm is paid for so if he can't make the payments and the farm goes back to you..."

"Oh, I think he'll make the payments all right. These people are honest and hard-working and they don't spend their money like we do for things they don't really need in the first place."

"I wouldn't say they're very religious," I objected. "The land agent said some of them smoke. I always thought..."

"This Yoder smoked a pipe," Joe interrupted. "But the other men that were with him didn't. And I thought I saw one of them give him a disapproving look."

"He's probably a backslider," I chuckled.

Joe didn't smile so apparently he didn't consider my remark very amusing. Of course, maybe he just didn't feel like smiling. I'm sure I wouldn't if someone had taken my farm away from me like that.

"But I thought you said you would never leave the farm."

"Oh, I'm not going very far, so I'll be back to see you. I've got a job as a mechanic as I always liked that kind of work, too, but there's nothing as good as farming. I'm just glad someone is getting the farm who is a good farmer and will take care of the land."

"How do you know this man is a good farmer?" I demanded.

"I understand these people are all good farmers," Joe answered without showing any doubt in his voice.

"But how can he take care of that much land just using those slow horses? I can't see how he'll ever get his crops out next year."

But I could see Joe wasn't listening. So I mumbled something about getting on with my plowing, climbed into my car and drove away. But inside I was boiling.

The day Yost Yoders moved I had planned to work in the woods but my wife asked at the breakfast table, "What would our other neighbors think if you don't go to help these people move in?"

Reluctantly I went and several of the other neighbors were there, too. I don't think I stared more than they did. The womenfolks were helping the men carry in large boxes and furniture. Children were running around trying to see everything that was going on. They were talking in a language we couldn't understand. The older children were helping with the work. One young girl was trying to keep an 8-month-old child quiet. I suppose he was tired of the long trip and all this fuss.

The whole scene was so strange to me. Goldie had sent a cake along but it wouldn't have been necessary for when we were called for dinner, the table was loaded with good food. Joe Carson was there and seemed to be in good spirits. As he stabbed a piece of homemade bread and started spreading butter on it, he whispered to me, "They tell me the other families that moved in, furnished the dinner."

I just grunted in reply. I didn't want to admit it to him, but it was plain to see that these people knew how to cook.

It was three or four days later when Yost Yoder came walking into our lane and asked if he might use the phone to call the vet. One of his horses was sick. "Yes, you may use it," Goldie said, but there was a surprised look on her face and I suppose on mine, too.

Goldie was getting ready to show him how to operate the phone when he walked past her, picked up the receiver and made his call. We had been of the opinion that these people don't make use of the telephone, let alone knowing how to use it.

When he had finished his call, he asked, "How much do I owe you for the call?"

"It's not long distance," Goldie said, "so there are no charges on it."

"Thanks a lot," he said, and left.

When the door closed, I chuckled, "They know more about these modern contraptions than we thought they do."

"I suppose they can't afford to have a phone of their own," my wife answered. "I can't see how anyone can have money left after supporting nine children."

It was several days later when Yost came walking up the road. "I was out at the mailbox and I just wondered whether maybe you'd be going to town today so I could go along."

"Well, not that I know of," I told him.

He shuffled himself around a bit and then rather shyly asked, "I wonder if you'd have time to take me today or tomorrow? I ought to be looking after the papers on the farm."

"I've been pretty busy, but if you want to take the pickup and go, you can have it."

"Oh, no," he answered quickly, "we—we don't drive cars or trucks. I just thought maybe you or—or somebody would be going anyhow, that I could go along."

This was beyond me. I couldn't understand such a strange religion. They would not drive a car themselves, but would ask us to stop our work and take them to town. Many thoughts passed through my mind. I recalled that my wife had said she plans to go to town the next day to do some business. But how would that look? What would the neighbors say if they saw Goldie and Yost Yoder driving by? I guess he saw the perplexed look on my face for he said, "Oh, that's all right. If you don't have time, maybe I can find someone else to take me."

Just then I remembered that I wanted to get some parts for the corn planter sometime so I said, "Well, I hadn't planned on going this week, but I do need some parts to get the planter ready before corn planting time. Maybe I can take you right after dinner."

That evening when we got back from town, Yost asked, "What do I owe you for the trip?"

I didn't know what to say for we had travelled about twenty-five miles altogether and I had waited for three hours while he finished his business. I really didn't expect to get paid for my time and didn't want to charge him too much so I answered, "Oh, just whatever you think. I don't know what to charge for something like this. You know what you usually pay."

He slowly pulled his billfold from his pocket and looked into it and said a bit hesitantly, "I—I don't have much money with me right now, but-but I can give you what change I have, if—if that is all right."

"That's all right," I tried to act unconcerned but inside I was beginning to boil again. Here I had spent the afternoon doing taxi work and waiting on this man and now he wasn't even willing to give me a decent wage. I didn't want to make money from him but I felt I should get enough to pay for the gas, and the expenses of operating a car.

Slowly he emptied the change pocket into his hand and handed it toward me. I took it without looking at it. "If—if this is not enough, then—then I can give you some more later."

I took the handful of change without looking at it and slipped it into my pocket. When I got home and into the house I counted the change. It amounted to exactly 76¢. I was glad no one was there to hear what I said about Yost Yoder, that is no one except my wife. "He's got a large family to support," she tried to soothe me, "and he just didn't have any more money or he would have paid you more."

It was several days later when Yost stopped in one morning as he was going by. After chatting a few minutes, he said, "Say, by the way, you wouldn't need an extra cow to milk would you? I've got one, a good one."

Right away I was suspicious, "Why would you want to sell a good cow?"

"She's a hard milker, but I thought that wouldn't make any difference to you since you have a milking machine."

I was needing more cows, although I had rather not bought one from Yost.

"Oh, I don't know about it whether we could use more or not. If I'm interested, I'll come over and take a look at her."

When I told Goldie about it, she said, "At least you can believe what these people say. That's one thing about them, they're honest."

I ended up buying the cow. About ten days later she was fresh. I found out it was the truth that she was a hard milker although that didn't make much difference to me. But he had neglected to tell me all the truth. She was a three-teater. To say I was angry would be putting it mildly. "Now you can see what kind of people they are," I fumed. "That does it as far as I'm concerned. From now on I'm not going to have anything to do with any of them and I mean it. Anybody who'd sell me a three-teated cow without saying anything about it—well, I just don't have one particle of use for somebody like that."

"But maybe he didn't know about it," Goldie tried to soothe me. "Sometimes a cow will get mastitis in one of the quarters while she is dry and you don't find out about it until she freshens."

"He knew it, he knew it," I stormed. "And that does it for me."

But Goldie was not satisfied yet. It so happened that about a week after that Yost came to use our telephone when I was not at home. If I'd been at home he wouldn't have used it. But then she asked him about the cow, whether one quarter had been damaged. "Well, she did have a little mastitis in that one quarter," he had admitted, "but I had put some ointment in it before she went dry and I thought it should be cleared up by the time she freshens."

Then he left and that evening when Goldie told me about what he had said, I yelled at her, "You see that's how far their religion goes. But they can't cover up their sins with their long whiskers, black hats and long dresses. Yost Yoder had better not set foot into this house once more, no more using the telephone, and no more taking him anywhere. The next time he asks, it will be a great big NO!"

When I turned to look, Goldie wasn't even listening. She had gone to the kitchen to do the supper dishes.

Yost soon surmised that he wasn't welcome anymore so he didn't come over after that. On top of the other things, I also blamed Yost for pressuring Joe Carson to sell his farm in the first place. All these people had forced the former land owners from their farms so they could move in. Every time I heard that a new famil had bought, my hate got bigger. Our local grange was losing members. There were less children in the schoo district. I was wishing the law would be stricter with them about sending their children to high school. I hope they would stop moving in so I started a one-man campaign against them.

For some reason Yost Yoder didn't like our area, fo a year later he sold his farm and moved back to the place he had come from. I didn't go to help them load their trucks nor did I go to welcome the new family that moved onto their farm. I learned from others that this man's name was Menno Mast, they had a large family but several of the children were married and were also thinking of moving into this community. Well, I knew of one farm which was not for sale.

Menno Mast didn't bother to come over and get acquainted with us. Apparently someone had told him that we hate his kind of people. I didn't care, for the farther he stayed away from us the better.

Then one day we met, but quite by accident, at our line fence. I had gone to the field to check on the cows as one of them was coming fresh. I didn't notice Menno and his son until I was right on them so there was no turning back. I came upon them just as the last of our cows was stepping over the fence. They had been in Menno's wheat field and it was our end of the fence they had gone through. I figured I would get a tongue lashing from Menno, but let it come. I had a few things I could tell him, too.

But Menno was not angry. Instead, he looked at me and smiled. "Are these your cows?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered coldly. Surely he must be an idiot if he doesn't know these are my cows if they came out of my pasture field.

Menno acted as if he hadn't noticed my attitude. "One of them got a bad cut on the leg. We tried to catch her to put something on it to make it stop bleeding but she's a little wild."

"Oh, that _____ thing," I raved. "That's the one I got from Yost and it's just as good she were dead."

Menno winced at my language and his son stared at m with open mouth. They didn't answer a word but turned and started to set up the fence.

As I returned to the barn, I was sorry for having spoken as I did. I could see Menno was hurt by the words I had used. Only then did I remember that I hadn't apologized for the cows being in the wheat field. They had done some damage to the wheat. But my guilty feelings disappeared as I thought to myself, "Oh, he's just another one of those people. That's no worse than what they have done to me."

That evening I looked out from the barn to see one of Menno's girls, a pretty lass of about seventeen, going out our lane. "Whatever she wanted, I hope Goldie told her "No," I fumed. "I don't want them to start coming over here."

"What did that girl want?" I demanded as soon as I got to the house. "Did she want to use the telephone? I hope you knew enough to refuse her. No use in letting them get started coming over here, for..."

"She brought us some fresh rolls," Goldie said holding up the pan. "They are still warm and they look so good. Do you want to take them back?"

I looked at the frosting running over the sides of the rolls. "Er—er I guess not, if they're fit to eat," I tried to fit my words to my mood.

The rolls looked good and I was hungry.

As we sat down and started to eat, she said, "The girl said they have more cherries than they need and we can have some if we come and pick them. I told her I don't think you have time to pick them."

"We can get our cherries elsewhere," I told her.

"But it's those black cherries, the kind we like so well. Don't you remember how we always used to get some of them when Joe Carsons lived there?"

"Of course, I remember, but other people have black cherries, too."

Goldie was silent and I knew I had won—we would get our cherries elsewhere or do without.

About an hour later a timid knock sounded on our door. Goldie went to answer. "Oooh—" I heard her exclaim. "How very nice."

I got up from the chair, and carrying my newspaper with me, hurried out to the door. There stood a boy about twelve, with a pack of black sweet cherries. "We picked lots of them today and you can have these."

Goldie looked pleadingly toward me. I saw the unasked question on her face.

"We can buy our cherries over at the orchard," I said rather gruffly.

There was a touch of fear in the boy's eyes as he looked up at me and then at Goldie. "But-but, we don't want to sell them," he said timidly. "You can have them."

"Oh, I'm so glad for them," Goldie said, brushing away my objections. "But we should pay you for them."

The boy shook his head. "We want nothing, but the basket back again." Now he looked happy because we had accepted the cherries. Goldie poured the cherries into a bowl and handed the basket to the waiting boy. He grasped the handle of the basket with two hands and watched Goldie, not making any effort to leave. "Mom—Mom said whenever you get peaches or cherries to can, you should let us know and one of my sisters can help you with them."

"Oh, how nice," my wife answered before I could say anything.

"We'll let you know when we need your help," I said a little sternly. If we could do without additional help while the children were small and growing up surely we could do without now that they were working away from home, and especially so if that help had to come from these people. The thought never entered my head how soon we might be glad for their help.

About three weeks after this, Goldie was driving the small Fordson tractor in the field down by the ravine and in some way upset the tractor. Her leg was pinned under the tractor and broken so she had to go to the hospital where a cast was put on and she had to stay two days. Then she was allowed to come home but of course would be unable to work for a number of weeks. It was right in the beginning of harvest and I needed her help badly in the field, and in the house. I tried to do alone and divided my time between taking care of my wife, doing the housework and getting the harvest in. I discovered my cooking was terrible, even if Goldie tried to tell me how.

One day when I came home, Mrs. Mast was there. She had brought us our dinner, a bowl of warm dressing with plenty of chicken in it, noodles and mashed potatoes. I didn't worry too much about who brought it. I was hungry and the food was delicious. When she left, Mrs. Mast asked my wife, "Would you need some help to get your house in order? We could spare Magdalena a few days for she is at home now."

Goldie looked at me and I could see that she was waiting to see it I would let her ask for the girl. "I think I can manage all right, but thanks anyway," I said as I grabbed my hat and started for the door.

When Mrs. Mast left the house she told my wife, "Now if you need help, just let us know."

The next day Goldie was running a fever. When I called the doctor he said we must have her brought to the hospital for apparently infection had set in. Afterwards when I talked to the doctor he told me she would have to stay at the hospital for a long time. So it kept me busy from morning to night trying to keep house at home, getting my farm work done and going to the hospital every evening.

One morning when I got up I was in a very bad mood. Our daughter had called us the evening before and said she would be coming home but because of her secretary job, she would not be able to stay for more than two days. I felt like disclaiming her and sending her a telegram she needn't bother to come for such a short time. The dirty wash and dishes were piling up, the house was almost buried in an accumlation of newspapers, shoes and all kinds of misplaced clothing. The weeds had taken over what was once the lawn. Our home wasn't home any longer. I had tried to get a cleaning woman from town to come and clean up the house but without success. What was I supposed to do next?

I finished the chores and went in to get my breakfast. The coffee tasted horrible. I poured in more cream but the flavor wasn't any better. In an angry mood, I dumped it down the drain. Just then the doorbell rang. Was it our daughter coming home to such a mess? What would she say? Would she faint when she saw what a mess the house was in? As I went to answer the door, the first thing I saw was a black bonnet. "Oh, no, " I gasped to myself, "not Mrs. Mast again."

When I opened the door a girl stood in front of me who looked like she might be about twenty-one years old. "Good morning," she said in a cheery voice. "I'm Magdalena Mast and Mother sent me over to see if I could help with the housecleaning or something."

"G'morning," I answered half-heartedly, no doubt betraying the gloom which I felt on the inside. My first impulse was to slam the door in her face but those large blue eyes and the innocent-looking face brought out the kindlier part of me. A black scarf was pulled over her prayer veiling and tied beneath her chin. She looked past me into our messed up room and saw the array of dirty dishes on the sink and stove. "Let me do your dishes," she said as she started into the house.

Without answering, I stepped back a bit reluctantly and let her go through. She hung her scarf on a chair and began rolling up her sleeves. "I suppose you have hot water in the faucet." Then her eyes swept the table. "Oh, didn't you have breakfast yet?" she exclaimed sympathetically.

"I made myself some coffee," I said, not wanting to sound too friendly. I seated myself at the table again.

She looked at the empty table and then peered into the coffee pot. "It's empty," she said shifting her eyes toward me. "Would you want some more?"

Without waiting for an answer she went on, "I'll make you some more but I think I'll wash out the coffee pot first. You don't mind waiting a little, do you? It won't take long."

I was nervous and needed some coffee so I answered, "I guess not," and picked up the newspaper and pretended I was reading. But my eyes followed the blithe girl who was moving so nimbly around our kitchen. While the dishwater was running, she put things into the refrigerator and got the milk and butter out. In a short time the kitchen was beginning to have a different atmosphere.

"I guess you never met me before," she said with a smile. "I'm the oldest of the girls and work away most of the time. But I've got a few weeks at home now which doesn't happen very often. What time does your wife get up? I'll try to have her breakfast ready whenever she wants it."

"Goldie's in the hospital," I said rather hoarsely. "She got infection in her leg and she'll have to stay a long time."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," the girl said sympathetically. "I've never met your wife but Mother says she's such a nice woman. I had been looking forward to seeing her."

"Your mother is right. She is a nice woman," I was surprised to find myself saying.

"I hope I get to meet her yet before I leave again. When is she coming home?"

"I—I don't know, we can't tell for sure yet." Suddenly I became disgusted with myself. Why should my voice get hoarse when I speak about my wife coming home? Why must I turn the other way so she would not see the tears in my eyes when this young girl shows a little sympathy toward me? I must really be a weakling at heart to act like this. No, I would be strong for I did not really need anyone's help, especially not from these people. "When will you be going back again to your other job?" I tried to make my voice sound normal again.

"I promised to work for my brother in about two weeks. He lives there where we used to live. But I like it here in this community. I think I'd like to stay here all the time."

"What makes you like it around here?" I asked.

"Oh, I like the scenery, I like the people, for they're all so friendly, and—and," she hesitated a little before she went on, "but mostly it's because I like the church."

This was a new thought to me so I asked what was on my mind. "Do you mean your churches aren't the same everywhere?"

"Oh, yes, yes, in—in some ways they are," she answered, sounding as if she were at a loss to really know what to say. "But in some ways they aren't. It so happens that I—I like it around here."

There was a question on my mind so I decided to ask. "Was that the reason Yost Yoder moved away from here? He didn't like the church."

"Well, I really don't know all the details," she hesitated a little as if she were afraid of telling me something she wasn't supposed to, "but that might be the reason, at least partly."

I couldn't understand myself. Here I was visiting with this girl as if she had been a long time friend, but she was really only one of those people. Like—like Yost Yoder, or was she? Then I heard myself saying, "Yost Yoder was a little hard to understand."

"Did you learn to know him?" she asked.

"Yes, I learned to know him when I bought a cow from him." I poured cream into my tea and pretended I didn't notice the long questioning look on her face.

"What do you mean? What did he do?" There was concern in her voice.

"Well, I guess I'd have to say he was dishonest and tricky. I decided right there if that is the kind of religion he..." I stopped when I saw the hurt look in her face. I must have said the wrong thing, perhaps Yost was a relative of hers.

The girl turned her back and started washing dishes in earnest. I marvelled at the easiness with which she went about her work. Soon the kitchen was spic-and-span and the walls were shining. I went out and about my work but when she had finished she said, "If you'll tell me where your hoe is, I'll hoe weeds in the garden before I go home."

Before she left for home, I asked her if she and her mother wanted to go to the hospital that night to visit my wife. I knew Goldie would be glad to see them. She said they would be ready if they wanted to go along.

That evening they were ready and my wife was glad to see them. When I told her this girl had cleaned the house and hoed the garden she looked relieved.

When we arrived back at the Mast home, Menno came walking out to the car. After inquiring about my wife and visiting awhile he said a bit nervously, "Uh-uh, Magdalena was telling us tonight that Yost Yoder didn't use you very well on a cow you bought from him. Is that so?"

"Well, yes, he wasn't honest but I guess it was worth it. I learned to know him from that deal." I felt the old hatred rising in me again.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said thoughtfully, "but I'm glad I found out about it. I really didn't know Yost would do something like that."

"I didn't either but I soon learned to know him," I answered. "Anyway, his plain clothes and whiskers didn't mean anything to me after that. It was just a cover-up, that's what it was." My voice sounded anything but friendly.

Menno shook his head. "How much do you figure you should have on the cow to make things right?"

I was taken by surprise, as I hadn't expected anything like that. "Oh, that's all right, I still have the cow and..."

"No, I want to make it right for I know his father well and if he was dishonest in this deal, then it should be looked after. Misrepresenting a cow is a pretty serious thing, I would think."

"Menno," I said in the kindest voice I ever had used in talking to any of these people, "I'm sorry I mentioned it but I did feel rather bitter about it. I guess I still owe you something, too, for what my cows were in your wheat field last spring. If you want to call it even, I'm willing to settle for that."

"Oh, I had forgotten that," Menno laughed. "I can never know how soon my cows will be in someone else's field. But I still think I should make it right about the cow you got from Yost."

"You just forget about the cow and I won't mention it again," I assured him. "Come to think of it, she is giving a lot of milk this time so I guess she doesn't really owe me anything."

"If you're sure you're satisfied," Menno said, "and oh, yes, I wanted to say, since your wife won't be able to work again for some time, how would it be if my wife and the girls came down to clean house for you one afternoon every week? And they will can peaches and sweet corn for you, too, if they may."

For one time I didn't object. In fact I was glad for this man's offer to help me now that I really did need help. The old feeling of hatred had all melted away and I felt happier than I had for a long time. In fact, I felt so happy I found myself humming a song as I drove toward home.

The Unforgivable Sin

by Elmo Stoll

Mary flung herself across the bed, sobbing.

Outside the window of her room, purple martins twittered cheerfully around their green-roofed box. But the sound did not give Mary any joy. Instead the chirping of the carefree birds only seemed to deepen her anguish.

Shuddering, Mary pushed her head deep into the quilt to deaden the sounds of her crying. She tried to pray, but her words seemed to mock her. What was the use? God would not hear her now. His promises of forgiveness were not for her — no, never would they be again. Despair swept over her as she broke into fresh sobbing.

Footsteps sounded in the hall outside her room. Mary held her breath, choking back the sobs, hoping the steps would pass. They didn't.

Knock, knock. Someone was rapping on the door.

Mary rubbed her face with her handkerchief, trying to dry her tears.

"Mary."

Mary did not answer.

"Mary, are you there?"

Still no answer.

"Mary, it's just me. Edna."

At the sound of the sympathy in her friend's voice, Mary started sobbing again. "Come in," she said. At least she was glad it was Edna, her closest friend. She would understand if anyone would.

As soon as she opened the door, Edna spotted the red face and tell-tale eyes. She opened her mouth to say something, but then closed it again. She shut the door behind her and came over and sat on the bed beside Mary.

"Come, Mary," Edna said kindly, but firmly. "You've been crying. I knew there was something wrong in church this forenoon. Tell me about it."

Sympathetically Edna looked into her friend's troubled face. "Mary, you know you can trust me," Edna whispered softly.

Fresh tears sprang into Mary's eyes at the kindness and understanding in Edna's voice. But it was so hard to confide to anyone — even to Edna.

"Don't you want to tell me about it? I know you'd feel better if you could share it with somebody."

"Oh, but Edna, you don't know what I've done —" Mary's voice choked.

Edna waited for her friend to gain control and go on. At last Mary grew calmer and the story came out — a sad story of having listened to the voice of temptation and fallen into sin.

"Oh, Edna," Mary sobbed, as she finished telling what had happened. "I don't know why I did it. I wish and wish I hadn't, but it's too late now. Too late."

For a moment Edna sat in silence, wondering what to say to comfort her friend. "Mary," she began finally. "Don't take it too hard. If you are sorry, and — and — pray, God will forgive you."

Mary shook her head and her lips quivered. "But, Edna, that's what's so awful. I — I don't think there is any forgiveness for me. I'm afraid I've — I've committed the unforgivable sin.

"Oh, Mary, don't say that."

"But what if it's true? The Bible says if we sin willfully after we're Christians, we can't be forgiven anymore. Oh, I would give anything if only I could be sure I could be forgiven again."

Edna sat perplexed. What could she say? How should she comfort her friend? How could she convince Mary that she could still be forgiven? Then suddenly Edna was struck by a frightening thought. What if Mary were right? What if she had committed the unforgivable sin? The Bible did say that was possible, didn't it? The thoughts raced rapidly through Edna's mind until she became so confused that she didn't know what to say to her friend.

Mary is not the only person who some time or other in life has been stricken with terror and despair at the thought of having committed the unforgivable sin. This is a very real fear that has troubled many sincere and conscientious persons — especially young people.

And to make matters worse, many more of us have been like Edna, wanting to help and comfort, but unsure of what to say. After all, the Bible does warn that it is possible to sin so much that we can never be forgiven. Or does it? So many of us have only a hazy and vague idea of what the Scriptures actually do teach. What is this "sin against the Holy Spirit" Jesus warned about so solemnly? How can we tell when a person has committed this sin? Is there no way to know for sure? Must we live all our lives with the secret fear nagging us that perhaps we'll come to the judgement day and be told that fifty years earlier we committed the "unforgivable sin", and therefore must be lost forever?

These are troubling questions, but thankfully they can be answered. Let us see what the Scriptures actually do teach.

First of all, let us consider that Jesus never turned anyone away because their sins were "too great to be forgiven". John the Baptist refused to accept the Pharisees, but that was not because of their having committed too many sins, but because they were unrepentant. If the person is truly sorry and repentant, no sin he has committed is too great to be forgiven. If some sins are too great to be forgiven, then Christ's redemption on the cross was not complete; and Jesus made a mistake when he cried out before he died, "It is finished." For if some sins were not atoned for, then the redemption of mankind was not finished at all.

Not only by his example did Jesus prove that he would accept anyone that came to him in true repentance, but he said as much in plain words. As the seeking people gathered about him on the shores of Galilee, Jesus said to them, "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37) And later the apostle settled the matter forever when he penned the unmistakable words, "If we confess our sins, he (God) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (I John 1:9)

What then, we may well ask, does the Bible mean when it says, "And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." (Matthew 12:32)

To understand this verse, we need to consider briefly what the work of the Holy Spirit is and why it is more serious to speak against the Spirit than against the Son. We all know that it is the Holy Spirit that speaks to men, reminding them of their sinful state and moving them to repentance. No one would ever have any desire to repent or turn to God if it were not for the Spirit working in his heart and moving him to it. It is the same Spirit that speaks to Christians, pointing out any wrong in their lives and leading them to repentance.

Whether we are Christians, or still unconverted, the Spirit may speak to us by many different means — perhaps by circumstances, our fellowmen, through our conscience, or by his Word. What if we refuse to pay any heed whatsoever to the gentle voice of the Spirit? What if we wilfully brush the Spirit aside time after time, year after year?

Will the Spirit keep reminding us to repent if we don't want to be led? No. Already in the days of Noah, God said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." (Gen. 6:3)

God is patient, very patient, and his forgiving grace is great. But it is possible to finally come to the place where we say outright, either by our words or our actions, "Go away, Holy Spirit, once and for all and stay away." These are terrible words, and to say them would surely take a hardened heart — calloused and deadened by years of willful and stubborn sinning. If a person comes to the place where he blasphemes the Holy Spirit, the Spirit will stop coming back to move him to repentance. And so it follows, that without the Spirit to give him any desire to repent, he will continue in sin all his life and will never be forgiven, "either in this world, or in the world to come."

Such a person is in a tragic condition. Without the Holy Spirit, it is impossible for him to even feel the tiniest bit of sorrow or repentance for any sins he has done. He no longer cares what happens to him. He has not the slightest wish or desire to come back to fellowship with God.

If the thought ever comes to us that we have sinned so greatly that there is no forgiveness for us — we should put it out of our mind at once. We should never listen to such a suggestion because it cannot be the Holy Spirit that is speaking to us. There can be only one possible source for such a fear — the voice of the devil. The devil has been a liar from the beginning and this is one of his worst lies. We should recognize it for what it is — the devil's plot to sink us into despair by telling us there is no longer any hope.

Then we wonder, "How can I be sure it is the devil speaking to me and not the Holy Spirit?" In some things it is difficult to tell if a thought has been suggested to us by God or the devil, but in this case it is not. The Holy Spirit will never come and tell us there is no forgiveness for us. Such a thing is impossible. If the Holy Spirit is still speaking to us, then he has not totally left us and there is still hope for repentance. Can we imagine a father so heartless that he would keep calling his child to him, but each time the child wanted to come, he would refuse to accept him? If we cannot believe an earthly father would be so cruel, how can we think our Heavenly Father would do this to us? No, our Father in heaven will never draw us to him by his Spirit except to forgive, cleanse and comfort us.

It is the voice of the devil that whispers despair. "It's too late. You might as well give up. You have sinned too greatly. There is no forgiveness."

The voice of the Holy Spirit does just the opposite. It longs to stir up the dying glimmer of hope within us, and tells us, "It is true that you have sinned greatly — but was it not for great sinners that the Saviour died? There is yet hope." The Gospel has always been a message of deliverance — the word of divine forgiveness. The work of the Spirit is not to frustrate and torture, but to "heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." (Luke 4:18)

One verse that often troubles those who fear they may have sinned against the Holy Spirit is Hebrews 10:26,27, "For if we sin willfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgement and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

It is important that we remember the context from which this verse is taken. It was written to the Jewish Christians, and as the rest of the chapter indicates, warns them of the seriousness and folly of turning back to the old covenant of many sacrifices after having learned of the one perfect sacrifice — Jesus. This verse is saying that if they leave the new covenant to turn back to the old, "there remaineth no more sacrifice" — no animal they can offer up will atone for their sins. Once they have "received the knowledge of the truth" they can no longer be acceptable to God by the sacrifices of the old covenant.

This verse should hardly be interpreted as saying that one willful sin will always cut us off forever from God so that no return is possible. Such a thought would disagree with other portions of Scriptures. Do we suppose that the man at Corinth who had his father's wife was living in fornication unwillfully day after day? Most of us would have to admit that he was probably sinning willfully, and yet Paul still felt God had forgiveness for such a person, as indicated by verse 5 in I Corinthians 4, "... that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

(Although God is patient and longsuffering, no one should ever comfort himself with the thought, "I will keep on sinning, and later there will still be forgiveness for me." This is a dangerous course to even consider. The salvation of the soul is nothing to gamble with. Many such people who thought they would repent later have been killed suddenly — snatched unprepared into eternity without one moment to repent. And many more have put off their salvation one day at a time until finally sin had such a grip on them that they did not want to repent.)

There is another Scripture that is commonly misunderstood and that has often distressed the hearts of conscience-smitten Christians. Once again it is a passage from Hebrews, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." (Hebrews 6:4-6)

Two phrases in this verse seem to stand out from the rest, "For it is impossible," and "If they shall fall away." These seem to be the only part that some people remember. But what is "impossible"? The verse does not say it is impossible for such people to be forgiven, but that it is impossible to get them to repent — "to renew them again unto repentance."

Therefore all of us may know assuredly that as long as we feel within us the slightest spark of repentance, the smallest desire to return to God, then we have not sinned against the Holy Spirit, and there is still forgiveness for us.

This is the teaching of the Scriptures, and this is what our forefathers believed and taught. In 1552 Menno Simons wrote concerning those who fall back into sin after having confessed their faith in Christ, "I would beg and advise all the God-fearing ones, as far as I am able ... wisely to consider the matter and not make a mistake in such a case by premature and unseasonable judgement. For the Lord to whom nothing is concealed, knows what sin he has committed, whether he has sinned against the Holy Ghost, or not. But let them admonish such a one according to the Word of the Lord. If he repents heartily, if he shows true fruits of repentance according to the Scriptures, if he receives a broken, contrite, and penitent heart once more, and a peaceable, joyful, and cheerful mind, then it is manifest that he did not sin against the Holy Ghost." ■■

Editorielles

Darum, O Chriſtenhäuflein kleine!
Laßt uns betrachten allgemeine,
Wie Er uns vorging hie auf Erden,
Daß wir Ihm auch gleichförmig werden:
In Lieb und Leiden in ſein'm Bund bleiben
Seins Fleiſchs und Bluts hie nicht vermeiden.

Alſo muß man die Speis vernehmen,
Der Geiſt lehr uns die Gemeinſchaft kennen;
Von Seinem Fleiſch und Blut hie eſſen,
Der alte Menſch muß gar verweſen,
Mit ſeinen Werken, das ſoll man merken,
Der Geiſt Chriſti muß in uns wirken.

Dann Gott tät uns mit Ihm verſöhnen,
In Seinem Sohn läßt Er uns dienen,
Er iſt der Fels und der Eckſteine,
Geſetzt zum Haupt Seiner Gemeine;
Sie iſt ſein Weib, Geſpons und Leibe,
Dadurch Er ſein Werk hie tut treiben.

Alle Glieder an Seinem Leibe,
Tun Sein Werk allezeit hie treiben,
Nach ſeinem Willen bis in'n Tode,
Sie ſind mit Chriſto hie ein Brode,
Das Brod ward g'brochen, wie Er geſprochen,
Am Kreuz für unſre Sünd durchſtochen.

Chriſtus, der iſt das Brod des Lebens,
Sein Fleiſch und Blut iſt für uns g'geben,
Sein Geiſt lehrt uns die Speis recht eſſen,
Tut uns ein'n neuen Rock anmeſſen,
Daß wir Ihn kennen, Sein Lieb uns brenne,
In dieſem Fleiſch Sein Werk bekennen.

Den alten Rock müſſen wir ablegen,
Und den alten Saurteig ausfegen,
Daß Er ſein Werk in uns mög haben,
Der alt Schlauch mag den Wein nicht tragen,
Kann Ihn nicht faſſen, er tut ihn haſſen,
Und kann nicht gehen auf dieſer Straßen.

Darum ihr neugeborne Chriſten,
Kommt her ohn allen Trug und Liſten
Zu dieſem Osterlämmlein ſchone;
Des Reich und Gemeinſchaft bleibt beſtone;
Kommt her mit Freuden, in neuen Kleiden
Das Böſ' und Gut' tut unterſcheiden.

Wer will nicht des Herrn Abendmahl halten?

Die Zeit vom Jahr iſt wieder nahe da wir in die Gemeinen Chriſti gedenken das Herrn Abendmahl zu halten. Einige Gegenden haben ihre regelmäßige Zeit da ſie ſich rüſten zu dieſem, andere tun nur ſo wenn ſie bereit werden. Es gibt gewöhnlich junge Leute die in der Unterricht kommen und wollen getauft werden, dann gibt es auch andere Umſtänden zu Zeiten wo müſſen behandelt werden, ſo werden oftmals Gemeinden aufgehalten daß ſie es nicht ſo früh zuweg bringen können. Das macht alles nicht ſo viel aus wenn wir nur bereit ſein können zu dieſem Tiſch des Herrn zu treten. Schaden iſt es aber wenn Gemeinen ganz aufgehalten werden daß ſie nicht Gros-Gemein halten können, dies iſt dem Satan ſein Geſpiel, er beliebt es wenn er die Gemeinen aufhalten kann.

Die Worte von Paulus kommen wir im Sinn: „Ich habe es von dem Herrn empfangen, das ich euch gegeben habe. Dies war von dem Herrn Jeſu Chriſti ſelbſt, ausgeteilt zu Paulus. Darum konnte er wohl ſagen er hatte es von dem Herrn empfangen. In unſere Zeit, wiewohl Jeſus nicht im Leibe gegenwärtig iſt, ſo glauben wir doch daß er im Geiſt dabei iſt. „Siehe, ich bin bei euch alle Tage bis an der Welt Ende.“

Ein Schreiber ſagt, das Mahl des Herrn beſtand aus zwei Teilen: Dem Liebesmahl und dem eigentlichen Abendmahl. Wie wir verſtehen haben die Leute ſich verſammelt und trugen Speiſe zu dem Mahle ein nach ihren Kräften, der Reiche viel, der Arme wenig; So hatte ein jeder können empfangen von die vorhandene Speiſe. Der Herr hatte am Schluſſe des Paſſamahls das heilige Abendmahl eingeſetzt. So geht der Paulus weiter: „Denn der Herr Jeſus in der Nacht, da er verraten ward, nahm das Brot, dankte, und brachs, und ſprach: Nehmet, eſſet, das iſt mein Leib, der für euch gebrochen wird; ſolches tut zu meinem Gedächtnis. Deſſelbigen gleichen auch den Kelch nach dem Abendmahl, und ſprach: Dieſer Kelch iſt das neue Teſtament in meinem Blut; ſolches tut, ſo oft ihr's trinket, zu meinem Gedächtnis.“ 1 Kor. 11, 23—25.

Am Tage von der Gros-Gemein ſo um 3 Uhr wenn das Mahl ausgeteilt wird, was haben wir in unſere Gedanken? Können wir die Wichtigkeit davon begreifen? Hier tun wir nur ein ganz klein Stück von Brot und ein Schluck Wein genießen, aber denken wir daran, im Geiſt und im Glauben der Leib und das Blut Chriſti. Denken wir daran wie nahe wir zu Jeſu ſind, das große Verſöhnungs-Werk. Sein Leib hing zwiſchen Himmel und Erde an das Kreuz. Hier iſt ſein Blut vergoſſen worden für unſere Sünden. Hier konnte er ſagen: „Nun iſt es vollbracht.“ Nicht nur allein für mich und dich, nicht nur für die kleine Zahl wo beieinander ſind wenn wir das Abendmahl genießen, ſondern Er ſtarb für die ganze Welt ihre Sünden, aber ſo ſchade iſt es daß ſo wenig ihn auf und annehmen im Glauben als ihren Erlöſer.

Wenn nun wieder Gros-Gemein gehalten wird in unſere Verſammlung wollen wir doch alle ein Teilnehmer ſein, nicht daß wir Leben ſuchen durch dies Abendmahl, das kleine Stück Brot und der Schluck Wein gibt uns kein geiſtlich Leben. Der Heiland ſagte: „Der Geiſt iſt es der da lebendig macht, das Fleiſch iſt kein nütze, die Worte die ich rede, die ſind Geiſt und ſind Leben.“ Wie ein Schreiber einſt ſagte, wir halten dieſe Gebote nicht um Kinder Gottes zu werden, ſondern, wir halten ſie aus Liebe zu Gott, dieweil wir Kinder Gottes ſind. Wenn wir es nicht ſo weit bringen daß wir ein Teilnehmer ſein können, dann fehlt etwas, entweder an uns, oder die Gemeinde.

Die Juden zankten einſt unter einander und ſprachen: „Wie kann dieſer uns ſein Fleiſch zu eſſen geben?“ Jeſus ſagte weiter zu ihnen: „Werdet ihr nicht eſſen das Fleiſch des Menſchenſohns und trinken ſein Blut, ſo habt ihr kein Leben in euch.“ Wenn ſein Wort nicht kräftig genug in uns wirket daß es uns verurſacht ein göttlich Leben zu führen, ſo haben wir kein Leben in uns, wir ſind noch geiſtlich tot. Geiſtlich Tot ſein meint in Sünden leben. Nun ſagt aber das Wort: „Wache auf, der du ſchläfeſt und ſtehe auf von den Toden, ſo wird dich Chriſtus erleuchten."

Paulus konnte ſagen zu die Korintiſch Gemeinde: „Darum ſind auch viel Schwache und Kranke unter euch, und ein gut Teil ſchlafen." Ein mancher möchte denken, wie kann dies doch ſein, das iſt doch nicht mich gemeint. Bin ich nicht getauft worden und als ein Glied eingenommen in der Gemeinde? Ja, das kann wohl ſein. Es iſt möglich daß ein Menſch kann getauft werden und doch nicht neu und wiedergeboren. Dies haben wir klar bezeugt im Neuen Teſtament von dem Simon der Zauberer, er war getauft von die Apoſteln, und doch war ſein Herz nicht rechtſchaffen vor Gott.

Wir gedenken dies Schreiben zu ſchließen. Wir ſagen noch dies, wenn die Zeit kommt für das Abendmahl zu halten, möchten wir uns gering dazu befinden, das nimmt mich ſelber mit ein. Wenn ich mein eigen Leben gegen dies Schreiben betrachte, oder gegen Gottes Wort dann befinde ich mich weit zurück und hinten dem Ziel wo ich ſein ſollte und gern wäre, aber Gott kann unſere Schwachheiten überſehen wenn wir willig ſind zu tun was wir können.

David und der Specht.

Der kleine David war von Natur geübt in natürlichen Dingen, die Wunder in Gottes Erſchaffenheit. Regelmäßig machte er ſeine Reiſe durch Garten, Feld und Wald mit einem ſcharfen Auge auf alles das neu war. Er fand immer die erſten Schwämme, und wo die Krähen ihre Neſter waren und wo junge Häschen im Neſt zu finden waren. Er hatte immer wenig beſonderer Samen zu pflanzen wo eine unbeſetzte Ecke zu finden war, und er hatte genau Achtung auf die erſte reife Erdbeeren, und ſo waren immer Neuigkeiten zu finden ſeine Eigenſchaft zu befriedigen.

Eines Tages da der kleine David durch den Baumgarten ſeinen Zirkel machte, fand er an einem faulen Apfelbaum viele neue Holz Späne auf dem Boden. Ein Specht hatte ein ſchönes Loch im Stamm vom Baum gemacht. Der kleine David ſtund und ſtaunte eine weile über dem Vogel ſeine künſtliche Arbeit. Was wird der Specht tun wenn ich das Loch halb zu machen würde, dachte der kleine David, und er nahm ein Stick Holz und ſteckte es in dem Loch ſo daß es beinahe zu war.

Ueber etliche Tagen dachte der kleine David an das Loch im Baum-Stamm und lief ſchnell um es zu beſehen. Ja, der Vogel war mit Ernſt an die Arbeit gangen und hatte das Loch vergrößert, aber was der kleine David nicht wußte, war, daß der Vogel ſchon junge Vöglein im Neſt hatte. Er ſtopfte das Loch wieder zu, und fand in etlichen Tagen wieder ein größer Loch neu gemacht.

Zum dritten Mal ſtopfte er das Loch zu mit einem größer Aſt. Wie groß kann der Specht das Loch machen? dachte der kleine David.

Die folgende Tagen war der kleine David nicht im Baumgarten, er war krank. Auf ſeine Beſſerung lief er wieder durch den Baumgarten, er dachte an der Specht und ſein Neſt. Ja, aber diesmal war das Loch noch zu, und was riecht ſo laut? Nun dacht er erſt was er wirklich getan hat. Der Vogel hatte ſchon junge Vöglein im Neſt und die ſind tot, von Hunger, und ſtinken ſchon. Warum hab ich nicht denken können daß vielleicht ſchon Junge drinnen ſind? dachte er, und ſtund in ſchwere Gedanken. Und ich war krank! Seine Gedanken gingen zu ſein Schulbuch:

Kind, quäl nie ein Tier zum Schertz,
Denn es fühlt wie du, den Schmerz.
Gott ſtraft den, der ſo was tut,
Drum fürcht dich und ſei ſtets gut.

Zu dieſer Zeit iſt der kleine David nicht mehr der Kleine, er iſt der alte David, und hat noch nicht vergeſſen die Hungersnot die er verurſacht hat.

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. Answers on page 35.

1.	**Befliſſen**	a. diligent b. to rush c. overpower d. numerous
2.	**Beiſpiel**	a. playmate b. favor c. general d. example
3.	**Beſcheiden**	a. to ask b. to allot c. combine d. sell
4.	**Beutel**	a. evidence b. bottle c. confidential d. purse
5.	**Eifer**	a. whisper b. candor c. zeal d. casual
6.	**Folget**	a. to follow b. forgery c. to leave d. former
7.	**Gäſte**	a. visitors b. gasping c. gaskets d. yesterday
8.	**Genannt**	a. named b. accurate c. take d. count
9.	**Gewinne**	a. usually b. to profit c. habit d. nearest
10.	**Hinfort**	a. in the future b. to leave c. enrichment d. behave
11.	**Jenen**	a. basically b. away c. those d. Jenny
12.	**Murret**	a. grumble b. agree c. angry d. argue
13.	**Rotten**	a. rotten b. blush c. divisions d. ruts
14.	**Saal**	a. large room b. sail c. jug d. attic
15.	**Schurz**	a. clumsy b. collection c. apron d. protection
16.	**Strauchle**	a. stumble b. chuckle c. astride d. slippery
17.	**Verſichere**	a. hide b. assure c. clarify d. search
18.	**Vielen**	a. grope b. touch c. fallen d. many
19.	**Weiſe**	a. white b. age c. manner d. genius
20.	**Zuverſicht**	a. unworthy b. confidence c. hopeful d. unknown

During the war years of 1941-1945, Amish boys and other conscientious objectors in the United States were not drafted into the army. Instead, they were assigned to jobs which were in the interest of the public's good. The program under which they worked was called Civilian Public Service— or simply C.P.S. While soldiers were stationed at army camps, the conscientious objectors lived at separate C.P.S. camps.

Some of the 441 Amish boys who served in C.P.S. were given employment at mental hospitals, some served as fire fighters in the forests of the Far West, some volunteered to become human"guinea pigs" at hospitals where tests were being made for the prevention of various diseases. Others worked in forestry projects or were involved in studying better farming methods and soil conservation.

Altogether there were 138 C.P.S camps scattered across the United States. Not all of them had Amish campees, but many did. One unit the Boonsboro, Maryland camp was made up entirely of Amish boys. But generally the camps contained boys from various religious backgrounds. Two camps which had a high percentage of Amish campees were Grottoes and Luray in Virginia.

Daily life at the C.P.S. camps was generally very routine. Each day, except Sunday, the same schedule was basically followed. But during five days in May of 1943, the Grottoes and Luray camps experienced something very much out of the ordinary. The campees were asked to search for a four-year-old girl who had become lost on the Blue Ridge Mountains. Hundreds of campees and local people became involved in the hunt. About 45 of the boys who joined in the search were Amish. Following is an account of the event by one of those boys.

The Story of Doris Dean

by Henry Swartzentruber
(Oakland, Maryland)

I will never forget that Monday night of May 17, 1943. It was a little after midnight when eight of us were aroused from our sleep and were told that a little girl had been lost in the mountains. Relatives had come to ask for our help in searching for her. Before we hardly knew what was going on, we were on our way and after a brisk twenty mile drive we arrived at the farm house which was located at the very foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains near the Island Ford Railway Station. A group of neighbors had gathered about the lonesome home, standing in the moonlight, talking, discussing and seemingly in somewhat of a confusion.

We were told that Doris Virginia Dean, aged 4, fleshy, heavyset, tender and barefooted, had last been seen that afternoon at about four o'clock. Two cows had strayed into the woods and little Doris had gone with her two brothers, aged 5 and 7, to fetch them back into the barnyard. But the two older boys, it seems, had traveled too swiftly for the little girl. So after fetching the cows and closing the farmyard gate, the two boys went back to where they had left their sister, a distance of two hundred yards, but to their astonishment, she was not there. They heard her crying a short ways up the mountainside so they both ran and told their mother, who immediately dropped everything and went to fetch her darling girl. But, sad to say, she could find no trace of her. Searching frantically and calling with all her heart, she still got no answer. Her husband came home at sunset and they both searched diligently but the fading shadows gave them no clue as to the whereabouts of their dearly beloved daughter. This continued on into the night, in the meantime, summoning all available help to aid them.

We were shown the spot where she was last seen and heard. With our lanterns in our hands we started to hunt. The father took the lead, following the path while we spaced ourselves 10 or 12 feet apart to either side. Thus we combed the mountainside expecting to find her any time.

It was an unusually calm, quiet, moonlight night. One could hear even the slightest noise for a great distance and as we hunted we often stopped and listened. "Doris, Doris," we called until the entire mountainside echoed but not even the slightest answer did we get. Onward we traveled, up and down the path, slowly and cautiously, through the thick undergrowth, honeysuckle and laurel which at that time were in their fullest bloom. It would have made a nice bed for a lost child in these mountains, while the flowery fragrance and the scent of the locust bloom made one think of a funeral.

But still we hunted, not knowing what moment we would stumble across her body. The moon began to lower and the dawn began to show in the east.The whippoorwills occasionally broke the silence with their crazy bits of calling. We began to tire so we paused to eat our lunches we had brought with us. The father looked weary and worried. He had not eaten any supper and after these many miles of hard searching he refused to take any food, but sat down and began to weep aloud, not knowing where next to look for his darling daughter. We could hear the mother calling her lost child from some far off hill. It was, indeed very touching.

TUESDAY

The dawn broke Tuesday morning and still no clue had been found. A call was sent to camp for more help whereupon, forty additional campees were sent. This enabled us to form a greater lineup, as we searched all day combing the mountainside systematically and looking very carefully. We found nothing and returned to camp, late that evening.

WEDNESDAY

On Wednesday morning forty-five of us were sent back to continue where we had left off the evening before. When we arrived we found hundreds of persons had gathered from neighboring towns to aid in the search. State police and troopers with their bloodhounds were also on the scene. The hounds were given the girl's clothing she had changed a few hours before she became lost. They picked up the trail and followed it rather doubtfully across two small brooklets but lost it there and were unable to find any further trail. Late Wednesday afternoon a severe thunderstorm came upon us two and one-half miles up in the mountains. We were literally soaked through and through so we returned to camp.

THURSDAY

Thursday morning came and we again went back to our task. The superintendent tried to encourage our work by telling us we were "doing fine." The leaves and underbrush were still dripping wet and it took only a few minutes to get wet through to start with. We increased our semi-circle that day to three miles. Things began to seem mysterious, and many police and troopers were trying to find some clue as to what could have happened to the child. Radio and local newspapers reported daily of these events and asked for volunteer searchers.

Thursday noon a hair-clasp was found in the mountains and identified by the mother as the child's. In the afternoon twenty-five Luray campers plus forty volunteers joined our lineup making it larger than ever before. Numerous women were among the volunteers and after an hour's searching, they were played out and we had to readjust our lineup. But just a little later another heavy thunderstorm found us way back in the mountains and our line went to pieces. The lightning flashed and the thunder reverberated from the mountainside severely frightening many of the volunteers who had evidently never been out in a thunderstorm before. In late evening we returned to camp, wet, tired and hungry, our clothes ragged and torn. But still we could not help think of the little girl, out in the wilderness alone, wet, hungry,thirsty, tired and probably still wandering around.

FRIDAY

Friday morning we returned once more to the home. Our supervisor gravely told us that officials are beginning to fear the child had either been kidnapped or had been killed by the wild beasts of the mountains. He warned us to look closely in the brush, in hollow logs and under leaves and rocks to discover any bloodstains or marks of any kind. He explained further what to do and what not to do in case we find her, encouraged us to search diligently just as though it were our own dear sister. His sermon really caused chills of enthusiasm, for everyone seemed to realize the desperate need of the search for the lost child.

Officials were puzzled and could not explain how a child could get away so quickly. They studied the mountains and the nature of a lost child in them but still found no solution. Many horsemen accompanied by different kinds of dogs kept continual vigilance along the many miles of mountain trails. A military army came to help, also many National guardsmen, the Bridgewater Boy Scouts, and scores of volunteers. These various groups formed searching parties, all doing their very best to find some trace of the lost child. Even an airplane assisted in the search, flying very low, but everything seemed in vain.

Friday evening officials seemed to be at a loss to know what should be done. After a lengthy conference it was decided that two particular hollows must be hunted out, starting in the mountains at the Skyline Drive. The chances seemed slim of finding a little girl up in the wilderness that far from her home; but the authorities had decided to let nothing undone that could be done, no stone unturned that could be turned and no ravine unsearched that could be searched.

SATURDAY

On Saturday morning one hundred campees gathered at the entrance of the Rocky Mountain fire trail on the Skyline Drive and prepared for a grand final weekend search. The group from Luray took the east side of the mountain down a hollow while all of the Grottoes men except three of us went down the right side down a gorge. The three of us were to search the fire trail that leads along the very top of the mountain. I was well acquainted with this trail as my crew had repaired it one wet day the winter before.

We walked very slow and steady. It was steep and rocky with much brush. I walked along the trail while Luther Lerch walked to my left one hundred feet and Paul Coffman to my right that distance. For awhile we could hear the two crews down their respective hollows, but even that soon faded away in the distance. The three of us cautiously made our way forward, ever being on the lookout for poisonous snakes as our men had killed nearly twenty-five copperheads and rattlesnakes. Fortunately, no one was ever bitten but several times they had narrowly escaped.

Noon found us at a high altitude and we ate our lunch by a small spring that was only about the size of a lead pencil. We filled our canteens with fresh water and talked how crazy it was to be hunting for a barefooted little girl high in the mountains five miles from her home in a jungle so dense that even we who were well equipped could hardly get through. Our lunch eaten, we were once more on our way, still plodding upward. In another hour we would be at the very top of the mountain. Walking slowly and seldom speaking we made our way monotonously around the last bend toward the top when we were startled to hear Paul shout excitedly, "Here she is, boys!"

We dashed through the brush and lo, there she surely lay. She was yet alive, lying in among the rocks in a bed of leaves. We stood utterly speechless, and confused, scarcely believing our eyes. The chills chased up and down our spines and the hair on our heads kept pushing our hats up. The child tried to sit up. We helped her and she began to talk but very faintly. Her dress was somewhat torn and her face, hands, arms and feet were severely scratched. Her muscles had shrunk but yet she was alive. We gave her a sip of water and at once she seemed revived. We asked her if her name was Doris. She nodded yes.

"Do you want to go home?" we asked.

"Water, water," is all she answered.

We gave her a second sip but could not resist her crying, begging most pitifully, "Water, water more water."

So we gave her a third sip and then poured away what was left for we knew too much water would be fatal.

It was 2:25 when we found her. Her pulse was good, no bones broken and in fair condition. The overalls she had worn were ten feet away. She had evidently come there after the rain on Thursday eve, all wet and weary and had pulled off the overalls. After standing on them till too tired, she lay down among the rocks with her head uphill and one leg out across a rock. It was only her leg that Paul first recognized when he saw her fifteen feet away from him.

After examining her and finding her in such a condition, we acted swiftly. Paul stayed to guard the child while Luther and I went for the home headquarters to get aid. We disposed of all our property permissible and began to run as we never had run before. The trail ended at about three quarters of mile. From there on we had to cut down through the mountainside through brush and undergrowth, sliding down cliffs on our hands and knees. We reached a logging road near the foot of the mountain and from there on we ran even faster than we had ever imagined possible. We came upon one of our trucks parked along this road and as we neared it, the driver prepared to make full speed ahead. We quickly reached the home dashing through crowds of people and a yard full of officials but saying nothing until we had finally reached the proper authorities.

Everything stirred with excitement as we finally broke the news. "We found the child, we found the child!"

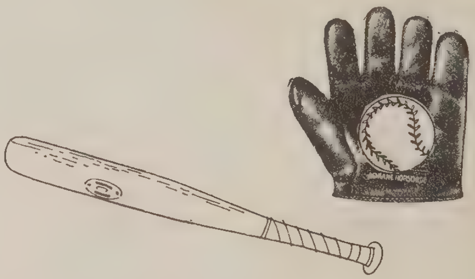
Immediately many questions were fired at us and sirens began to blow long and hard. Gunshots were fired, the awaited signal, and scores of people came running out of the mountains. The chief of Police radioed from his car to his headquarters telling them to call WSVA, "Child is found in fair condition." The hospital and a trained nurse were also called. The message was sent to all headquarters and all further searching parties were cancelled. In less than an hour from the time she was found over four miles away in the mountain top, it was already over the radio. Immediately a rescue party was assembled, but it was 5:00 P.M. when we again reached the top. An emergency stretcher was made and the child was lifted from her stone bed up on the stretcher. From eight to ten men were needed to carry it safely down over the cliffs. When we reached the logging road again it was nearly 7:00 o'clock. The road was lined for a mile with eager eyes trying to get a glimpse of the lost child, who was found after being lost five days and five nights. The family reunited at the ambulance and the child was sped a distance of twenty-one miles in seventeen minutes to the hospital where all possible aid was awaiting her. She required blood transfusions to revive, remaining at the hospital eleven days and once again returned to her happy, peaceful home at the foot of the Blue Ridges of Virginia. She has now recovered nicely and is a very charming, plump, dark-eyed little girl, but can relate of few things that took place in those mountains.

■■

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Girl-Hater Henry

-Alta Hoover



CLARA SWUNG THE BASEBALL bat with all her might.

"Strike one!" shouted Joe who was pitching.

"Take it easy, Clara," her brother Daniel reminded her. "Concentrate on hitting the ball."

Clara gave him a fleeting smile. Her brother knew her weakness well. She was so anxious to send the ball flying far across the field that she frequently struck out. It was only when she calmed down and concentrated on hitting the ball, rather than hitting it *hard*, that she could hit it at all.

The next ball was too high and she was glad for the little rest. Automatically she touched home base with the bat to make sure of her position, then waited.

A minute later Joe sent the ball whizzing toward home base again. In the second it took for the ball to reach her, Clara tried to evaluate its exact position. She decided it was good and struck calmly.

Crack. She had actually hit it and she fairly flew to first base.

"Yay for Clara." The shout rose triumphantly from her side as Florence made it home, scoring another run.

Just then the bell rang. As the boys and girls walked toward the schoolhouse together, Florence came up beside Clara and congratulated her heartily. "You won the game for us," she laughed, "else we would have been tied again."

"Our sides sure were even this week," Clara chuckled.

"Next week it's Joe's and Vera's turn to pick sides," Miriam spoke up. "I just wonder what kind of a player that new seventh-grade boy will be. I guess on Monday we'll find out."

"Well, *I* wonder what kind of neighbors they'll be," Clara said. "I guess I'll find that out tomorrow when they move in across the road from us."

The new seventh-grade boy, Henry Hostetler, was eagerly awaited on Monday morning. There were only three boys in seventh and eighth grades in Millmont school so another boy was very welcome.

He arrived before long with Daniel and Clara. The younger children stood around staring at him curiously, but soon lost interest because he seemed like any average seventh-grade boy. Soon the upper grade boys were gathered around him.

"You like baseball?" Isaac ventured upon his favorite subject at once.

"Sure do!" Henry answered heartily. "Do you have a pretty good team here?"

"Oh, not too good," Isaac answered modestly.

"Why don't we pick teams this morning before the bell rings?" Daniel suggested. "Even though we can't play this morning because of the wet grass, we'll be all ready at recess time."

The boys all agreed so Isaac called to the girls where they were jumping rope. "You don't mean to tell me you have *girls* on your team," Henry exclaimed with a mixture of surprise and disdain.

"Of course we do," Daniel answered. "Everyone from fifth grade on up helps if they want to."

"No wonder your team is not too good," Henry muttered under his breath.

The girls had come up now and though they couldn't hear what Henry said, they saw something displeased him. He was even more displeased when he saw Isaac step to one side and Vera to the other to pick teams.

"Do you always play boys against girls?" he asked Joe who was standing closest to him.

"Why, no, we never do," Joe looked at Henry with a puzzled expression.

"You mean," Henry said contemptously, "you have a *girl* captain?"

Joe squirmed under Henry's scornful gaze. "We take turns," he answered. It had never occurred to him that they were being different.

"Well, if there aren't enough boys to play sides, I'd rather play round-town than play with girls," Henry stated flatly.

The other boys were gathering closer now, trying to get in on the conversation.

"Come on," one of the girls called impatiently, "I thought you wanted to pick sides."

Joe glanced at the waiting girls uneasily. Henry was saying, "In our school only the sissies played with girls. I'd be laughed to scorn if they'd ever find out I played baseball with girls."

The girls had come closer now. Daniel and Isaac were blushing with embarrassment, yet they hoped the girls hadn't heard.

The bell rang. What a relief. The boys ran faster than usual toward the schoolhouse so that Henry was left behind in the unexpected rush. But the girls came more slowly.

"What were they talking about?" demanded Katie excitedly. "They looked so-- so secretive."

"They didn't look very happy either," Vera said.

"It was about us, I know by the way they looked at us," Clara declared.

"I heard Henry say 'baseball' and 'girls'," Florence interjected. "It sounded like an argument."

"Do you suppose he doesn't want us to help?" Miriam asked worriedly.

They were entering the schoolhouse now so their conversation ended, but their minds were not at ease. All during the morning classes the girls worried and the boys felt uncomfortable. But they were in for an even bigger surprise.

When teacher Rhoda called for seventh grade arithmetic class, the four girls marched up to the class table as usual. Isaac, who had been the only boy in seventh grade, paused at Henry's desk on the way up to make sure he was coming, then politely let him go first. The class table was long and narrow with a bench along one side for the pupils to sit on. As the pupils marched up, they slid on the bench one by one. But when Henry came up he sat on the far end of the bench from the girls and did not budge even after Isaac nudged him several times.

Teacher Rhoda smiled at him. "Please move up, Henry, so Isaac can get in."

But Henry sat still and his face got fiery red. "I was here first," he said stubbornly.

Rhoda's voice became stern but still kind as she said, "That's not the way we do things here, Henry. You walk up like gentlemen and sit down like gentlemen."

Reluctantly Henry obeyed, but he didn't move one inch farther than he had to. Teacher Rhoda's face was troubled as she went on with her class. Was this new pupil going to be a problem?

At recess time the boys were not in a hurry to go out as they had been the last few weeks since starting to play baseball. They walked out with a reluctancy and an uncertainty which was very unusual. Rhoda sensed there was something wrong. She was quite sure of it when she got outside. The girls were in a tight bunch and the boys were not in sight. As soon as she came close, Florence burst out, "Teacher, whatever's wrong with the boys? They don't even want to play ball today."

"I'm sure it's all that Henry's fault," Miriam declared. "For some reason he just wants to do other things and the rest of the boys follow him."

Teacher Rhoda answered thoughtfully, "Perhaps they are just getting acquainted. Let's start a game of our own and I'm sure they'll soon join us."

So the teacher and the girls played ball, but the boys did not show up.

Isaac had walked out of the schoolroom with Henry. Somehow he felt as if he should be extra friendly toward Henry because he was in the same grade. As soon as they got outside, Henry poked him in the ribs. "I'll show you, making me sit beside a girl," he said forcefully.

Isaac stared in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Aww, don't act so innocent. Next time you'll go up to the class table first!" Henry looked around at the gathering boys. "At our school we didn't have to sit beside girls and you wouldn't have caught us doing it

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love?
It's the smile of a friend,
The kiss of a child,
It's kindness without end.

What is love?
It's help along life's way
Forgiveness when we fail,
It's in kind words we say.

What is love?
It's the discipline we receive
When blindly we blunder,
It's the Saviour in whom we believe.
-A Mother

either."

For a moment no one spoke. Here was something new and no one quite knew what to make of it. It seemed silly, this exaggerated girl-shyness.

"Why, it's only the babies and sissies who act like that..." Henry continued, thinking himself important with his many listeners. However, Daniel and Joe weren't listening anymore. They walked away disgustedly. But the younger boys were listening intently, and feeling ashamed of themselves for being so babyish as to play with girls when a big boy like Henry scorned it so.

After recess there were oral reading classes for all grades. After giving the lower grades seatwork, the teacher started with the eighth grade. All went as usual — they marched up to the front of the room, stood in a straight row, and read out loud. Next she called for the seventh grade. They, too, marched up front and stood in a straight row, but Henry moved away from the girls, leaving a wide space between them. And Isaac stood close beside Henry.

Teacher Rhoda looked steadily at the boys for a few moments then she said quietly, "Would you boys prefer to be in the sixth grade instead of this one?"

A bit shamefacedly the boys moved over a step. Yet the teacher did not go on with the class; the gap was still too big. Slowly the boys moved up another step, then another. Finally the teacher was satisfied and they proceeded with their reading.

Back at their seats the rest of the pupils were watching. The younger boys found it amusing, but the girls were thoroughly disgusted. Daniel and Joe, the two eighth grade boys, were becoming more and more disgusted with this new pupil, too. Why did he have to come and upset the smooth running of their happy school? But if they were surprised at Henry's actions so far, they were really astonished at what they saw next. Slowly, oh so slowly, Henry dared to move away from the girls again. Inch by inch, almost imperceptibly, the gap widened. However, if the teacher noticed, she ignored it. When they took their seats, Henry glanced at the others with a triumphant grin on his face.

Then the sixth grade was called up to read. The three boys and two girls marched up smartly. By what was the matter with the boys? They were indeed in a nice straight row, but it looked like two different classes. The boys stood so far apart from the girls, that it was actually funny and a giggle or two was heard from the smaller pupils.

Suddenly Rhoda lost patience with her pupils. "You will stand in your usual places," she snapped and the tone of her voice and the flash of her eyes discouraged any further nonsence. Yet the trouble didn't end completely. It seemed that the boys were suddenly and very painfully shy of the girls.

It was lunchtime at last. Daniel and Joe sat alone under a shade tree to eat their lunches. Over against the schoolhouse sat Henry surrounded by most of the other boys. Groups of girls were scattered here and there.

"Boy, am I glad Henry doesn't have any brothers and sisters that go to school," Joe said. "One of them's enough."

"Yes," mused Daniel, "he's the youngest, but do you know, I thought he was a nice boy yesterday. In the evening we all walked over to their place to welcome them to the neighborhood. I never guessed he'd turn out this way."

"Maybe he is nice in most ways, but his school just wasn't much good," Joe suggested.

"Who wasn't any good?" asked a voice behind them.

The boys looked around to see Clara, Florence, Miriam, and Vera standing there. They laughed. "We didn't say anyone wasn't any good."

"Well, how about playing baseball now?" Clara changed the subject abruptly.

"Sure," Joe answered, "that is, if we can get the other boys away from silly Henry."

"Girl-hater Henry fits better," Miriam declared.

"Did you notice how the smaller boys all imitated him in class?" Florence asked indignantly.

"Yes, and did you notice how tired teacher Rhoda looked at lunchtime?" Clara returned. "I think something should be done about it!"

"Well, what can you do with someone who won't play with girls because he thinks it's sissy?" Daniel chuckled at his own remark.

"We must do something," Clara insisted. "Next thing we know you will turn against us too."

"And it's not a bit fair," Vera added. "Why, some of the girls are better ball-players than some of the boys!"

"If he could only see himself, he'd see how stupid it is!" Miriam spoke up.

"Hey, that's it," piped up Vera excitedly. "Why don't you boys show him how it looks?"

"Show him how it looks?" Joe puzzled. "You mean bring a big mirror to school?"

"I mean imitate him," Vera sputtered.

Joe laughed and Daniel shook his head but finally they agreed. Picking up their lunches, they sauntered toward the schoolhouse. Henry and his group of boys were still sitting by the cellar steps. Not far from them some of the smaller girls were jumping rope.

Joe and Daniel paused beside the boys. "Say, Henry," Joe said suddenly, "how can you sit here with those girls so close?"

Henry looked up in surprise. So did the other boys. They couldn't understand what he meant.

"I think we boys should get together and demand a separate playground, don't you?" Daniel asked. He tried to look real sober and serious.

"Aww..." was all Henry said.

Chuckling, the two boys went on into the schoolhouse to put away their lunches. Before long Henry came in with his lunch too.

"Henry," Joe whispered, "Let's ask the teacher to move all the girls to the other end of the room. I just can't stand having them sitting so close."

"Aww..." Henry said again and turned quickly to go out, but Daniel caught him by the arm. "Don't go out now while those girls are coming in," he exclaimed.

There were merry chuckles from the boys standing around.

Quickly Henry shook himself loose and slipped out the door. He was beginning to feel mighty insulted, but he still couldn't quite understand what it was all about. He walked slowly out toward the ball diamond where a few girls were playing alone. He wished he were back in his old school with his old friends.

Joe and Daniel followed him. This was proving to be a lot of fun, they thought. When they neared the ball diamond, Joe yelled at the girls, "Hey, get away from our ball diamond. Silly girls can't play ball."

"I'll say," Daniel tried to imitate Henry's scornful tone of voice when he spoke of girls. "All they can hit is thin air."

The other boys had gathered around now. They were speechless with surprise because they had never seen the eighth-graders act like this before. The girls had come up close too, to see what was going on. And suddenly Daniel was aware of the fact that one of the girls had dared to stand beside him. Why, she was only a few feet away from him!

"Hey! How dare you," he gasped, pretending to be terribly insulted, and leaped backward. Smack. Plop. Henry had been standing right behind him and they both landed on the ground.

"What-what-what's the matter with you?" Henry spluttered.

"A girl!" Daniel whispered hoarsely, his eyes wide in mock horror. "She was standing right beside me."

There was a sudden burst of laughter, but poor Henry was almost reduced to tears. And then, just as suddenly, the laughter stopped. Teacher Rhoda had walked up unnoticed.

"What's going on?" she asked, looking from one to the other.

Joe looked at Daniel and Daniel looked at Joe. Henry looked at them both accusingly, but none of them said a word.

At last Teacher Rhoda spoke again. "It looked to me as if all of you were laughing except one. That means something must be wrong."

"They were teasing Henry about the girls," a first grade boy offered.

"We were not." Joe had to grin in spite of himself.

"They were making fun of me!" Henry brushed off his pants angrily.

"What were they making fun of you about?" Teacher Rhoda wanted to know.

This time Henry was quiet and it was Clara who answered. "Henry says in their school the boys didn't play with the girls and now all our good ball games are spoiled!"

"We just wanted to show him how silly it is," Daniel spoke for the first time. "We didn't want to be really mean or anything."

Teacher Rhoda took a deep breath. She looked at Henry and smiled. "It really is kind of silly, isn't it?" she said.

Henry looked at the ground, feeling awkward and miserable.

"But it's enough of it now," she continued sternly, looking at the two eighth-grade boys. "Henry learned his lesson and from now on he's not going to be so silly, are you, Henry?"

Henry did not look up. He only kicked the ground self-consciously with his toe.

"Whose turn is it to pick sides today?" Teacher Rhoda spoke again. "I'll give you an extra half-hour today because you lost so much time."

Big smiles crossed the pupils faces and Joe answered promptly, "It's Vera's and mine, but Henry may take my turn because he's new."

"Aww..." Henry said, but he smiled and accepted. He really was going to try to be different.

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There are two good rules which ought to be written upon every heart. Never believe anthing bad about anybody unless you positively know that it is true. Never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and remember that God is listening while you tell it.

WHEN DADDY SAYS NO

"Atlee," called Daddy as he entered the cow stable with a pail of corn in his hand. "Perhaps you can give this corn to the horses over in the other part of the barn. Throw three ears into each manger." He set the pail down. "I'll put some of this corn into another pail so you can carry it."

Atlee got up from the stool he was sitting on and taking one of the pails started for the feed aisle. As he left the cow stable he noticed how dark it was getting in the other part of the barn. He stood and watched the shadows for a while. "I know," he said to himself. "Maybe I can have that lantern that hangs over in the cow stable."

"Daddy," called Atlee as he entered the cow stable again, "may I have the lantern so I can see better?"

Daddy looked up from the cow he was milking. "Is there a lantern out here?"

"Yes, over on the shelf is one but it isn't lighted yet," replied Atlee.

"Well, I really don't think you should take a lantern over there," Daddy went on. "You might stumble on the loose hay. If you'd fall with a lighted lantern the hay would catch fire."

"But I'll be careful, Daddy, and I'll hang it up when I'm over in the feed aisle," Atlee persisted. "I-I don't like to feed the horses when it— it's so dark."

Daddy looked at Atlee a moment. "I guess it would be pretty dark over there where there aren't many windows. You'd better just let it go. I'll feed the horses when I'm done milking."

"Well, I could feed them for you if you'd let me have a lantern," Atlee insisted. "I'd be real careful."

Daddy looked at Atlee. "No, Atlee. It isn't safe for you to take a lantern over there. I'll go feed the horses after a while and then you can help me if you want to."

Atlee sat down on a stool, resting his chin in his hands. "I can't see why Daddy has to be so particular," he grumbled to himself. "Why I wouldn't drop the lantern."

"Atlee," Daddy called the next morning as he was feeding the cows and getting ready to milk. "Come see what we've got over here."

Atlee came on the run, urged by the sound of excitement in Daddy's voice. "What is it?"

"Look in here," Daddy replied as he turned to a box stall near the other cows.

Atlee stepped on an overturned pail so he could see what Daddy was talking about. There was Flossie, their guernsey, with a little calf. No, not a calf, but two calves. "Twins!" squealed Atlee with delight. "Oh, Daddy, aren't they cute?" At the sound of Atlee's voice Flossie turned to face him, swinging her horns slowly back and forth, then she went on licking one of the calves.

"Oh, Daddy, may I pet them?" asked Atlee as he tried to climb up the side of the box stall.

"Atlee, no!" Daddy called sharply.

Atlee stopped just as he was ready to swing his foot over the side of the stall. Flossie quit licking her calf and mooed slowly as she looked at her would-be intruder.

"Atlee, you must never get into a stall with a cow and her new calf. Especially not Flossie," Daddy went on. "Cows with new calves can be dangerous."

"I-I just wanted to pet them. They're so cute," Atlee said.

Daddy smiled at Atlee. "Yes, they are cute. Flossie thinks so, too, and she doesn't know that you won't hurt them," Daddy explained. "You'll have to wait until some time when we take the calves away from her, then you can pet them if you want to."

Atlee stood watching the two calves longingly. They had never had twin calves before that he could remember and these were so cute and so tiny. How he longed to play with them! He looked at Flossie who was contentedly licking the calves. "I don't think it's as bad as Daddy thinks it is. He just doesn't want me to play with them," he told himself as he finally turned away to feed the other calves. "I can't see why Daddy is so fussy."

In the days that followed, Atlee helped his daddy when he wasn't in school. He thought he was a big boy already and could do a lot of things and enjoyed doing whatever his daddy did. Then one Saturday Daddy was cleaning up around the outside of the shed.

"Atlee, you can help me take this trash out to that brush pile and then perhaps we can burn the brush pile and the trash today," Daddy said as he put some old boxes and other things that could be burned on the wheel barrow.

"Oh, can we roast wieners then when we burn that trash?" Atlee asked eagerly.

Daddy smiled. "I'm afraid not this time. It's really not very warm outside to be doing that today."

Soon they had loaded the trash on the wheel barrow. Then Daddy got a plastic bottle with some kerosene and some matches. When they got to the brush pile, Atlee helped pile the rest of the trash on it and then stood back as his father lighted the brush. Soon the flames were licking merrily at the brush pile and trash. Atlee stood watching it, once again fascinated by the flames and crackling noise the fire made.

"Now, don't go near that fire," Daddy admonished Atlee. He stood watching the fire a little and then took the kerosene and the wheelbarrow back to the shed, calling Atlee to follow him.

Slowly Atlee turned to follow his daddy, turning to watch the fire several times as they walked away from it.

"I think that will be all right for a while," Daddy told Atlee. "I'll come back and check it later." He looked at Atlee, "but you stay away from it."

Finally the fire had burned down until there was no flame. Atlee went out to see what it looked like. There were still some red coals but no flames. He stood there watching the red coals for a while. Then seeing some small branches and twigs near the fence, he gathered them up and threw them on the coals. He stood watching, hoping they would start burning, but since they were green and wet from last night's rain, they only smoked. "I think Daddy squirted some kerosene on the trash when he started the fire," Atlee thought to himself as he looked around. "Wonder where he put that bottle of kerosene." He ran back to the shed and then to the wash house looking for the bottle. Finally he found it. Running back to the remains of the fire, he quickly squirted some kerosene on the twigs. It sizzled a little. He squirted some more and suddenly there was a big "POOF!" as the branches burst into flame. Atlee screamed and threw the bottle down. He ran back a few steps and then stood trembling and pale with fright. He reached up and felt his cheeks. They were warm and a little sore. Still trembling he slowly walked to the house and sneaked in the back door. Going to the bathroom, he got up on a chair to look into the mirror. The one side of his face was slightly red while the other side was very pale. He leaned forward to get a closer look. Why did his eyebrows and his hair look so funny? Just as he was stepping down from the chair, the door opened and there stood Daddy.

He stopped short. "Why, Atlee, what are you doing?" Seeing his startled expression, Daddy looked at him more closely. "What happened? Your hair are singed. So are your eyebrows." He took hold of Atlee's shoulder. "Were you playing with the fire?"

"I—I only wanted to burn some more branches," Atlee stammered.

"But I had told you to stay away from that fire," exclaimed Daddy. "How did you manage to burn your face like this?" Finally Daddy got the whole story out of him.

"You could have been very seriously burned," Daddy admonished him.

"But— but I didn't think it would act like that," Atlee remarked. "I— I thought..."

"Well, I don't know what you thought," Daddy interrupted, "but do you understand now why we don't want you to do anything with fire or with matches?"

Slowly Atlee nodded his head.

"We don't want something to happen that would cause you to get hurt or perhaps to burn down a building."

Atlee glanced at his daddy with a new awareness. "Then Daddy doesn't tell me not to do things to keep me from having fun but for my own protection and that of others." It was a new thought and Atlee liked it. ◇◇

THERE IS STRENGTH IN EARNEST PRAYER

It was Sunday and we were in church as usual. While the preacher was saying how manna had fallen from Heaven, as food for the people, my thoughts went back to a dream I once had that was so touching that I have not often spoke of it since. It all seemed so real to me that I blinked back the tears and hoped no one would notice.

We were married only about a year when I become sick like I had never been before. Trips to the doctor didn't seem to help as I lost weight and became very weak. We prayed often but once again we prayed together a prayer which was so fitting for sick persons. Then I went to sleep as common.

It was then I had my dream. God caused little white crumbs of something fall to my feet. When I ate it, it seemed to give me strength. Then I awoke and felt strange, for I was feeling better and a little stronger. From then on, I began to gain back my weight. It was all so plain to me that there is a God and He can help us if we ask Him in earnest.

That is the reason that when the preachers start telling about the manna that fell from Heaven, it always brings back memories. -Name and address withheld

DOES GOD NOT HEAR?

If God answers prayers that are in accordance with His will, can we pray for the conversion of a loved one and rest assured that sometime our prayer will be answered?

LYDIA JANTZI THREW HERSELF upon the bed exhausted and broke out in sobs. Could it really be true? Was it not just a dream? She found herself trying to make believe that it was only a bad dream—that Daniel was still here. If it had been someone else's son, she could believe it, but not her own, and — yes, her favorite son.

The thought of a favorite son scared her. She had not meant to be partial to her children for she loved them all, but was she not the fondest of Daniel, and now he had gone, left during the night and she did not even know where he went.

Why did this have to happen to her, a widow? Had she not fervently prayed for her children, especially for Daniel? Had she not tried to train and bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Her husband had died years ago which was a severe blow but she had faith and confidence in her children, especially in Daniel, that he would grow up to be a fine Christian young man, who would be an example to others and a good reflection on his mother's teachings, and now this— she burst out again in uncontrolled weeping.

Would she have to go through another sleepless night? Where was her faith in God, the God whom she loved and served? Did he not now hear her prayers? Why didn't He bring back her son? Over and over in her mind went a Scripture verse, a verse which she knew very well, and on which she was depending. Did it really mean what it said? "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much" (James 5:16). The verse fairly burned in her heart. Was she not righteous? Surely her prayers were fervent. Then Daniel would come back again. But why did he ever leave like this? Hadn't she prayed for him every day? Daniel— the one who had been so kind to her, who had worked so hard, and confided in her, and when tempted to do wrong, he had listened to her advice. Now how could he go astray? How could it be?

Again the words raced through her mind, "The prayers of the righteous availeth much— availeth much." Yes, that was the way it was written but was it really true? The thought came to her that in her case it would fit better to say "availeth nought." Exhausted, she fell into a troubled sleep.

Before she realized it, morning had come and she awoke somewhat refreshed. But gradually the truth dawned upon her again of what had happened, yes, Daniel was gone. But what could she do? She must go on. There were the other children, she must not fail them.

When the time came for morning devotions, she found little desire for reading the Bible or prayer. But she must not yield to the tempter. She must go on. She dared not give up now. Her thoughts went back many years to the time when she lived in an unconverted state. Vividly she recalled the terror which had struck her heart when she first came to realize her lost condition. Oh, the thought of being lost, of being without God in this world, and now her son, Daniel, her favorite son. The thought made her tremble.

Opening her Bible to where the marker was, she told her two oldest children to read and she would listen. What she meant was, she would try to listen.

As they read, her thoughts wandered. Oh, if only Daniel were here, she would try again, she would do better than she had thus far. Suddenly a verse caught her attention. "Ruby, read that verse again," she said.

"Again, I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

As Ruby stopped reading, the children looked at their mother, noticing the change that came over her face.

"Does— does the verse help you, Mother?" Peter ventured to ask.

"I think so, I believe so, I am sure it does," Mother answered as many thoughts raced through her mind. Did two people have to agree before God answered prayers? Did James mean then, that if more than one righteous person prayed, God would answer? She was confused. No, the Bible says Elijah prayed for rain, that was clear but then the thought struck her, Elijah had a servant. Perhaps the servant had helped Elijah pray for rain even if it was not mentioned. Anyway it would be worth a try. She would ask Peter to help her pray for his wayward brother. Then maybe God would hear them and bring him back.

Peter hesitated a bit and then he answered, "Yes, Mother, I will be glad to pray with you for Daniel. However it isn't clear to me that if we pray for someone that we can be sure they will repent. Could we not convert the whole world that way?"

Her heart sank as suddenly as the hope had risen within her. What Peter said was true. But then what did the promises in the Bible mean that said God would do whatever was asked of him? After talking it over with Peter, she decided that they should go and talk to one of the ministers, Levi Zook, who had a large family and all of them had turned out well except one, who had one away and was living in the world. Maybe he could help them to understand these Scripture verses.

THAT EVENING AS Lydia Jantzi and her son Peter drove into the Zook's farm, Levi came walking from the barn. "Good evening," he greeted them kindly.

"Good evening," returned the widow. "We were just wondering if we could talk to you a little but we can wait until you are finished choring. We're in no hurry."

"Oh, that's all right. Come right in," Levi answered. "Ervin is willing to finish the chores and I am willing to let him. When someone gets my age, they sometimes get tired before evening comes and welcome the chance to sit down and talk."

Seeing the serious look on the widow's face, he went on, "We were so sorry to hear about Daniel. We only found out today. It has been much on our minds."

When they were seated, Mrs. Jantzi began, "We are so burdened about Daniel. I just wondered if we would pray for him without doubting, like the Bible says, whether we could not rest assured that he would repent. In John 14 we read, 'If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it."

A sorrowing look came over Levi's face. "Yes, the Bible does say that and there are also other verses that sound like that, and it used to be on my mind very much several years ago. I guess you know we have a wayward son, too, and at first I just thought—"

When Levi paused, Mrs. Jantzi said, "I shouldn't have burdened you with my cares for you have enough of your own."

"That is all right," Levi assured her. "The Scriptures tell us to bear one another's burdens and how can we if we don't share with each other?"

Lydia felt relieved as she listened to the minister's calm voice. No doubt he had gone through the same testing which she was going through now and maybe he had found his way through. Maybe he could help her understand those verses.

"There are several other verses that sound much like the one you quoted," Levi began. "In the second chapter of Mark it says, 'Whatsover things ye desire when you pray, believe that ye receive them and you shall have them.' But this doesn't mean that if we are tempted to have more money, or honor or material luxuries, that we should ask God and He will give them to us."

"I understand that and I wouldn't want to ask for something which isn't God's will," the widow answered. "But isn't it God's will that our wayward son repent?"

"Yes, God wants all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. But it is not God's will that anyone be saved who is not willing, of their own free will to meet the required conditions of repentance, confession, restitution and obedience. Jesus gave His life for the world, yet in John 17 we read where he said, 'I pray not for the world."

"I have often wondered why Jesus said that," Mrs. Jantzi answered.

"I don't know if we can grasp the depth of it or not, but I wonder if He didn't mean He would not ask God to be gracious (in a spiritual sense) to those who choose to live in sin."

"May I ask a question?" Peter ventured.

"Yes, you may," Levi said, "but don't make it too hard if you want me to answer it."

"Why should we pray for the world if Jesus didn't?"

"That is a hard one to answer and I don't know that I have the right answer. We, too, would not want God to take people into heaven that live in sin as that would spoil heaven and they wouldn't feel at home there anyway. But I Timothy 2:1 tells us to pray for all men and I think we should do so, out of love for their souls. We should pray that they might yet come to repentance, but knowing that they must do this of their own free will. God will not force anyone to repent but He wants everyone to.

"But didn't God spare the Israelites because Moses prayed for them?"

"It is true that He didn't destroy them all and make a greater nation out of Moses' descendants as He had intended to do. But it sounds as if all those who took part in the idolatry were slain (Ex. 32:28). In Numbers 14, God heard Moses' intercession and didn't destroy all of Israel yet within 40 years, all those who had been rebellious died in the wilderness. However at the same time, God did not listen to Moses when he wanted God to blot his name out of His book. God told him, 'Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book.'"

"Do you mean then, that we are to pray for all men even if the Scriptures teach us that most of them will choose not to serve God?" asked Mrs. Jantzi.

"Yes, that is the way I understand the Scriptures," the minister answered. "Since we do not know who will yet repent and serve God, we should pray for everyone. We want to keep on praying for your son and for our son for there is still hope that they will repent as long as they live. But God does not force anyone to serve Him so we must leave it at that, and keep praying according to God's will."

"I believe I understand it better now," she said as they got up to go home.

-A Minister, Pennsylvania

HOW DO PARENTS FEEL?

I would like to see more letters in Family Life about how parents feel who have children that left home and the church and are out in the world. Does their heart ache all the time like mine does now? I know I am far from perfect and make lots of mistakes and suppose at times people think I act funny and peculiar, but oh, the parents that have their children all join their own church can't half realize how it is for those of us who have children out in the world.

It is the last thing I think about before going to sleep and the first when I wake up. Sometimes I dream about them and wake up calling them and thinking I hear them come in, but then I realize it is only a dream.

I talked with a mother who said it is over seven years that her two girls left and the ache is just as great as it was then. I would like to know how other mothers feel.

For now, I will just keep on hoping and praying and leaving it all in the hands of the Lord. I will keep right on doing my daily work and go away visiting and helping out other people and pretend that everything is well. I know that they don't see my heavy heart.

-Still Hoping, Praying and Watching

IT WILL RUIN THEIR HEALTH

Martha was humming to herself as she planned her rules, schedules and assignments. Eagerly she arranged all the books and was listening for the sound of the first pupils.

"How I look forward to meeting all the dear children once more. Such a happy and well-behaved group," Martha mused to herself. "All of them are such obedient and faithful pupils. If only it weren't for Daniel and his sister Edna, all would be perfect. Maybe it will be best to take their parents' advice. After all in a few years they will be out of school and then we can go back to our former rules again."

Last year had been Martha's first year as a school teacher. She had no rule against the children leaving their seats when necessary. But some of the children took advantage of their freedom and found many excuses for leaving their seats. It finally went so far that Martha saw something must be done and the sooner the better.

The following Monday morning she had faced her pupils and told them that from now on anyone wishing to leave their seat would have to ask permission first. Anyone disobeying the rule would be punished. The children had all listened with respect, their eager faces showing they were willing to try to remember.

It had worked out real well. The first several days some of the pupils in the lower grades almost forgot but were always reminded by a look from the teacher or one of the other pupils.

'What a difference," Martha thought to herself on Friday evening. "I certainly appreciate their efforts to obey. I'm not sorry I made this rule."

Everything went fine until near the end of the term and then it happened. Edna Mast, a seventh grader got a tickling in her throat and decided she needed a drink. Martha was busy teaching the first graders some new arithmetic work and didn't notice the upraised hand. Edna decided that if the teacher's that busy, she would not see her getting a drink and one time wouldn't matter anyhow.

But Martha saw, and explained to the school that a punishment must follow. Edna took it meekly and seemed to understand.

Martha was not prepared for the note she received from Edna's mother the next morning. With dismay she read:

> Dear Teacher:
>
> I feel you have been too strict in making a rule like that. I beg of you not to punish any of our children again for something as unnecessary as that. After all, children aren't made to sit still all the time. I get tired myself when I have to sit down for more than an hour at a time.
>
> Really I don't think it is fair to the children for they have to wait so long till you finally answer their question and then you hardly ever allow them to leave their seats. I am afraid it will ruin their health. Now please don't be angry with me. I just thought maybe you don't know how the children feel.
>
> Signed, Edna's Mom

Martha was somewhat upset but didn't know how to best handle the situation. She talked with some of the other parents and most of them thought she ought to stick to her rules. But Martha was afraid Edna's parents would feel bad toward her. Nothing more happened and school was soon out but now Martha was faced with a new term. What should she tell the children?

In her opening speech, Martha told the pupils that the rules would be the same as last year, but since Daniel and Edna's mother was afraid it would ruin their health, the one rule would not apply to them. No one else was supposed to leave his seat without her consent. However if anyone else disobeyed, she wouldn't punish them since that would be unfair because she didn't punish Daniel and Edna.

The children seemed to understand and respect their teacher and all went well for awhile. Then several began to disobey the rule and of course she did not punish them for she had promised she wouldn't. Slowly they began to do other things, too, and Martha had to remind them again and again. But the more she reminded them, the less they obeyed for they knew she would not punish them for it.

By the time school was out, Martha felt that the pupils had lost all respect for her. The next year was worse. But one thing she was glad. Daniel and Edna would no longer be in school next year so then she could go back to enforcing her old rules. But it was too late, the damage had been done. It seemed the harder she tried to keep order, the less respect the pupils had for her. It had spread so far and so deep that she could never again expect to have respectful pupils.

We may think it was all because of one set of parents. But was it? Was not the teacher herself to blame? Was it not her duty to stand up for what was right regardless of what those parents thought?

We all know a school could never stand in such a way, but aren't some of our churches in the same shape? The ministers keep telling us what we should do and shouldn't do. Especially twice a year the rules and regulations of the church are explained to us. But do we obey? What is done if we don't? Aren't we a little like Martha's school in the story? Little by little, things slip into the church and we don't notice it until we stop and see how far we have drifted.

Many people don't realize (or don't want to) that they are disobeying the rules. Perhaps we feel like Martha that the upper grades will soon be out of school and then things will go back again to normal, but sin does not die out. Is it too late? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? (Romans 6:1) God forbid.

-Name and address withel

HE CARETH FOR YOU

I have nothing to do with tomorrow,
My Saviour will make that His care;
Should He fill it with trouble and sorrow,
He'll help me to suffer and bear.

I have nothing to do with tomorrow,
Its burdens then why should I share?
Its grace and its faith I can't borrow,
Then why should I borrow its care?
-Selected

FARM & FIELD

MAINTENANCE OF FARM ANIMALS

(Notice: We would suggest you read first the back cover entitled, "A Water-cooled Machine" before reading this article.)

Normally about one-half of the feed which an animal consumes is used in maintaining its body functions. A maintenance ration is the feed which it needs when doing no work and producing nothing. The paying part of a ration is that which is used in producing meat, milk, eggs, wool or work.

Maintenance requirements remain about the same whether an animal is producing any useful product or not. This is why it is important to feed enough feed and in the right amounts to get the maxium production.

Animals are heat producing machines. The biggest part of their maintenance requirements are used up in chewing their food, digesting it and getting it ready for body use. Such an easily digested food as corn requires about one-third of its value in getting it ready for body use. Roughages like hay and silage use up one-half to two-thirds of their value in the process of preparing the feed for body use. There are also the necessary functions of breathing, pumping blood, etc.

Like human beings, animals have a certain body temperature which they must maintain. Nearly all are higher than man. While a person's daily temperature averages between 98 and 99, cattle cary from 100 to 103. For horses, the normal range is 99 to 101, swine 101 to 103, sheep 100 to 104, and poultry is the highest of all, ranging from 105 to 109.

The same as people, animals cool their bodies by pumping the blood through the small blood vessels near the skin. With the exception of the horse, animals do not sweat through the skin. Cows will sweat at the end of their nose and the only sweat pores a dog has are located at the end of his nose and on the soles of his feet. That is why a dog opens his mouth and pants to cool off, thus allowing the water from his tongue and mouth to evaporate and cool himself.

Animals do, however, have sweat glands in the lungs and these contribute considerably to the cooling off process. This excess moisture is thrown off in the air which accounts for the fact that the air in a closed barn is usually moisture laden unless there is sufficient ventilation to carry it out.

Most animals are better equipped to keep themselves warm in cold weather than they are to keep themselves cool in warm weather. Since the animals do not sweat through the skin, the use of fans directly on the animals sometimes has a harmful effect because it blows hot air against the skins of the animals. Poultry, especially, are easily hurt by hot weather and can seldom survive more than several hours of temperatures over 100 degrees.

At what temperature does the body stop cooling itself and starts to keep itself warm? This varies in different animals. Beef cattle on full feed and dairy cows receiving a liberal ration produce so much heat that they can keep themselves warm even in zero weather, provided they have protection against the wind and weather. There is a much greater danger of keeping such cattle too warm than too cold.

On the other hand, growing cattle, swine, and livestock kept on a maintenance ration generally do best at a temperature of around 60 degrees. (With normal clothing a person does not start producing extra heat to keep the body warm until the temperature drops to below 50 degrees.)

Moisture plays a very important part in keeping animals (and humans) comfortable. In dry climates cattle do much better in unusually warm or cold temperatures than they do in humid climates. The reason for this is that the water evaporation from their lungs can cause a drop of temperatures up to 20 degrees in a dry climate and only a few degrees in a humid one. Likewise, in cold weather the hide of an animal furnishes considerable insulation if it is kept dry. But if the hide becomes wet, there is very little insulation and the animal loses its body heat very rapidly.

ANSWER TO THE JULY FARM PROBLEM

Remember the problem about concreting the Millers' hog lot? Should they mix the concrete themselves or get ready-mixed concrete?

Most of those who sent in a reply had the correct answer. The ready-mixed concrete would cost $400 while the mix-it-yourself would cost $274.25. The next question, whether it would be best to mix it yourself or get ready-mixed depends upon individual circumstances and how high-priced your labor is. If you can afford to have three boys work two days for a savings of $124.75, then it might be cheaper to mix your own. Of course, you would also take some risk as to whether the cement were mixed right if the boys mixed it themselves. At any rate, the savings in our problem would amount to $124.75 but the actual savings would depend on the prices of gravel, cement, and ready-mix in your area.

READERS WRITE:

The cementing problem was a good one. I have heard it disputed that ready-mixed concretes gets harder than hand-mixed but you have answered this question by pointing out that it depends on the amount of water added. There is also the danger of using dirty gravel (ground in it) or in not having the right proportion of sand to gravel. The finer the material, the more cement you must use as you have more surface to cover.

One advantage in mixing your own, especially for small jobs, is that you can mix only what you need. If you get ready-mixed, you have to take a certain amount or they will charge extra. Sometimes it is hard to estimate how much it takes so you have to get some extra to be sure you have enough.

—A. B. M., Pennsylvania

Deadline for Answers Nov. 1, 1974

WHAT DO YOU THINK

??

We are familiar with Christ's rebuke, "Martha, Martha, thou hast many cares." Just what did he mean by this? Some people understand he was saying that Mary was serving him while Martha was not. Others think he merely meant that Martha was too extravagent with her hospitality. Which one is right, or is there some other meaning?

- Concerned about Martha.

??

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION AS TO WHETHER IT IS REALLY NECESSARY TO SERVE LUNCH DURING COUNCIL AND COMMUNION SERVICES. WOULD THERE BE NO OTHER WAY IT COULD BE DONE WHICH WOULD BE BETTER FOR EVERYONE CONCERNED INCLUDING THE HOSTESS, WHO MUST SPEND MUCH OF THE DAY SERVING LUNCH?

I have been in services where lunch wasn't served until after services. There was quite a bit of rattling of paper and eating of snacks during church (as the children do get hungry.) Wouldn't this also be distracting to the ministers as well as to the ones who are trying to listen? Perhaps it would be better to go out and eat a little instead. Going out would be relaxing and the mind could better concentrate on what is being said. It wouldn't be necessary to stay out long. Enough eating space should be provided so no one has to wait.

-Monroe, Ind.

Why would we want to start something like they do in the more liberal churches? I can imagine it would be hard for ministers to preach to empty benches but as long as there is as many as one soul thirsting to hear God's word, there should still be encouragement to go on. When we take children along, they have to be fed when hungry so as not to cause a distraction.

-Millersburg, Indiana

I was very much surprised to learn that such a thing was practiced anywhere. We read of Jesus fasting for forty days and forty nights. Couldn't people miss one meal? Or at least wait until all is over rather than having all that confusion and miss some of the services. If our hearts and minds are on the sermon, we shouldn't think of hunger. And what about the preachers? Do they take time out to eat a meal? Then why should others? Of course a snack could be taken along for the little ones.

-Old Order Mennonite, Selinsgrove, Pa.

I wish, too, something could be worked out without having such a long eating session. I think perhaps if we wouldn't eat, there wouldn't be so many people with a tendency to sleep right after lunch, including myself. For me, it wouldn't work very well to not eat at all, as I eat very little for breakfast so I can stay awake better. Maybe the ones who have to eat something could take along a handful of protein nibblers. I don't like to miss more of the sermon than I have to. Eating after the services might be all right at times when church lets out early.

-Jamesport, Mo.

In the community where I was born, grew up and lived for many years, nearly all the families took their own lunches along and could go to their buggies to eat. This could be done orderly and quietly, some waiting till others came in so there were not too many empty seats at any time. That way no one needed to be caring for tables and no dishes to wash. It's not hard to pack a few sandwiches so we can make out till supper time.

Where we now live, they give dinner, perhaps many never heard of doing it any other way, as they were always used to doing like this. But it would save a lot of work for those who have church and there would be no rattling of dishes or talking during the sermon. How much does the housewife get out of the sermon, where church is held? Even if she is in the room part time, she has to have her mind on the meal and how it is to be served. Or at least it is that way with me.

-Ohio

I have lived where nearly all the different methods were used and there are many things which need to be considered. The ministers need quite a bit of time to go through the Scriptures and to wait to eat until after church, would be apt to cause the minister to shorten the sermon. Just for myself, I think it works out pretty good if church is dismissed at dinner time just long enough for each family to eat the lunch they brought along from home. Of course in communities where it has been done a certain way ever since the church was started, then it might be difficult to change without losing more than you would gain. However, where new communities are starting up and some other way could be worked out without giving offense, then it might be well worth considering.

-Ontario

A PURPOSE TRUE

Lord, make me quick to see
Each task awaiting me,
    And quick to do;
Oh, grant me strength, I pray,
With lowly love each day
    And purpose true.

To go as Jesus went,
Spending and being spent,
    Myself forgot;
Supplying human needs
By loving words and deeds;
    Oh, happy lot!

-Selected

Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

EVERY MONDAY MORN

Is your house like my house, every Monday morn?
Do the rooms look dusty, cluttered and forelorn?
Are the Sunday clothes scattered all around?
And the children's school books nowhere to be found?
Do you burn the oatmeal, while the baby cries?
Do you hear some spelling words while the bacon fries?
Then your house like my house is full of love and light.
Children's happy voices, baby's glances bright.
Tho' we get discouraged— on the verge of tears—
Your heart like my heart goes singing down the years
For your house like my house can stand the wear and tear
If your folks like my folks are glad and happy there.

I TRIED — but failed

While thinking of the corn bread, fried mush, and hominy that graced our table when I was a child, I got hungry for a taste of good home-made hominy. I could not remember how Mother went about in making the lye solution in which she put the corn to get the skins loose, so I used a recipe that called for an overnight soak and a three-hour boil in soda solution. After boiling the corn for three hours it became quite soft, but the skin still stuck. I rubbed and rinsed it as I remembered Mother used to do. This did not bring the desired results and the skin still stuck. But the white hearts of the kernels washed away, too.

Making hominy, I remember, used to be an all-day family project, starting with Dad bringing in a bag of corn and the large washtub. We children all helped shell the corn. We rubbed one cob against another like Dad did. It was fun.

The next morning Mother would put both corn and lye solution into a large iron kettle to heat. I don't know if she cooked it but it was still hard when the skins came loose. We children carried water while Mother rubbed the corn with her hands and floated off the loose skins. Finally the corn was cleaned, then soaked overnight to rid it of the lye. The next day, after some more rinsing, the corn was again put into the iron pot and boiled until tender.

I remember well the smell of the hominy-filled crocks in the pantry. In the winter ice formed around the tops. We liked to pick at this when we came home from school. But that was nothing compared to the hominy that Mother served at the table — hominy fried, seasoned with salt and pepper, and a little milk added.

I did get a taste of hominy from what I made, but only by picking the skins off each kernel separately (the rest went to the pigs). I am still puzzled about where I made my mistake. Was it from lack of having Mother's endurance? Or was it the corn (Mother knew nothing of hybrids)? Could anyone give me a hominy recipe made with lye through Family Life? -Mollie Zook

* * *

Who of us has not had the longing or inspiration to give or share something with someone sick, or with those who are in other ways less fortunate— even just to share a little of our time to talk a while— only to have this longing squelched out of us by the daily round of duties and demanding cares that every mother is so familiar with. Why are there only a precious few who seem to manage to do that thing which would do the most lasting good, and to leave that which can be safely left undone?

How well I know the blessing it is to follow this inspiration. And how often I've felt that the person to whom I wished to give something, to help lighten his burden, gave me more in return than what I gave him — even though I did take my time. Here I think is a great truth, that the afflicted one helps others more than he can know. Love always works this way. We can't share it without benefitting from it too.

Jesus admonishes us: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her" (Luke 10:41,42).

May God help us to see that which is needful to our eternal good. -A Mother

* * *

Ruth Stoltzfus decided to change some of the ingredients in a breakfast cereal recipe that we had in an earlier issue of FAMILY LIFE. She came up with the following:

10 cups oatmeal
1/2 cup butter or oleo
3/4 cup molasses
2 cups wheat germ (optional)
2 cups brown sugar

Mix, then put on cookie sheets and brown in 270° oven until golden brown. Stir a few times while browning. Add almonds, coconut or raisins when done.

-Newville, Pa.

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Here is a recipe to take the place of the Heartland breakfast cereal. Our family of nine all like this kind of cereal but we can't afford to buy it in small amounts. (Guess we'll call this the Danner breakfast cereal-A.B.)

DANNER BREAKFAST CEREAL

5 cups quick oatmeal
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 to 2/3 cup white corn syrup
1/2 t. salt
1 cup wheat germ
1 cup fine coconut or raisins (optional)
1/4 t. cinnamon
2 t. vanilla

Put all dry ingredients together in a bowl and mix. Sprinkle vanilla and karo over mixture, then mix well. Pour into shallow pans and toast in oven at 150° for 20-30 minutes. Store in a tight container. Serve with milk. -Mrs. Lois Danner

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MARSHMALLOW TOPPING

2 cups white sugar   2 1/2 cup light Karo
1 cup water

Cook to 250° soft ball, cool 5 minutes. While cooling place 1/2 cup warm Karo in mixing bowl. Add 1 cup egg whites. Beat slowly till mixed then beat hard until light and fluffy. Beat first mixture into a fine stream. when all is mixed. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat hard 3 minutes. Store in jar. Do not cover until cool.

-A. M.

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MAPLE SYRUP FOR CHURCH

Bring to a good boil:
4 cups brown sugar
2 cups boiling water
1/4 cup light Karo
Remove from heat and add: 2 t. maple flavor

2 1/2 batches of this recipe mixed with 5 to 6 pounds of peanut butter and 2 quarts marshmallow creme will almost fill an 8 quart bowl.

-Mrs. Enos M. Kauffman, Indiana

(Some folks add enough cooking oil to peanut butter until it can be spread easily. This is used for church—for those who prefer a non-sweet spread. -Aunt Becky)

***

SALTINE CRACKERS

7 cups flour   1 T. baking powder
1/2 cup lard   1 1/2 cups water

Mix like pie dough. Roll as thin as possible, cut in squares, prick with fork, and salt with shaker. Bake in 375° oven until light golden brown. A hard cracker that is ideal for soup for it does not soak up fast.

-Mrs. Leroy S. Fox

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CUSTARD (with or without crust)

2 t. corn starch (only 1 t., if for pie)
1/2 cup brown sugar (3/4 cup, if for pie)
1 t. flour   4 cups scaled milk
3 or 4 eggs   pinch salt
1/2 t. vanilla

Add part of sugar to milk to heat to keep from sticking to the pan. Mix rest of sugar, flour and cornstarch. Pour hot milk over this, also some hot milk over well-beaten egg yolks and beat up some more. Add stiffly beaten egg whites last; mix well. For custard, set the pan in a pan of boiling water to bake and bake about 350° 30 to 45 minutes. For Pies: 375° or 400° for 10 minutes; cool oven to finish baking. We like this almost as well as ice cream. But I would like a suggestion on how to keep the custard from separating (weepeing).

-Alta Hochstetler

***

PEAR BUTTER

Boil 1/2 gallon pears. Then mash as for apple sauce. Add 1 quart white sugar, 1 quart light syrup. Bake in a moderate oven, or cook on top of stove until right consistency. When cooked on stove extreme care must be taken to avoid scorching. Nutmeg or cinnamon may be added.

-Ohio

***

Different mothers sent in "Play Dough" recipes. There's some variation so we will print the ones that differ the most. "Play Dough" is something that most children will enjoy. One mother wrote that she takes hers along to church; a child makes no noise when playing with this.

PLAY DOUGH #1

Place two cups of flour and 1/4 cup salt into a large bowl. Add 1/2 tablespoon cooking oil. Slowly stir in one cup of water until mixture clings to spoon. Add a tablespoon more of flour and knead. More flour or water can be added if necessary to bring to the consistency of bread dough. For variation add food coloring to the water. Play dough can be kept for two weeks if kept refrigerated after each use.

-Mrs. Mahlon D. Miller

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PLAY DOUGH #2

2 cups flour   1 cup salt
1/2 cup cornstarch   1 T. salad oil
1 T. powdered alum (get at drugstore)
2 cups water

Place all ingredients in a saucepan. Stir constantly over low heat until mixture thickens into dough consistency. Remove from heat and let cool until it can be handled. Place on foil, waxpaper or formica top and knead like bread until smooth. Add food coloring if you wish. Store in airtight container or plastic bag. This recipe keeps for months, is safe and non-toxic. Give the children some cookie cutters, old pans, a table knife and watch them work in their world of pretense. The dough will stay pink longer if the children wash their hands well before playing with it!

-Mrs. Cephas Kauffman

Some Mothers Write

It was the day after our babysitter left. My two oldest were in school and I was ready to go out and work. My little 4-year-old asked, "Mom, was she tired of working here?"

I hardly knew what to answer, and said, "Oh, I guess."

"Mom, you wouldn't get tired of us, would you?" he asked in a statement form. (His daddy died four years ago.)

I assured him I wouldn't. If we only knew what goes through little minds sometimes, or if we had faith in God as they do in us. "For out of the mouth of babes thou hast perfected praise." Matt. 21:16.

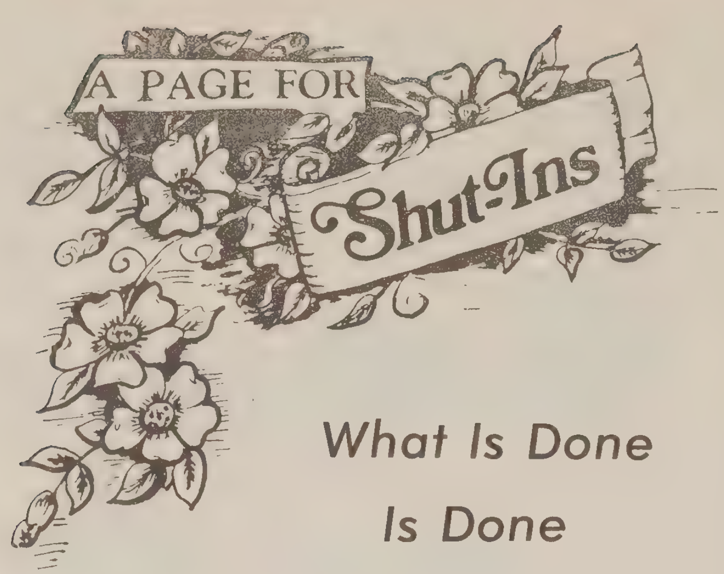
-I. Schrock, Indiana

My 4-year-old was with me out in the garden. She wanted to know which was weeds and which vegetables and flowers. We came to a row of four o'clocks. I told her what those were and went my way into the house. Later she came in with a little 2-inch plant nicely setting in the palm of her hand with ground around it. I asked why she pulled it out. "I didn't want to sit out there but I wanted to hear it strike."

-Mrs. H. Y., Costa Rica

Thoughts from
My Rocking Chair

Angry words
fill no
necessity
in life.
Aunt Becky



What Is Done Is Done

OUR SON KENNY whom we cared for all these years has left us. Although our hearts are in sorrow, we are not sorry that he has been taken from his life of suffering, even though he was only twenty-three years old.

Kenny was introduced to the FAMILY LIFE readers on the shut-in page of May 1971. He had been an invalid the last three and a half years and completely paralyzed from his neck on down for the last two years. Kenny had a nerve-crippling ailment called neuro-fiberomotosis (von-reckling hauser disease).

This disease caused little fibroid tumors to break out at the nerve endings in the muscles all over his body, except the head. The disease also caused the muscles in his legs to draw up and weakened the muscles in his back so that his back was crooked. He suffered much pain in his muscles. At one stage of the sickness his head and his feet drew back until they touched while Kenny was sleeping. Through the day he could stretch himself and this gave relief.

He was seven at the time when he fell victim to this disease, and it gradually progressed throughout the years. Kenny was taken to different doctors. This gave relief, but there was no cure. He was five feet high but being he was drawn together he looked much shorter.

On Monday June 3rd we stood by his bedside and watched. Kenny had double pneumonia and this was the fifth day he was under oxygen. He was resting peacefully. We rolled him over on the side and placed his legs in a position in which we knew he would be comfortable.

"Do you have any pain?" we asked.

Kenny shook his head. Part of the time he was in a semi-conscious condition, but always responded with a nod or shake of his head until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We watched his face closely for any sign of change, than at 5 o'clock he gave us a very sweet smile.

"He's telling you goodbye," the nurse whispered in my ear.

We knew he could not be with us long anymore. Our hearts were grieved but we had to think of what Kenny had told us some time before, "If God calls me home, do not call me back." This was hard to do for it was not easy to give up our son.

But Kenny longed to be free from his crippled body and his suffering, so we bowed our heads in prayer saying, "Lord, Thy will be done."

Forty-five minutes later Kenny peacefully passed away.

The last three years of his life Kenny had gone through much spiritual testing. He longed and prayed to be well and strong like other boys his age. But God did not answer Kenny's prayers in that way. Instead, he learned young in life to "look up" for help.

When he was a young school boy, he asked me one evening, "Mother, what shall I do or say when children make fun of the way I walk and because I can't run? I don't want to get mad, and yet I can't help it."

"Kenny, if you look up to God and ask Him to help you, I'm sure He will help you in this," I answered, feeling as much hurt as he himself.

Many times afterwards we'd see him "looking up" while blinking back the tears. This brought tears to our eyes also. We feel now these trials he had to go through in his younger years of life are what helped strengthen his character spiritually. In this way he was strengthened to stand the testing of his last 3 1/2 years.

Kenny's teenage years were not without problems. He had some good friends, but there were many who did not understand. This brought hurts which handicapped persons have to bear...alone. We could always tell when he came home at night if his day or evening had been a pleasant one or not. If he had a pleasant time, he would linger a while in the kitchen before going upstairs. If he had an unhappy day or evening then he would go straight upstairs to his room.

I would then follow him upstairs with a prayer, for it was at those times when he would pour out his heart to me and we'd have a heart to heart talk. This seemed to give him strength to go on. Kenny didn't want pity. He only longed to be accepted and to find fulfillment in life. (I'm sure only those who are handicapped really know how he felt.)

We often thanked God for Kenny's wonderful memory and his good mind. This had helped him through his trying times these last years. Many known and unknown friends came to visit him. He always enjoyed visitors and mail.

Each afternoon we would put him out on his easy chair and make him as comfortable as we could. A special-made board was then placed across the armrests of his chair. In this way he could read his letters and books. We are grateful to the friends who put forth effort to bring cheer into our son's life.

As we think back across the years of his life, we find many regrets...for the things we did and for some of the things we didn't do. Our house is empty now and there are many things we neglected. Kenny was a great lover of nature and had a wren in the bird box by his window. He was glad when we shared our outside world with him. We could tell him now that the little wren is setting; that we found the kittens the mother cat hid... I could go on and on, but it is true as a neighbor said, "What is done is done, and what is not done, just never will be done."

This is true in many ways. Those who didn't take the opportunity to be kind to him and show him that he's accepted, will never have the chance to be kind to him now to show that they care. The same way, those who have been willing to help him, will also find that it isn't necessary anymore to help Kenny along and to cheer him up. These people will be happy to know that they have not neglected to be kind.

About two weeks before Kenny died, he called us at 4 o'clock in the morning. He wanted someone to come and turn him in bed. When I came to his bedside, he asked, "What do we read in the second chapter of Mark at the 12th verse?"

I didn't know, so he told me to wait until the next morning to look it up. "Did you have a nice dream?" I asked.

"I sure did," he answered.

The next morning he told us that he dreamed of Enos Knepp who died two years before. Enos was a friend who had often come to visit Kenny. In his dream, Kenny saw Enos with a group of people and was surprised how well he looked. When he made mention of this to Enos, Enos told Kenny that he would soon have a body like that too. Then Enos told him to read the second chapter of Mark at the 12th verse.

Kenny accepted the message from Enos— "...and immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all."

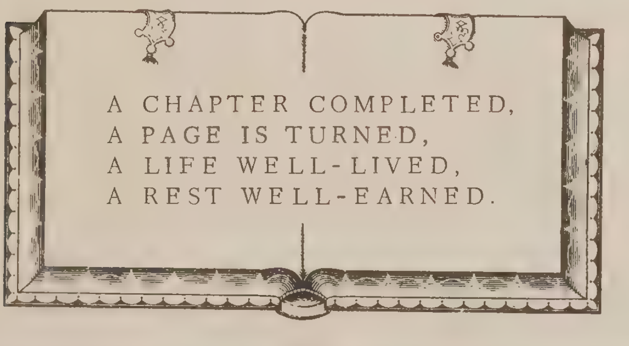
During the next two weeks, Kenny kept reminding us of the dream through various incidents. We had church and he suggested that we shouldn't bother putting away all the things. After Kenny died this incident and others stood out more clearly.

While Kenny was with us we never realized what a jewel God had placed in our home...but now this truth has dawned on us. We have come to realize how very, very patient he had been. Always when friends came to visit him and asked, "Well, how are you today, Kenny?" he always answered with a smile, "Oh, gut."

We knew it took lots of looking up to be able to say this in his helpless condition. Many people tell us now that his patient surrendered life these last 3 1/2 years was as a book for them to read. We are happy to know that even though Kenny's life on earth was short, it was not lived in vain. It is as it has been said, "Tragedy and sorrow never leave us where they find us." Through this we all have perhaps been drawn closer to God.

-By the parents
(Eli H. and Susie Bontrager)

Kenneth E. Bontrager born June 9, 1950 died June 3, 1974
Age: 23 years, 11 months, 25 days



A CHAPTER COMPLETED,
A PAGE IS TURNED,
A LIFE WELL-LIVED,
A REST WELL-EARNED.

"The greatest gift I ever received," said a young man, "was a gift I got one Christmas when my dad gave me a small box. Inside was a note saying, 'Son, this year I will give you 365 hours— an hour every day for dinner. It's yours. We'll talk about what you want to talk about, we'll go where you want to go, play what you want to play. It will be your hours.'"

"My dad not only kept his promise of that gift," said the man, "but every year he renewed it— and it's the greatest gift I ever had in my life."

How many special hours do we give to our children?

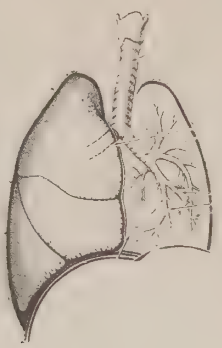
Answers to: GERMAN QUIZ from page 19

1. Beflissen a. diligent, zealous "...aber uns der Gehorsamkeit nicht beflissen haben..." Christenpflicht.
2. Beispiel d. example "Ein Beispiel habe ich euch gegeben." Jn. 13:15.
3. Bescheiden b. to allot, inform, or instruct "Und ich will euch das Reich bescheiden, wie mirs mein Vater beschieden hat," Luke 22.29.
4. Beutel d. purse, bag, or pouch "...so oft ich euch gesandt habe ohne Beutel, ohne Tasche..." Lk. 22:35.
5. Eifer c. zeal, ardor, fervor "Nachdem du denn, O Gott! diesen Eifer in uns angezündet, und diese lust und liebe..." Christenpflicht.
6. Folget a. to follow "...der trägt einen Wasserkrug, folget ihm nach in das Haus..." Luke 22:10.
7. Gäste a. visitors, guests "...und bekannt, dasz sie Gäste und Fremdlinge auf Erden sind," Heb.11:13.
8. Genannt a. named, or surnamed "...gefahren in den Judas, genannt Ischarioth..." Luke 22:3.
9. Gewinne b. to profit, to win, to yield, or benefit "...Dasz die Versuchung so ein Ende gewinne..." 1 Cor. 10:13.
10. Hinfort a. in the future, henceforth "...dasz ich hinfort nicht mehr davon essen werde..." Luke 22:16.
11. Jenen c. those, the former, or each "...wie etliche von jenen ihn versuchten, und worden von den Schlangen..." 1 Cor. 10:9.
12. Murret a. grumble or growl "Murret auch nicht.." 1 Cor. 10:10.
13. Rotten c. divisions, band, gang, or troop "Denn es müssen Rotten unter euch sein..." 1 Cor. 11:19.
14. Saal a. large room, hall "... Und er wird euch einen groszen, gepflasterten Saal zeigen..." Luke 22:12.
15. Schurz c. apron, loincloth, or kilt "...nahm einen Schurz, und umgürtete sich." Jn. 13:4.
16. Strauchle a. stumble "...dasz nicht Jemand strauchle wie ein Lahmer..." Heb. 12:13.
17. Versichere b. assure, affirm, to insure "O Herr! diese Wahrheit versichere in unseren Herzen;" Christenpflicht.
18. Vielen d. many, numerous, often "Aber an ihrer Vielen hatte Gott kein Wohlgefallen..." 1 Cor. 10:5.
19. Weise c. manner, way "...nicht auf bessere Weise, sondern auf ärgere Weise zusammen- nt..." kommet..." 1 Cor. 11:17
20. Zuversicht b. confidence, or trust "Es ist aber der Glaube eine gewisse Zuversicht desz..." Heb. 11:1.

Did you know? In German pronunciation vowels are either short or long. A vowel is long when followed by a single consonant, when doubled, or when followed by h. Examples: sagen, Haar, Jahr. A vowel is short when followed by more than one consonant. Examples: Mann, kappe, wenn. In some short words however, the vowel is short even if followed by only one consonant: in, am, um, mit, das.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: This month's cover was drawn by Erma Zimmerman, Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

A WATER-COOLED MACHINE



Have you ever stopped to think how much a gasoline motor is like the human body? Although the body was created many hundred years before the motor was ever invented, the two are in many respects much alike.

The motor burns up fuel to get its power and produces heat in the process. It runs best at a certain temperature, that is, it must be warmed up, but it should not be overheated. In most motors this is brought about by both air and water cooling.

The body likewise burns up fuel to produce heat. The fuel it uses is not gasoline, but the food we eat. This food is digested by the body, acted upon by various fluids until it is changed into calories of energy. This energy is stored in the body until it is needed. Much of the food we eat goes for keeping up the body processes. This is called maintenance. The heart must have energy to keep on pumping blood. The chest uses energy all the time in breathing. When we eat, we use energy in chewing the food, and the stomach uses energy in digesting it. The little red corpuscles in our blood use up energy continually in repairing the body. All this work is called body maintenance, and it accounts for about half of the energy which we get in our foods.

But we also need energy for other purposes. Children need extra energy to grow, and we all need energy to move about and to work. The harder we work, the more energy we use. The more energy we use, the more heat we produce.

At normal room temperature, our body is working hard to cool itself. The same as a water-cooled motor is continually circulating water to cool itself, so our body is constantly cooling itself by means of its own circulation system. When we become warm, the little blood vessels under the skin open up and allow more blood to circulate close to the skin where it will cool off. Since about half of our body is within one inch of the skin, this amounts to quite a lot of cooling surface. As long as the temperature remains below 80 degrees, the body can cool itself off pretty well through the circulation of the blood. But what happens when the temperature goes over this mark?

As the temperature of the air around us nears the temperature of the body itself, then some other means must be used to cool off. If the body temperature starts rising, the temperature control center in the brain gives off a signal which opens the millions of sweat pores throughout the body. These pores open up and pour out quanities of water, which evaporate into the air. One of the laws of nature is that when water evaporates, the temperature drops. If the himidity is low, the temperature may drop as much as fifteen or twenty degrees. If the humidity is high, it will only be a few degrees. This serves to cool the skin.

But a still more marvelous fact is that the body also has an inside cooling system. The lungs consist of small sacs or roomlike partitions which have an area about thirty times greater than the skin. The walls of these sacs are lined with sweat pores and when the body becomes heated, they open up, too. Thus while the skin is cooling the outer portion of the body, evaporation from the lungs is cooling the inside areas surrounding the heart and other vital organs.

A person who does no active work may throw off only a quart of water through the pores. But in warm weather a person who is working hard may lose as much as five gallons of water a day.

In cold weather, the reverse is true. Not only do the sweat glands remain closed but there is much less circulation of blood in the area beneath the skin. In order to conserve heat for the inside of the body, the vessels going to the outside areas are closed and we become cold. Thus the fingers and the feet become numb because of lack of circulation. The heart and head cannot tolerate a temperature of less than 90 degrees but the arms and legs do not actually suffer unless they become much colder.

All action produces heat. We cannot as much as raise a finger without burning energy and thus produce some heat. That is why we must keep moving when we are cold. This is also why the body starts up its own movements if we do not and we begin to shiver. It is all a part of the body's complicated temperature controls.

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FAMILY LIFE

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November 1974

Letters

TO THE EDITOR-

FREDA A WORTHWHILE STORY

I think "Freda and The Factory Work" in August issue is a worthwhile story for anyone who is tempted to play with sin. It is sad to say that such things do happen even in plain churches, and they don't happen only in the factory. Such things can happen right on the farm. I think Freda gave Freeman a good answer, that God does not work things out to satisfy the lusts of the flesh, also that she could never trust him after seeing how he carried on with other women and girls. Is this kind of pleasure worth the sorrow and the heartaches it brings?

- Concerned, Ontario

SHOULD NOT THINK ON THESE THINGS

We don't like stories like "Freda and the Factory Work." The God of peace will not be with us as we read of in Phillipians 4:8-9 if we think on such things.

- Wallenstein, Ontario

VERY MUCH NEEDED

I think "Freda and The Factory Work" was very much needed. I know of incidents in a factory that were worse than any in this story. But it seems people just will not see it. Are they perhaps blinded by the large pay checks?

- Kokomo, Indiana

DEPRESSION CAN BE A CAUSE

Recently I read an article in a magazine in a doctor's office which might shed some light on the cause of Mrs. Hershberger's death in the story "Freda and the Factory Work." It said that cases of cancer are nearly always preceded by a state of profound sadness or depression and often by psychological blows or psychic disturbances. Might this be what caused her cancer?

- Wondering, Pa.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

I think "Freda And The Factory Work" is very sad in more ways than one. To make things right and then do the same thing again after communion is walking on dangerous ground. I'm afraid such as these partake of the Lord's supper unworthily.

Freda made her first mistake by working where the church disapproved and her second one by taking the first Pepsi from Freeman. If she encouraged him in his wrong motives, she made herself a partaker of his sin.

This wrong is not confined only to factories but creeps right into our homes if we are not watchful. Several years ago I worked as a hired girl for several months at a place where they had regular egg customers. Among them was a man in his mid-thirties and I was shocked the first time he came that I was there. He was so bold with the lady of the house, carressing her arm and calling her "My Dear". But I was still more astonished that she did not resist or discourage him. Besides this, she freely laughed and joked even on subjects which my mother had taught me many times are not proper outside of marriage.

This went on for sometime and finally I mustered up enough courage to ask her if she is not afraid that it might lead to something undesirable. "Oh," she laughed in her usual carefree way, " He doesn't mean anything. It's just his way." I was not at all convinced and I dreaded his visits.

The time did come that he would have committed adultery with her. Then she firmly told him she isn't that kind of a woman. From then on, he seldom came. Sad as it was, this was not the only such affair the woman experienced. Are we blameless if we play with the emotions of men, arousing lust in their hearts towards us?

- Name and address withheld.

MADE ME FEEL HUMBLE

I was glad for the story "Freda and the Factory Work." In our community when young couples marry, the wife often keeps on working in the factory until they have children. I feel a story like this one is a needful warning to not get too familiar with the opposite sex. I feel that much of the reason behind our country's high divorce rate is women working away from home even after motherly duties should keep them at home.

Also your story, "Woman's Place in the Home" was very interesting and made me feel humble as I could see many mistakes I have made in rearing our children. Now they all have homes of their own. I often wish I could have been more patient. Now we can try to be a good example for our grandchildren.

-Pennsylvania Grandmother

SLAVERY IS FORBIDDEN

While discussing the Special Hired Girl section in the August issue with some friends, one of them said, "With the price of everything going up, corn, wheat, oats, and also other expenses, can it be true that some hired girls are getting only ten or twelve dollars a week? Does this help to force them into factory work (see "Freda and the Factory Work")?

Here in the United States slavery is forbidden, and also by the Great Law. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." It is true that some young couples have a hard time to make ends meet but how about the ones who have to pay income tax and are making money to buy more farms?

-One who wishes to see justice between capital and labor, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

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A LESSON FOR PARENTS

I read the story, "Was Solle Mir Du?" (August issue) aloud to the children and they really liked it. There is a lesson in it for parents who have children growing up and are hoping for them to stay at home with us instead of going where we don't know where they are. We don't know how our children will turn out when they are older and "go for themselves" but we do want to do out part and admonish them and show them the right way while they are young. Also to break their self will. But we do need God's help to be an example for them so they can see we are concerned that they don't go astray.

I know of parents who are pretty strict with their children and also some who aren't strict enough and their children still have a lot of self will. We can easily see the difference. Oh, that we can keep our children as those parents who are strict enough to break the children's self will. God knows how much we need His help. -Family Life Reader, Iowa

NOT ONLY FOR THE CHILDREN

I wonder how many adults read the Children's Section in Family Life. It may be a bit late to mention it, but I think the story of the Ten Talents in the May issue was good not only for the children, but for the parents, too. The teacher told his pupils they were to write a story. He admonished them to do their best and not wait until the end of the week to begin. Nora was a talented girl but she didn't do her best. The story says she sat and thought, but her pen remained idle. She waited until the last part of the week to start her story and then it wasn't good enough.

My thoughts went to myself. Am I doing my best? The week is our life span. God is the teacher. Our walk of life is the story we are writing. It has been said that people read us more than they read their Bibles. Do we want to wait for some other time to begin working? If our "writing" does not pass at the day of Judgement, we will have no second chance. Let us work with the talent God has given us. -L. K., Ga.

EXPERIMENTING IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

I read the story, "Experience is the Best Teacher" (August issue) and was disappointed that it ended so soon. It seems to me some are experimenting in the spiritual life but can't fully overcome because they cannot submit themselves. I am afraid it will be woe to those who only accept or let themselves be convinced from their own experiences. If we fail in this t then we have really failed. We all need His guidance.

-Illinois

CAN STILL LEARN GERMAN

I want to thank you so much for the German section of Family Life. I am still learning although I am not young any more. Dear young ones, learn now while you are still young and don't wait because it takes twice as long to learn when you get older.

I also enjoyed the letters to the editors, where the minister wrote about training children. I can't understand why some parents think the teachers and ministers should be able to teach their children obedience, because if they don't learn it at home they are too old to learn it from the teachers or ministers.

-Sugarcreek, Ohio

MUCH MORE CONTENT

The mother who wrote "Mother Nature's Best" had a lot of good points and I always nurse our babies, too. But I can't agree with her that a baby doesn't need solid food until he's 5 or 6 months old. Our babies both got cereal the first week and strained baby food at 4 or 5 weeks. By the time they were 3 1/2 or 4 months old they were eating poached egg, mashed potatoes and gravy and cracker soup. We think they are much more content and aren't as fussy as babies on milk only.

-A Young Mother, Montgomery, Indiana

MODESTY IS NEEDED

Concerning the article on nursing babies, I feel that when this is done in public, it should always be done with modesty. In our area, the women wear a "Hals-tuch" in church, school meetings or in public to cover ourselves. So often it is necessary to nurse a baby in the presence of men and boys and then it can be embarrassing. I am glad to say that with a light cover we can prevent this and keep our modesty. People in different places are used to different things but for plain people, let's keep ourselves covered, even in nursing. —Name and address withheld

WORLD WIDE WINDOW

AMERICA'S NO. 1 MENACE!

According to a recent news release, stray dogs and cats are now America's No. 1 menace. "In many communities, free-roaming pets have created a situation bordering on disaster," one official recently stated. "Every stray dog or cat is a potential ecological, medical and social threat. They harbor, disease, inflict bites, damage property and wildlife, cause accidents, and create nuisances and polution.

It is estimated that four million people are bitten by dogs each year. Meanwhile the dog and cat population continues to increase. According to the Humane Society, there are close to 100 million stray dogs and cats in the U.S. Between two and three thousand dogs and cats are born every hour in the U.S. Most people already have enough pets so most of these are surplus. The cost of disposing of such animals is around half a billion dollars a year.

Dogs and cats can pass on some forty different diseases to humans. If you have more dogs or cats than you need, do yourself and your neighbors a favor and dispose of them instead of letting them run wild.

HURRICANE HITS HONDURAS

The hurricane which hit Honduras in Central America a few days before the Autumn equinox left a path of death and destruction worse than had ever been experienced in that country before. Towns along the north coast were virtually wiped out. The angry waters which were brought on by up to 30 inches of rainfall, accompanied by winds of up to 180 miles an hour swept away whole blocks of houses. One river was reported to be twenty miles wide. Bridges were wiped out in the area.

An estimated 10,000 people were drowned and many more left homeless. With all sources of drinking water polluted, diseases soon followed in the wake of the disaster.

The United States and other countries sent in plane loads of emergency food and medical supplies. The Red Cross and other organizations also sent supplies. There were some newspaper reports that part of these supplies were being stolen by the local authorities and school teachers who were supposed to be distributing it. A certain amount of this usually happens in such poor and undeveloped countries but no doubt most of the supplies did reach the needy people.

A truck load of people from the Amish community at Guaimaca went to the disaster area to help clean up the week after the hurricane. They would be able to use an unlimited amount of funds to purchase relief supplies. Anyone wishing to help would do well to consider channeling it through this group as 100% of the funds would go for what it was intended. Anyone wishing to send donations should send them to the bishop, Monroe Hochstetler, Guaimaca F.M., Honduras, Central America. Do not send cash. Checks should be sent by registered mail via air mail

PATHWAY PEN POINTS

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

When I was a girl we lived on a farm in a long lane. Standing in our barnyard was a tall windmill which pumped water for the livestock. Sometimes when the fire whistle sounded in town, our father would climb up the windmill to look if he could see any smoke.

One Sunday my parents were invited to a relative for dinner. Because my three-year-old brother had pinkeye we couldn't all go along. So Mother left two of us girls at home with him. Since I was the oldest in the family, Mother warned me to keep an eye on him, but to let him play outside in the afternoon, as it was such a nice day.

We did as we were told and that afternoon when I looked out the window he was busy playing in the barnyard. I went back to my reading. How long I read, I do not know (it might have been longer than I thought) it seemed like only a short time until I looked out the window again. Where was my little brother? The toys he had been playing with were in the barnyard but no little boy was to be seen. Quickly I went outside and called his name.

Soon I heard him answer but at first I couldn't tell from which direction his voice had come. Then I looked up and saw him. He had only three more steps to go to be at the top of the 50-ft. windmill. Fear instantly gripped me. What could I do?

I knew that going to the neighbors for help would not be a good idea, for he could fall down a long time before I returned. I was afraid to go up since we children had always been forbidden by our parents to climb the windmill. Even if I could get the courage to climb up to him, how would I ever be able to get us both down? So I decided to do the only thing I knew to do.

I talked to him calmly and pretended I was not alarmed that he was up there. I could see the little fellow wasn't afraid so I told him to climb back down again. Calmly and slowly he started downward, holding tightly to the iron rung with his chubby little hands. About half ways down he almost missed a step. I held my breath, but he wasn't scared. "Oops!" he said and tried again. Slowly he kept coming until he was safely down.

We have been asked to print the following notice which has been sent out to the Amish churches concerning

Die Botschaft

Ein Grus der liebe an alle die dies lesen oder hören lesen.

We, a group of Old Order Amish from Bowling Green and Clark Mo., after much thought have come to the conclusion that we would again seek the assistance of other like minded Old Order Amish churches who would be interested in having a Budget, (weekly newspaper) much as it was approximately 30 years ago with mostly news letters from Amish writers from Amish commumities with side material which is considered of no harm to the Amish home. A paper of approx one-half the size of the original Budget.

As we well realize that many of the Amish homes receive the original Budget which is becoming rather large and much as a regular newspaper with half or at times over half of the news letters written by people that are no longer of the Old Order Amish group but who are interesting writers but some-what missionary minded. Some traveling to other countries or lands, some for adventures and others for religious reasons or other and we can-not help but feel that with our children growing up and reading these letters week after week is bound to influence their minds to where the next generation will not be minded as a true Old Order Amish Church is today. We see many reasons, which lay heavily on our mind in these trying days, where these large newspapers can help destroy our churches but will not go into details further at this time but would appreciate the concern of like minded Old Order Amish Churches.

The people who print the Budget have agreed to print a new paper for the Old Order Amish Churches as near as they would like it, as possible with a small group of Deacons to advice as to what is desirable and what is undesirable. The Budget would continue for the ones wanting it but the ones desiring the smaller paper with mostly newsletters from Amish communities should give it a trial for one year for $7.00 which is some-what less then the larger Budget. If interested to assist in making this possible, we would appreciate if this were brought before the Church members and interested members would send a years subscription to Ezra Wagler, Route 3# Box 179, Bowling Green, Mo. 63334 to help get this started which we feel will assist in getting the larger paper out of the homes. We feel most too humble to bring this before you and remember us in prayer.

Wir danken alle vür die hülfe und hoffen dies werk ein hülf sein kann vür uns und unsere nachkommenschaft.

Unterschrieben von uns Bischof wie folge,
John B Mast   Benedict Petersheim
Jacob W Eicher   Peter C. Burkholder

Once he reached the ground you can be sure my sister and I kept a close watch on him the rest of the afternoon. The next day my father removed the lower section of the ladder so it wouldn't happen again. What can we learn from the incident? Children will go places and do things which they shouldn't when they are older, too. Then what should we as parents do? I wonder what might have happened if I had shouted and scolded my little brother and told him what a bad boy he is when he was on top of the windmill? But I calmly told him to come down as if I expected he would and he did.

I was glad Dad took the lower section of the ladder off, so my little brother would not be tempted so easily again. If we see where there is a danger, then we should remove that danger as much as possible. Of course, it's not possible to keep little children and big children from getting into trouble at times and perhaps even getting hurt. But we want to do what we can after we realize there is a danger to see that the same thing doesn't happen the second time.

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

Do you remember the series of child training problems we had in Family Life several years ago? Each month a new problem was printed and readers were urged to send in their opinions and feelings on each question. From these replies an article was formed often considering the question from 2,3 or 4 different angles.

For 1975 we have planned a series of questions on another subject, - marriage. In this issue you will find the first of twelve quesions. We are starting in on an easy one and as time goes on, we hope to get into deeper and more serious ones.

Marriage, the relationship between man and wife is a very weighty matter for it is the foundation of the home. Perhaps we would like to think and pretend that in a Christian home, no problems exist. It is true that if everyone were able to follow the teachings of the Bible at all times, this might be possible. Perhaps before the year is out, you will have the opportunity to say whether you think there are any homes where problems do not at times arise.

Like in the child training series, whether or not these discussions will be of any value will depend upon the readers. We need a wide variety of answers to choose from. Say what you think and why you think so. Don't be afraid that many others will send in the same answer you do. You might be surprised, and even if they did, no harm is done.

Your answers will be worth more if you provide a certain amount of imformation about yourself, such as how long have you been married and what makes you think as you do now? Don't be afraid to write frankly and honestly. All information will be held strictly confidential and your name will not be published.

If there is a subject on your mind which you would like to see discussed, send it in and it will be considered for possible future use.

Send in your answer right away before it slips your mind. The answers will be submitted to a member of the staff who hopefully will have the first disscussion ready to print in the January issue.

WE WOULD LIKE TO CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE Article this month on the subject of hired boys working out for the sake of working out. I understand it is a long established custom among the Old Order Mennonites to exchange boys or hire them out to good farmers where they will learn the tricks of farming.

Among the Amish, this is practically unknown. Oh, yes, boys are hired out where they are needed but never exchanged or hired out for the sake of learning or apprenticeship. I understand that girls are hired out the same way.

We would be anxious to hear from those who have had experience along this line. Does it work, if so, how does it work best or under what conditions does it not work. Let's hear from you.

Perhaps some of our readers have wondered about the stories which have appeared in the newspapers concerning our taking the Jonathan book off the market. The way it sounds the author of the book has made several statements which are utterly without any foundation in an attempt to leave the impression that the Amish are trying to hide something. Actually the only reason we made no previous mention of the transaction was to keep from causing any unnecessary embarrassment to the publisher and the author. Anyone wishing to have more details as to what really happened, see the October 17th issue of The Budget.

One scene in the book is very difficult to understand. When the ministers accuse Jonathan of giving buggy rides to tourists, the author has Jonathan asking, "Would you rather have me to be a witness to the truth of our way or have an outsider dress up as Amish and offer rides to tourists and tell them exaggerations and false things that make our way look ridiculous and our God small?" (Page 38)

We think that question is well put and deserves an answer especially so being found in a book which attempts to do these things from cover to cover. Of the estimated 800 inaccuracies found in the book, many are inconsequential but a goodly number are serious misportrayals. To mention only a few, the minister and the congregation are pictured as a gang of harsh Old Testament characters without any love, mercy or wisdom, insincere hypocrites plotting to bring into fulfillment their one aim, namely the "slaughter of the innocent lamb" (Jonathan). What are the charges which this "disturbed congregation" brings against the "lamb about to be sacrificed?" These include an assortment of charges totally foreign to all Amish ways of thinking such as, "God burned down Brother Amos's barn (because of Jonathan)." "He speaks very little about God." "He eats too much at church weddings and funerals," "He's lazy and we Amish aren't lazy," he "courts the devil," and he "conspires with the devil."

Some of the newspapers have attempted to make an uproar over the transaction calling it "censorship". This is really not what was intended as we knew all along that the author would have a perfect right to give the book to another publisher or publish it himself. What we tried to do was to show by deeds what we were saying in words, namely that the book is objectionable (for reasons which we have already given.) We hoped the Mennonite Publishing House and the author, would not want to have it reprinted, that they would be able to see that the book is presenting a distorted picture. But these reasons have been misconstrued by cries of "censorship" and "book-burning".

As we see it, it was a straight out deal. Money for the purchase of the book was made up mostly by the group of concerned people in Lancaster County, the books were paid for and no one is trying to hide anything.

The book is not dangerous anyone who knows the Amish for they can soon see the author simply is not acquainted with his subject. (The book does contain a number of chapters on the antics of two sex-obsessed couples from the "big city" which renders it unfit for anyone who wants to avoid impure literature.) It is the outside world, the tourist who has never had the opportunity to become acquainted with the Amish who is misled by reading such a story.

Another part which is equally hard to understand is where the author pretends to put up a case against tourism and exploitation of the Amish. He has Jonathan trying to help his "plain, simple people" and vows to close down the "Lancaster Zoo." Is it not most unfortunate that this chapter is a part of a book which does these very things; that exploits the Amish people, using them in an improper way to obtain personal gain?

We know that many people in the world are tired of the gods of ease and luxury which are reigning in the world today. They are looking for something more meaningful than enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season. Some are turning to the occult, some to the Oriental religions, and others are trying to live simple lives in communes. It is only natural that such persons would be interested in reading about the Amish, what they really believe and why. Would it not be a tragedy, then to hand them literature saying that the Amish way of life is based, not on the Bible, but on bigotry, ignorance, superstition and the worst kinds of hypocrisy? These people who are looking and asking for bread, is it fair to offer them only a stone?

We would like to call attention to the list of books which is included in this issue of Family Life. It is the largest selection we have ever offered. The biggest increase is in the number of children's books and nature books. We were surprised ourselves at the large number of these books which are being published. The books are worthwhile, yet with a minimum of objectional points. A lot of time has been spent in finding these books and we would like to especially recommend them for school use. Remember that there is a 10% discount for any books which are purchased for school use.

Views and Values

MEET AT THE BRIDGE

Here's a poorly disguised true story that happened back in the spring of 1953.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Miller and their family of eleven children were moving to Canada to a new Amish settlement there. They loaded their belongings onto three trucks one windy March day, household goods, furniture, horses, cattle, and sheep. Peter Miller planned that six of his sons would ride with the trucks, two in each, and his wife and the smaller children would come with him in the station wagon. The driver of the station wagon said he saw no need of starting out the same time as the trucks did, since he would drive faster, and everyone was supposed to be at the border the same time. So the three trucks left for Canada several hours earlier. Peter made sure that everyone understood the plans, so there wouldn't be a mix-up. He gave the truck drivers and each pair of sons the same instructions: "If you get to the border, wait at customs office until the rest come. Don't try to go through customs until I get there with the immigration papers."

It was in the early morning, a few hours before dawn when the first truck arrived at Canadian customs. Soon a second truck pulled in. Having driven all night, the truck drivers were tired, and settled down for a nap until the rest showed up. The four Miller boys talked excitedly of the sights along the way, and about the large city of Detroit they had just come through. They climbed up the side of the trucks to see if the horses and cattle were still all right. Everything seemed in order.

Soon the station wagon drove in that they had been watching for. Peter Miller was relieved to see two trucks had already arrived ahead of him. No doubt the third truck would not be far behind.

Fifteen minutes passed. No third truck. Another fifteen minutes. Maybe the driver had stopped somewhere along the route for a cup of coffee or a short nap. Peter thumbed through his papers, just to be sure everything was in order. He hoped there wouldn't be any delay going through customs, or it would be late by the time they reached their new home and got unloaded.

An hour passed. Peter was getting uneasy. Had something gone wrong? The truck that was missing was the one his oldest son, Jake, was with. Surely Jake was old enough to know what he was doing; surely he would have understood the directions about meeting at the customs office.

Could there have been an accident? The wrinkles in Peter's forehead deepened. He began to glance more and more frequently down the road, and watching for the truck. He paced back and forth, restless.

Peter went back over the directions he had given the truck driver and his oldest son Jake. "meet us at the border..." "Wait at the customs office." Suddenly an idea crossed his mind. Customs office. Was it possible that the other truck was waiting at the U.S. Customs office rather than the Canadian Customs? He decided to walk across the Ambassador Bridge, back to Detroit and check, just in case. At least it would be something to do to pass the time.

Peter had barely started across the bridge when he spotted a lone figure enter the opposite side of the bridge, nearly a mile away. Who could that be? Who else would be crossing the bridge on foot this early in the morning? Peter quickened his pace. It looked for all the world as if the approaching figure was wearing a black hat.

The two met at almost exactly the middle of the bridge—Peter Miller and his oldest son, Jake. They had seldom been so glad to see each other before.

"Where have you been?" Peter asked. "Were you waiting at the U.S. Customs office?"

"Yes," Jake nodded. "We've been waiting and worrying and anxious."

It turned out that the third truck had been waiting just across the bridge at U.S Customs almost as long as the rest of the family had been waiting on the opposite side of the river. They had been separated from each other, both worried and uneasy, and longing to be united. The most remarkable thing of all was that father and son must have decided at almost the same moment to stop waiting and walk across the bridge in search of the other.

Not many families move to Canada and experience the kind of separation that Peter Miller and his son did. But there is another kind of separation between members of families that is all too common— a separation that goes deeper and is far more serious. That separation is one, not of bodies, but of hearts, where members of families become divided by lack of love and understanding for each other. A teenage son begins to feel that his parents don't try to understand him, or don't use him right, or don't love him. A wife grows bitter toward her husband, because it seems he doesn't treat her with consideration, doesn't help with the children, or sympathize with her.

The son that is separated from his father's affection is unhappy, miserable, and depressed. He doesn't feel like getting out of bed in the morning, and when he does get up, he doesn't have any zest for work or living. The wife separated from her husband's affection is the same way, feeling moody, sad, dejected, lonely, and unloved. Both long for someone to love them, and understand them, someone that will weep with them, and help them.

Then why don't the father and son and husband and wife make peace with each other, and end their separation?

"I would be only too glad to if I could," sobbed one wife bitterly about her husband. "But he doesn't want to make up. He doesn't try to get along."

Is that the explanation? In this deeper kind of separation, is it perhaps that one or both sides do not really want to be united again with the other? Sometimes it may look that way on the surface, but let's not be too sure.

Consider the case of two boys, whom we shall call Happy and Unhappy. They were the closest of friends, but they came from opposite kinds of homes. Unhappy often confided in his friend Happy, telling him how he longed to live in a home where people really loved and cared about each other. Unhappy painted a dark picture of his parents. They were cold and indifferent toward him. They didn't try to understand him. Happy often felt sorry for his friend, Unhappy, having to live with such Terrible parents.

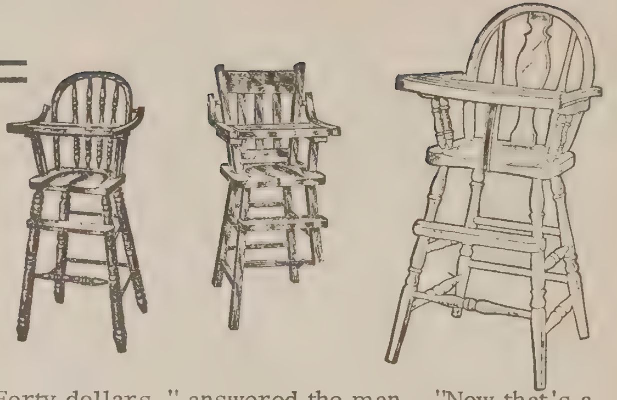
Strangely enough, with the passing years, it happened that Happy learned to know Unhappy's parents, Father and Mother Terrible. He did not find them at all the way Unhappy had painted them to be. They weren't harsh, stern, cold, indifferent, and unfeeling. Instead they appeared quite human indeed, warm and understanding and compassionate. They often spoke with aching hearts and tearful eyes of their son, Unhappy, now gone astray, and how they would still do anything to help him see how much he meant to them. They loved their son, and longed to have him return it. Happy found it all very puzzling— both sides longing for a better relationship, yet remaining distant from each other.

We can depend upon it, that every human being is created with a desire and longing for companionship, warmth, love, and closeness. That is what is so sad about it all— two people living in the same house, both longing to be loved, yet refusing to love each other. It really doesn't make sense— someone surrounded by crowds of people, yet unutterably lonely. I can think of at least two cases where we have had letters from children and their parents, each writing without the knowledge of the other, and both expressing their dissatisfaction with their unhappy homelife, and longing for something better. In both cases, neither of the two sides seemed to suspect that the other longed just as desperately for a closer family life as they did. Those two sets of letters, dared they be printed, would make poignant stories in themselves, truly stranger than fiction.

As a child, I often used to wonder at wars. When you really stop and think, what compelling folly is it that causes men to risk being killed in order to kill another? Does either side really want to be killed or to kill? Surely there must be a better way to solve conflicts. No one has ever yet won a war— both sides always lose, one side just loses more than the other. Then why do they fight? Why don't they get together and settle peacefully, and spend their money and energy and lives helping each other instead of destroying?

When we mention wars, all of us nod our heads in agreement, yes, yes, nations are stupid to fight and kill. But are we not even more unwise, if we continue to fight with each other spiritually, in our homes, in our neighborhoods, and in our churches? Why don't we take our own advice and concentrate on learning to know and understand each other, and help each other? Why continue to make ourselves believe, that however much we would like to be at peace, the other person wants to keep up the walls of silence and suspicion and separation, wants to keep on fighting? If we only knew it, no doubt he is as weary of it all as we are, and just as hungry to be loved and understood and appreciated. Why don't we decide, as did Peter Miller, to set out across the bridge that has for too long separated us? To our surprise, we may meet the other at the middle of the bridge, coming in search of us.

A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN



ALMA MAST LOOKED UP from her cooking and saw Daniel come walking toward the house. "Good, he's right on time and so am I," she said to herself. "Dinner's ready and it didn't have to wait. Fried beef dries out when it has to wait."

"The Westville Express came," Daniel announced as soon as he was inside the door. "I never even thought of it until I saw it in the mailbox, then I remembered that it was Thursday."

"Well, I have to admit I thought about the Express earlier this forenoon," Alma said. "But then I forgot about it again."

Daniel didn't answer, for he had already spread the weekly paper on one end of the table and opened it to the "Ads" page. Alma forgot momentarily that fried beef dries out when it waits and went to join her husband. Their attention was focused on a certain ad, the large one announcing the weekly sale at the "Bargain Barn," a second-handed furniture store east of town. One section of the ad listed the items which were to be auctioned on Friday evening, while the other section listed the items they had in their store.

"Sure enough, they list two kitchen cabinets," Alma said in delight, pointing to where she had been reading.

"But they won't be up for auction this week," Daniel said. "It will probably be a couple of weeks before they are."

"But if we wait for them to be auctioned, we'll never get them," Alma said. "They'll be sold in the store."

"It wouldn't hurt to look at them tomorrow night," Daniel said. "If they're priced reasonably, we won't wait till they're auctioned. Actually, they might bring more on the auction than what they're priced at right now, so we are taking a chance by waiting."

SO THE NEXT EVENING found Daniel and Alma on their way to town. When they arrived at the Bargain Barn, they saw that already a big crowd had gathered. They didn't waste any time tying their horse and making their way toward the section of the building where the store was located.

They had no more than stepped inside when a man came walking up to them. "Good evening," he greeted in a friendly voice. "Can I help you tonight?"

"We just want to look around a bit," Daniel said. "W-we were interested in looking at those kitchen cabinets you had advertised."

A big smile lit up the man's face. "Certainly, certainly," he said. "We've got two, one in excellent condition. It's just the one this lady would love owning." He led them down the rows of furniture, around the corner a couple of times, and then they were standing in front of a lovely, nicely-varnished kitchen cabinet.

"Oh, that's really a nice one," Alma whispered to Daniel. "But the price is probably much too high."

"How much?" Daniel asked, looking at the clerk.

"Forty dollars," answered the man. "Now that's a bargain if you ever saw one. We've had cabinets in here that looked a lot worse than this one does that auctioned for fifty and fifty-five."

Daniel whispered. "I—I didn't know they ran that high."

"Oh, they do, though," the man said. "Seems they are becoming rather scarce. And they're old, too. Old furniture is always sturdy furniture." He took hold of the cabinet and tried to shake it. "See how solid it stands. You people are young yet, but I dare say this cabinet will serve you the rest of your life."

Daniel looked at Alma and then at the clerk. "Didn't you have two listed?" he asked. "Is the other one still around?"

"Y-yes, it is," the man answered, seeming a little reluctant. He led them down the aisle a bit farther. "This one has seen harder use, but with a bit of fixing up, I think it would do for a while, too."

The second cabinet looked rather shabby to Alma, especially when she compared it with the first one. It, too, had been varnished once upon a time, but had since been painted several times. The paint was chipped and about one-half of the knobs were missing. The little door in front of the flour bin was off and tucked inside the cabinet.

"What are you asking for this one?" Daniel wanted to know.

"Twenty-five," the man answered. "Really, it's a bargain, too, but frankly, I think the other one would be the better buy. As I said, this one needs some attention and it would have to be refinished."

"We'd like to have a little time to think it over and and if we want one of them we'll be back later," Daniel said.

"Certainly," the man said. "But if you're really interested in that first one, you'd better not spend too much time thinking about it. A piece of furniture like that won't sit around for any length of time."

Daniel and Alma stepped outside into the fresh air. "What do you think?" Daniel asked his wife.

"Well, I don't know what to think," Alma said. "Forty dollars is more than I hoped we'd have to pay for a cabinet."

"The other one is only twenty-five," Daniel said. "I don't think we'll get a cabinet any cheaper than that."

"What about that one door? Could you fix it?"

"There's nothing to that," Daniel said. "All it will take is a set of hinges."

"The clerk seemed to think the other one was the better buy," Alma said, sounding a little doubtful.

"He's out to make money for his own pocket," Daniel said. "I sensed from the very beginning that he was trying to sell us that more expensive cabinet."

"Well, if you think the other one is the better bargain, then I'll be well satisfied with it. I can take off the paint and varnish and refinish it. It needs to be painted on the inside, too, but I've got the time to do it."

After talking it over a little while, Daniel and Alma went back and told the clerk they would take the older cabinet. Seeing they had made up their mind, the clerk didn't try to persuade them to change it. "With a bit of work, this other cabinet will be nice, too," he assured them as he made out their bill.

When the purchase was completed, Daniel and Alma went over to the other part of the building where the auction was being held. The selling had already begun, but Daniel and Alma found a place to stand along the side where they could see well. "Too bad we're so late coming in," Daniel said. "We'll have to stand all evening."

"I don't mind," Alma said. "At least I've got a kitchen cabinet. I've been wanting one ever since we're married."

Daniel had his attention on what was being sold and didn't answer. Before long he bought a step ladder, and a little later a canner for Alma. "I've already got two," Alma whispered when she saw Daniel bid on it.

Daniel didn't answer until the bidding was over and he had bought it for two and a half dollars. "You don't find a bargain like that every day," he told Alma. "Canners soon leak, and you'll need this one before too many years."

"I guess you're right," Alma said. But she couldn't help but wonder how many canners Daniel would pick up between now and the time the ones she had were worn out.

For a while the auctioneer was selling dishes, and Alma began to yawn. Why anyone would pay seven-fifty for a little pitcher was beyond her imagination. Then they sold a quilt. Even though Alma wasn't interested in buying it, she was interested in seeing what it would bring.

A set of pillows came up for sale next and Daniel bought them. When they offered some sheet blankets for sale and couldn't get a bid on them, Daniel asked, "Shall I buy them?"

"Really, we have those we bought the last two times we came to this sale, plus all those we got at the wedding," Alma said.

"But we'll get them for almost nothing," Daniel said. "We'll need them sometime."

"Well, go ahead," Alma said, wondering where she was going to put them if they did buy them.

When Daniel started bidding on the blankets, some more people wanted them, too. But Daniel still got them for a dollar and a half a piece. "That's still a real bargain," he said to Alma. He also bought three heavier blankets and a bedspread.

By the time they were ready to go home, Daniel and Alma were tired, but happy with the bargains they had found at the sale. "I thought as long as I have to go in after the cabinet, I might as well have some other things to bring along home," Daniel said. "Just think what all the things we bought tonight would have cost us if we bought them out of the department store."

"I guess, too," Alma said. "At the rate we're going, we'll never have to buy any new bedding."

"Why should we when we can pick up bargains like this on second-handed bedding? You take it home and wash it and a lot of it is almost like new," Daniel said.

"We've had a couple of blankets that were rather disappointing when we got them home," Alma reminded. "Remember that stack of blankets and things we bought for five dollars the other time. I used one of those for rags. It was all full of holes."

"But the rest still made up for the one that wasn't any good," Daniel said. "There's bound to be a bad one in the bunch once in a while, but I still say we got a real bargain with all the bedding we've bought."

WHAT CAN IT BE?

What make$ u$ ri$e at break of day...gulp
down a meal and ru$h away...and at a de$k
till evening $tay...What i$ the gla$$ through
which we $can each deed...each project and
each plan...each $truggle of a fellowman?
For what do we $et honor by...give up a
love without a $igh...endure the hi$$ing and
the cry...And what...when life'$ poor lamp
i$ burned and to the $hadow we have turned
...become$ the cheape$t thing we've earned?

THE NEXT DAY Daniel hitched his team to the wagon and went to the Bargain Barn to pick up the cabinet and other things they had bought the evening before. Alma sent a list of things she wanted at the hardware, for she was eager to get started on the cabinet. "I think I can scratch most of the paint off with a knife, but you'd still better get some paint and varnish remover for the finishing touches," she told Daniel. "Then I'll need white paint for the inside of the cabinet. I hope a quart is enough. And we'll need sand paper and of course, a quart of varnish."

"Write down what you want and I'll get it for you," Daniel said. "Sure you don't want to go along?"

"No, I'll stay here and do the Saturday cleaning, then maybe I can work on the cabinet when you come back," Alma said.

"Write hinges and knobs down, too, or I might forget," Daniel said. "I think we might as well buy knobs for all the drawers. It would look rather odd to replace only those that are missing, and have the two different kinds of knobs on the cabinet."

Alma wrote knobs and hinges on the list, and soon Daniel was on his way. All forenoon Alma could hardly wait till he came back. When he did come, he had a none-too-happy look on his face. "I don't think this cabinet is such a big bargain after all," he said. "I guess if we had been smart, we would have bought the other one."

"Why?" asked Alma, looking astonished.

"Do you know what I spent in the hardware for the paint and varnish and things to fix up this cabinet?" Daniel asked.

"Plenty, probably," said Alma, feeling bad about the deal. "I know paint and varnish aren't exactly cheap."

"My bill came to three cents close to twelve dollars," Daniel said. "And then I settled for wooden knobs. I was going to buy brass ones until I saw what they cost."

"Wooden ones are fine with me," Alma said. She shook her head. "Twelve dollars. Just think, that only leaves a difference of three dollars between the cost of this one and the forty-dollar cabinet."

When Daniel saw how upset Alma was, he cheered up. "Oh well, live and learn, I guess," he said. After a while he said, "The money I saved by buying that step ladder and the other bargains we got last night sort of average things up."

After that Alma felt a little better, too, but she couldn't help but wish they hadn't even gone to the Bargain Barn the evening before. "Thirty-seven dollars, and just think of all the work we've got to put into this thing before it's ready to use," she moaned to herself.

HOWEVER, WITH A WEEK'S work, Alma had the cabinet looking every bit as nice as the one they had seen at the store. "I'm still well pleased with it, even if I did have to work hard on it," she told Daniel as they stood admiring it. "Really, by working so hard, I appreciate its looks a lot more."

"As hard as you worked, you deserve a nice-looking cabinet," Daniel told her. "Tonight after supper I'll put the door and the knobs on it, and it will be all finished."

AS THE SUMMER WORE ON, Daniel and Alma attended more sales at the Bargain Barn. By fall they had all the furniture they needed for their house, plus several pieces they didn't really need, but had bought anyway, because the bargains were too good to pass up. "This dresser will be nice for the spareroom upstairs," Alma said when they brought home the ten-dollar dresser they had picked up. "I need something to store our extra bedding in."

Several weeks later Daniel came home from a farm sale with a high chair. "It's really in good condition and I got it for only ten dollars," he said. "New ones cost twice that much, at least."

Alma smiled to herself. "I'll give it a coat of paint and put it upstairs until we need it," she said.

"And you couldn't guess what else I bought today," Daniel said.

"It must not be anything very big, because I don't see anything," Alma said.

"You're wrong there," Daniel said. "It's so big I couldn't bring it along home. I have to go back and get it tomorrow with the wagon."

"Whatever could that be?" Alma asked.

"A kitchen cabinet," Daniel answered.

"A KITCHEN CABINET!" Alma exclaimed. "But we've already got one!"

"Wait till I tell you what I paid for it," Daniel said. "It's every bit as good as the one we bought at the Bargain Barn and I only paid twelve dollars for it—the same price we paid for paint and varnish and knobs for the other one."

"What's wrong with it?" Alma asked.

"There's nothing wrong with it," Daniel said. "It just happened that there was no one else there who wanted a cabinet."

"We should have waited and bought this one," Alma said, remembering the price they had paid for their cabinet, and all the hard work it took to get it ready to use.

"But we did buy it," Daniel said.

"D-doesn't that just make the cabinet we have even more expensive, to pay twelve dollars for another one when we don't need it?" asked Alma.

"A bargain like that is too good to pass up," Daniel said. "Didn't you say you needed something in the wash house to put in your soap boxes and bleach jugs and thing things like that?"

"Yes, I did," Alma said. "But what I had in mind was a little old cupboard of some sort. I wouldn't think of putting a good cabinet in the wash house."

"Then we'll put it in the summer kitchen," Daniel said, still pleased with the bargain he had bought.

When Daniel brought the cabinet home the next day, Alma had to agree that it was a bargain worth buying. It was every bit as nice as the one she had refinished. She washed it inside and out, and by evening it was in the summer kitchen, holding some of the large canning kettles and dishes she didn't use very often. On the top stood two of her three canners.

That evening Daniel said, "Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you. I bought something else today."

"Today?" Alma said, trying to remember where he had been that day.

MY BROTHER JOHN

My name is Mary and I'm 16 years old. But it's not me I want to tell you about. It's my brother John that's the problem for it often seems to me he's the boss of the house.

It seems whatever he wants, he gets but that surely doesn't work for me. Take at mealtime for instance. He doesn't eat what the rest of us eat. Only the very best is good enough for him. And not only that, Mother is the only one he'll trust to get it ready for him. Even then, if Mother gets in a hurry sometimes, he'll raise a big fuss because it isn't exactly the way he wanted it.

He's really spoiled and sometimes he eats so much he gets indigestion and then he'll keep the whole house awake. That's the time I mind it the most. After working hard all day! And of course, it seems to me we wouldn't have so much work if it wasn't for John. Sometimes I wonder if he doesn't make as much work as the rest of the family together.

Just yesterday for instance, I came in from the garden when it was almost dinnertime. I thought Mother would have dinner ready but she was only started. All the rest of the family were waiting just because John was upset again. Now if it had been one of the rest of us that had held up dinner, Dad would have given us a lecture, but not John. He only asked, very nicely "What's the matter, John, do you have trouble?"

Now you'd think the rest of the children would be upset because John gets such special treatment. But that's the funny thing about it, I even think he's the best loved member of the family. I'm certain he gets the most attention. And I'm just as bad as the rest for there's nothing I like better than to see him smiling and happy. In fact when he's like that I forget all about how much work he makes and all. I'm just too happy he's my brother and not someone else's.

In case you haven't figured out yet why my brother John is "the boss of the house," I'll give you a hint. Mother tells me there was a time when I was boss of the house, too, and I believe you were, too.

M.B.

"You know, when I went to bring the cabinet home," Daniel reminded.

"Yes, I remember, but I thought the sale was yesterday, not today," Alma said.

"It was, but Mrs. Jones told me the high chair I bought yesterday had been consigned, and the auctioneer somehow missed selling hers. She offered it to me for five dollars, just to get rid of it, so I bought it. It's really a bargain at that price."

"But where is it?" Alma asked, looking perplexed. "Why didn't I see it?"

"I quick stuck it into the shed before you came out," Daniel said with a grin. "I—I wanted to surprise you, I guess."

"Well, you *do* surprise me," Alma said mildly. But when she saw the high chair, she couldn't help but feel pleased. It was wooden and nicely varnished and showed very little use.

DANIEL AND ALMA'S bargain buying was not confined to used furniture and other second-handed items. Each week they watched the grocery ads in the *Westville Express* and bought most of their groceries when they were on sale. Alma always had a good supply of noodles, salad dressing, peanut butter, canned soup, and other essentials on hand. But their bargain buying didn't stop there; they often found themselves buying the "specials" simply because they were on sale.

"Pie filling is on sale this week," Alma said one Thursday noon after she had broused through the paper. "It sells at 55¢ regular, but this week it's two cans for a dollar. That's ten cents off on the two cans."

"Get some," Daniel said, not even glancing up from his reading. "I noticed soft drinks are on sale, too. We haven't had any for a while."

"Just because it hasn't been on sale for a long time," Alma said with a laugh. "We never bought soft drinks at home, not even when they were on sale."

"We didn't either, because it would have taken too much," Daniel said. "Twelve cans last us a couple of days, but at home we would have drunk it all in one day."

"Counting your parents, it would have only been enough for each of you one can," Alma said. She got up and went to get a slip of paper to make a grocery bill.

"What about peanut butter?" asked Daniel. "It's down nine cents from the regular price."

"We haven't opened the can we bought the other time it was on sale," Alma said. "But I've often wondered how these ready-made pizzas taste like. They're on special this week, too."

Daniel and Alma liked the ready-made pizzas and after that they bought some whenever they were on sale. They also bought canned stew and spagetti and meat balls when those items happened to be marked down. "It's only a few cents on each item, but a few cents here and a few cents there add up. I think we'd be surprised at the amount we save in a year's time by buying when things are on sale," Daniel said one evening as they were putting their groceries away.

Alma was thinking about this when she opened a can of ready-made pie filling the next day. Suddenly a thought struck her. Fifty cents for enough filling to fill one pie didn't exactly sound cheap to her, even if it was five cents cheaper than the regular price. "If I had opened a pint of those cherries I canned off of our own tree last summer, I could have made pie filling for two pies, and I'm sure I wouldn't have put in fifty cents worth of sugar."

Alma didn't say anything to Daniel about her discovery, but she decided to do a bit of researching. Maybe this business of buying bargains wasn't always as wise as they had thought it was.

MEANWHILE DANIEL ATTENDED more farm sales and brought home more bargains. Alma could hardly believe it when he brought home the third high chair. "I only paid fifty cents for it," he said. "One leg is broken and if I fix that, it will be as good as new. It's one of those old-fashioned, sturdy things."

And so it happened that when little Reuben was born in March, he had three high chairs (one with a broken leg), two strollers, a play pen, a jumper, and a variety of other baby supplies waiting on him, all of which had been "real bargains" in Daniel's way of thinking.

Daniel's bargin buys were not all furniture and household items. They also included farm implements, harnesses, hog fountains and feeders, single and double trees, and anything and everything a farmer could use or have lying around. Often these bargains were "bargains" because they needed fixing up, but usually before Daniel got around to fixing things up, he found the same item at another sale, already fixed up, also at a reasonable price. At times he bought a bargain, then a second one to use in repairing the first one.

By this time Alma had lost most of her enthusiasm for Daniel's kind of bargains. She was all for them, as long as she knew the item was something they needed, but she couldn't help but notice that things were piling up and running into quite a bit of money.

Several times when Daniel brought his purchases home, she ventured to ask, "But do we need it?"

"We don't need it right now, but we will someday," Daniel would say. "A bargain is a bargain and they can't be found every day. A person's got to buy while the buying's good."

ONE DAY WHEN LITTLE Reuben was several weeks old, Alma's mother and sister came to spend the day. Alma was glad for their visit and also for their help. Even though they no longer had their hired girl, she wasn't strong enough to keep up with her housework. During their visiting they got to talking about the new grocery market that was opening in Westville. "They'll have specials every week, too, and they've promised to really slash prices," Alma's sister Rachel said, sounding enthusiastic.

"Those specials are just to attract people into their stores," Mom Troyer said. "I've often said people can

LOVE FULFILLS THE LAW
LOVE to God will admit no other God.
LOVE resents anything that debases its object by representing it by an image.
LOVE to God will never dishonor His name.
LOVE to God will reverence His day.
LOVE to parents makes one honor them.
HATE, not LOVE, is a murderer.
LUST, not LOVE, commits adultery.
LOVE will give, but never steal.
LOVE will not slander or lie.
LOVE's eye is not covetous. -Selected.

be careful or they'll buy themselves poor buying those bargains."

"But if the prices are really reduced, a person can't go wrong buying them, can they?" asked Alma. She was surprised at herself for sounding so much like Daniel.

Alma's mother looked up from her hand sewing. "But that's not the point," she said. "Those ads that are put into the paper each week make people spend more money at their stores, not less. I have to be careful that they don't make me buy things I wouldn't have bought otherwise."

Alma remembered that pie filling and the ready-made stew and pizzas and other things they had been buying, but she didn't say anything.

"Those people in the stores are trained for it," Mom Troyer went on. "They know how to catch the suckers."

"Who's catching suckers?" Daniel asked. He had come into the house to get some matches to burn brush on the fence rows.

"The grocers in Westville," Mom Troyer said. "I was just trying to tell the girls that those weekly specials make people buy things they don't really need and make them spend more money instead of less."

"I guess as long as a person only buys what he needs, he can save money by looking for bargains," Daniel said.

"I know, but that's just it. Some people are so bargain-happy they'll buy anything, as long as the store keeper can make them believe he's marked the price down a couple of cents. Just take our neighbor, Henry Miller Mandy. The other day she was in the dry goods store in Westville and bought double knit material for each of her three girls a dress."

"But double knit costs about four dollars a yard, doesn't it?" asked Alma.

"At regular price it costs $3.59, but during the sale it is down to $2.98. That's still three dollars if you ask me," Mom Troyer was getting excited. "Then she came to me and bragged how she had saved $7.42 in that one purchase alone. I thought if she was smart enough to figure that out, she should have also figured out how much she would have saved if she had bought material that was just as practical and serviceable for a dollar a yard."

Daniel smiled. It amused him to see his mother-in-law so worked up. She was usually so calm and soft-spoken.

Rachel dared to come to Henry Mandy's defense. "But Mom, $2.98 a yard is a bargain for double knit," she said. "It's down 61¢ a yard."

"Yes, if it were something a person really and truly needed, then it could have been considered a bargain," Mom Troyer said. "But the point is, that sale tempted Henry Mandy into buying something she didn't really need in the first place. She admitted herself that she never thought she would buy double knit, but the bargain was just too good to pass up."

Daniel got his matches and went outside. As he closed the door, he heard Mom Troyer say, "A bargain is a bargain only when it is something we needed badly enough that we would have bought it anyway. That's the only time bargains save us money."

As Daniel forked the dry brush together on a pile, he was thinking about double knit and the grocery stores in Westville. He was also thinking about the three high chairs they had upstairs, the two kitchen cabinets they had bought, the two strollers, and the huge assortment of bargains he had brought home since he and Alma were married. It was true, there were many items they really needed, but there were also many he had bought simply because he couldn't resist the bargain.

THAT EVENING AT THE supper table Daniel was thinking about bringing up the subject of bargains and telling Alma what he had resolved about bargain buying that afternoon. He didn't quite know how to get started, but then he didn't have to bring up the subject. Alma startled him by saying, "Oh yes, maybe the next time you go to town, maybe you'd want to stop in at the dry goods store and buy some double knit for a dress for me."

Daniel looked at his wife, blinked several times, then looked some more. "Are you serious?" he asked. "After what your mother said today?"

Alma tried hard to keep from smiling. She shrugged her shoulders in an unconcerned way. "The sale lasts till the last of next week, and $2.98 a yard sure is a bargain for double knit."

Daniel saw now that Alma was just trying to pull one over him, so he looked as stern as he could and asked in a gruff voice, "Now, Alma, do you really need a double knit dress?"

That was just the question Alma wanted him to ask. "I need a double knit dress just as much as I need two kitchen cabinets, three high chairs, two strollers—"

"Stop, stop!" Daniel said, throwing up his hands in despair. "I get the message. I get the message."

Alma laughed outright now, and Daniel joined in. Then he sobered a little and said, "In fact, I had already gotten the message from your mother this afternoon, and I had already resolved to repent from my weakness of bringing home bargains."

"And I want to tell you I've decided to quit hunting bargains at the grocery store," Alma said. "I never did tell you that I quit buying pie filling. It all came about the day I figured out I could have made at least eight pies with the cherries we have in the basement for the price I paid for one can of pie filling. And one can only makes one pie, you know."

Daniel whistled, then said, "There are other things we could cut down in groceries, such as soft drinks. Maybe we should make a rule like Mom said, to not buy anything we wouldn't have bought sometime anyway."

"That's a good idea," Alma said. "I still say there's nothing wrong with watching bargains as long as they really are bargains."

"You mean as long as they're not double knit dresses," Daniel said.

"And three high chairs for one baby," Alma added with a laugh. ▭

COMPARISONS

Hope is like a natural spring
That flows by nature's choice;
Trust is like an answered prayer
Which makes the soul rejoice.

Faith is like a flower in bloom
That grew from humble start,
And love is like a song unsung,
But felt within the heart.

George L. Ehrman

Among the Lofty Pine Trees

By David Luthy

Part One: Three Feet of Snow

Michigan is a most unusual state. It is divided in two parts which have no connecting link of land. The lower region has the shape of a mitten and is the most settled and best known part of the state. The upper region is called the Upper Peninsula. A channel of water stretching between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron keeps the Upper Peninsula from joining the lower portion of the state.

Actually it would make more sense if the Upper Peninsula were part of the state of Wisconsin rather than Michigan. For it connects with Wisconsin along a 200-mile stretch and doesn't tough Michigan at all. How the Upper Peninsula became part of Michigan is an interesting story. Back in 1805 Congress established the Territory of Michigan. Included in the territory were the lower portion and the eastern half of the Upper Peninsula. Then in 1835 the people living in the Territory of Michigan petitioned Congress to allow their area to become a state. But Congress hesitated to do this because Michigan was involved with Ohio in an argument over a 520 square mile strip of land near Toledo, Ohio. Michigan claimed the area as part of its territory, whereas Ohio argued that it was part of its state.

The solution to the dispute was formed by Congress in 1836. The strip of land was given to Ohio. But to keep Michigan from becoming too upset with the decision, Congress added the western half of the Upper Peninsula to the Territory of Michigan. Thus, in 1837 Michigan was given statehood and became the 26th state. It had the distinction of being a state divided in two non-connecting parts. (Today the two portions of Michigan are joined by a five-mile-long bridge.)

The Upper Peninsula stretches for 350 miles east and west. Its western half is mountainous and contains iron ore and copper mines. Its eastern half is sprinkled with farms among pine forests. Logging camps and lumber mills are more important in the eastern half than farming. The entire Upper Peninsula is a tourist attraction because of its scenic beauty. It has over 150 waterfalls and is bordered by three of the Great Lakes: Michigan, Superior, and Huron. It is a land of lumberjacks, Indians, and pine trees— a very unlikely place for an Amish settlement to have existed. Yet in the late 1890's some Amish people did try to establish a settlement there.

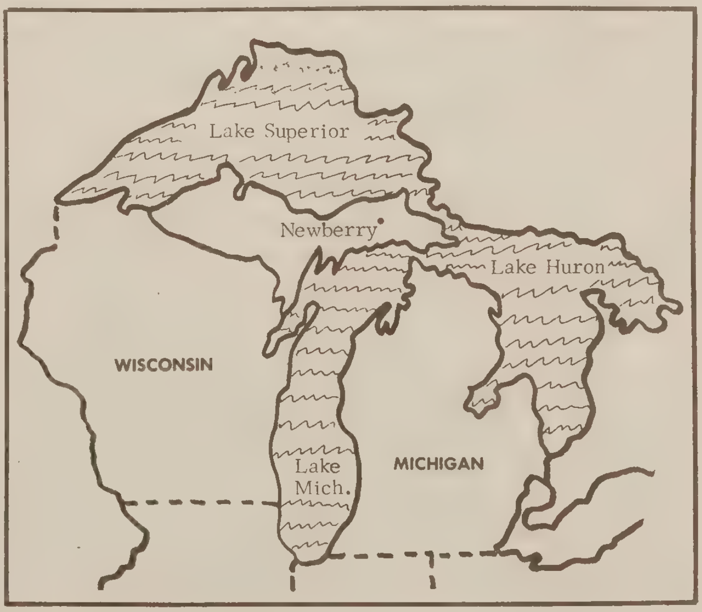
Samuel W. Weaver of Geauga County, Ohio is thought to have been the first Amishman to move to Michigan's Upper Peninsula around 1897. However, the first person known for sure to have moved there was David J. Kauffman. He and his family came from Holmes County, Ohio in 1897 and settled at Newberry in Luce County, in the eastern half of the Upper Peninsula. In April of 1898 he wrote a letter to the Sugarcreek, Ohio Budget from his new home at Newberry. He mentioned that the "people that moved here last spring left in the fall. The land is all right; crops were good last summer, but the frost scared the people away from here. We will wait and see how it will do the coming summer."

Kauffman wrote that the frost scared the people away. Had they stayed for the winter, they likely would have been scared away by the snow. In the same Budget letter Kauffman says it is April 9th and they haven't seen any ground since the 22nd of November. Presently there were 18 inches of snow covering the ground. In March the snow had been 38 inches deep!

Part Two: Crops and Wages

During the winter of 1898 several Amish families settled at Newberry. The leader of the group was Preacher Christian J. Miller. Two of his married sons, Daniel and Levi, joined him in the move to the Upper Peninsula and so did his son-in-law, Christian J. Slabaugh. That brought the total number of families at Newberry to five. Since one of the men was a minister, church services could be regularly held. The seeds of a new Amish settlement had been planted. But the group was aware of its smallness, for Christian Slabaugh wrote to the Budget in June: "I would like this place very well if there were some more of our people here."

The Amish settlers must have questioned whether a



settlement would survive at Newberry, for they did not purchase farms. The county courthouse records do not contain their names as purchasers of land. Also Mrs. Christian Slabaugh mentioned this directly in a letter appearing in the September 8, 1898 issue of the Budget: "We received private letters saying that we could not get deeds for land in this country. That is not so; we can get it any day if we only say so, but we do not want any yet, for we don't want to stay here alone, and those Geauga Co., Ohio people are all scared out. And they seem to know more than we do by the way they write letters to this place."

The Newberry area was a lumbering region. But there were also some farms. According to Daniel J. Kauffman the soil was good but the growing season was "a little too short for some crops...the average is about three weeks later than in Ohio." Crops that were raised were wheat, rye, oats, and potatoes. Potatoes were the most successful crop. Strawberries also did well. It is hard to imagine what the attraction was for Amish people to settle there since the area was more a lumbering region than farming. Undoubtedly the land was cheap and may have appealed to them for that reason. Or perhaps the people wanted to live a more primitive life as their pioneer forefathers had lived. The Upper Peninsula certainly was isolated, thinly settled, and old-fashioned. Perhaps they thought they could farm some and also obtain wildlife for their food as the pioneers had done. If such was their desire, they likely were quite disappointed. Christian Slabaugh kept a diary and it reveals that he went hunting at least fourteen times and brought home only one deer and one pheasant.

Christian Slabaugh's diary is interesting for it tells what wages were paid at Newberry in 1898. Letters to the Budget also mention wages. Slabuagh did carpenter work for $1.75 a day which would not quite be 22¢ an hour for an eight hour day. Daniel Miller worked for a farmer, S.N. Dutcher, for $1.35 a day. If the men wanted to work clearing new ground and cutting timber, the going wage was $26 to $30 a month with boarding included. Slabaugh's diary shows that he did carpenter and mason work for 258 hours for a man who paid him $38.70, which was only 15¢ an hour. The diary also mentions the price of items at the general store: coffee 12¢ a pound, meat 8¢ a pound, a pair of gloves 25¢, and a tablet 10¢. At first glance the prices seem quite cheap. But when wages are compared with prices, the items appear expensive. Imagine doing carpenter work for an hour or more to have enough money to buy a pair of gloves. Or working on a farm for half an hour to pay for a tablet of paper.

Part Three: A Bear Story

The Newberry area was not heavily settled and, especially during the winter months, it was quite isolated. When the snow was deep, people would travel by dog sleds. The mail was taken out of Newberry during the winter the same way.

Since there were many forests in the area, bears were fairly common. One day two of David Kauffman's boys, John and Dave, were walking along an old logging road to town. They saw a bear in a gap in the forest where a lumber company had cut trees. The bear was standing on its hind feet with its front feet on a log lying some three feet off the ground. John, who was 20, sent his brother home for the shotgun. Neither John nor the bear moved while Dave was gone. But when he came back with the gun, the bear turned his head and ran away.

Quite likely John had bears in his mind one night as he was walking in one of the wagon tracks coming home. He was certain he heard an animal following him and in the same track he was walking in. So he stepped into the other wheel track. As he did so, the animal also stepped into it. John made a practice of carrying a gun when he went near the forests at night, so he aimed it behind him and fired. He missed and the animal stopped and growled at him. Then he recognized it as the family's big collie dog!

Actually the bears roaming the forests did not bother the Amish settlers as much as some very tiny creatures— mosquitos. The descendant of one settler remembers his dad as saying the mosquitos were so thick on horses that a person couldn't tell the color of the horses.

Part Four: Moving Again

Not many months passed until the families who had moved to Newberry in the spring of 1898 were ready to return to Geauga County, Ohio. They finished loading their box car on December 2, 1898, and it arrived at Burton Station, Ohio on December 8th. The cost was $119.85, which was at least three months' wages of a carpenter. The move to the Upper Peninsula had been a costly venture.

Not all the Amish families left Newberry that December. David J. Kauffmans stayed a year longer. During 1899 he wrote only an occasional letter to the Budget, explaining, "There are not very many people here, therefore not very much news to write." In August of that year, he renewed his Budget subscription for six months. The price was 50¢ a year or 25¢ for six months. He likely could have afforded to pay for a year in advance but maybe he didn't know if he'd be at Newberry for more than six months.

By September, Kauffman was definitely thinking of leaving Newberry. He wrote in the Budget: "If all the correspondents would give the price of land in their localities, a person would know where to find cheap homes." At the very time this was written, some advertisements began to appear regularly in the Budget for cheap land in the lower portion of Michigan. The land in Oscoda County was advertised at $1.00 to $5.00 an acre. The Kauffmans had obviously seen the advertisements for in the December 14, 1899 issue of the Budget Mrs. Kauffman asked, "Is any one from Geauga County, Ohio going to Oscoda County, Michigan?"

By the spring of 1900 David Kauffman and his family moved to a new home in Oscoda County. They were the last Amish people to leave the Newberry area. Thus ended a small settlement which had failed to take root among the lofty pine trees of Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

(Special thanks to Paul E. Kaufman and Allen Schlabach for the information they supplied for this article.)

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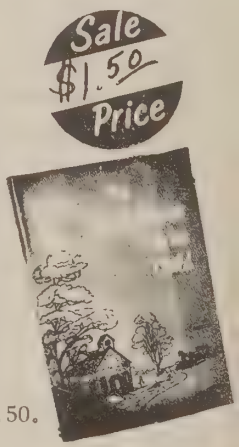

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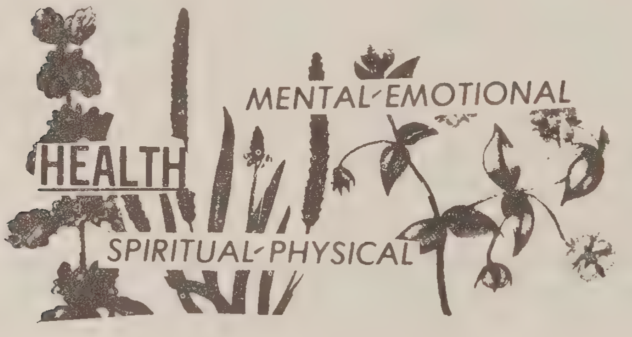

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CHILDREN'S SECTION

THE BIG DIFFERENCE

-by Elmo Stoll

GERALD RESTED HIS arms on the heavy planks of the colt's pen. "Here, Dandy, here's an apple for you," he called softly to the sleek, year-old colt inside the pen. Dandy raised his head, and looked questioningly at Gerald.

"Come and get it if you want it," Gerald insisted. "If you're too lazy to come after it, I'll throw it to the chickens."

Almost as though he understood what Gerald said, Dandy walked over and stretched out his neck to take the core from Gerald's open palm. He munched it, then nudged his soft nose on Gerald's hand in search of more treats. Gerald chuckled to himself. "Sorry, that's all I got for you tonight. Now watch out there, don't you bite me; you know better than to do something like that."

Dandy did indeed know better than to bite. He knew better now. But he hadn't always. Dandy had been a tame colt from the day he was born, but before he got very old he picked up a bad habit of biting. The first time the colt had bitten anyone was the day the vet had come out to give him a shot. Dandy had reached around and bitten the vet right on his shoulder. "Ouch," the vet cried, and stepped away. "You're a mean little brat," he said, rubbing his shoulder.

Gerald had been watching, and he could hardly keep from smiling to himself. It struck him funny that Dandy had enough spunk to bite the vet. But before long, Dandy's bites didn't seem so funny. The next time he bit, it was Gerald that said, "Ouch!" Gerald had been leaning against the side of the colt's pen, thinking about something else, and all of a sudden he felt his arm being bitten. He jumped in pain. When he rolled up his sleeve a half hour later, he could still see the teeth marks.

The third time Dandy tried out his teeth, it was on Gerald's father. They were trying to teach Dandy to be tied. They had put a halter over the colt's head, and were coaxing him into a horse stall to tie him. Dad had the rope in his hand, pulling gently and petting Dandy on the side of the neck to calm him. Slowly they inched toward the place to be tied. Without warning, Dandy reached over and bit Dad on the arm. Instantly Dad slapped the colt across the nose. Dandy reared back in surprise.

"He'll have to be taught not to bite," Dad said calmly, rubbing his arm. "He's gotten away with it too often, and it's starting to become a habit. Gerald, if you ever see him bite, or try to bite, give him a sharp crack across the nose. He'll soon smarten up. But punish him right when he does it, not a few minutes later, or he won't know what it's for."

"But won't that make him wild and afraid of me?" Gerald worried. "I've spent a lot of time taming him."

"Don't worry about that," Dad said, as he petted Dandy on the neck, giving him another chance to bite him if he wanted to. "It won't make him wild if you don't misuse him. You can calm him down, and pet him afterwards. He'll soon understand that you won't hit him unless he does something wrong. Training a colt doesn't make him wild; it just makes him easier to live with."

Dad held his arm right in front of Dandy's mouth, but the colt didn't make any motion toward biting again. "See," Dad said. "He's learning already. Two or three lessons, and that habit will be broken."

Gerald discovered in the months that followed that Dad knew what he was talking about. Soon Dandy could be trusted not to bite.

"ARRRF-ARRF!"

The small black-and-white dog ran excitedly alongside Gerald, barking and jumping. Gerald held his hand out to one side, and snapped his fingers. The little dog sprang into the air, doing his best to reach Gerald's fingers. But Gerald kept his fingers just a little higher than the dog could jump.

"Arrrrf-arrrrrrf!"

Gerald laughed. "Aw, Sparky," he chuckled. "You're some dog. A person would think you would finally learn that you can't reach my hand, but still you keep on trying."

Gerald paused outside the barn, watching the cows come up the dusty lane. Sparky stood beside him, pantong, realizing that the game was over and that Gerald had to get to work and do the chores.

Hurrying inside the barn, Gerald fed the cows, and opened the door to let them in. His sister Susan would soon be coming out with the milk buckets to help with the milking.

The cows were hungry for the feed, and crowded through the door, heading straight for their stanchions. Gerald watched them closely, hoping that the new cow, Karen, would wait until last to come in, because she still wasn't trained too well to find her stall. But Karen didn't wait until last. She came walking in, and before Gerald could stop her, she went into Beauty's stanchion. Gerald tried to chase her out, but before he could do so, Beauty came in. Not able to get into her own stall, she went into another.

"All because Karen can't learn where her stall is," Gerald muttered disgustedly. He tied all the cows that were in their right places, then chased Karen out again. He went to chase Beauty into her right place before he would let Karen back in.

He yelled at Beauty to get her to back up, and she jerked back nervously. She backed faster than Gerald was expecting her to, stepping on his toes. Fortunately he was wearing shoes, but it still hurt; Beauty was a big cow.

"Ouch!" Gerald yelled. He grabbed a scoop and beat her across the back all the way into her stanchion, and then gave her a few extra whacks once she was there, just for good measure. "That'll teach you not to step on my toes," he told her forcefully.

Just then his sister, Susan, rounded the corner and came into the cow stable. "Hey, how come you're beating Beauty?" she asked reprovingly. "Don't you know that hurts? And you'll have her all nervous so I won't be able to milk her without getting kicked."

"I wanted it to hurt," Gerald retorted. "Do you think I want her stepping on my toes every evening? She's got to be trained better than that."

"Trained?" Susan said. "The way she's shaking, she'll have a nervous breakdown before you get her trained."

"That shows how little you know about training animals," Gerald said. "If you had been doing it, Dandy would still be biting everyone that passed his pen. We didn't get him to stop until we got a little rough with him and cracked him across the nose every time he tried to bite."

"Yes, but that's different," Susan said. "Beauty didn't do it on purpose. She didn't mean to step on your toes."

"Whether she did it on purpose or not is beside the point," Gerald said, as he limped to the door to let Karen in. "I can't see such a big difference. My toes hurt just as much as they would if she had done it on purpose."

THE NEXT MORNING Gerald still limped a little, especially when he thought about his sore toes. But he soon forgot about them when he found out what father wanted him to do— paint. Gerald always enjoyed painting, but he didn't often get the chance. Since he was the only boy in a family of girls, his sisters usually did all the painting. But this time Dad said Gerald could do it. He was to paint the wooden slats on the hayloader. They had replaced all the old slats with new ones, and now Dad wanted them painted.

The sun came out and shone down warmly, yet there was a nice breeze blowing. It was neither too warm or too cold, a perfect day for painting. Gerald forgot all about his sore toes as he opened the new quart can of gray paint and stirred it well. He held the can of paint in one hand, and painted with the other. Soon he had the bottom half of three slats painted. He was making good headways, but his left hand was tired from holding the full can of paint all the time.

"What I need is a second can to pour a little paint into, and use to paint out of," Gerald decided. "Then it wouldn't be so heavy to hold, and I wouldn't have to be so careful not to spill it over the sides."

Whistling happily as he went, and quite forgetting to limp, Gerald hurried to the shop and soon came back with a low coffee tin that had the top cut out. "Just the thing I need," he told himself.

Sparky came running up, sniffing the can. "Hi, Sparky," Gerald greeted the little dog. "Does it still smell like coffee?" Sparky wagged his tail.

Gerald put out his hand and snapped his fingers. That was all it took to get Sparky started. Barking and yelping, Sparky ran alongside Gerald, springing into the air again and again as Gerald snapped his fingers. As they neared the hayloader, Gerald slowed to catch his breath. Sparky was panting, too.

"Okay, that's it for now," Gerald told Sparky. "Run along now and mind your own business. I've got to get back to painting."

Sparky perked his ears, but didn't leave.

Gerald waved him back. "Go on, the game's over."

Sparky understood. He started to trot off, then turned and looked back over his shoulder to make sure Gerald wasn't going to change his mind and play a few more minutes after all. Ker-plunk! Before Gerald realized what was happening, Sparky bumped into the nearly-full can of paint Gerald had set down on the ground next to the hayloader.

Gerald gasped in alarm, but it was too late. The can tipped, and all the paint poured out onto the ground. The brush, which Gerald had carefully laid across the top of the can, was knocked off, its bristles covered with dirt and dust.

Moving as fast as he could, Gerald grabbed for the paint can, and set it up again. But he was in time to save only a little of the paint.

Sparky had leapt back when he struck the can, but not realizing what harm he had done, he now stood, his feet braced, his eyes eager to investigate what had taken place.

Gerald glanced up at the dog. A splotch of gray paint had struck the dog on the side of the head, and although it looked comical, Gerald was in no mood to see anything funny. "You clumsy thing," Gerald scolded. "Look what you've done. You should have a licking for pulling off a stunt like that, and I've a notion to give you one."

Sparky cringed at the rebuke in Gerald's voice, and dropped his ears ashamedly.

"Come here," Gerald commanded, grabbing Sparky firmly by his collar. He jerked the dog over the fence, where he found a short piece of a leather strap. Angrily Gerald punished Sparky, beating him with the strap across his back.

Sparky whimpered and cowered lower, perplexed and hurt.

Gerald gave him a few more blows. "Next time watch where you run," he ordered. "Now get out of here and don't come back." He kicked the dog, and Sparky slunk away in disgrace.

Gerald was still staring in dismay at the nearly-empty can of paint a few moments later when he sensed that he was being watched. He glanced up to see his sister Susan looking at him from the other side of the hayloader. She had come out of the house with a dishpan full of potato peelings for the chickens just as Gerald began beating Sparky.

Susan pretended she hadn't seen Sparky get his whipping.

"What made Sparky run into the woodshed with his tail between his legs, looking so ashamed?" Susan asked.

"He should be ashamed," Gerald said indignantly. "He went and poured out almost the whole can of paint I had out here."

"You mean he knew enough to be ashamed about it?"

"After I gave him a whipping, he did," Gerald said. "What he doesn't know, he has to be taught."

Susan shook her head. "You mean Sparky came over and poured your paint out on purpose?"

"On purpose?" The question reminded Gerald of Beauty stepping on his toes the evening before. That time Susan had tried to make him believe the "on purpose" part was so important, too. "I really don't care why Sparky did it," Gerald replied ill-humoredly. "He did it, and he got punished for it. If that's not fair, I don't know what is. And maybe this way he'll learn better. He has to be trained, just like we trained Dandy not to bite people."

Susan wrinkled her forehead in thought. "Well, Gerald, I think you'd better think about that a bit more. With that line of reasoning, you might get yourself into trouble."

Susan turned and carried the dishpan of peelings out to the chickens, and dumped it over the fence.

Gerald picked up his brush from the ground, and trie to clean it the best he could on the rag he had along. Slowly he began painting with the little bit of paint that remained in the can. What did Susan mean? Why did she say he might be getting himself into trouble? The more he thought about it, the more mixed-up he felt inside. When Susan returned with the empty dishpan, he called to her, "Hey, Susan, come here a bit."

Susan walked over to the hayloader.

"Why did you say I might be getting myself into trouble?"

"You know what I meant, don't you?" Susan said, looking at him closely. "Did you think that it was all Sparky's fault the paint got spilled? He didn't set the paint on the ground to start with, you know. And he didn't know it was there, and you did. So it must have been just as much or more your fault as his. If you want to claim that someone should be punished, whether he did it on purpose or not, well..."

Susan didn't finish, but she didn't have to. Her meaning was clear enough, even for Gerald. He had been too angry and upset to think clearly before, but now he had no choice.

Susan returned to the house, and Gerald went on painting. In a short time he had his paint all used up, and yet he hated to stop. He really should go and tell Dad what happened, and find out if there was any more paint he could use to finish the job.

"But I wonder what Dad will say?" Gerald worried. "Surely he won't scold me too much, when he knows tha I didn't mean to do it, and..."

Gerald stopped and left the sentence unfinished. Suddenly whether or not something was done on purpose wa important after all. Suddenly there was a difference, a big difference.

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. Answers on page 35.

1.	Amt	a. employee	b. ministry	c. to hire	d. baker
2.	beſitzen	a. to sit	b. endure	c. to inquire	d. to possess
3.	dämpfen	a. to quench	b. condemn	c. wading	d. to sentence
4.	Dieb	a. deep	b. shallow	c. dig	d. thief
5.	durch	a. along	b. through	c. come	d. with
6.	erhielt	a. kept	b. have	c. aloof	d. trust
7.	genüget	a. to kneel	b. need	c. to discount	d. satisfies
8.	getreu	a. cereals	b. efforts	c. faithful	d. unfaithful
9.	grüßet	a. lubricate	b. greet	c. confide	d. renew
10.	hub	a. have	b. hub	c. lifted	d. axle
11.	klug	a. clever	b. jug	c. neat	d. clean
12.	Leiber	a. bodies	b. rather	c. cherished	d. liable
13.	lobe	a. ask-of	b. to love	c. to approve	d. praise
14.	prüfet	a. to examine	b. to correspond	c. endure	d. reject
15.	rächen	a. rachet	b. avenge	c. scratch	d. to rake
16.	ſchlafen	a. to drag	b. nodding	c. slaves	d. to sleep
17.	ſpeiſe	a. spices	b. spear	c. sputum	d. food
18.	thun,	a. melody	b. to do	c. ton	d. tune
19.	träge	a. lazy	b. dirty	c. discouraged	d. uneasy
20.	tritt	a. follows	b. measures	c. step	d. jump

Editorielles —

Sind wir bereit für die Winterzeit?

Bald fällt von allen Zweigen
Das letzte Laub herab;
Die Büſch und Wälder ſchweigen,
Die Welt iſt wie ein Grab.

Das Vöglein iſt verſchwunden,
Sucht Frühling anderswo;
Nur wo es den gefunden,
So iſt es wieder froh.

Wenn auch von dieſen Zweigen
Das letzte Laub nun fällt;
Wenn Büſch und Wälder ſchweigen,
Als trauerte die Welt.

Ein Frühling kann nicht ſchwinden,
O ſeliges Geſchick!
Du kannſt den Frühling finden
Noch jeden Augenblick.

Der Frühling grünt im Herzen,
Das kindlich, gläubig küßt
Den, der mit bittern Schmerzen
Hat deine Schuld gebüßt.

Und wer die Frühlingskoſen
Aus Gott empfunden hat,
Dem werden Blumen ſproſſen,
Auch wenn der Winter naht.

Obiges Gedicht habe ich wohl ſchon öfters gebraucht, aber es kommt mir als wieder in die Gedanken wann das Spätjahr kommt. Es klingt mir ſehr an, und wie älter ich werde, wie mehr ſo. Ein Zweig nach dem andern fällt ab von dem Lebens-Faden. Bald wird es heißen, Ich bin nun hier geweſen. Wir denken an noch ein ander Dichter Spruch:

Mein Lebens-Faden lauft zu Ende,
Mein Pilger-Pfad iſt bald getan;
Ach Gott mir ein Geleitsmann ſende,
Der mich erhält auf rechter Bahn,
Der bei mir an dem Ruder ſteh,
Wenn ich den letzten Sturm ausſteh!

Damit mein Schifflein durch die Wellen
Der Todesangſt geradzu geh
Zum Vaterland, und meine Seele
Allzeit auf ihren Leitſtern ſeh,
Auf meinen Heiland, Jeſum Chriſt,
Der auch im Tod mein Leben iſt.

Wenn das Spätjahr kommt, ſo tun wir wohl uns ein wenig bereiten für der Winter. Wir ſind geneigt für unſere Früchte einſammeln in die Scheuer oder im Keller, ſo daß wir ſie haben wenn der Winter kommt wo nichts mehr wächſt auf dem Boden. O, wie viel notwendiger iſt es, daß wir uns bereiten für die Winterzeit in die geiſtliche Hinſicht. Die törichte Jungfrauen ſind aufgewacht zu ihrem Schaden mit kein Oel in ihre Lampen. O, wie gern wären ſie hinein gangen zu der Hochzeit aber es war zu ſpät. Sie haben ihr Oel nicht geſammelt in der Gnadenzeit, ſo war die Tür verſchloſſen, „Ich kenne euch nicht.“ Ohne zweifel werden es manche ſo antreffen an jenem Gerichtstag. Die Winterzeit wird kommen und ſie haben ſich nicht bereit, ſo außer der Gnade müſſen ſie nackt und blos vor Gott erſcheinen; Und dann in eine finſtere Zukunft hineinblicken, ohne Troſt und Hoffnung zur Seligkeit. Möchte ich denken, O das iſt nicht mich! Ich bin ein Glied bei der Gemeinde. Ja, das kann wohl ſein, aber ich muß mein Leben meſſen und prüfen mit Gottes Wort alle Tage zu ſehen wie es überein ſtimmt. Nur ein Glied zu ſein bei der Gemeinde tut mich nicht ſelig preiſen.

Der Apoſtel lehrt uns: „Schaffet daß ihr ſelig werdet mit Furcht und Zittern.“ Warum ſoll Furcht und Zittern dabei ſein? Nach meiner Geringe Einſicht will dies mir weiſen daß ich nie zu ſicher fühlen ſoll. „Darum, wer ſich läßt dünken, er ſtehe, mag wohl zuſehen, daß er nicht falle.“ 1 Kor. 10, 12. Ein Dichter ſagt: Sei niemals ſicher, hüte dich, und wer da ſtehet, fürchte ſich. Wiederum ſagt der Apoſtel noch weiter: „Aber Gott iſt getreu, der euch nicht läſſet verſuchen über euer Vermögen, ſondern machet daß die Verſuchung ſo ein Ende gewinne, daß ihr's könnt ertragen.“ O wie glicklich ſind wir, wenn wir die Verſuchungen alle des Satans alle entgehen können, daß wir nicht gefangen werden in ſeine viele Netz und Fallſtricken die er geſtellt hat.

Wir haben ein wenig gemeldet wie wir geneigt ſind uns zu bereiten für der Winter, unſere Früchte ein zu ſammlen und Lebensmittel haben ſo daß wir uns ſatt eſſen können. Wir machen Hols und fahren es ein ſo daß wir bequem hinter dem Ofen ſitzen können. Wir tun auch mehr Decke auf dem Bett ſo daß wir warm halten und bequem ſchlafen können bis an den Morgen. Wir ſind vielleicht klüger in die zeitliche Sachen, als wie im Geiſtlichen. Freund, wir wollen nicht vergeſſen, die geiſtliche Winterzeit iſt am kommen, ſo wohl wie die natürliche.

Wir hören es iſt eine Beſtellung gemacht für Gottesdienſt zu halten hie oder da. Wenn wir nicht uns auf dem Wege machen und dahin fahren, dann im Hauſe gehen wo wir hören können was gepredigt wird, was würde der Gottesdienſt uns nützen? Er wäre von gar keinen wert. So, wenn wir ſchaffen und arbeiten wollen für Jeſum können wir nicht müßig ſein. Es iſt immer etwas zu tun im Weinberg des Herrn. Darum wie ſchon gemeldet iſt, „Schaffet daß ihr ſelig werdet mit Furcht und Zittern. Denn Gott iſt's der in euch wirket beide, das Wollen und das Vollbringen, nach ſeinem Wohlgefallen.“ So wie wir ſehen daß der Winter kommt, gerade ſo klar ſollten wir ſehen können daß das Ende der Welt am kommen iſt.

Der Abfall iſt groß. Wir denken an die Worte Davids, „Hilf Herr, die heiligen haben abgenommen, und der Gläubigen iſt wenig unter den Menſchenkindern. Einer redet mit dem andern unnütze Dinge, und heucheln, und lehren aus uneinigem Herzen.“ Pſ. 12, 2. 3. Iſt es nicht vielleicht zu viel unter uns der Fall Heute noch, daß wir unnütze Dinge reden wenn wir bei einander ſind, und auch noch aus uneinigem Herzen. Der Pſalmiſt gehet weiter mit dieſem: „Der Herr wolle ausrotten alle Heuchelei, und die Zunge, die da ſtolz redet, die da ſagen: Unſere Zunge ſoll Ueberhand haben, uns gebührt zu reden; wer iſt unſer Herr.“ O weh für uns, wenn wir ſo weit abkommen. Der Pharao ſagte auch: „Wer iſt der Herr? Weſſen Stimme iſt es, daß ich gehorchen ſoll? Zum nächſten befand er ſich in die Tiefe des Meers, die Räder ſind von ihre Wagen abgefallen, ſie ſind mit Ungeſtimm umgeben worden. Was tun wir weiter? war die Frage. O laßt uns umkehren, der Herr ſtreit für Iſrael wider uns. Aber es war zu ſpät, das Waſſer iſt zuſammen kommen, und ſie müßten alle verſinken.

Ohne zweifel wird es manche tauſende von Menſchen ſo gehen anjenem Gerichts Tag. Laßt uns umkehren! Herr, Herr, tue uns auf! Ja ſie werden ſchreien aus voller Kehle (at the top of ones voice), aber zu ſpät, die Gnades-Zeit hat ſich verfloſſen, und Gott hat der Himmel geſchloſſen. Laßt uns doch Gutes tun in der Zeit der Gnad.

Wiederum haben wir ein wenig geſchrieben in unſer Geringheit, kann es jemand eine Hilfe ſein? der gebe Gott die Ehre, und betet für uns.

Abermal ein Tag verfloſſen,
Näher zu der Ewigkeit!
Wie ein Pfeil wird abgeſchoſſen,
So vergehet meine Zeit.
O getreuer Zebaoth!
Unveränderlicher Gott!
Ach was ſoll, was ſoll ich bringen,
Deiner Langmuth dank zu ſingen?

Ich erſchrecke, mächtig Weſen!
Angſt und Furcht bedecket mich:
Dann mein Beten, Singen, Leſen,
Ach das iſt ſo ſchläfrig!
Heilig, heilig, heiliger,
Großer Seraphinen Herr!
Wehe, mir, Ich muß vergehen!
Dann wer kann vor dir beſtehen?

Schrecklich iſt es ja, zu fallen
In die Hand von ſolchem Gott,
Der rechtfertigt zuruft allen:
Niemand treib mit mir ein Spott;
Irret nicht, wo das geſchieht,
Ich Jehovah leid es nicht,
Ich bin ein verzehrend Feuer,
Die Gottloſen ſind wie Spreuer.

Aber du biſt auch ſanftmütig,
O getreues Vaterherz,
In dem bürgen biſt du gütig,
Der gefühlt des Todes Schmerz.
Steh ich nicht in deiner Hand
Angezeichnet als ein Pfand,
So du ewig willſt bewahren
Vor des alten Drachen Schaaren.

Auf, mein Herz! gieb dich dann wieder
Ganz dem Friedensfürſten dar!
Opfre dem der Seelen Lieder,
Welcher krönet Tag und Jahr!
Fang ein neues Leben an,
Das dich endlich führen kann, —
Mit verlangen nach dem Sterben,
Da du wirſt die Kron ererben.

Soll ich dann in dieſer Hütten
Mich ein Zeitlang plagen noch;
So wirſt du mich überſchütten
Mit Geduld, das weiß ich doch:
Setze dann mein Herz auf dich,
Jeſu Chriſte! du und ich
Wollen ewig treu verbleiben,
Und von neuem uns verſchreiben.

An dem Abend und am Morgen,
O mein Rath! beſuche mich;
Daß der Heiden Nahrungs-Sorgen
Nimmer ſcheiden mich und dich,
Prüf in jedem Augenblick
Meine Nieren und mich Schick,
Schick mich, daß ich wachend ſtehe,
Ehe dann ich ſchnell vergehe.

„Von den Zeiten aber und Stunden, lieben Brüder, iſt nicht not euch zu ſchreiben; denn ihr ſelbſt wiſſet gewiß, daß der Tag des Herrn wird kommen wie ein Dieb in der Nacht." 1 Theſſ. 5, 1.2.

Ja, wir gehen nach dem Ende des Jahres zu. Gerade Heut iſt der fünfundzwanzigſte Sept. Wir können ſagen es ſind noch 97 Tagen in dieſem Jahr, wir wiſſen aber nicht ob der Tag des Herrn oder das Ende der Welt noch ſo lang ab iſt. Vielleicht möcht er kommen noch dieſen Abend, Zur Mitternacht, am Hahnen-Geſchrei oder am Morgen. Wie ein Dieb in der Nacht, das will uns ſagen an eine unerwartete Zeit, wenn wir nicht dran denken. Und ohne Zweifel der größere Teil von die Menſchen finden in einem unbereiteten Zuſtand.

„Denn wenn ſie werden ſagen: Es iſt Friede, es hat keine Gefahr, ſo wird ſie das Verderben ſchnell überfallen, gleichwie der Schmerz ein ſchwanger Weib, und werden nicht entfliehen." Vers 3. Nein, da iſt kein ausweichens, kein Weg zu entfliehen. In dieſer Zeit wenn wir irgendwo gehen wollen und wir kommen zu einem Weg der ein wenig rauh und uneben iſt, ſo ſagen wir bald, wir können ein andrer Weg gehen, es ſind andere Wege wo nach dem Ort zu gehen wo wir hin wollen, aber nicht ſo nach dem Himmel, es iſt nur der eine Weg und wenn der Richter dieſen zugemacht hat für uns ſo müſſen wir der Weg zur Hölle hinzu fahren. Ich kenne euch nicht, wo ihr her ſeid.

So wird es aber nicht ſein mit die Gerechten. „Ihr aber, lieben Brüder, ſeid nicht in der Finſternis, daß euch der Tag wie ein Dieb ergreife." Nein, die Kinder Gottes ſind Kinder des Lichts, ſie wandeln nicht in der Nacht oder Finſternis. Das meint nicht daß ſie nur im Tag wandeln und nicht in der natürliche Nacht wenn die Sonne untergangen iſt. Sondern es meint daß ſie im Lichte Jeſu Chriſti wandeln, da ſie ſehen können wo die Gefahr iſt. Wir fürchten es ſind viele Menſchen in Dunkelheit am wandeln, und wiſſen nicht wo ſie hin gehen, und vielleicht auch von ſolche in die Gemeinden.

Nach meinen Dünken giebt es bald immer Leute in die Gemein wo ſcheinen ſchläfrig zu ſein und unbekümmert, dann giebt es auch andere wo wollen vornean ſein und immer etwas haben zu ſagen. Ganz leicht können beide aus ihrem Platz ſein. Wenn nur ein jeder könnte in ſeinem Beruf bleiben.

Jetzt aber drehen wir hinüber zum zweiten Petri Brief Kap. 3, da heißt es auch: „Es wird aber des Herrn Tag kommen als ein Dieb in der Nacht, in welchem die Himmel zergehen werden mit großem Krachen; die Elemente aber werden vor Hitze ſchmelzen, und die Erde und die Werke, die darauf ſind, werden verbrennen. So nun das alles ſoll zergehen wie ſollt ihr denn geſchickt ſein mit heiligen Wandel und gottſeligem Weſen." Vers 10 und 11. Was iſt das für ein heiliger Wandel und gottſeligem Weſen? Heilig, fromm, tugendſam, göttlich, ſtill und ruhig. O, wenn wir unſer Leben prüfen, wie ſtimmt es überein mit ſolche Worten? Wenn wir nun warten auf dieſem neuen Himmel und die neue Erde wo nach ſeiner Verheißung Gerechtigkeit wohnet, ſo wollen wir dann wahrlich geſchickt ſein mit dieſem heiligen Wandel und gottſeligem Weſen. Es heißt wir ſollen Fleiß tun daß wir vor Ihm unbefleckt und unſträflich im Frieden erfunden werden.

Iſt es uns nicht bang wenn der Herr wieder kommt, daß er vielleicht gerade in unſere Gemeinden möchte finden, Streit und Uneinigkeit, Haß und Neid, Unliebe und Unfriede, daß er noch ſagen würde: „Ich kenne euch nicht." Denken wir, wir könnten ſagen: „O wir ſind alt Amiſche Leut," und durch kommen damit? Ich fürchte es nimmt

mehr als wie der Name von die Gemeinde. „Es ſind nicht alle die Herr, Herr ſagen die in das Himmelreich kommen, ſondern die den Willen tun meines Vaters im Himmel.“ Mit dieſem aber wollen wir niemand beeinfluſſen zu denken: Ich gehe dann nur zu eine andere Gemeinde wenn es nichts aus macht was der Name iſt, ich kann geh wo ich mehr Freiheit haben kann nach dem Fleiſch. Nein, wir wollen nicht ſo denken, ſondern vielmehr ſuchen ſtandhaft bleiben in die Fundamenten wo unſere Voreltern uns zurück gelaſſen haben. Der Weg iſt eng und ſchmal wo zum Himmel führt und wir wollen nicht ſuchen ihn ausbreiten unſerm Fleiſch und Blut zu gefallen. Wir können ſo leicht mehr Raum ſuchen auf dem ſchmalen Weg als wie da iſt.

Wie können wir doch ſo froh ſein, es iſt nicht der Wille Gottes, daß eine Seel verloren gehe, ſondern daß ein jeder ſich zur Buße kehre und lebe. O wie iſt das doch ſo eine wichtige Sache, mit die viele Millionen von Menſchen die auf dieſe Erde wohnen und wandeln, und Gott will nicht daß eine Seele verloren gehe. Doch fühlen wir, es ſind alle Tage Menſchen dieſe Welt am verlaſſen in einem unbereiteten Zuſtand, und dann müſſen ſie vor dem gerechter Richter erſcheinen, wo dann die Worte ausſprechen wird, Gehet hin ihr Verfluchten in das ewige Feuer, welches bereitet iſt dem Teufel und ſeinen Engeln.

Jetzt iſt noch die angenehme Zeit und der Tag des Heils, Morgen möcht es zu Spät ſein.

Jeſus nimmt die Sünder an!
Sagt doch dieſes Troſtwort allen,
Die noch auf verkehrter Bahn
Und auf Sündenwegen wallen!
Hier iſt was ſie retten kann:
Jeſus nimmt die Sünder an.

LET'S HEAR FROM THE HIRED BOYS

The Hired Boy story in the Aug.-Sept. issue of Family Life got me to thinking. We have been hiring our children out, thinking this was a good thing, but that Hired Boy story sounded so unfavorable that we became concerned lest we were doing the wrong thing. Recently we were visiting among a group of people where hiring out their young people is an accepted practice and is done extensively, even to the point where one father might hire out his son and in turn hire someone else to help out at home. I felt there must be some good reasons for this so I began asking questions.

The answers from place to place were pretty much the same. They felt working our as a hired boy or girl supplied the child with good experience. It helped to widen his horizon, to be more tolerant of other people's ways, to form closer ties and friendships within the church, and to learn various kinds of work which he wouldn't have the chance to learn at home. Of course, they all agreed that care should be taken in selecting a good place. If he was hired out for a year or even a whole summer, it should be among the church members or at least the plain people. Helping out someone in need for a day or two is quite different. We don't want to be like the Pharisee who walked past the Samaritan without helping him, do we?

Another thing they seemed to think was important was this: Don't hire out a child too young. He should at least be out of school unless it's only just for a week or so if someone needed help. Each time I can point out some good lesson I learned. Most of the families made me feel like one of them and my home-coming on weekends was something to look forward to. There was always so much to tell and discuss with my parents and brothers and sisters. Sure, I liked some places better than others, but the places I didn't like were good experience for me, too. My parents listened to my grievances, but tried to point out to me where I could improve relationships instead of taking sides with me against my employers. One big thing I think working out helped me to learn was how to get along with all kinds of people. Also, how to take orders and listen to others.

Money does not seem to be an overriding factor in hiring out young people in this community. In fact, one father told me, if someone is too concerned about the wages whether it be the one that's hiring or the one to be hired, that's a danger signal. Probably that family would be hard to work for or the hired help be worth very little.

SOME STORIES I GATHERED

The John Miller family (fictitious names) had five boys and it seemed that each one was as different from the others as night from day. (I haven't heard of a family yet where the children were all cut from the same pattern!) The difference became more marked as they grew older, especially between the two oldest. The elder of these two was domineering, developed at a young age both phsically and mentally, and pushed to get things done. The younger was of a more submissive nature, was small for his age, and had leisurely ways of doing everything.

Even while small children, the older son was bossing the younger ones around. He was capable of doing things beyond his age limit and he did. It was hard for the Millers not to be a bit proud of him. But they loved their second son just as much even though it appeared at this stage that he was not as gifted as the older one. By the time the oldest boys were in the upper grades of school, they noticed that the second son was becoming rebellious and mean. Most of the time he took an I-don't-care attitude and did his work sloppily or not at all.

The parents realized what was happening. He was feeling inferior to his older brother and he was rebelling. It was time to do something about it. So they found a good place to hire the second son out during vacation where he was the oldest. The change at the end of the summer was remarkable. He had gained confidence in his own worth.

The next summer they hired out the oldest son. Now the second son was Dad's big helper and he made the most of it. He had a chance to get "close" to his father, to confide in him alone. He could learn things at his own speed without being humiliated.

The older son changed, too. He found when he worked away that he wasn't always the best among the group. There was no one to boss around now or to compete with. Both boys learned to respect each other for what they were as they grew up and the Millers thought working within other family groups helped them much.

Mary Weaver was an only child. Her parents felt she should have the experience of working within a larger family group so they hired her out several years. The first summer Mary worked at a place where there were four small children. That winter she was at home again. Next she worked all year for a family of ten. There was a girl in that family only a year and a half younger than Mary. This provided both girls with a companionship they had never experienced before since the other girl had no sisters near her age. After a year at home, Mary spent the next year helping another large family. This family also had a girl Mary's age, but this girl worked for Mary's mother that year. Thus they both gained experience they couldn't have gotten at home.

David Martin was the oldest boy of a large family. His father had much responsibility and cares weighed heavily upon him, making him short-tempered. Often he became very impatient with David who seemed slow to understand his instructions and follow his orders. His wife realized both father and son were suffering from poor relationships and urged to hire David out for a summer. She felt permanent damage could result if things didn't improve.

Consequently, David worked away the next summer and his father hired someone to take his place. The result here was that during David's absence his father began to appreciate his son more, realizing that he had been expecting too much of him. David, in turn, improved his work habits under someone else's guidance. Having been under so much pressure at home, he was able to relax and be himself for a change. From there on David worked away at times and their home life was much bettered.

As I talked with different people about working away, I felt there were many stories they could have told me. What I did find out was quite interesting and helpful, but I'd like to hear more. I hope this short article will inspire some hired-boy stories. How has it helped you? What have you gained by it if you worked out or if you were the employer? Let's hear from you!

MOTHER AND THE MAMA POSSUM

(This story sounds as if it might have been written by the author of "Mother and the Mama Goose" which appeared in Family Life several years ago. But it isn't.)

Thinking back, I wonder if it ever happened, or was it only a nightmare? It was such a balmy Sunday evening. The girls wanted to sleep outdoors on an old mattress, but I discouraged them. Mother can sleep much better when she knows the children are all in the house—safe and snug. So we all went to bed, tired and ready for a good night's sleep.

At midnight I awoke and what a wonderful sound. It was raining and how we needed the rain. There was also a south wind and I thought of all the windows which were open toward the south. I got out of bed and porceded to struggle with the windows. In the process, I got thoroughly soaked. With several towels, I sopped up the water from the floor and me.

Back to bed. I was just dozing off to the patter of rain but the baby had other ideas, so I took him and fed him and again put him to bed. Once more I dozed off.

Suddenly I woke to loud squaks of distress. Now what? Something must be after the chickens again. I'm not the bravest person in the world, nor am I the killing kind. My husband is a sound sleeper and furthermore, he had a sore leg, so I didn't want to wake him.

But something was after the chickens so I mustered up enough courage to go out to the old henhouse. Chickens were running around everywhere, squawking loudly. Cautiously I peeked in. What was it?

Sure enough, back in the corner was a big, fat possum! Now I don't by nature have a killing instinct. Why, I can't even stand to chop off a rooster's head. But suddenly something savage surged up within me and I was determined that that possum shall not live. Looking around for a weapon I grabbed an old board. There was enough moonlight so I could see the form of the opossum vaguely in the corner.

With the board in hand, I began to aim back in the corner. Wham, wham, wham!

I thought surely I must have him by now, but I was fast losing my courage. Then I struck again but it turned out to be only a thud so I knew it was my first hit and the other times I had only struck against the henhouse. I struck again and whammed a hole right through the henhouse wall and out tumbled the possum. Determined not to let him escape I leapt out the door, forgetting it had rained. I scooted into the chicken yard, landing on my bottom side right in chichen manure. Incidently I had my nightgown on. I struggled to my feet and raced around to the side but the possum had long since vanished. Somewhat relieved that I didn't have to fight it out to a finish, I headed for the house, a sorry, bedraggled figure. I got cleaned up and back to bed once more. By now it was 3:00 A.M.

I was in a semi-conscious state when, oh, no, the chickens were calling for help again. My husband was still sleeping soundly and I knew I didn't want to wake him. But deep in my heart, I also knew I couldn't take more whacks at any animal.

But I also knew I didn't want anything carrying off our hens. There were only forty of them. You see, we live back in the sticks and we don't have a nice big hen house, just a kind of coop, but they lay enough eggs for what we can use and also some to sell. The fifty smaller chicks were in a nearby smaller coop which is also by no means animal proof.

Taking all this into consideration, I decided to go upstairs and wake up Leroy, our 12-year-old son. He is usually hard to get up but when I whispered in his ear, "Hey, something's after the chickens. Come and help me get it," he opened his eyes, bounded to his feet, and downstairs we went. I grabbed a broom and he took one of the children's stilts. He barged out there full of curiosity and I came along behind him. Nothing was to be found. Leroy was disappointed, but I was not. Once more we headed for bed.

His little brother had wakened so there was some excited conversation going on upstairs for awhile and then all was quiet. Once more I was being enveloped in the blessed quietness when the baby was hungry again. I took care of that.

My eyelids were once more drooping when there was a thud. Leroy had bounded out of bed and down the stairs he came at high speed. As he went through the house, my husband awoke and asked, "Whatever is that child after?"

"Oh, we've been hunting possums most all night," I answered.

Shaking his head, he laid down and promptly went to sleep. Now there were shouts outside. "I got you now!"

From his upstairs window Leroy had seen the possum scurrying across the yard toward the henhouse. It turned out to be a she instead of a him. But she will not bother us again. Nor will the eight young ones she had in her pouch ever grow up.

For a moment I felt remorse. Why didn't I just go back to sleep? After all, possums want to live, too. Later my husband tried to reassure me by saying they were better off dead than alive, anyhow.

Now it was 5:00 A.M. and I debated, should I even try to go back to sleep or should I start the washing? I felt like I needed at least another hour of sleep before I would get up to face the issues of the day. But Leroy in his excitement decided sleep was far gone so he went down into the basement and noisily started washing the milk cans to start milking. I also decided to arise and begin my day.

There were some wide-eyed youngsters at the breakfast table when we told them of the events of the night. Most amazed of all was my husband. He almost didn't believe me but there were two proofs— the hole in the hen house wall and the dead possum. It was a very unusual night but I could thank God that it wasn't really anything so bad after all. —Muscoda, Wisconsin

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(continued from back cover)

the soil which brings about beneficial chemical changes in the soil.

Considering all these advantages, it is generally considered that the residue from feeds are equal to their "fertility value" in manure. This of course assumes that the manure is carefully stored and spread on the land as soon as possible and plowed under or worked in. With careless handling, the values may easily be reduced to half or less.

DOUBLE LOSS OR GAIN.

From the table it can be seen that farmers who regularly sell grain or hay are selling fertility off the farm. A load or two now and then may not be noticeable but to do it regularly can rapidly deplete the soil resulting in lower and lower yields. A man who sells an 80-bushels per acre corn crop is removing $25.00 worth of nutrients per acre to say nothing of the humus matter which goes along with it.

Livestock farmers, on the other hand, who regularly buy large quantities of feed are bringing plant food onto the farm. If they take good care of the manure they can build up the fertility of the soil as well as the texture.

Although the profit from the feeding operations should be made from the livestock, a second gain can be had from the manure. Notice from the table that the fertility value of a ton of tankage is listed at $86.10 which is not far from half of what this feed can be purchased for at some times in the year.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MANURES

There are different amounts of the essential plant foods in various kinds of manures. Table No. 2 on page 33 shows the average anaylsis of common manures and also their approximate value per ton.

Nearly all manures are low in phosphate except chicken manure. The value of manure varies according to the kind and amount of feed which is fed to the livestock.

The amount of manure produced in a year also varies depending on the feed and the bedding. When all the manure, including the bedding is saved approximately the following amounts will be produced in a year for the following animals: 1400-lb cow, 21 tons; 1000-lb steer, 9 tons; 1400-lb horse, 13 tons; 400-lb sow, 7 tons; 100 hens, 3 tons.

BEDDING

Bedding is important not only because it keeps the animal clean and dry but it also absorbs the urine which is rich in nitrogen and potash. It also increases the organic content of the manure and makes it easy to handle

Straw is the most common and well liked bedding. I absorbs 2 or 3 times its own weight of water and sometimes even more. It also contains fertilizing nutrients as shown in the table.

Shredded corn fodder makes satisfactory bedding but does not absorb as much water as straw. Sawdust itself adds humus to the soil but very little fertility.

If an excess amount of bedding is used, the nitrogen in the manure tends to combine with the straw or sawdust and is not available as quickly to the plants. It does not become available until the material decomposes, which in the case of shavings or sawdust, may be several years.

STORING MANURE

If sufficient bedding is used and the manure is hauled to the fields regularly and worked in, there is practially no loss of its value. On the other hand if the manure is piled on the outside where it is subjected to rain water and heating, it may loose three-fourth of its nutrients.

A manure pile that heats can loose up to 80% of its nitrogen. Phosphate and potash are not lost by heating but they can be lost by leaching especially if water from the roof falls onto the manure pile.

Superphosphate, when used in the stable at the rate of 1/2 lb per cow daily helps to prevent the loss of nitrogen from the manure. The nitrogen combines with the phosphate, making the nitrogen much less likely to be lost. The phosphate also helps balance the manure since it is much lower in phosphate than in nitrogen and potash.

It is best to haul the manure to the field each day except in the winter when there is snow on the ground. Then it should be stored in piles with perpendicular sides, and well packed down to keep it from heating. The top of the pile should be flat or sloping toward the middle so the rain water will not run off.

WHAT I REALLY NEED

Give me more than food to nourish me. Give me the warmth and the security of your love.

Let me enjoy all five senses. Give me plenty of things to look at, to feel, to smell, to listen to, to taste. And even some things to break.

Teach me to take my turn. Watch me play so you can see how I am trying to work out my problems and what I am up against.

When you tell me to do something, please tell me why I should do it. Let me feel that I am a contributing member of the family. And be sure to include me in making the family plans when you can.

Please don't keep me your baby when I want to feel grown up. Don't transfer your fears to me. I have enough of my own to cope with and I don't need any more.

Help me not to act when I am angry. But don't make me so afraid of showing anger that I lose my capacity to feel strongly about anything.

Let me learn bit by bit to bear pain, to want things but to be strong enough to postpone gratification of certain feelings I am not yet ready to experience.

Let me try out my new powers as my body develops— to creep, to stand, to walk, climb, jump and run when I am ready. Don't limit the natural needs of my body because you have some unresolved hang-ups.

Give me a little corner in the house that is all mine and nobody else's. I need moments of peace and quiet that cannot be invaded by anyone.

Give me my share of consideration and attention. I must know every day, even if for just a few moments, that I am the only one you are thinking about and loving.

Let me ask any question that pops into my head. Don't make me ashamed for having asked it, even if it seems stupid. And give me as honest an answer as you can. If you don't know the answer, please say so. It's good training to hear someone say, "I don't know, but I will try to find out for you."

Be patient with me when I don't do things very well at first. Remember I have so many things to learn and almost everything takes some practice.

Let me bear the consequences for whatever I do. I need to be punished as well as rewarded. And when you punish me, make sure the punishment fits the "crime."

Above all, grant me, without reservation, your debt to me—— unconditional love. For if I know it is there, I will be able to give the same to my children—— and they will be able to give it to their children.

— Your Child

FARM PROBLEMS ON THE VALUE OF MANURE

From the tables on this page and the information in the article "Feed As Fertilizer" (see back cover) work the following problems.

1. The Millers and the Hostetlers each had a crib of corn left. Since the price of corn was so good, the Hostetlers decided to sell theirs. The Millers fed theirs to hogs which they were fattening. It so happened that the price of hogs went down, and the Millers made no profit on their feeding operations. They sold their hogs for exactly the same amount as what they had spend for feed, plus what they could have gotten for their corn. But Dad Miller remarked, "We still have the manure which more than pays for the cost of caring for the pigs."

If they had fed twenty tons of corn (on the cob) to the pigs, how much did they have for their labor, figuring the fertility value of the corn (and the cobs) as their wages?

2. Years ago when most people separated their milk and sold only cream off the farm, the old farmers used to say, "Sell your milk and you will soon sell yourself poor." They believed that selling milk took off a lot more fertility from the farm than selling cream. Were they right in their assertion?

Let us suppose a farmer has a herd of ten cows producing an average of 11,000 lbs of 4% milk per year. How much more fertility value would he sell off the farm if he sold whole milk instead of butter?

3. Looking at the above problem from a different angle, suppose the price of milk is $6.50 per cwt and the price of butterfat is $1.00 per lb. How much more income would ha have from selling milk than from selling cream?

4. But skim milk is an excellent feed for pigs. Suppose in order to get full use from his skim milk, the farmer feeds it to his pigs. Suppose he finds they do so much better with the skim milk that he is able to save $5.00 worth of feed on every pig. If he feeds out 550 pigs in a year, which way would he make the most?

5. Suppose a farmer raises 100 hogs and sells them when they weigh 200 lbs each. He estimates that they have consumed home grown grain equal to 1000 lbs of shelled corn per head. How much fertility value did he save by selling only the hogs off the farm instead of selling the grain which the 100 hogs consumed?

6. Last summer the Hostetlers had a field of hay which they didn't really need so they sold it to a neighbor for $15.00 per ton. It was 2/3 clover and 1/3 timothy. "That's a good price for hay because we used to sell hay for $5.00 a ton years ago," Mr. Hostetler said. Do you think it was a wise thing to do? Why?

7. Since the Hostetlers sold their grain, they had an empty feedlot. A local feed company offered to put in 25 steers weighing a little less than 1000 lbs each and furnish all the feed and the bedding if the Hostetlers would take care of them. All they would get out of it would be the manure. About how much worth of manure could they expect to get for taking care of the steers for one year?

8. The farmer with 10 dairy cows stacks their manure on the outside where water from the barn roof flows into the pile. It also heats to the extent that 75% of the value is lost by the time he gets it hauled to the field. How much does he lose in dollars and cents?

TABLE NO. 1. Plant food content and fertility value of common feeds, per ton.

	Nitrogen	Phosphate	Potash	Fertility value
Corn	28lbs	11lbs	7 lbs	$11.30
Corn & cob meal	24	10	9	10.30
Oats	38	14	10	15.20
Barley	40	16	12	16.40
Soybeans	120	24	36	44.40
Soybean oil meal	146	28	45	54.90
Tankage	190	140	11	86.10
Alfalfa hay	49	5.5	48	20.60
Clover hay	42	4.5	40	17.50
Timothy hay	21	3	39	10.70
Oat straw	13	2	48	9.10
Wheat straw	13	2	26	6.90
Corn silage	7	1.7	7	3.10
1,000-lb steer	25	6.5	1.5	8.95
200-lb hog	4.5	1.5	.5	1.55
100 lbs milk	.55	.1	.15	.20
100 lbs butter	.15	.02	.01	4 1/2¢

TABLE NO. 2. Composition and Value of Common Manures

	Water %	Nitrogen per ton	Phosphate per ton	Potash per ton	Value per ton
Dairy cows	79	11 lbs	4.5	10 lbs	$5.20
Fattening cattle	78	15	9	10	7.30
Horses	59	14	5	14	6.60
Swine	74	10	7	9	5.30
Hens (without litter)	76	23	16	8	10.90
Hens (dry litter)	25	45	28	23	25.40

BEATING THE BUSH

Years ago in England, titled gentlemen spent a good portion of their time outdoors hunting. Since they did not like to work in any form, they had tenant farmers to scour the underbrush to locate game and chase it in their direction.

When the game was the razor-back boar, this was an extremely dangerous job for the beaters. The hunters expected these farmers to beat the bushes and chase out the boars which were concealed therein. Often the boars charged the unarmed beaters, causing serious injury or death.

To offset this danger, many of the beaters, instead of beating into the heavy bushes would "beat around the bush" so as not to make the animals angry enough to attack them. Since this was a deceiving action against the hunters, to "beat around the bush" came into general use to describe any evasive action.

- Selected.

Deadline for Answers Dec. 1, 1974

WHAT DO YOU THINK

??

Children play cops and robbers at school pretending to shoot each other. When parents go visiting, the children play such games and pretend to shoot each other. Do we know what they are playing and do we want them to play such games? The Bible teaches "Thou shalt not kill." If we don't want them to shoot people when they are grown, should we allow them to play this way when they are small?

-Wondering parent

??

ANSWERS FOR THE WOMAN WHOSE HUSBAND NEVER FOUND TIME TO FIX UP THINGS AROUND THE HOUSE SUCH AS A LEAKING ROOF OR A CLOGGED DRAIN

I think this is something most women have to live with. Getting hubby to fix odd jobs around the house is hard for most women to do. I think most men intend to do these jobs but usually when they are in the house it's after a day's work and time to eat or rest.

I think it would be best to ask him in a nice way and with a nice tone of voice like, "Please, could you fix the screen door or open the clogged drain?" It is best to ask him to do it when he has the time instead of telling him just anytime that it has to be done "right now." Give him plenty of time and be patient for it usually takes a lot of that.

-OHIO

I think the problem of having things fixed around the house is something that all wives have faced at times but they don't all have to wait several years to have it done. I think it's worse if you live where the buildings are old and something is continually falling apart.

At times when I have felt there was something that really needed doing and he was too busy. I'd tell him, "I'll do the chores for you tonight," or go to the hardware store for parts or perhaps some light work in the field which I could do if he would do some fixing for me. Of course if I went to the fields, he also had to watch the children.

I once heard a wife say she told her husband "Before you go to another sale, I want you to fix so and so," I don't know how that approach would work but I sometimes wonder if a man can love his wife as himself if she has to put up with things he would be unwilling to put up with.

We once had a "frozen" drain all winter which caused some inconvenience. In the spring when the weather warmed up, we found it had only been clogged. It sure seemed a lot worse then.

-Pennsylvania Mother.

Blessed is the wife who doesn't have this problem, as I believe 90% do. But we women don't always get all those little things done either which we'd like to.

I believe some women have a harder time in this line than others as not every man is a handyman. It's not always easy to find time to fit in such jobs either so keep up those kind reminders and maybe you'll be surprised one day. My husband does fairly well in fixing "things" but he says it seems there is no end to things that need fixing. Try to overlook what you can.

- Pennsylvania Grandmother

When such jobs pile up I sometimes number them and make a list of them on a sheet of paper and put it where he is sure to see it. My husband usually notices it and soon begins to cross the numbers off as he does them. I'm happy to have them done without fussing and he's happy to do them without being fussed at.

I don't do this very often, just when these things don't seem to get done, and at a time he's not too busy with his own work.

- A Well wisher from Missouri.

If you have such good foresight about the work around the home, why not be a good Samaritan and help your husband with whatever it takes to do the job. That's the way I do it and it is easier than waiting and sometimes gives me an understanding why things don't get done. Faith without works is dead.

- Busy Housewife, Pennsylvania

Take your eyes off the things that need to be done and concentrate on the things he has already done for you. Express your appreciation. If he has put up a swing, tell him how wonderful it is to have a man that will risk his neck for the children. Let him know how glad you are anytime he does fix a broken window, or picks up some clutter or any little improvement around the house. Be sincere but free in your praise and let him know these little things are all pleasant surprises to you. More than likely he will soon be looking for other ways to please you.

If he doesn't see a leaky roof or a clogged drain ask him to do it for you in the way your child might ask you to bake a cake for him. Then after all, the things that don't get done can't be too important to you while you are busy being happy about things that did get done.

- M. L.

Here is my solution. Help your husband get started on that clogged drain. Will you need a pipe wrench, a vise grip or a shovel? Get the tools at an appropriate time and pretend you mean business but ask your husband how to do it. Sure it's a scheme but once you've started, stick to it.

So your porch roof leaks? I was on the roof of ours with my husband awhile ago to try to determine where the leak was that we saw the blue sky through last winter. We disagreed on the location but now that the threshing is done may be a suitable time to bring up the subject again.

This approach has helped a disagreeable job get done at our house. No, nagging won't help but why not share those man-jobs and do what you can as a woman?

Now let me add another secret. My husband has found that this method works equally well the other way around, too.

- Willing To Help, Iowa.

MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

PROBLEM NO. 1. DOES THE HONEYMOON LAST?

The Amos Millers were sitting at the supper table when their teenage daughter said, "I saw Pete and Wilma in town today in the hardware store. It was the first time I saw them since the wedding."

"Probably buying things to start housekeeping," Mom Miller said. "I suppose where one was, the other was, too. No longer than they've been married they wouldn't be going their separate ways and into separate stores."

Emma nodded. "They seemed to be enjoying it. They looked so happy together." There was a wistful note in her voice.

Dad Miller laughed. "That'll wear off after awhile. Give them a year or so and they won't think married life is so wonderful. Too bad, but the honeymoon never lasts very long."

Was Amos Miller right in saying the honeymoon never lasts, meaning that the joys of married life soon wear off? How did you find it in your marriage? Do you feel that you and your partner had a better relationship and deeper love for each other when you were first married than you do now? Would you say the first year of marriage is the happiest? Tell why or why not, giving reasons why you feel as you do from your own experience. All answers will be held strictly confidential and each answer will be acknowledged unless you ask that it not be. Your name will not appear in print.

Your answer should be postmarked not later than Monday, December 2, 1974. Answers to the first question should appear in January issue.

Address your letter to -- Department MM
℅ Family Life etc.

ANSWERS TO GERMAN QUIZ

1. AMT b. ministry, office, charge, post, or duty "....Jemand ein Amt, so warte er das Amts..." Rm. 12:7

2. BESITZEN d. to possess, to own "....sondern die Seligkeit zu besitzen..." 1 Th. 5:9

3. DÄMPFET a. to quench, subdue, or dampen "Den Geist dämpfet nicht." I Th. 5:19

4. DIEB d. thief, crook "...wird kommen wie ein Dieb in der Nacht." I Th. 5:2

5. DURCH b. through, across, because of, during, throughout. "...Niemand kommt zum Vater, denn durch mich." Jn. 14:6

6. ERHIELT a. kept, protected, maintained, supported, or preserved. "...erhielt ich sie in deinem Namen." Jn. 17:12

7. GENÜGET d. satisfies, sufficeth "....zeige uns den Vater, so genüget uns." Jn. 14:8

8. GETREU c. faithful, exact, true "....Getreu ist er, der euch rufet....." I Th. 5:24

9. GRÜSZET b. greet, salute, welcome "Grüszet alle Brüder mit dem heiligen Kusz." I Th. 5:26

10. HOB (HUB) c. lifted "Solches redete Jesus, und hob seine Augen auf..." Jn. 17:1

11. KLUG a. clever, intelligent, judicious, prudent "Haltet euch nicht selbst für klug..." Rm. 12:17

12. LEIBER a. bodies "....eure Leiber begebet zum Opfer..." Rm. 12:19

13. LOBE d. praise praise, commendation "...Lobe den Herrn, meine Seele,...." Ps. 103:1

14. PRÜFET a. to examine, inspect, test, or investigate "Prüfet aber Alles, und das Gute behaltet." I Th. 5:21

15. RÄCHET b. avenge "Rächet euch selber nicht..." Rm. 12:19

16. SCHLAFEN d. to sleep "So lasset uns nun nicht schlafen...." I Th. 5:6

17. SPEISE d. food, nourishment, meat; v., feed "....so deinen Feind hungert, so speise ihn.." Rm. 12:20

18. THUN (TUN) b. to do, execute, perform, act or work "....Namen kund getan, und will ihn kund thun.." Jn. 17:26

19. TRAGE a. lazy, indolent, sluggish, inert, slothful "...Seid nicht trage..." Rm. 12:11

20. TRITT c. step, pace "...noch tritt auf den Weg der Sünder..." Ps. 1:1

DID YOU KNOW? Proper German pronunciation of the letters "pf" is like "p" followed by "f". Both the "p" and the "f" are pronounced. Example, pferde, pfund

A CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

Christ at the marriage altar.
Christ on the bridal journey.
Christ when the new home is set up.
Christ when the baby comes.
Christ when the baby dies.
Christ in the pinching times.
Christ when the wedded pair walk toward the sunset gates.
Christ for time, Christ for eternity—
This is the foundation of home.

—*The Watchman-Examiner*

* * *

The final test of love is obedience. Not sweet emotions, not willingness to sacrifice, not zeal, but obedience to the commandments of Christ. Our Lord drew a line plain and tight for everyone to see. On one side He placed those who keep His commandments and said, "These love Me." On the other side He put those who keep not His sayings, and said, "These love me not."

Love for Christ is a love of willing as well as a love of feeling, and it is psychologically impossible to love Him adequately unless we will obey His words. "If ye keep my commandments," said Jesus, "ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you" John 15:10-12.

Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

NATURE FOR SALE

There's not a store in all the land
Where I can go and say,
"I'd like to buy a waterfall
All white with lacy spray.

"And wrap me up a river, please;
I'll take it home right now;
I'll take a great high mountain, too,
With snow upon its brow.

"Cut off ten yards of rainbow, please,
And roll it ribbon tight;
I'll tie it to my cherry trees
To make my garden bright."

No, there's no market anywhere
To sell these things to me
But God has carefully made them all
And gave them to us free!
Selected.

"A PERSON HARDLY KNOWS what to do; everything is so high priced," my friend sighed as she thought of all her unpaid bills.

Everything? My friend, like so many of us others, had forgotten to look up at the sunset's coat of many colors. She was too busy, as we so often are, to take time to hear the song of the birds. But we are human and more than one Mother has been frustrated because of the lack of jar lids during the canning season—only to have the lids suddenly reappear on the store shelves... at 89¢ per dozen.

But there's consolation to the young people who must battle with present conditions for there is the promise that " all these things (our needs) shall be added unto us... if we seek first the kingdom of God (Matt. 6:33). King David wrote, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread" (Psalms 37:25). This doesn't mean that the righteous folks are rich and the wicked poor... but that they have a God who cares for them.

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Following are a few household hints sent in by our readers:

To make brown sugar put 5 lbs. white sugar in a large bowl; add 1 cup molasses and mix well. The darker the molasses, the darker the brown sugar. Store in airtight container.

Do you wish for a hard pretzel recipe? I used the one printed in a recent issue of FL and put the dough through my noodle maker, cutting them wide. Boiled, and then baked, they really taste much like the bought pretzels. -Mrs. Leander Keim, KS

If you want to see your flowers grow, then soak eggshells in warm water; use this to water the plants. It is a good fertilizer. -Sadie King

When shoulders and back are tired while ironing, lower the ironing board to a comfortable height, then fold a thick carpet, placing a rubber mat on top, to stand on. This will do wonders for your aching shoulders and tired back, and is restful for the feet.

If pie crusts shrink while baking, rinse pans out of cold water just before putting the crust in; then bake immediately. -Mary Miller

When cleaning house, have two large paper bags handy, one for trash to burn, the other for junk. -Ohio

Large plastic jugs with hot water are handy. Take them along when going away in winter to keep the hands and feet warm, warm a bed in a cold room, and use them to keep baby chicks warm. The jugs stay hot a long time. -Ontario

***

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING new and handy in your home, then start a file. This is a time saver, but it will take some work to start one. The file folders are inexpensive and last a long time. Here are a few things that can be filed: patterns for the family's clothing, gardening hints, quilt patterns, letters, clippings, things to be done on a rainy day; file a list of the things you store away, telling where to find it. You may have many more suggestions on how a file may be used to a good advantage to the housewife. If you happen not to have a file, then any deep drawer or a box can be used for this purpose.

A BULLETIN BOARD can also be a helpful addition to a home as well as to the schoolroom, especially where there are children. It can be used for notes for the children, reminders, some interesting clippings that are worthwhile, poems for the children to memorize, sayings and points of advice to encourage the parents, and for many other purposes.

A bulletin board can be made with a large piece of pasteboard. Cover this with plain colored paper and hang it on the wall. Border it with construction paper. Tack the clippings on with thumb tacks or scotch tape.

***

Mrs. Norman Yutzy would like to have a suggestion on how to roast soybeans. She has tried it, but without success.

Mrs. Leander Keim wishes to have a recipe for oreo cookies. These cookies are new to me but I suppose some of the readers can supply a recipe.

***

DELICIOUS BEAN SOUP

1 lb. (2 cups) navy beans, dried
1 meaty ham bone (1 1/2 lb.)
1 cup cubed potato
1 cup thinly sliced celery
1 cup finely chopped onion
1 clove garlic
1 cup cubed carrots
1 small bay leaf

Cook beans in 2 1/2 qts. of water for 2 minutes. Remove from heat; let stand 1 hour. Add ham bone, minced garlic, and bay leaf to beans. Cover and simmer 2 hours or until almost tender. Add vegetables, salt and pepper to taste; simmer 1 hour more. Remove ham bone and cut off meat. Dice meat and add to beans. Reheat to almost boiling. Remove bay leaf.

—Mrs. Menas Wickey, Indiana

GOLDEN MASHED POTATOES

When making mashed potatoes try cooking an equal amount of carrots and mashing with the potatoes for a new taste treat and added nutrition. -Mrs. Glen Mullet

***

BAKED BEANS WITH WEINERS (for canning)

4 qt. dried navy beans
1 bottle catsup
1 1/2 cup brown sugar
2 T. dry mustard
3 big onions
3 1/2 qt. tomato juice
1 cup molasses
6 T. salt

Cut and fry 2 lbs. weiners.

Soak beans overnight. Boil until tender in salt water, then drain. Dice and boil onions. Add weiners, tomatoes, and remainder of ingredients to the beans. Boil together for 15 minutes. Put in hot jars and cold pack for 1 hour. -Mrs. John Schwartz

PEANUT BRITTLE

2 cups white sugar
1 cup karo
1/2 cup water

Cook 2 minutes. Then add 1 lb. raw peanuts. Continue cooking till hard crack stage. Remove from heat and add 3 T. butter, 2 t. soda, and 1/2 t. salt. Pour on buttered cookie sheet. —Mrs. M. Hilty, Indiana

APPLE GOODIE

1 1/4 cup sugar
2 T. flour
1 t. salt
1 t. cinnamon
1 1/2 qts. sliced apples

Mix the above ingredients together and put into a greased pan.

Mix and crumb the following:

1 cup dry oatmeal
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup flour
1/4 t. soda
1/8 t. baking powder
2/3 cup butter

Pack apples firm; put crumbs on top; bake at 350° or until golden brown. -Miss Emma Wengerd, Mifflintown, Pa.

DIABETIC CAKE

2 cups water
2 cups raisins
2 T. liquid sweetener
1 t. soda
1 t. vanilla
1/2 t. nutmeg
1 cup unsweetened apple sauce
2 eggs
3/4 cup cooking oil
2 cups flour
1 1/4 t. cinnamon

Cook raisins in water until water is gone. Then add applesauce, eggs, sweetener and oil. Mix well. Blend in soda and flour. Add remaining ingredients. Bake in 350° oven until done.

A friend wrote in and asked for a recipe to make hard pretzels and not the soft kind. I'm not acquainted with the pretzel recipes but Mrs. Ivan Leid who sent this in wrote, "These are as good as the ones we buy from the vendors on the street corners. They are a treat for us eastern Pennsylvanians who have acquired a taste for them. Some people fear the lye may harm them but it doesn't."

GERMAN PRETZELS

2 packages dry yeast
3/4 cup shortening (Soft)
1 1/2 t. baking powder
1 1/2 t. salt
2 T. household lye
1/4 cup warm water
1 quart milk
1/2 cup sugar
2 quarts water
3 T. coarse salt

Soften yeast in warm water. Scald milk; stir in shortening, sugar and 1 1/2 teaspoon salt. When cool put in a large bowl and add yeast; stir until smooth. Cover and let rise about 30 minutes. Sift remaining flour with baking powder and gradually work into the dough until smooth. Let rise about 1 1/2 hour.

Punch down and divide into 6 equal pieces and let rise ten minutes. Divide each piece into ten portions of equal size. Using palms of hands, roll each strand into 1/2 inch diameter and 18 inches long. Twist into a pretzel shape. When all the dough is shaped, the first ones will have risen.

Add lye to cold water in a large pan (not aluminum); heat until solution is steaming but not boiling. Place pretzels one at a time, right side down, on a slotted turner. Lower pretzel into lye solution for one or two seconds; remove and drain. Place right side up on heavily greased baking sheets and sprinkle with coarse salt. Bake in hot oven (400°) for fifteen minutes or until well browned. Makes five dozen delicious pretzels. They are best when hot but can be frozen then heated before serving.

***

We never really know what is in us until we are placed in the land of affliction. Nor do we draw deeply upon the provisions of God's grace until we sense our deep need of Him, then we learn lessons which are learned no other way.

Whatever our lot is in this life, let us carry our cross and not faint by the way.

-An ailing young Mother with a heart affliction

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

A "thank you" is deceiving when it doesn't come from a grateful heart.

Aunt Becky

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

THERE IS LIGHT AHEAD

SUPPOSE YOU WERE BORN with legs that would carry you but a very short distance, arms flail about making the hands miss their mark, a speech that makes your friends unable to understand you, would you lanquish your life away sitting in a corner? Would you think there's nothing that you can do, that life has handed you a raw deal? Would you grow bitter when you consider your own state and then see others going their way, doing as they please?

Junior Miller could have done the same, but along with his weak legs, flailing arms, and inarticulate speech, he was born with plenty of pluck and determination to counteract his infirmities. Junior was not made to sit in a corner doing nothing; his mind is active, and he wants action.

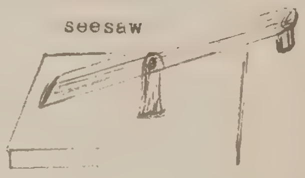
Through the years he was a busy boy and at the age of sixteen, with the help of a sister, Junior started selling Bibles. This was of great interest to him for he learned early to trust in the Saviour. By selling Bibles he felt he could help others that they would also come to believe in God.

But Junior wanted more than just to sell Bibles. He wanted a typewriter. "Will you learn to type with your hands if I buy one for you?" asked his sister.

Junior promised, and soon he had the longed-for typewriter. He rejoiced to see his new toy, and to fulfill his promise. As he sat before the typewriter, he saw the exact keys that he was supposed to bear on. As he reached out, his hand flew into another direction. Finally he brought it down on the keys, but not where he wanted it to be. He tried again and again. Junior felt disheartened. He was conscientious, and a promise was a promise. Didn't he tell his sister that he would type with his hands? If he promised, then he MUST do so. Again and again he tried, but there was no improvement. Junior came to realize that he could not keep his promise. This upset him, but there was no choice... he could not type with his hands.

Junior was not defeated. In his mind an idea developed. There were other ways to type without using the hands... he could use his feet. If he could put a bolt on a screw with his feet, then he could also learn to type with his feet. The typewriter could be set on the floor, and then a bolt could be put through his right shoe and with this he could tap out words. This was tried, but without success. His feet kept coming down on the wrong letters. This would never do.

A new plan sprang up in his mind. Junior hoped, and planned. But his father was busy, and probably decided Junior just had a wild idea which wouldn't amount to much. Junior's patience wore thin. He couldn't understand why his father couldn't take time to make the simple little seesaw to type. Finally after two years of coaxing, his father made the little invention.



The typewriter was set on the floor in front of his wheelchair. Laboriously Junior pushed the little platform around to the right position with his feet. Then he bore down on the little hammer with the heel of his right foot. It worked! A new world opened up to Junior. Now he could communicate with others through the written word. But there was one drawback. Junior did not go to school and could not read, write, or spell. He knew he could not get much advantage from his typewriter until he had mastered all this.

After Junior learned to type, he thought of other things that could be made so that he could be more independent, and do more for himself. He decided that if his shoes would have a strap across them and no strings, he could put them on himself.

For many years the others dressed and undressed him completely. They thought he was incapable of doing this himself. Then one evening his sister Mattie was supposed to undress Junior for bed. For some reason she forgot. About 2:00 that night she awoke and happened to think that she had forgotten to put Junior to bed. Quickly she got up and went downstairs. Everything was quiet. When she came into Junior's room he was in bed and sound asleep. He had showed them that if given enough time he could do that also. "They were always in too much of a hurry," he said.

At one time Junior connived the idea of putting a rubber stamp of what could be his own handwriting on a little platform, similar to his little seesaw. With this he signs his letters.
Someone made him a small pedestal and mounted an electric shaver on top, which he can turn at various angles with his foot. He holds his face down to the shaver and operates it himself.

All through the years Junior had to be fed. Now what contraption could he invent so that he could perform this feat also, Junior wondered. He studied for a while, then his feet became busy. They tapped off a little blue print that explained how he would like to have it made.

We cannot refer to this invention as a "self-feeder" fo Junior must work for his food. Two doors open in front of the nicely varnished cabinet. Into this, Junior drives with his wheelchair. With his feet he operates a wheel which rotates a stainless steel plate on top of the cabinet Again his feet propell a wheel which moves a V-belt whic is connected to a round disk on top. The round disk has a spoon attached to it. As the disk turns, the spoon scoops up food from the rotating plate. Junior leans forward and in this way has been learning to feed himself. When aske who gave him such an idea, he said, "I will give all the glory to God. He planned it this way."

Junior who is 30 years old and is tall and slender, had lived alone with his mother in a long lane near Shreve, Ohio. His father, Jonas E. Miller, was fatally injured by an enraged cow four years ago.

The cow was bought from a widow lady and was recom mended [illegible] on a Saturday evening, he decided they would eat supper first and then his wife Lizzie would help put the cow into the barn.

After they had finished eating, they left Junior alone in the house and went out to the barn. The cow was tied to the truck. As they came to the cow, she became angry for no explainable reason, and attacked Jonas. He was thrown to the ground and trampled. The cow stood on her hind legs and strained on the rope. Lizzie was knocked to the ground. Like a flash Lizzie sensed that refuge could be had under the truck. "Get under the truck!" she called out to Jonas.

Suddenly the cow tore loose. Instead of continuing her attack, she ran out the lane to the home of a neighbor. One of their girls saw the cow with the rope around her neck, standing outside the barn. Not knowing the cow's recent temper, the girl walked to the cow. Again she was the tame cow that had belonged to the widow.

All this time Junior sat in the house and didn't realize what was taking place at the barn. When his parents returned to the house, the Mother's hand was swollen and she had bruises. It didn't seem as if the father was hurt much. By the next day Junior's father came to realize that he was hurt internally. He was taken to the hospital.

For a while the father's condition didn't seem to be serious, but then he became worse. A kind neighbor came to the home and tried to ease Junior's mind by telling him to go to bed, that his father would probably improve. Junior went to bed but in his mind clung the thought that his father would never return home again. Junior prayed and gained courage for the crisis. Several weeks later his father died.

After the father died, Junior and his mother were alone. The chores were still to do. The mother dreaded to think of leaving her invalid son alone while she went to chore. If something would happen to her, Junior couldn't summon help. So it was decided that she would phone her daughter before she went to the barn. "If I don't call back in twenty minutes, then you check to see if everything is all right," she said.

Junior wished he could help his mother but all his wishing brought no results. Through the years he tried to help what he could. When he was five he drove a little kiddie-kar. With this he went about the home. A small wagon with a crate was attached to the back which he used to take corn to the hogs. He enjoyed this even if he had quite a distance to travel.

Once when his parents were in the garden planting potatoes, Junior drove along the rows with his kiddie-kar and pushed the soil over the spuds with his feet.

His father bought him a bicycle when he was eleven years old. He often took tumbles while cycling but that didn't keep him from trying again. When he fell he had to remain on the ground until someone came to help him on his feet again.

When he was about fifteen, his parents took him to Warren, Ohio to a chiropractor. The treatments seemed to help. Junior felt certain that he was going to get well. With unwavering faith he believed that this was the chance he was looking for... that this was the answer to his prayers. Didn't God say what we ask for, we shall receive, Junior reasoned. He had prayed for strength and surely God would answer. Here Junior met with disappointment, for he had forgotten to consider, "Not my will, but thine be done." After he realized his error he was again more submissive.

After this, someone tried to tell him that if he had enough faith he could be healed. The friend, who meant it well, said his arms should be tied to the armrests of his chair so they wouldn't fly about, and then he should try and eat alone. Junior knew by this time if it were God's will, He could heal him; he didn't pay much attention to what the friend had said.

Junior felt God wanted it this way, and even if people cannot understand what he says, God understands. Junior finds life can be happy in whatever state he is in. He can find something to do everyday, since he's more independent. He can get out of bed himself, dress alone, make his own bed, and shave himself. At times there is typing in connection with his Bible sales. Although it goes slow, his letters are neat and evenly typed. If there are no letters to type, he can draw houses and other buildings using the hyphen and the apostrophe on the typewriter.

Junior summed up his courage all in a few words when he wrote, "When things look darkest there is light just ahead."

(Junior's ad appeared in the Handicap Catalog.)

Junior's mother died in August of this year. During her illness, Junior was taken to the Harvey Brubacher home, 7 miles south of West Salem, Ohio where he has remained since. Here he has received much kindness and is happy. His present address is:

Route 1, Box 133, West Salem, Ohio 44287
c/o Harvey M. Brubacker

ANSWERS TO FARM QUESTIONS

1. $204.00. The fertility value of corn and cob meal is given as $10.20 per ton on the chart.
2. $200.20. Fertility value of milk is given as 20¢ cwt. 110,000 lbs milk would have a fertility value of $220, while 4,400 lbs of butter would come to only $19.80.
3. $2,750. Income from milk would be $7,150., from cream only $4,400.
4. No difference. The savings of feed for the pigs would amount to $2,750 which is the difference between selling milk or cream.
5. $420.00. Fertility loss from selling hogs is $155.00, from 50 tons of corn, $575.
6. No, it was not a wise thing to do. From the chart we can determine the fertility value of this kind of hay as around $15.00 a ton which is all he got for the hay. He had better put up the hay and fed it to livestock (or sold it next winter when it may be $80 a ton). You can't afford to sell anything for the price of the plant food it takes to raise it.
7. $1642.50. Twenty five steers will produce 225 tons of manure with a value of $7.30 per ton.
8. $409.50. Ten cows should produce 105 tons of manure in 6 months. At $5.00 a ton it would amount to $546.

RATING: Eight correct- if you can farm as well as you can figure than you shouldn't have any trouble, 6 or 7 right, you did pretty good. Five or less, we hope your farming know-how is better than your figuring.

THE WORLD AROUND US

FERTILIZER FROM FEED

Do you believe that it is possible to keep a team of work horses on the farm, work them all the year, and feed them only on home-grown grain without removing any fertility from the farm? It is.

Do you believe that you can buy a certain kind of feed, get the full benefit from it by feeding it to your livestock and then recover nearly half of what you paid for the feed in plant food which is added to the manure?

Every load of hay or bushel of corn which is grown on your farm takes a certain amount of plant food out of the soil, mainly nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. Where does this plant food go to which is taken out of the soil? The answer is simple, it is in the hay or corn, or potatoes or apples which are produced on the land.

These elements are not actually destroyed, they merely change from one form to another. They are taken out of the soil and go into the bushel of corn. When the corn is eaten by a steer, a small part of the elements go to make up the meat of the steer (as well as the bone, the hair, etc.). But a large portion of it passes off into the manure of the steer, or the hog or the horse. In fact, only that portion which is used to produce meat or milk uses up any nutrients. Body maintenance and labor use up the calories but the actual nutrients are passed off as waste products in the manure. Thus a young calf or pig, because he is growing rapidly, may use one half of the elements in the feed. A cow which is milking heavily may put as much as one-fourth of the nutrients from her feed into the milk. A steer uses only about a sixth of material in his feed, while animals such as horses or mature cows which are not pregnant and not adding weight, will throw off as waste all of the fertilizing elements in their feed. This is the reason why it is possible to maintain a herd of work horses, and by carefully conserving the manure and returning it to the land, to not deprive the soil of any nutrients.

PLANT FOOD IN FEEDS

The three main elements needed to grow crops are nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. This is what is found in ordinary fertilizers. Thus a 6-24-24 fertilizer contains 6% nitrogen (120 lbs. per ton), 24% phosphoric acid, and 24% potash. All farm crops remove some of these elements. By figuring up how much it would cost to replace this amount of plant food (by means of fertilizer) we can determine what the "fertility value" is of the feed. The table on page 33 shows the amount of plant food contained in some common feeds and animal products and also how much the fertilizer would cost to replace this plant food. The prices used in computing these figures are based on nitrogen, 30¢ lb, phosphoric acid, 20¢ lb and potash, 10¢ lb. Thus from the table it can be seen that a ton of shelled corn contains about 28 lbs of nitrogen, 11 lbs phosphoric acid and 7 lbs of potash. To buy this amount of plant food in fertilizers would cost about $11.30.

HOW MUCH IS MANURE WORTH

A ton of shelled corn, when fed to most livestock will not put $11.30 worth of plant food into the manure because about one fifth of it will be used up to produce meat of milk. Also part of the nutrients will be lost before it reaches the soil because of leaching, heating or careless handling of the manure. Even with careful handling there may easily be a 20% loss. This means that only about 60% of the plant food which is taken out of the soil will be returned to the land.

Return Addresses:
In Canada- Family Life
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

Stephen ~~Sim~~oScott
1097 Stony Battery Rd.
Lancaster, PA 17601

Experiments show that the nutrients contained in manure is equal in quality or perhaps even superior to a high grade of fertilizer. But it is a well-known fact that manure is worth considerably more than the fertilizing elements would indicate. There are several reasons for this.

First of all, the large quantities of organic matter in the manure adds humus to the soil. This increases its water holding capacities, improves its texture and makes it more resistant to wind action. As the manure decays, acids are formed which help to dissolve the plant food already in the soil making it available to the plants. Manure also increases the bacteria content of

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FAMILY LIFE

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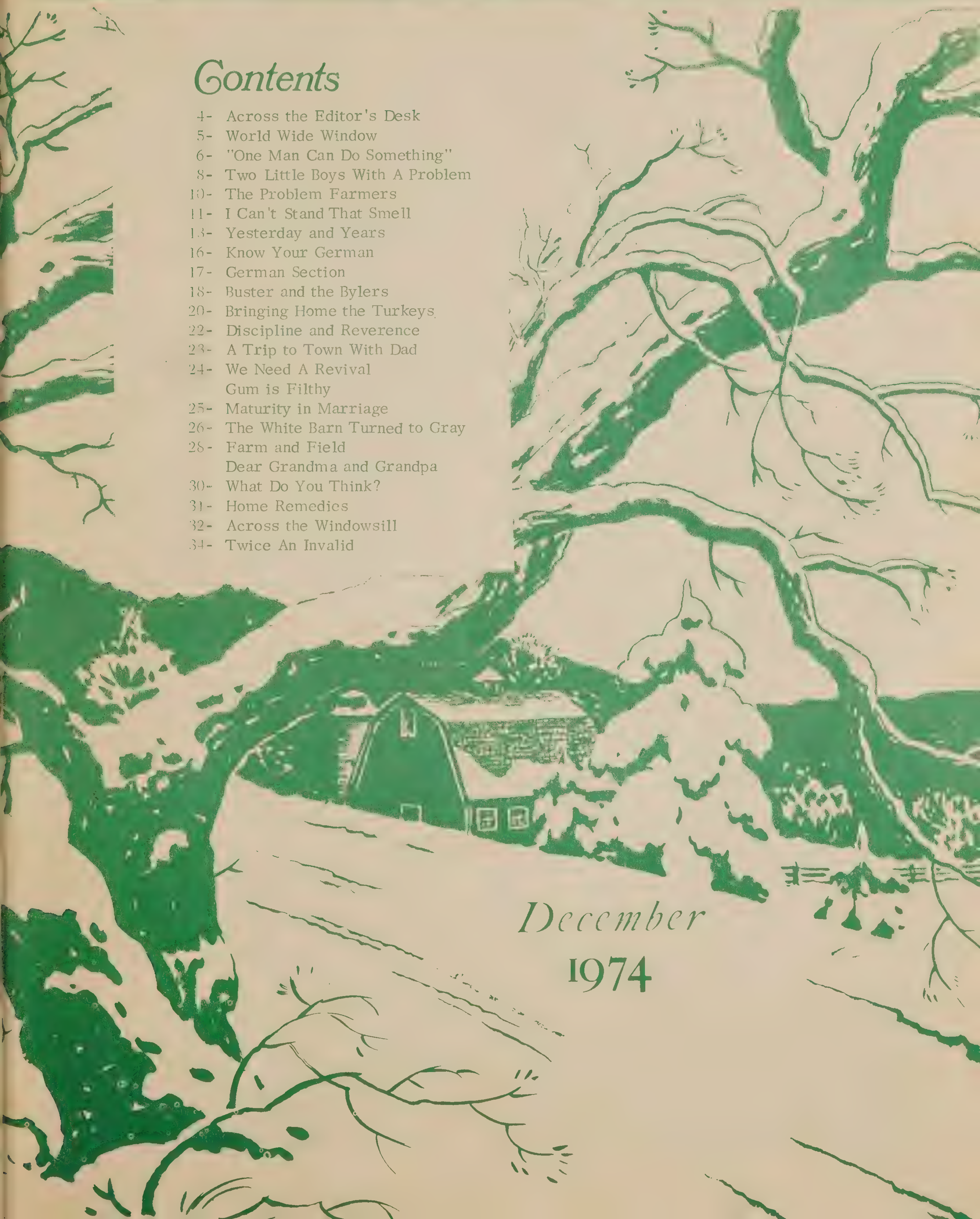

December

1974

Letters

TO THE EDITOR

TOO LATE TO CHANGE

● I was glad for the article, "Change Your Hitching Post". (October Family Life) It should be an inspiration for all to avoid getting too close to the "cliff". As was stated, in many of our plain communities, the young people are seemingly sowing bigger and bigger fields of wild oats. Does this have to be so? Is it really too late to change for the better as some folks believe? I wonder if there isn't a lack of faith in God, and love and concern for our fellowman. Did not Jesus say that if we [illegible] faith [illegible] a mustard grain, we can remove mountains? Matt. 17:20

If we want to pray, "Lead us not into temptation" then [illegible] also be willing to avoid that temptation and flee [illegible] it as much as possible. We were also once crowded [illegible] cliff but thanks to God, we have seen the danger, and with His help, want to stay as far away from it as possible.

-Indiana

WHERE IS YOUR AFFECTION

● In the article "Change Your Hitching Post," mention is made of the snare of riches which is something very dangerous to our Christian life. What caught my attention was the paragraph which says that we are to set our affections on things above. The Bible says, "Set your affection on things above." Col. 3:2.

We all make mistakes and I feel that is what this is, but isn't it true that many professing Christians want to have more than one affection?

Either we love God above all else or we don't love him at all. We cannot serve the Lord and the devil. Real peace and joy and spiritual prosperity comes only when we love God more than anything on earth.

-D.Y. Tennessee

WE GET USED TO THINGS

● We need more articles like "Freda And The Factory Work". Working out in the world really takes the shock out of sinful practices. We get used to things we ought to shun and soon it doesn't seem so bad. Flirting and hanging around the opposite sex seems to be something people (including plain people) don't like to hear talked about. We like to be free to do as we please without our conscience bothering us.

-Ohio

ADULTS GOING ASTRAY

● I thought the story of Doris Dean (October issue) was very touching. I could live right through it and feel for the parents. And it goes just as hard for me to see an adult going astray (from what the Scriptures teach us) whether he be black, white, or any other color, Amish or non-Amish. I cannot find words to express myself correctly.

-M.B.M. Florida

KEEP UP GERMAN QUIZ

● We enjoy "Know Your German" in Family Life and hope you continue it. It is good for both old and young. While ago you asked which kind of German we liked best for the stories. Our girls immediately said, "The Sammy Dutch". I think so, too, and it is a nice way for them to get acquainted with the German letters and meaning of words. I also like the German "Editorials" and feel they are very worthwhile.

-Ontario

EXPLAIN WHY WE GO TO CHURCH

● The story, "Was Solle Mir Du?" was interesting reading and had more than one lesson in it. Where it says that some parents make it sound like they cannot do anything about the problems, reminds me of the farmer I worked for when I was still single. If somebody made the remark, "I can't do this or that," he would answer, "Can-not has died and would-not might as well, too." We have to stop and think, are we facing the problems or just trying to avoid them?

It also brought up the problem of noise among the young people during church services. I don't believe there is one parent who doesn't warn their children about it, but after reading this, I was made to wonder if it might not help if the parents explained what we go to church for and why we should show respect and reverence when the Scriptures are read. It might also be well to ask them what was said, and explain why certain texts are used for Christmas, Easter, etc. The children should be encouraged to help with singing for singing is also a part of the church service and a good chance to learn to read the German. For myself, I sometimes get just as much "muth" from the singing as from the sermon. In the home where I grew up, we were asked what the text was and to read it aloud for practice reading in German.

-A Concerned Reader, Pa.

HOW TO WEAN THE TOBACCO HABIT

● To the Indiana Reader who wants to hear from those who have quit the tobacco habit. I was smoking too much. Also chewed some. I often quit. Sometimes I made bets with friends, the first one who smokes gives the other person $10.00. But even after these serious resolutions to quit, I was overwhelmed when I was among smokers and offered one.

Finally my wife and I drew up a "Declaration of Independence", I promised to quit using tobacco and never start again. We both signed it and she hid it.

Because it was impossible for me to smoke again without breaking this vow, I was really not tempted to start again. Shortly after this I was at a sale and standing among men who were smoking, chewing and spitting. I was so strongly repulsed by this that I could hardly believe that I had actually used tobacco a short

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time before. Now after 8 years, it still gives me a feeling of great freedom by abstaining from tobacco.

-A.F., Pa.

ASK GOD FOR HELP

● About the question on how to quit smoking, here is how I did it. I and my cousin work at a woodworking shop. We were smoking about 3 packs a day when he finally told me we should quit. Well, we set our date to quit and since that we both quit. It's been 5 years ago and never smoked since.

All it takes to quit smoking is you have to ask God for help and put your will power to work. I know I couldn't have stopped if I hadn't asked God to help and then prayed. That's better than medicine and it's also less doctor bills. You can't live off smoking, I have found this out, and I also feel better since I quit. I hope this may help others to stop smoking.

-Monroe, Indiana

IT DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT

● This is the day after election and the talk around here is of what people saw in daily papers. There was the picture of a man with a cigar in his mouth putting his vote into the box. It said "Cigar-smoking Amishman votes in Tuesday's election". It was from Pennsylvania. I couldn't believe it but there it was. I didn't know that we as Amish should vote as we were brought up not to. And smoking a cigar like that just doesn't look right. I thought we are supposed to let our light shine for the world.

-A Reader From The West

EDITOR'S NOTE- We hope the man in the picture will seriously consider the two letters before this one.

IS IT THE PARENTS' FAULT

● Tonight my thoughts are about our young people. I wonder what it would be like if the Lord would suddenly appear at one of our young people's singings? Actually "singing" doesn't seem the right name for it when the singing only lasts about a third of the time and many people don't sing at all. So much happens that doesn't seem to fit into a day that's supposed to be a day of rest and set aside for the Lord. Some people say "They're still young" but let's remember they are the future church. Those who sow wild oats will also have to reap them.

Some people say it's been this way for so long that nothing can be done about it. With God nothing is impossible. The ministers do their part but they are often laughed at. I wonder if the parents aren't as much to blame as the young folks. If the parents would respect the ministry and give the children a better example, things could soon be a lot different than they are. Is it any wonder that outsiders seeking among the plain people for something better than the world can give them, often turn back after awhile in disappointment? Let's all do what we can to try to keep our church truly separated from the ways of this world.

-Name and Address withheld

WORDS FROM A MOTHER

● I want to thank you for the excellent poem "Every Monday Morning" in the October issue. It touched a tender spot in my heart and was encouraging to realize that other households, too, have their hectic moments and times of "wear and tear".

I also appreciate the recent encouragement given to nursing mothers. It is true that nursing the baby takes time and effort but isn't this true of anything worthwhile? Nursing creates a close relationship between mother and baby that I feel is not quite the same with a bottle fed baby.

Young mother, don't be discouraged if you don't succeed very well in nursing your first baby. This was my experience and our second baby is now turning 8 months old and is still nursing. It often goes better the second time. A friend of mine says it took her three times before she made much headways.

Diet can make a difference. Any foods rich in B vitamins and protein are essential. Brewer's yeast in some form or other can work wonders. Plenty of liquids help, too, especially milk, and getting enough rest is important.

We have only one opportunity to nurse our little ones and they are babies such a short time.

-Another nursing Mother

A WOMAN'S HEALTH IS IMPROVED

● Thanks for printing the letter, "Mother Nature's Best", and my regards to her for writing such a down-to-earth worthwhile letter. Nursing is nothing new. What astonishes me is that we plain people can be led to believe we should not.

It is generally conceded that women who nurse have less chance of breast cancer, and a good health manual will tell you that a woman's health is improved by nursing. Surely there is no way better than the way which God meant it to be.

-Name withheld

NOT WITH US ANY MORE

● I just got done reading the interesting article in October issue about Kenneth Bontrager (Shut-in Page). I knew him all my life and often wondered why he is crippled so. After we were married and had children, we'd go visit him, never as often as we should've. We always enjoyed every minute of it. I must say it was hard to blink back the tears while in his presence.

He always had such a liking for our little boys and it seemed as though after visiting him, one just

O, LITTLE INN OF BETHLEHEM

O little inn of Bethlehem,
How could you choose that day
To turn the King of heaven
So cruelly away?
A-down the years the answer comes
In tones tinged deep in gloom,
"I did not mean to be unkind,
There merely was no room!"

O, little inn of Bethlehem,
How like we are to you!
Our lives are crowded to the brim
With this and that to do
We're not unfriendly to the King,
We mean well, without doubt,
We have no hostile feelings —
We merely crowd Him out.

-Author Unknown

thanked the Lord all the more for healthy children. He was always cheerful and would answer with a smile that he is "gute."

I believe it did everyone good who took time to visit him. It made you wonder, would you yourself be able to keep yourself so cheerful if you were in his shoes?

-Name withheld

THEY ALWAYS WEAR A SMILE

● I very much appreciate the articles on the Shut-in page. (I was moved by the Kenny Bontrager story as I had the privilege of meeting him several times.) Such articles bring out the real facts about others not understanding. The expression is often made, "They always wear a smile and never complain." This is usually the case but what many people don't realize is the hurt in their hearts of not being included or not belonging.

So often people think and say, "They realize they can't do things as others can." Maybe sometimes they could if they had a chance. Many times when other young folks are at social gatherings, the handicapped is at home crying his heart out with no brother or sister to help pass the time in singing, etc. I know because I'm

-The Mother of a Handicapped

THREE KINDS OF SOAP

● I want to thank the three women who have taken the trouble to send the toilet soap recipes into Family Life (see May, 1974 issue). I have tried all three and they have turned out good but our family likes No. 3 the best. It gives such nice suds when washing the hands. I added citronella which gives it a clean sweet smell.

-Mrs. Martin

△

ACROSS THE EDITOR'S DESK

A reader from Pennsylvania sent us a copy of a chain letter which has been making the rounds in that area. The letter begins with what appears to be a Bible verse (but isn't). It says this verse is a prayer which has been sent for good luck. The good luck is to arrive in the mails. It goes on to name several persons who received up to $775,000.00 but warns that at least two different people died who did not send the letter on. It says to make twenty copies and send them to someone you think needs good luck. This is to be done within 96 hours.

With a little figuring we discovered that if everyone did as the letter suggests, then by the 28th day there would be six letters in the mails for every man, woman and child in the United States. By the 32nd day there would be 120 letters in the mail for everyone. But of course long before this would happen the postal system would have collapsed under the weight of mail and where would all the good luck come from for so many people?

The one who sent us the copy asked that we warn our readers against sending such letters on. We agree and believe that anyone who gives it any serious thought should be able to see that it is pure superstition and that Christians will not want to have anything to do with it. It is also illegal to send such a letter through the mails.

Here is part of a letter which we received some time ago. "Is it right for us as Amish God-fearing persons to help a worldly lady dress up and have a good time for a day by giving her our own dress, cape and prayer veiling plus all an Amish woman wears. This lady wanted to go to town in her car dressed exactly as an Amish lady. I was shocked when I heard it. Isn't our covering to be worn 'um der Engel willen?' Would you please print this together with what you think about it. Maybe we could help one another see our mistakes."

I believe we think the same thing about it as you do. There are several reasons for wearing the kind of clothes we do. The first reason of course is for modesty's sake, because we want to wear the kind of clothes the Bible says we should wear, rather than what the styles and fashions of this world tell us. Another reason is that we would sooner be identified with the children of God than with the children of this world. It seems right and proper to us that soldiers wear a uniform to show that they are a part of the army, bus drivers wear a certain uniform as well as many others such as nurses, etc. Why then should it be unusual that we as Amish also wear the same kind of clothes for religious purposes?

But to get back to what we were talking about, it seems to us that none of these reasons would apply to the lady who likes to wear Amish clothes to show off. Therefore we don't think we should have a part in furnishing her the clothes.

And here is part of another letter which was submitted for a "What Do You Think?" question: "We live in a community where it is the custom to braid little girls' hair. In I Peter 3:3 it says the woman's adorning should not be with plaiting of hair, wearing of gold or putting on of apparel. I realize this is admonishing wives, but is it not the duty of parents to be an example to their children. We do not believe in putting gold on our children or dressing them in costly array so why do we braid their hair?"

We have received this question a number of times before but have never used it because we feel there is really only one Scriptural answer for it. The way we understand it, the Apostle is talking about outward adornment and says our adornment should be inward, the hidden man of the heart — a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price. Outward adornment is forbidden such as the wearing of jewelry, adorning ourselves with the clothes we wear, or in the way we braid our hair. Since jewelry serves no useful purpose we believe it is forbidden. But the wearing of clothes does serve a useful and needful purpose, therefore it is not forbidden, but adorning ourselves by the clothes we wear is what is forbidden. Since women are not to cut their hair, it becomes necessary to do something with them such as braiding or using some other method to keep them under control. Therefore this serves a useful purpose but we are not to adorn ourselves through plaiting the hair any more than we are to adorn ourselves by the clothes we wear. We believe it is the adornment which is forbidden, not the plaiting of hair. Even gold may be worn if it is for some useful purpose such as dentistry work.

I am afraid this type of question is often the result of well-intentioned people who feel led to reform our way of life. They can ask a lot of other questions, too, such as why wear a jacket, why wear broad-brimmed hats, why wear dark clothes, why wear a white shirt for Sunday and many more. Unfortunately, they are too often successful in planting a big crop of doubt into the minds of anyone who gives them an ear and the harvest that comes on is confusion and mixed up thinking ending up in division, strife and disunity.

If such person were as zealous in promoting the needful things in the church which we do have plain Scriptures for and which they could do by working with the church instead of against it, everyone would be a lot better off. The sad part about it is that some of the questions which are brought up are not as easy to answer as the plaiting of hair, and yet the answer is the same.

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WORLD WIDE WINDOW

WHERE HAS THE MONEY GONE?

Over the past several years there have been shortages of nearly everything imaginable but the latest thing to happen is a money shortage. For some unexplainable reason there is a shortage of coins over the nation. Department stores and supermarkets are asking customers for exact change. The mints are working overtime and are turning out about 50% more coins than last year, but still the shortage persists. A government official stated recently that more coins have been made since 1968 than in the previous 100 years.

Where are the coins going? Nobody really knows, although there has been a black market on older coins as the silver in the coins at today's market is worth more than the coins themselves. The last few years' dimes and quarters are being made of cheaper materials such as nickel.

Sometime ago a man was arrested while crossing the border at Niagara Falls when it was discovered he had the back end of his car loaded with $100,000 worth of quarters.

A DIET WHICH IS NOT A DIET

A new weight control scheme is being advocated by Albert J. Stunkard, chairman of the department of Psychiatry at Stanford University. He says the way to reduce is to improve your eating habits instead of dieting, and that overweight people can reduce without denying themselves any of the foods which are usually forbidden to people on a diet.

"Our program is not a diet, it's an educational plan that helps people to learn to eat wisely and they arrive at this through their own actions and judgements. It is a positive approach and becomes a new way of life, not just a corrective effort."

Some 1,500 people have been treated by this plan and half of them have succeeded in losing 20 pounds or more in a 20 week period, and they have avoided regaining the weight.

The plan is simple. Participants are required to keep a diary of where and what they eat and how they feel (irritable, angry or depressed) when eating. Also the mood of those they eat with. Even snacking must occur at the regular eating places to avoid stuffing themselves.

Once they watch their eating habits, they know without being told what they ought to eat less of or trade for something else. From their diary, they know whether they tend to overeat when upset or feeling low.

They are also taught to eat slower by doing things like counting bites, or laying down their spoons for two minutes, anything which delays the speed of eating. The point is that it takes about 20 minutes after you begin eating for the brain to get the message that you've eaten enough. If you eat fast, you'll eat too much.

A NEW TREATMENT FOR BURNS

A new and simple first aid treatment for burns has been discovered which might be well to remember. It is simply to douse the affected parts in cold water as soon as possible. We all know what happens when an egg is removed from boiling water. It keeps on getting harder unless it is put in cold water.

The same thing happens in human burns. The tissue continues to become damaged unless it is quickly cooled. The first thought in case of burns should be to cool it. If it is a finger or a hand, hold it in cold water. If it is a larger part of the body, pour cold water on it or if possible, put the whole body in water. The water should be cool but not ice-cold or it could cause shock.

DON'T BE A BABY BEATER

Babies are such fragile things. A recent report claims that an alarming number of infants, mostly under the age of two are beaten within an inch of their lives — mostly because the parents are angry or upset. Doctors used to take the mother's word for it when she came in with her baby and said it had "fallen out of the crib." Now since the outbreak of baby beatings, and deaths, the doctors closely examine and even x-ray a bruised baby, even those with "model mothers." The results of these examinations show that a high percentage of such babies didn't really fall out of their crib, but were savagely beaten.

How can the doctors tell? Severe beatings usually result in cracked or broken bones. Chances are the baby was beaten before and the cracked bones have healed over. But they show up plainly on the x-ray and there may be bones in different stages of healing.

A newspaper recently carried an account of how a father killed his year-old son because his "whinings and cryings" irritated the father. Of course he didn't intend to kill him, he just shook him violently and placed his knee on the baby's chest and pressed down. When he had finished changing the diaper he noticed the baby was not breathing any more, but then it was too late.

Child beating is such a horrible thing but it should not be confused with using the rod in giving needed correction. All children are created with a fleshy area in the "behind" which is ideally suited for receiving a sharp slap of the hand when circumstances show it is needed. The sting of a switch can produce welts but will not cause permanent injury.

ONE OF THE GREATEST SWINDLES

A company in Oklahoma called the Home-Stake Production company apparently is taking advantage of people who want to get rich quick. Altogether the company took in 131 million dollars over the past nine years. Although it was supposed to be drilling oil wells, the only wells it drilled were three 500-foot wells. There was no oil in the area and most certainly not at such shallow depths. Photographs of the drilling operations served to lure in more money.

Using the investors' own money to pay quick dividends, the company was able to persuade the investors to put more money in the scheme. Victims of the scheme included many well known persons such as the chairman of the First National Bank of New York which is the nation's second largest bank, the president of Western Union, a Wall Street investor who wrote a book entitled "The Money Game", a vice president of Proctor and Gamble, a former chairman of General Electric, two U.S. Senators and many others. Some of these had invested up to a half million dollars in the venture which has now declared bankruptcy.

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Views and Values

- By Elmo Stoll

"One man can do something"

With a painful feeling inside him, the man watched as one church after the other throughout the country was closed up or torn down. He went to worship on Sunday morning and noticed with rising dread that fewer and fewer children and young people were present. Something was wrong, terrible wrong.

The man lived in Russia and what he was witnessing Sunday after Sunday was the result of the Communists' plan to wipe religion out of Russia completely. The Communists had not moved to close down all churches at once, as that might produce too great an outcry of protest, but they planned to get rid of religion gradually. Their plan was to let the older generation go to church if they wanted to, but concentrate on giving the young generation other interests and attractions and beliefs.

All the time this one man felt uneasy, even though the government kept assuring everyone both home and abroad that there was freedom of religion and freedom to go to church. Even the church leaders echoed this same thing, that one was free to attend church in Russia, and that all the believers should be thankful for this privilege.

But this one man wasn't thankful. He couldn't be, under the circumstances. He believed his eyes more than his ears. His eyes told him the church was dying, that in another generation the churches would all be closed, and the name of God never preached. Finally, last year, this man decided that "further silence is impossible." He wrote an open letter to the top man in the Russian Orthodox Church, who is known as the Patriarch of All Russia.

In the letter he wrote of many things, among them of his own childhood memories of going to church, and of the profound impression this left upon his mind, an impression so forceful that the Communists' brainwashings and tortures of later years were unable to erase. He asked the Patriarch to open his eyes to what was happening to the church in Russia, to look into the future and to see how there would be none to carry on the faith they held dear. He pointed out their children were receiving no moral teaching except that given by atheists. And he put part of the blame for all this at the feet of the church leaders who were cooperating with the government in the supression of religion. He challenged the Patriarch to do something.

The Patriarch himself did not personally answer the letter— a friend answered it for him. The friend admitted that the evils the letter pointed out were indeed true. He said, "We are not permitted to work at the religious education of children or of adults, just as we are not permitted to do many other things necessary for the existance of real church life. We are permitted only one thing— to conduct divine worship in our churches— and it is supposed that this is continued only for a disappearing generation. What can we do in such a situation?" The friend went on with many other words to defend the Patriarch and the other church leaders, by saying that they were doing the best they could under the freedom they were permitted. He said the Patriarch would have to give up his position if he refused to cooperate with the government. "But there is no one better to take his place. And, anyway, one man cannot change anything. So everything would stay the same."

But the man who wrote the letter was not convinced by the reply of the Patriarch's friend. In a brief answer, he included the following sentences, "One man can do nothing,' you say. That's not true. One man can do something. Anyone can."

The man who challenged the Patriarch to stop cooperating with the Communists was named Alexander Solzhenitzyn. He was not inviting the Patriarch to take a stand he himself was unwilling to take. Alexander Solzhenitzyn knew from bitter experience what it could cost to refuse to cooperate. He had already survived eight years of prison camps, enduring unbelievable hardships so that it was a miracle he was still alive. And now by his open letter to the Patriarch of All Russia, he was inviting more persecution and suffering.

It was not long in coming. On February 12, 1974 things came to a final head for Solzhenitzyn. The Communist authorities could no longer tolerate his outspokenness against their abuses. They arrested him, charged him with treason, and the next day stripped him of his citizenship, and deported him out of the country, forbidding him ever to return to Russia.

Thus, Alexander Solzhenitzyn proved that one man can indeed do something. Over the years the books he has written exposing the terrors of life under Communism have been smuggled out of Russia and published abroad. His writings have remained on the bestselling list week after week, selling millions of copies throughout the entire free world, to the acute embarrassment of the Communists. His personal exile from his motherland in February only added weight to what he has written. In a day when the Communists are putting on masks of friendliness, and talking of peace and pretending there is freedom and happiness in their land, Solzhenitzyn has succeeded in drawing international attention to the truth about Communism.

"One man can do nothing?" Even if Solzhenitzyn had not proven this sentence untrue, we have many examples in Scriptures that do. At a time when all the world turned to pleasure and sin, one man, Noah, took a stand and built an ark, saving himself and his family from the flood. When Moses commanded Israel to put away all heathenish wives, Zimri openly disobeyed. In broad daylight, in the sight of Moses and the people, he daringly took a woman of Moab into his tent. People stood around in horror, weeping at the wickedness among them. But one man took action. It was Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron. He grabbed a sword, and followed the pair into their tent and killed them both in their act of sin. Later God told Moses that it was only because of this one man, Phinehas, and his zeal for the Lord, that Israel was spared a terrible punishment. In the time of King Saul, Israel's tiny band of frightened men faced the vast army of Philistine warriors. Jonathan decided there was something one man could do. He said to his armor bearer, "Come, and let us go over unto the garrison of these uncircumcised; it may be that the Lord will work for us; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." They went and God caused the Philistines to flee in terror, running over each other and killing one another by the thousands.

In spite of these many examples that should convince us that one man can do something, too many of us are like the religious leaders of Russia, consoling ourselves in our inaction by saying, "One man can do nothing." We are not under Communism, but if we fail to plant the seeds of faith in the generation that follows us, our churches will die just as surely as Russia's. If our young people are out late on Saturday night, and don't come to church the next morning, we are no better off than if they were kept from coming by the government. Either way they are absent. Or if they do come, and stay outside until church is well under way, and then come in, only to sit on the porch, talk with each other and cause a disturbance, and have an attitude or couldn't-care-less and disrespect, what of the future? It's not right, we know, but then, "One man can do nothing." If young girls file into church, all fancied up in finery, puffed hair, dresses short and formfitting and immodest, and they sit carelessly chewing gum while they endure the sermon, something should make us uneasy. We excuse ourselves and set our conscience at ease with "One man can do nothing." We also feel uneasy when we hear of large gatherings of young people which go on far into the night, ungodly orgies of drink and music and drugs and loose talk and destruction of property. Police come and make arrests and the whole ugly mess gets in the papers. A lot of people are uneasy — they don't like it, a lot wish it were otherwise, and there is a good deal of talk and lamenting and wringing of hands, but in the end, too many comfort themselves with, "One man like me could do nothing anyhow." And so several hundred, maybe even several thousand, who could all do something, end up doing nothing. Young people grow up with a distorted and warped idea of courtship and dating — dirty stories, suggestives jokes and impure practices are something they come to take for granted. But "What can one man do?" Young people sow their wild oats, living undisciplined and lustful lives until they want to get married, then all of a sudden they decide to join church. Many people suspect deep down inside that they are joining church to get married, and not because they have repented of their sins, yet parents and ministers go along with this mockery, remarking to one another how thankful they are that young people still have a desire to join church. Sure enough, they are barely baptized until they get published and married. But "One man can do nothing."

A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS

We sit once more and ponder with the season
  drawing near
When God sent His promised Saviour to a world
  so dark and drear,
As we marvel at the message which the angels
  brought that night,
May His glorious Presence fill us with its holy,
  radiant light.
May the love through which the Father sent to
  us His blessed Son
Dwell within our hearts and guide us as our
  earthly race is run.
May His grace, His peace, His pardon, which
  the Son so freely brought,
Shine once more to lift the fallen— with His
  blood we all are bought.
Let us help each soul to conquer every sin and
  every wrong,
Pain and sorrow be forgotten, dwelling there
  instead a song! -M. L. F.

The list could go on and on, yet the details of the particular problems aren't that important. Problems differ from district to district, but one thing that is the same wherever you go is that there are problems. There is always work to be done, always solutions to be sought, always conditions to be bettered. What is important is that for too long too many of us have been taking the wrong attitude, have been excusing ourselves with the lie, "One man can do nothing."

One man, with the help of God, can do something. Godly men of old have proven it, and the record of their deeds is in the Bible for us to read. Godly men of today still prove it, a few here and there, patiently and persistently struggling against fearful odds, but gradually gaining ground. They are despised many times by those around them, but someday when they are gone we will recognize what heroes they were, and will honor them for their shining examples of courage.

Let us repeat, one man can do something. No, not everything, and sometimes not even much, but at least something. Why don't we all make up our minds to do what we can, however little that may be. We might be surprised over the years what the total may add up to.

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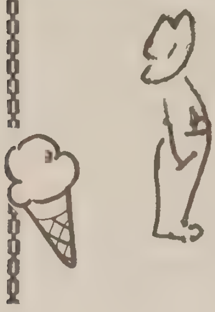

Two Little Boys With A Problem

-Joseph Stoll

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET two little boys of about the same age— perhaps three years old, barely out of babyhood— a cute and lovable and affectionate age. Little Johnny is a chunky, fun-loving American boy with sparkling eyes and loving parents and all sorts of toys. If there is anything lacking to make him happy, his parents aren't aware of it.

I admit I don't know the other little boy's name, but we'll call him Mali. He's an African boy and I've never met him. But I saw his picture— a full-page picture— in a national news magazine recently. He was sqatting like a kangaroo in the sand, naked except for a collar of beads around his neck. His bloated belly and glassy eyes tell the world how one little lad is suffering from malnutrition, from not having enough to eat. Little Mali is starving.

The two boys are about as different as it would be possible to make them. Johnny is white and Mali is black. Johnny has always had all he wanted— food, love, playthings. Mali has suffered neglect and has rarely known the feel of a full stomach. Johnny is happy and healthy; Mali is sad and sick.

And yet the two little boys do have some things in common. Neither can run very fast. Johnny is too plump, and Mali's legs are too spindly. And neither one is likely to live a normal lifespan. Mali is likely to die of malnutrition, and Johnny of a heart attack.

So this will be the story of two kinds of people, both of whom die before their time. It will be about those who die of a lack of food, and those who die of eating too much.

The Hunger Belt

Mali, the little African boy, is not the only starving person in the world today. The world food outlook is grim. Reserves are at their lowest since World War II, amounting to a mere 27 days of consumption. In perhaps a dozen countries famine conditions exist right now and people are actually starving to death. In many other countries the people are almost constantly hungry. They leave the table when the food is all gone, not when their stomachs are full.

One of the hungriest regions in the world today is northern Africa, a strip alongside the Sahara Desert. There for six years the rains have been scant. Many African farmers have become so hungry they have eaten their breeding cattle and their seed grain. So now, even if the rains come, they will be unable to start farming again. Several hundred thousand people in this area have died outright from starvation, or from illnesses caused by their weakened condition.

In India with its millions, famine is only one crop failure away. Even now, perhaps half of the people eat only one meager meal a day. Yes, starvation is a very real danger in many parts of the world.

This is nothing new, however. There are numerous accounts in the Bible of famines, one of the best-known being the seven-year famine in the time of Joseph. That time, through God's forewarning, the lives of many people were saved by the food that Joseph stored in Egypt's granaries. Other periods of famine are mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments. When Jesus spoke of the end times, He said, "There shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places." (See Matthew 24).

So it is quite possible, if the Lord tarries, that we will live to see famine even more widespread than it is today. Who knows, perhaps we ourselves will experience famine, and see our children and grandchildren pinched with hunger, and starving as little Mali is starving today.

The Overeaters

When we visit the home of Johnny, the American boy, we find there is no hunger here! Johnny's mother has stuffed him from childhood with all the milk formula he would guzzle, and whenever he whimpered, she stuck in the nipple again. Johnny grew fast, both in length and diameter. The neighbors remarked how fast he grew, and his mother cherished a secret pride that she was such a good mother.

Now at three years of age, Johnny is fat. He is likely to go through life as a fat person and die as a fat young man. Even though as an adult he may try dieting, he will find it difficult to reduce. The pattern is set, his eating habits are formed, and it will be pretty hard to undo the damage already done.

Recent studies show that many overeating problems start in childhood. It seems the time when diet really counts is in the first months and years of life. The mothers who think they are being good to their babies by stuffing them, may be condemning them to a short fat life.

In the same way many doctors are beginning to stress that prevention of heart attacks must begin in childhood. The committee on nutrition of the American Academy of Pediatrics recently recommended that fat and high cholesterol food be restricted in the diet of children, especially those from families with a history of heart disease. This would include such foods as hamburgers made of fatty meats, potatoes fried in saturated fats, milk shakes, butter, eggs, and baked goods.

Are overeating and overweight really so dangerous to health? The doctors think so. Dr. Edgar S. Gordon of the University of Wisconsin has said, "Overweight is today the most formidable threat to good health in this country. It is the most important single killing disease."

Over 600,000 people in the United States died of heart attacks last year. There are of course a number of causes for this high death rate, but one leading cause is the American diet— too much food and too rich. Seventy-nine million Americans are overweight. The average person eats 126% of his daily energy requirement.

Just how is this possible? How can it be that part of the world is hungry and starving, and another part of the world's people are killing themselves with knives and forks— literally shortening their lives by overeating? Somewhere, something is badly wrong.

How to Help Johnny

As you may have guessed, Johnny is an Amish boy, eating from a well-stocked Amish table, and fond of doughnuts and whipped cream. His mother has a weakness for rich foods herself and she likes to cook, so Johnny can look forward to a childhood of buttered tarts and creamed fudge.

We are a people who deny ourselves many modern conveniences. We have no electric appliances in our homes, no automobiles, no telephones, no air conditioners or radios or freezers. We have strict rules against luxury in our clothing or furniture. And yet I have often wondered that our convictions against luxury and pleasure seem to stop short of the kitchen cupboard.

I know there remain many Amish homes where the cooking is still simple and wholesome and fitting to our way of life. We can be grateful for such homes. But in some areas they are the exception, and the visitor who is conscious of his waistline has a hard time of it.

In many of our otherwise plain homes, the art of simple cooking has succumbed to supermarketry and cookbookery. The housewives are in a competion to outdo each other in the size and content of the meals they serve their company. The tables groan with seven sweets and seven sours and a host of other dishes, all well soaked in cream and shortening.

Our cooking and eating habits have changed greatly from our pioneer forefathers, and they are still changing. It seems the food and the people get richer and fatter together.

We have even built a reputation for our cooking. I heard someone remark one day, "Their food is simply out of this world. Those Amish meals are delicious!" I took this as a compliment until he added, "And you can see it on them too. The middle-aged people are nearly all plump."

So how can we help little Johnny, whose life is likely to be shortened by his being overweight? How can we help his parents and uncles and aunts and brothers and sisters and friends and neighbors who also eat the food that Johnny eats? Surely there are some very good reasons for changing Johnny's diet.

The first reason seems to be for his health's sake. In the past we may not have been aware of the harm of over-feeding infants and children and of the harm of rich foods. But now that we know it, we have no excuse. We must change our diet and cut down on the rich desserts, the high-fat, high-cholesterol foods, the snacks and candies between meals. We must instead prepare simple, wholesome, well-balanced meals of fruits and vegetables and non-fatty meat, etc.

The second reason is economical. Luxury foods are a waste of money, and so is overeating.

The third good reason is moral. How can we with a clear conscience eat like gluttons and shorten our lives, when these things are forbidden in God's Word, and are sinful? How can we eat more than our bodies need when others in the world are starving?

How Can We Help Mali

Ten years ago there was a surplus of grain in the world, but today that surplus has melted away. "Today," according to Georg A. Borgstrom of Michigan State University, "if all the food in the world were equally distributed and each human received identical quantities we would all be malnourished (undernourished)."

That is a sobering thought. If there is barely enough to go around, how dare we eat more than our share? Don't we all feel a little guilty and greedy to think of the fine food we have been eating, and how we have shoved in that last bite of apple pie until it hurt in the stomach? Strange, isn't it, that some stomachs should hurt of emptiness and others of fullness.

For those of us who are living in poorer countries, there are almost daily opportunities to help the hungry and needy. But when one is living in a country such as the United States and Canada, surrounded by millions of other well-fed people, the need seems more remote. When suffering humanity is half a world away, it is easy to not think of it, but rather to be taken up in our daily work of running a farm and making a living.

Emergency shipments of grain are being made to the drought-stricken areas of Africa. Although we may not approve entirely of the work done by such agencies as the Mennonite Central Committee, they have been helpful in supplying food to starving nations.

Yes, it appears there are several ways a person can shorten his life. Starvation will do it, and so will overeating. Not enough food or too much.

So what do we make of the situation? What can we make of it? Shall we let Johnny eat his banana cream pie while Mali perishes of hunger? Shall we let both of them die before their time?

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THE SIN OF OVEREATING

I am afraid the sin of over-eating is as harmful and far more common than smoking. There is one difference, which makes it harder to overcome. We can do without smoking but cannot live without food.

I am afraid many people are guilty of this without being aware of it. I have seen 5-year-old boys eating as much as their father. One of them was over-weight but the other was skinny, but he is overweight now, too. These parents were strict in warning their children against evil but food was the one luxury they allowed their children to have to their heart's content.

I can sympathize with those who have that constant food craving but it will never be the right thing to do to yield. I believe it can be overcome with God's help. I find it much easier since we eat our own natural foods as much as possible and fixed in a simple and inexpensive way.

-A Concerned Mother, Shippensburg, Pa.

The PROBLEM FARMERS and The COMMUNITY

-Name Withheld

I was surprised to hear the voice of my boss saying, "Sure took you a long time to tie that bag!"

I had not realized that it had taken me longer than usual. It was Monday and my head felt heavy from the loss of sleep. I started unloading the wagon again. As I was dragging a heavy bag of grain across the barn floor, the boss spoke again, "You don't seem to be worried that it might rain."

"Why?"

"Well, the length of time it is taking you to unload that wagon!"

As he was speaking, I noticed that he had moved the feed grinder. In fact, it seemed as if he had moved it just then, while I had my back turned. It was now further back in the barn with belts going to an overhead line shaft. Then, as I was ready to dump the grain into the hopper, I noticed it was already ground.

"Where does this stuff go?" I asked.

"Down that hole in the back of the bin," came the answer at once.

I started dragging the bags further across the barn floor. The distance to the hole seemed to be much farther than it had been to start with. I heard the boss was speaking again but I couldn't understand what he was saying. As he came up to me, I asked him to repeat what he had said.

"I said that if it had taken you any longer to get up this morning, I would have come upstairs to see what is wrong."

I was surprised. I had thought I was getting up very soon after the boss did, and told him so.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I am usually up quite a while before you are."

"Well, I will try to do better then," I answered. "I know my shortcomings, at least part of them. There are some things in which I could do better but some things I can't help."

Then I woke up. It was 3:30 in the morning, and it was all a dream. Perhaps there were reasons why I dreamed this way for when I woke up, I felt very much like I had thirty-five or forty years ago when I used to work as a hired hand.

As a child, my physical development was slow. I didn't care to play outside, preferring to sit down with a book. As a result, my muscular development was still slower, so that I was unable to keep up with others when I did try to participate. My appetite compared with that of a canary.

Many young men claim the peak of their strength at the ages of sixteen to twenty, but mine did not develop before twenty-five. Hence while working as a farm hand, situations sometimes developed comparable to the one in my dream.

When we were married, we moved to a small place near town, since it was doubtful that I would ever be able to handle a farm of my own. I was even doubtful that I could handle any kind of a job but I did apply for a job at a feed mill and got it.

Here I got the surprise of my life. Instead of not being able to keep up, I had no difficulty in doing my job and even in surpassing others. The type of work was different and the pace so much slower that I could easily do my share.

Later, when our growing boys were able to help, we moved to a farm. Even though starting to farm so late in life leaves much to be desired, it still provided a farm background for the family.

Of this I am convinced, the farm is the ideal place for the plain people especially those who have a family to raise. Yet, there are many among us who lack the physical or mental ability to successfully operate a farm. Is there no place in our society for these?

That is a problem I would like to see discussed. Without pretending to have the answers to the problem, I would like to list a number of examples of people who found themselves in such circumstances. Some were able to work out a satisfactory solution, or were helped by others to find a solution, while some went down as failures, in many cases, as a detriment to the church.

EXAMPLE ONE: A young married couple started farming on one of the poorer farms with very little capital. Shortly afterwards, the man's back gave out so that he was unable to do his own work. They kept at it for several years with hired help, but eventually, because of both physical and financial difficulties, they were forced to give up farming. They moved to town where the husband worked in a shop. As the family grew up, they were anxious to try farming again. However they found very little encouragement since they were unsuccessful before. This was very discouraging because the very people who were discouraging them now, were the ones who looked down on non-farmers.

"There is no place for me in the Old Order Church!" the husband complained bitterly. "I am not able to farm, and yet those who do not farm are not considered as worthy church members."

This men's attitude was no doubt wrong, but was not the church also at fault for not recognizing and meeting the needs of the individual members?

EXAMPLE TWO: (Actually I know of two examples almost alike) Both of these men had worked on farms while single and were hard-working, conscientious farmhands. After they were married they had neither the financial or mental capacity to operate farms of their own. Both lived in town, where they worked in various types of industry. Their families are now grown and have all left the church, several of them have been in trouble with the law.

EXAMPLE THREE: This family started farming on one of the poorer farms. After about ten years, they were in such financial difficulties that it seemed they would

(Continued on page 26)

-Name Withheld

I CAN'T STAND THAT SMELL

There was a surprised look in John's eyes, but he only answered, "I just didn't realize you women dislike the smell of pigs. . . . "

ESTHER BAUMAN LADLED the cooked beans into a china bowl, then poured butter over them. The aroma was delicious in her nostrils as she carried them to the table. Oh, it was such fun cooking for John. They had been married for only a month. Now he entered the house and was washing up.

"What-what's that smell?" Esther wondered, wrinkling her nose as he passed her on the way to the towel.

John laughed heartily. "You must not be used to pig smell. Remember those pigs I bought last Friday? Well, I just finished cleaning out their pen."

"Whew, it's strong. Guess there was no smell like that where I worked in town," she admitted ruefully. Seeing that he hardly seemed to notice the nauseating odor, she said nothing more. But at the table she edged her chair away from John. It seemed as though the food didn't taste as good when that smell arose from his pants. John didn't notice anything was wrong and chatted away good naturedly as usual.

Esther hardly ever went to the barn herself. She said she disliked cows, and John didn't mind doing the chores himself. But day by day as he came into the house with that odor clinging to his clothes, it became more revolting to his wife. At first she was determined to get used to it but it became harder and harder to keep still.

One day several weeks later she burst out at the dinner table, "I just can't stand it!"

John looked up from his potatoes surprised. Thinking it was some kind of joke, he asked in mock consternation, "What, what have I done now?"

"It's that pig manure. I can't stand that smell. How do you think I can eat with a smell like that," she answered vehemently.

John was so astonished that he dropped his spoon. "I- I'm sorry," he stammered. "But I've got to clean out the pig pens, don't I?"

"Well, you could do as much as wear over-pants and remove them before you come into the house. That smell is altogether repulsive."

There was a surprised look in John's eyes but he only answered, "Okay, I'll do that. I just didn't realize you women dislike the smell of pigs. My mom never said anything."

Esther was ashamed of herself and admitted, "I know I'm kinda fussy, but I just can't stand that smell."

Several days later, one evening John told Esther, "Levi Martin, who lives just down the road, asked me if I could come and help him clean out his barn. He had a bad case of pneumonia and the manure piled up pretty high since he had no help. He's still kinda weak. And he said his wife wants you to come along, too. I guess I'll go tomorrow."

"Hmmm," Esther sniffed, "cleaning out the barn! Will you be there for dinner?"

"Probably," John shifted uncomfortably, "It would be the neighborly thing for you to go along."

"I had some other things planned, but I guess I can go along," she said reluctantly.

In spite of her misgivings, Esther enjoyed herself at the Martins. Their five little boys and two girls were a group of bright-eyed interesting youngsters. Mary had a wonderful way of handling them when they got out of control which intrigued Esther. They visited genially as they peeled apples until it was time to start preparing dinner. "It'll take a lot of eats," Mary remarked, "for they will be hungry after all that manure."

Then they came trumping in, four of the boys and the two men. Ugh, how they smelled! Of course John hadn't brought his extra trousers along. Esther caught him eyeing her apprehensively once and blushed. But Mrs. Martin was unperturbed.

"My, you all must be hungry," she said, "I know without asking that you worked hard. Then she added with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "Here, Jacob, use some more soap. If you don't, I'll fetch the perfume."

Everybody laughed including Esther who considered it a feeble joke. They ate with gusto in spite of the rank odor. Esther couldn't help thinking it made a nice picture, Levi with his four little boys, all rosy and soiled from hard work showing such appreciation of the good meal they had cooked. Some day, she hoped, John would have help like that too, and come in from the barn to sit down to her table. But inwardly she groaned as she thought of the many pairs of odorous trousers.

Esther wiped the dishes as Mary washed them. Esther said, "You know, I can't understand how you bear that smell."

"What smell?" Mary asked in surprise.

"The men's trousers from the manure, you know."

Mary stood with blank amazement. "Why, I don't mind that at all. It's just healthy. I'm so glad they all like to help at the barn."

Esther made a face. "Well, I hate it. I make John wear an extra pair of trousers and take them off before he comes into the house."

"Well, I never!" Mary exclaimed into the dishpan but Esther had her back turned and didn't notice.

Two years passed. John and Esther were blessed with a son and two years later a daughter. Little Eli grew fast and was soon an energetic youngster. One morning when he was five years old, John said at the breakfast table, "Well, Eli, how about helping me in the barn? I want to give that bunch of little pigs some medicine and you can come with me and help me."

Eli shook his head and answered, "I don't want to."

"By why not?" Father asked, puzzled. "Don't you like little pigs?"

Eli made a face. "No, they stink!"

John's eyebrows shot up as he glance significently at his wife. She was busy feeding Sarah and didn't notice. John got his hat and walked alone to the barn. He knew that Eli was a sort of Mama's baby and Mother stayed away from the stable. John was troubled by his son's attitude but he passed it off as a temporary notion.

By the time Eli was going to school, it was evident that he did not have the love for the barn which comes naturally for most little boys that age. When he had to help chore, it was with reluctance. Once John said something about it to his wife. "Oh, never mind that," she said airily, "He'll get over it. Just now he's too busy thinking about school."

Years passed and more little girls were added to the family but no boys. It became increasingly difficult for John to persuade Eli to help him with the chores. At ten, he would sooner help Mother wash dishes. As for Esther she steadfastly refused to admit that there was anything peculiar in his behavior. "He's so delicate," she excused him one day when Father was particularly exasperated.

Time went on. It was not until Eli was fourteen that his mother became alarmed. By this time it was obvious that he had a definite dislike for the barn and anything that was in it. Other boys at that age were pleased to be able to help milk or clean out the pig pen.

One day she talked about it to her friend, Mrs. Levi Martin. "I just can't understand it. He actually loathes the pigs. Even our youngest daughter enjoys being with Dad in the barn. Do you think it could be because he has no brothers?"

Mary looked older now and her hair had begun to silver. "It is rather strange," she admitted.

When she didn't go on, Esther said, "Sometimes I think back to the day over fifteen years ago when John helped your husband clean out his barn after he had pneumonia. I remember so clearly how your little boys all helped with the manure as if it were great fun. Now they're grown and some of them are on farms of their own, just like John and I were at that time. How I hope Eli grows up to be like they are."

Mary nodded absently. She was thinking back to the same day, that day when Esther had confessed to her how she loathed the smell of manure. How she had recounted that her husband must remove his dirty trousers before coming into the house. Mary didn't say anything but she was wondering how much connection there was between the mother's attitude and the son's behavior.

When Eli was sixteen, he announced that he was finished working on the farm. "I just can't stand it any longer. I want a job at the factory."

John groaned and dropped his head into his hands. Mother's eyes filled involuntarily. They argued, they cajoled, they coaxed and they threatened for two days. But the son was determined. "You know as well as I do that I can't stand the barn," he stormed. "I'd much rather drive a tractor or handle machinery."

In the end the parents gave up and watched him drive off each morning to town. Their hearts were heavy for they knew that somewhere along the line they had failed. Once again, Father had the farm work alone. The girls helped as much as they could, but his shoulders became more stooped and his step unsteady. Was it from the work or from the sadness in his heart? What a pleasure it would be to do the farm work, if only his son were there to help him.

Things went from bad to worse. After awhile Eli was not content to drive a horse to work each day. "It's so slow and besides, there's no room to tie him. Why don't you let me board in town? I know a good place." Again Eli was determined and eventually the parents gave in to his strong will.

Then came the finishing blow. The night Eli drove into the yard with his own car and parked it with a flourish and strutted defiantly toward the house, it seemed their hearts would break.

The pain in Esther's breast was so acute, she slept not at all that night, and neither did John. In the morning she went over to Levi Martins to pour out her anguish into Mary's sympathetic ear. "Why, why?" she cried. "Where have we failed? Somewhere in his training we must have done exactly the wrong thing. But where and what was it? If you know, please tell me."

Mary was silent for she was so touched by her neighbor's distress. Esther went on, "Please, if you know, tell me. It is too late for Eli, but the girls— we must protect them from the same fate."

"Just because he went astray doesn't absolutely prove that you made a mistake," Mary began slowly, "but so often there is something we can learn. Let me tell you a little story from my own experience which might make it plainer what I am getting at. Since childhood I was always afraid of horses. Once when I was a little girl I was kicked by a horse and after that, I was afraid of them and avoided them whenever possible. This carried over into adulthood and I instilled that fear into our oldest son at an early age. I taught him to stay away from horses as far as possible because of the danger of being kicked. I even carried it farther. I didn't even like to go anywhere alone or to town with a horse. Whenever possible, I went with someone in a car.

"I never realized the harm I was doing until years later. As he grew up and Dad wanted him to help hitch up the team, he refused and showed fear. Then I saw my mistake. With considerable care and explaining we corrected his behavior and now he is at home and happy with horses. Yes, there is a danger of being kicked but there is a much greater and more serious danger in getting the wrong attitude. Sometimes I shudder to think of what might have happened if I hadn't seen my mistake and checked it in time. He would have grown up being afraid of horses in general and drifted away from the church."

Mary paused to wipe a tear from her own eyes. "Do you see what I'm trying to get at?"

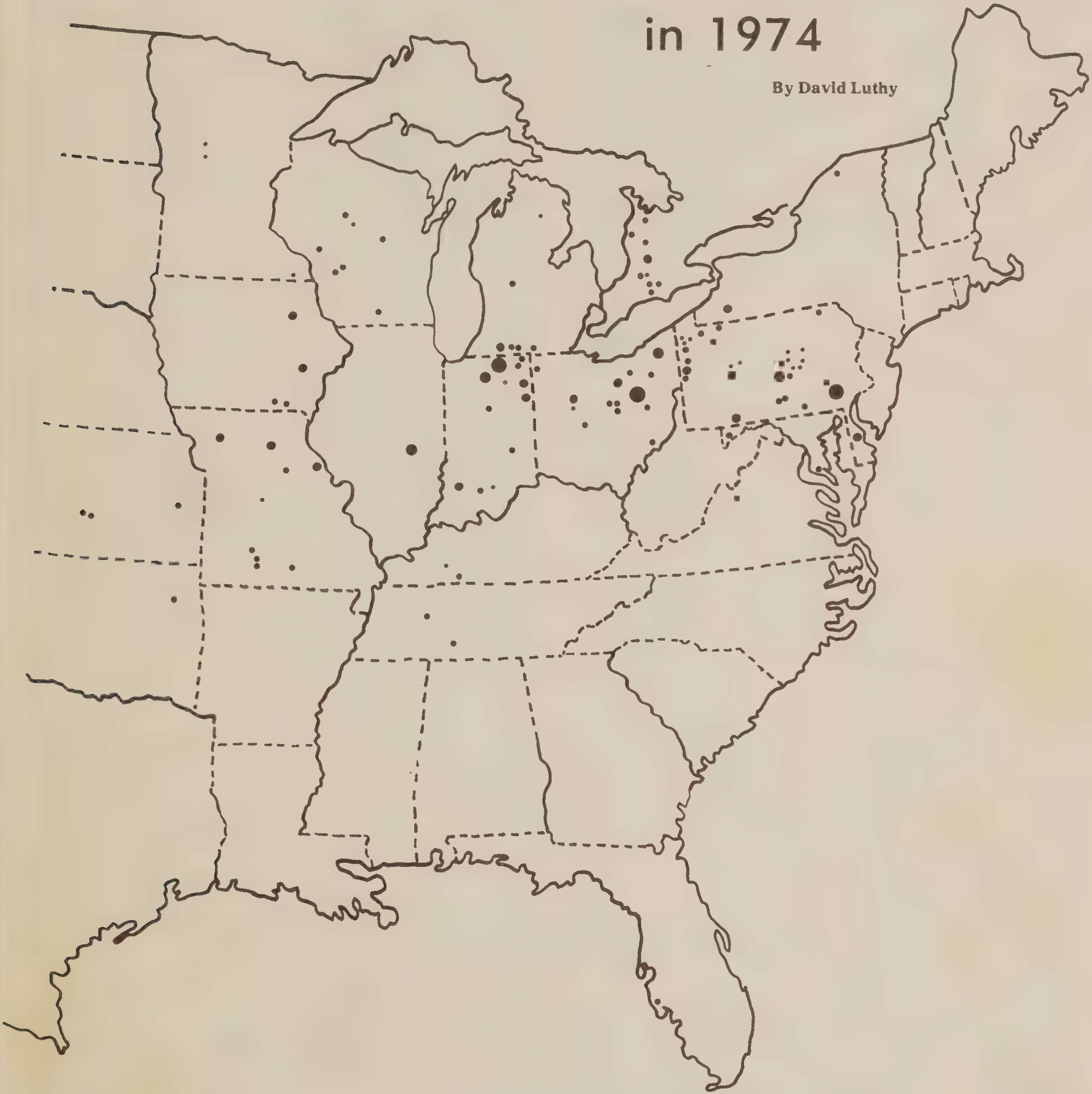
"Yes, I think so," Esther nodded. "You mean because I didn't like the barn, Eli was influenced by my-my wrong attitudes?"

"That's what I was going to suggest, but I might be wrong," Mary answered kindly. "I've found for myself that seemingly insignificant attitudes of the parents if spread over a considerable length of time can cause much harm. Instead of being overly concerned lest our children have to suffer a little inconvenience in one way or another, it would be much better if we were more concerned about their eternal welfare."

"If only I could have realized that sooner," Esther exclaimed, trying to hold her voice in check. "But now we will all have to reap for what I have sown. Oh, Eli, if I could only bring you back— but now it's too late!" △

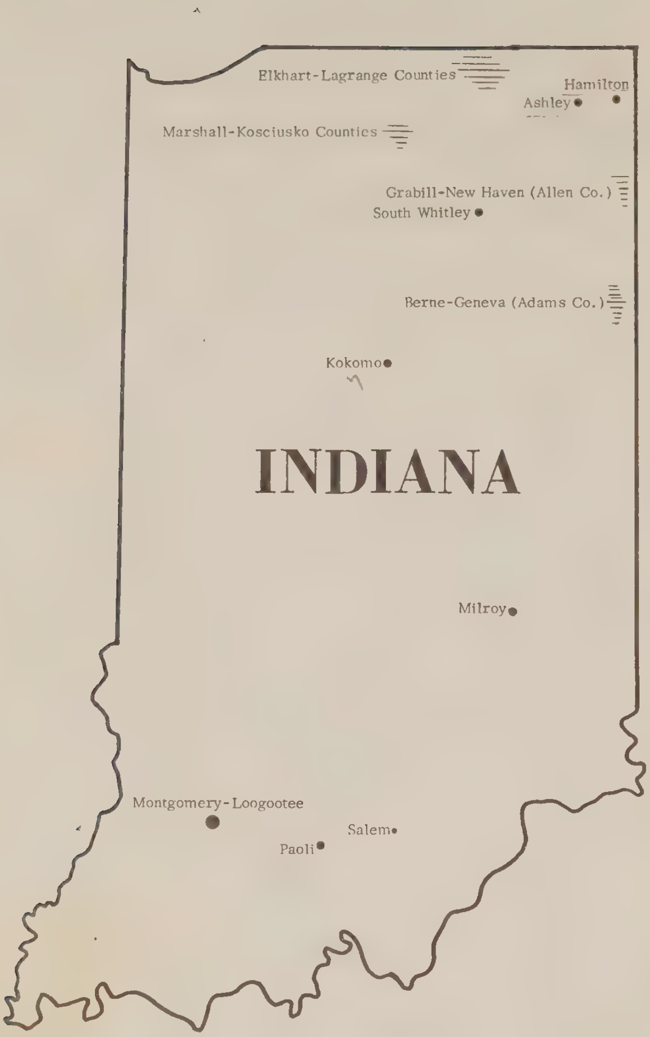
Old Order Amish Settlements in 1974

By David Luthy



DIRECTORY

Settlement	Year Founded	Districts
DELAWARE		
Dover (Kent Co.)	1915	5
FLORIDA		
Pinecraft (Sarasota Co.)	1927	1
ILLINOIS		
Douglas-Moultrie Counties	1864	12
INDIANA		
Marshall-Elkhart-Kosciusko Co.'s	1839	15
Lagrange-Elkhart Counties	1841	42
Kokomo (Howard Co.)	1848	2
? Adams County	1850	10
? Allen County	1853	9
Montgomery (Daviess Co.)	1868	7
Ashley (Steuben Co.)	1953	1
Paoli (Orange Co.)	1956	1



Hamilton (Steuben Co.)	1964	1
Milroy (Rush Co.)	1969	1
Salem (Washington Co.)	1972	1
South Whitley (Whitley Co.)	197?	1

IOWA

Johnston-Washington Counties	1846	6
Buchanan County	1914	6
Milton (VanBuren Co.)	1969	2
Bloomfield (Davis Co.)	1971	1

KANSAS

Haven (Reno Co.)	1883	2
Hutchinson (Reno Co.)	1883	1
Garnett (Anderson Co.)	1903	1

KENTUCKY

Guthrie-Trenton (Todd Co.)	1958	2
Crofton (Christian Co.)	1972	1

MARYLAND

Oakland (Garrett Co.)	1850	1
Mechanicsville (St. Marys Co.)	1940	2

MICHIGAN

Mio (Oscoda Co.)	1900	1
Centreville (St. Joseph Co.)	1907	4
Camden (Hillsdale Co.)	1956	1
California (Branch Co.)	1960	1
Bronson (Branch Co.)	1971	1
Greenville (Montcalm Co.)	1973	1

MINNESOTA

Wadena (Wadena Co.)	1972	1
Bertha (Todd Co.)	1973	1
Canton (Fillmore Co.)	1974	1

MISSOURI

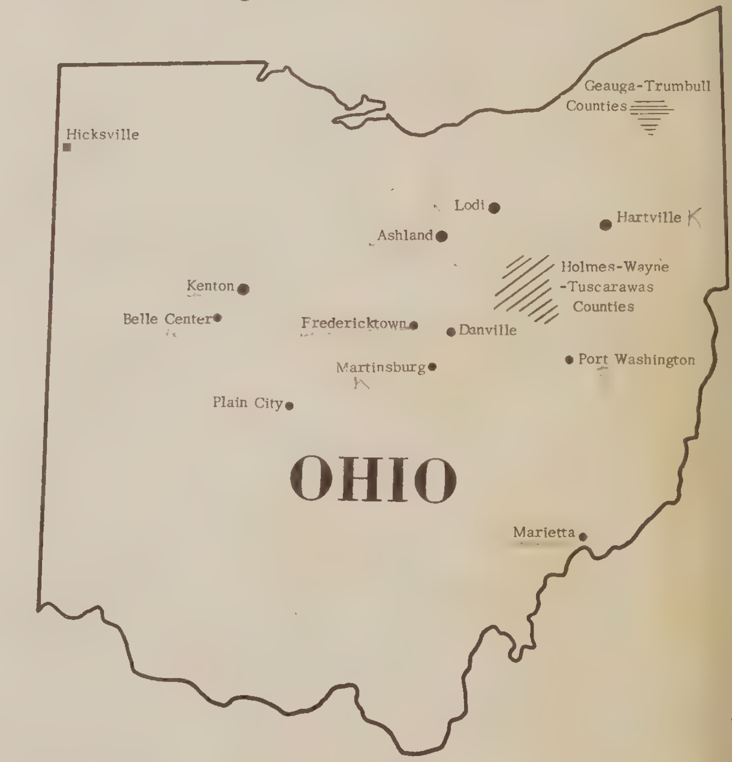
Bowling Green (Pike Co.)	1948	4
Jamesport (Daviess Co.)	1953	4
Clark (Randolph Co.)	1954	4
Anabel (Macon Co.)	1957	2
Fortuna (Moniteau Co.)	1967	1
Seymour (Webster Co.)	1968	1
Dogwood (Douglas Co.)	1969	1
Mountain View (Howell Co.)	196?	1
Marshfield (Webster Co.)	1970	1

NEW YORK

Conewango Valley (Cattaraugus Co.)	1949	4
Norfolk (St. Lawrence Co.)	1974	1

OHIO

Holmes-Wayne-Tuscarawas Co.'s	1809	84
Geauga-Trumbull Counties	1887	31
Plain City (Madison Co.)	1896	1
Hartville-Uniontown (Stark Co.)	1905	3
Hicksville (Defiance Co.)	1914	1
Lodi (Medina Co.)	1952	2
Kenton (Hardin Co.)	1953	3
Ashland (Ashland Co.)	1954	4
Danville (Knox Co.)	1964	1
Martinsburg (Knox Co.)	1970	2
Marietta (Washington Co.)	1970	1
Port Washington (Tuscarawas Co.)	1970	1
Fredericktown (Knox Co.)	1972	1
Belle Center (Logan Co.)	1974	1



OKLAHOMA

Chouteau (Mayes Co.)	1910	1

ONTARIO

Perth-Waterloo Counties	1824	4
Aylmer (Elgin Co.)	1953	1
Norwich (Oxford Co.)	1954	2

Chesley (Grey Co.)	1954	2
St. Marys (Perth Co.)	1958	1
Gorrie (Huron Co.)	1960	1
Tavistock (Perth Co.)	1960	1
Mt. Elgin (Oxford Co.)	1962	2
Lucknow (Bruce Co.)	1973	1

PENNSYLVANIA

Lancaster-Chester Counties	G	1760		52
Meyersdale (Somerset Co.)	B. O	1772		2
Belleville (Mifflin Co.)	W. Y. B.S	1791		11
New Wilmington (Lawrence Co.)	Y	1847		7
Enon Valley (Lawrence Co.)	Y	1924	from New Wilmington	1
Atlantic (Crawford Co.)	C.O.B.	1924	from Geauga	1
Myerstown (Lebanon Co.)	G	1941	Lancaster	2
Jackson Center (Mercer Co.)	O.B	1942	Atlantic	2
Mifflintown (Juniata Co.)	S.B.	1950	Mifflin Renno	2
Aaronsburg (Centre Co.)	W	1950	Nebraska	1
Port Treverton (Snyder Co.)		1955	Extinct	1
Winfield (Union Co.)	W	1959	Nebraska	1
Smicksburg (Indiana Co.)	C. O. B	1962	Geauga	4
Littlestown (Adams Co.)	G	1964	Lancaster	1
McClure (Snyder Co.)	W	1965	Nebraska	1
Spartansburg (Crawford Co.)	C.O.B.	1966	Geauga	2
LeRaysville (Bradford Co.)	O.B	1966	Dover	1
Millheim (Centre Co.)	G	1967	Lancaster	1
Dry Run (Franklin Co.)		1968	Mechanicsville	1
Conneautville (Crawford Co.)	L	1969	Heterogenous L.	1
Sugargrove (Warren Co.)	C. O. B	1969	Conewango	1
Punxsutawney (Jefferson Co.)		1969	Heterogonous L.	1
Newville-Newburg (Franklin Co.)	G	1972	Lancaster	1
Guys Mills (Crawford Co.)	O.B	1972	Geauga	1
Troutville (Clearfield Co.)	G	1972	Geauga ~~Lancaster~~	1
Townville (Crawford Co.)	L	1972	Heterogenous L.	1
Tionesta (Forest Co.)	C.O.B.	1972	Stutzman Holmes	1
Loganton (Clinton Co.)	G	1973	Lancaster	1
Washingtonville (Montour Co.)	Y?	1974	Enon Valley	1

TENNESSEE

Ethridge (Lawrence Co.)	1944	3
Holladay (Benton Co.)	1963	1

VIRGINIA

Stuarts Draft (Augusta Co.)	1942	1

WISCONSIN

Medford (Taylor Co.)	1925	3
Blair (Trempealeau Co.)	1960	1
New Glarus (Green Co.)	1964	1
Cashton-Westby (Vernon Co.)	1966	2
Amherst (Portage Co.)	1966	1
Wilton (Monroe Co.)	1969	1
Spencer (Marathon Co.)	1970	1
Chetek (Barron Co.)	1974	1

HONDURAS

Guaimaca, F. M.	1968	1

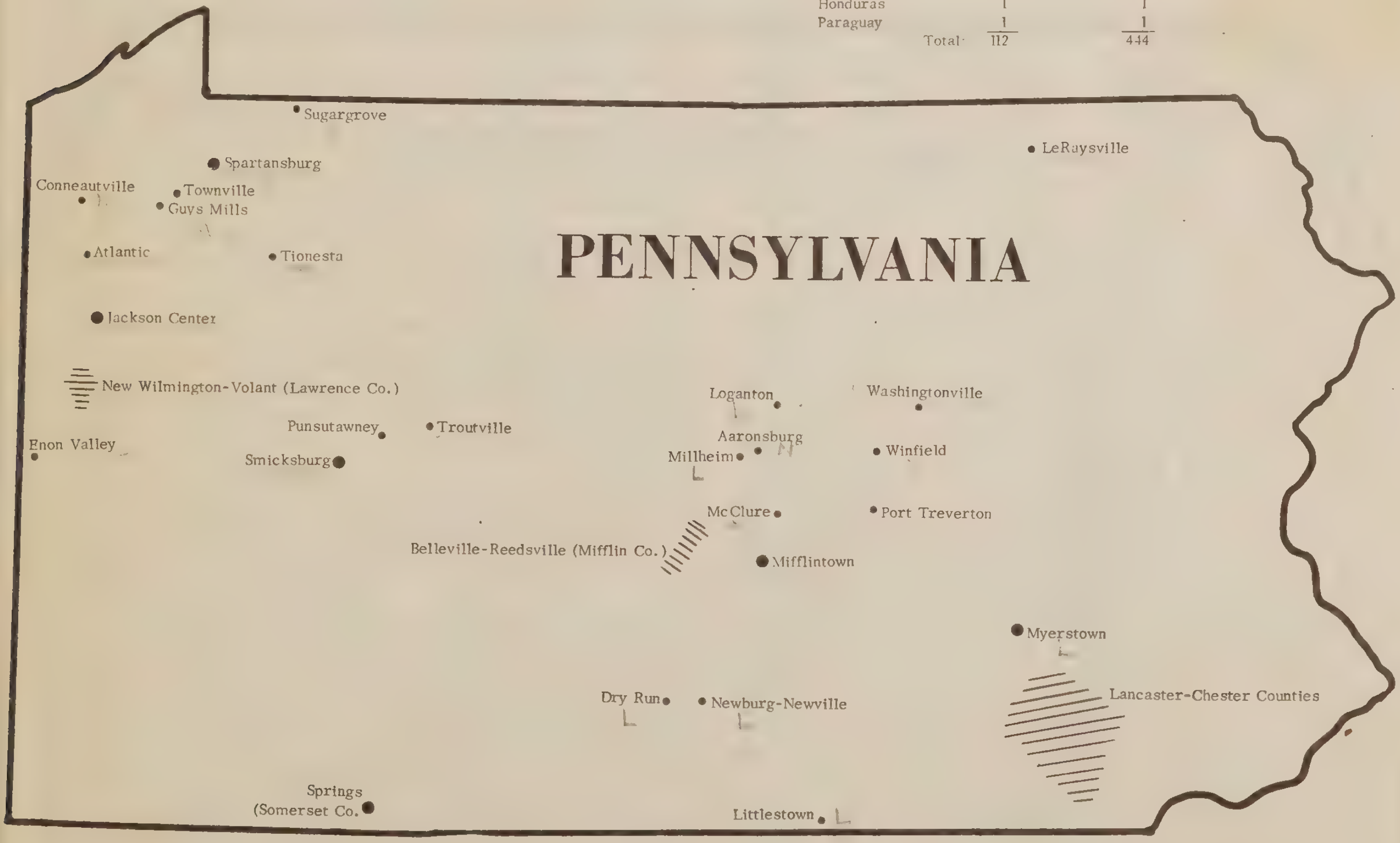
PARAGUAY

Colony Fernheim (Asuncion)	1967	1

SUMMARY

States, etc.	Settlements	Congregations
Delaware	1	5
Florida	1	1
Illinois	1	12
Indiana	12	91
Iowa	4	15
Kansas	3	4
Kentucky	2	3
Maryland	2	3
Michigan	6	9
Minnesota	3	3
Missouri	9	19
New York	2	5
Ohio	14	136
Oklahoma	1	1
Ontario	9	16
Pennsylvania	29	104
Tennessee	2	4
Virginia	1	1
Wisconsin	8	11
Honduras	1	1
Paraguay	1	1
Total	112	444

Continued →



15 Amish Settlement Facts

1. There were 112 Amish settlements in 1974 with a total of 444 church districts.
2. The oldest settlement is Lancaster County,Pennsylvania founded in 1760.
3. The largest settlement is in Ohio and crosses 3 counties: Holmes, Wayne, Tuscarawas. It contains 84 church districts.
4. The most northern settlement is Wadena, Minnesota.
5. The most southern settlement is Asuncion, Paraguay. It also is the most eastern settlement. (Within North America the easternmost is Norfolk, New York.)
6. The most western settlement is Hutchinson,Kan.
7. There are Amish settlements in 18 states of the United States.
8. Pennsylvania has the most settlements— 29. Ohio is next with 14 followed by Indiana with 12, then Ontario and Missouri with 9 each.
9. Of the present 112 Amish settlements, 73% were established after 1940.
10. Only 17% of the present Amish settlements were founded before 1900.
11. The county containing the most Amish settlements is Crawford County, Pennsylvania with settlements at Atlantic (1924), Spartansburg (1966), Conneautville (1969), Townville (1972) and Guys Mills (1972).
12. Pennsylvania has the most settlements, but Ohio has the most church districts: Pennsylvania 104 church districts and Ohio 136.
13. Pennsylvania is the only state containing Amish settlements founded during the 1700's. It has 3.
14. Indiana contains more Amish settlements that were founded during the 1800's than any other state. It has 6. Ohio is next with 3.
15. Sixty-nine of the 112 Amish settlements contain only one church district (congregation).

TOO MANY NAMES THE SAME

Some folks give their children names so their initials are all alike.

This is O.K. while the children are small but it presents a problem when married brothers with the same initials live on the same Rural Route. My husband and his brother have this problem.

Sometimes we get mail addressed with the first initial and last name. Some of this mail might not seem important to us as it wasn't intended for us, but may be important for his brother.

In some cases this can cause hard feelings and mistrust between families.

We could prevent some of this by thinking ahead. Some companies just won't put the full name in the address.

-Indiana

△

KNOW YOUR GERMAN

In the list below select the word or phrase nearest in meaning to the first or key word. Answers on page 21

1. Aas	A. eat B. carcass C. eagle D. small-animal
2. beharret	A. believe B. cranium C. hairy D. endure
3. eilend	A. shame B. misery C. with haste D. slowly
4. empören	A. stir-up B. upwards C. to jail D. make amends
5. fromm	A. wither B. joyful C. just D. from
6. Gebäude	A. cheeks B. building C. farewell D. mouthful
7. geneigt	A. disinclined B. dutiful C. supposed D. inclined to
8. geringſten	A. dearest B. youngest C. least D. strongest
9. Geſinde,	A. domestic servants B. sent C. final D. order
10. Grube	A. jug B. grub C. pit D. group
11. Krämern,	A. bedrooms B. kin C. shopkeepers D. neighbors
12. milde	A. modern B. milk C. strong D. gentle
13. Natur	A. rain B. creature C. tour D. nature
14. pflegte	A. laid-out B. flogged C. tended to D. certain
15. Raum	A. cream B. cheese C. room D. roam
16. ſaß	A. sassy B. sat C. sauce D. rise
17. teure Zeit	A. recession B. famine C. watch D. time of affluence
18. übet	A. keep B. powerful C. interest D. exercise
19. verzog	A. hurried B. rushed C. delayed D. nervous
20. wuchs	A. grew B. fox C. repair D. weasel

Editorielles —

Die Winterzeit

Die Winterzeit das Geſetz bedeut't,
Darinn'n ſo hart gefroren ward
Die Frucht göttlicher Gnaden.
Kalt, rauh, erfror'n, durch Gottes Zorn,
War Menſchenkind, in Schuld und Sünd,
Kein Frucht mocht da gerathen,
Bis zu der Sommerzeit Anfang,
Der uns doch ward verheißen,
Die Lerch ſich durch die Wolken ſchwang,
Mit ſüßer Stimm und Weiſe,
Durch Gabriel in Freudenſchall,
Und lieblich Melodeien,
Spricht zu der edlen Magd mit Gier,
Gott iſt mit dir,
Du wirſt ein'n Sohn gebären tun,
Jeſus ſoll Sein Name ſein.

Bis dieſes vor die Leſer kommt, ſo iſt die Winterzeit wieder da. Der Sommer iſt dahin; zu Zeiten war es recht ſchön, zu Zeiten ein wenig warm, ſo daß es nicht ſo bequemlich war; dann aber im Winter iſt es auch oftmals rauh und kalt. Beides hat ſein Vorteil, im Sommer tun die Früchte ſchön wachſen, dann im Winter wenn es kalt wird, tut es das Ungeziefer wieder ein wenig vertilgen. Im ganzen tun wir uns ein wenig mehr erfreuen wenn das Frühjahr und die Sommerzeit wieder kommt.

Wenn wir obigen Dichter Vers recht betrachten können wir viel daraus vernehmen. Menſchenkind, war in Schuld und Sünd, durch Gottes Zorn gefroren. Tun die Menſchenkinder ſich wahrlich erfreuen? daß dieſe Winterzeit vorüber gangen iſt, daß die Schöne Sommerzeit jetzt da iſt. Die Gnadenzeit iſt da. Es iſt nichts mehr Verdammliches an denen, die in Chriſto Jeſu ſind; aber merket, Er ſagt: „Die nicht nach dem Fleiſch wandeln, ſondern nach dem Geiſt.“

Wir gehen noch ein paar Vers weiter in dieſem Text: „Denn das Geſetz des Geiſtes, der da lebendig machet in Chriſto Jeſu, hat mich frei gemacht von dem Geſetz der Sünde und des Todes. Denn das dem Geſetz unmöglich war (ſintemal es durch das Fleiſch geſchwächet ward), das tat Gott und ſandte ſeinen Sohn in der Geſtalt des ſündlichen Fleiſches und verdammte die Sünde im Fleiſch, auf daß die Gerechtigkeit vom Geſetz erfordert, in uns erfüllet werde, die wir nun nicht nach dem Fleiſche wandeln, ſondern nach dem Geiſt.“ Römer 8, 1—4.

Ja, die fleiſchliche Geſinntheit ſoll ferne ſein von uns, wenn wir als noch Luſt haben nach dem Fleiſch zu leben, ſo ſind wir als noch gefroren unter Gottes Zorn, und haben keine Verheißung zur Seligkeit.

„Denn die da fleiſchlich ſind, die ſind fleiſchlich geſinnet; die aber geiſtlich ſind, die ſind geiſtlich geſinnet. Aber fleiſchlich geſinnet ſein iſt der Tod, und geiſtlich geſinnet ſein iſt Leben und Frieden.“ O, welch ein großer Unterſchied unter die zwei! Er ſagt auch, die wo fleiſchlich ſind, mögen Gott nicht gefallen. „Ihr aber ſeid nicht fleiſchlich, ſondern geiſtlich, ſo anders Gottes Geiſt in euch wohnet. Wer aber Chriſti Geiſt nicht hat, der iſt nicht ſein.“ Freund, das macht die Sache fertig, entweder geiſtlich, oder fleiſchlich. Hier gilt es nicht nur zu welch eine Gemeinde wir gehören, ſondern, ſind wir geiſtlich oder fleiſchlich geſinnet?

Ich erinnere mich noch vor manche Jahren zurück wo ein alter Bruder war der ſich nie ganz aufgeben konnte als ein getreues Glied in der Gemeinde. Endlich iſt er im Bann gekommen. Mein Schwiegervater und ich gingen einſt hin zu reden mit ihm, aber wir konnten nichts zuwege bringen. Er ſtellte die Frage, ob er ein ſolcher iſt wovon der Paulus redet im Kor. Brief 5, 11. „Nun aber habe ich euch geſchrieben, ihr ſollt nichts mit ihnen zu ſchaffen haben: ſo jemand iſt, der ſich läſſet ein Bruder nennen, und iſt ein Hurer oder ein Geiziger oder ein Abgöttiſcher oder ein Läſterer oder ein Trunkerbold oder ein Räuber; mit demſelbigen ſollt ihr auch nicht eſſen.“ Er ſcheinte zu meinen, wenn jemand nicht behaftet iſt in eins von dieſe ſechs Stücken, ſo iſt er nicht bannwürdig. Wir können hinüber drehen im 5ten Gal. da ſind 17 Stücken genannt, und es heißt alle die ſolches tun, werden das Reich Gottes nicht ererben. Dann auch im erſten Kap. an die Römer ſind 23 Stücken genannt, und hier heißt es, nicht allein die es tun, ſondern auch die wo Wohlgefallen haben an denen die es tun. Und im 8ten Römer wovon wir geredt haben ſind keins von dieſe Stücke genannt, ſondern es heißt nur: „Denn wo ihr nach dem Fleiſch lebet, ſo werdet ihr ſterben müſſen; wo ihr aber durch den Geiſt des Fleiſches Geſchäfte tötet, ſo werdet ihr leben!“

Zu mir macht es die Sache ſehr wichtig, wie leicht daß wir uns bannwürdig machen können, wo uns das Reich Gottes abgeſagt iſt. Und wenn wir nun in ſolch einem Wege unbußfertig die Welt verlaſſen, ſo iſt keine Verheißung für uns in Ewigkeit.

In unſerm Text-Kapitel heißt es noch weiter: „Denn welcher der Geiſt Gottes treibt, die ſind Gottes Kinder.“ Dieſer Text iſt zu mir ein wenig näher wie ein andrer Ueberſetzer es ſtellt: „Die ſich durch den Geiſt Gottes leiten laſſen, ſind Kinder Gottes.“ Der Sinn in dieſem Kap. im ganzen iſt, wenn wir nach dem Fleiſch leben, ſo tun wir gerade was das Fleiſch will. Es iſt kein Kreuz da, wo er doch im 5ten Galater deutlich ſagt: „Welche aber Chriſto angehören, die kreuzigen ihr Fleiſch ſamt den Lüſten und Begierden.“

Wir wollen uns dann alle gut prüfen, ſind wir recht aufgetanet von dem gefrorene Geſetz, oder ſind wir als noch feſt gefroren? Im erſten Vers von dieſem Kap. ſagt er: „So beſtehet nun in der Freiheit, damit uns Chriſtus befreiet hat, und laſſet euch nicht wiederum in das knechtiſche Joch fangen. O wie notwendig iſt es daß wir uns in acht nehmen und gut prüfen von Tag zu Tag, ob wir nicht gefangen ſind unter einige von dieſe Lüſte des Fleiſches. „Ich ſage euch aber: Wandelt im Geiſt, ſo werdet ihr die Lüſte des Fleiſches nicht vollbringen.“ Regieret euch aber der Geiſt, ſo ſeid ihr nicht unter dem Geſetz,“ und an einem andern Ort ſagt er: „Wer Chriſti Geiſt nicht hat, der iſt nicht ſein.“

Was alles könnten wir tun wodurch wir die Lüſte des Fleiſches vollbringen würden? Ich würde mich zu gering befinden um ein Anfang zu machen von ſolche Stücken zu benamen. Die Stücken was hier benamt ſind im erſten Römer und im 5ten Gal. nehmen ein groß Feld ein, es iſt faſt eine unendliche Grenze. Aber liebe Freund, wir wollen es nicht hinſtellen als wenn es unmöglich wäre dieſen engen und ſchmalen Weg zu wandeln. Nein, der Heiland ſagt, es iſt noch Raum da, die Tiſche ſind noch nicht voll. Darum wache auf, der du ſchläfeſt, und ſtehe auf von den Toden, ſo wird dich Chriſtus erleuchten, und ſeid vorſichtiglich zu wandeln als die Weiſen, nicht als die Unweiſen.

Wir haben im Anfang nur ein wenig geſchrieben von die Winterzeit. Dann ſind wir in dieſem Text kommen von die Lüſte des Fleiſches, und der meiſte Teil von unſerm Raum aufgenommen. Wir wollen aber nur noch ein wenig mitteilen von dem Tag wo am kommen iſt welcher wir Chriſttag nennen, der Tag wo wir halten dafür daß unſer Heiland und Erlöſer Jeſus Chriſtus in die Welt geboren iſt worden. Dies iſt ein Tag wo bei der Welt hoch gehalten wird, viele Sachen werden eingerichtet für Chriſttag zu feiern, aber ſchade iſt es, nach unſerm dünken iſt es faſt alles abgöttiſch. In manche Heimaten wird vielleicht gar nichts geſagt von dem Kinde Jeſus, und warum er in die Welt kommen iſt. Dann aber, wie wird der Tag gehalten bei uns als ſogenannte wehrloſe chriſtliche Gemeinden? Iſt es vielleicht zu viel ein Tag von Plaiſir? Tun die Jugend ihre Zeit zubringen nur mit lachen und ſchwätzen, Sachen abſchießen nur für Jacht machen? Unſer Geld verſchwenden für nichts, wo doch gebraucht werden könnte für Brot zu kaufen und hungrige Seelen zu ſpeiſen. In ſolche Wegen können wir leicht dahin kommen wie ſchon gemeldet iſt worden, daß wir tun gerade was das Fleiſch will und helfen die Lüſte des Fleiſches vollbringen.

Ein Dichter ſtellt die Worte alſo: „Verſchwende nicht dein Hab und Gut, gedenk daß Armut wehe tut.“ Laſſet uns doch ſorgfältig ſein über Chriſttag, und nicht unnötige Sachen kaufen.

So viel wieder geſchrieben aus Liebe. Seid uns eingedenk vor die Throne des Höchſten.

△

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Anna was too shocked to say anything back to her sister. But inside she was fuming. "She knows I would never be like Sarah Byler," she thought.

Buster and the Bylers

by David Luthy

IT WAS SNOWING when thirteen-year-old Harvey Miller went to the barn to help with the morning chores. The snowflakes swirled lightly down and landed on his coat sleeve. "Maybe enough snow will fall so we can go sledding this noon at school," he thought. "I sure hope so."

Chores passed and so did breakfast. It was still snowing when Harvey and his eighth-grade sister, Anna, walked to school. But the ground was not as thickly covered with snow as Harvey had hoped. "It isn't coming down fast enough," commented Harvey. "I was hoping by noon that we could go sledding."

"Sledding sure would be fun," answered his sister. "I'm about tired of indoor games at noon."

"So am I," agreed Harvey, "especially ping-pong."

"Why, I thought that's your favorite game!" exclaimed Anna.

"It is," admitted Harvey. "But every time when it's my turn to play after Reuben Byler, the handle of the paddle is so sticky that it about turns my stomach. I don't think Reuben ever washes his hands after eating lunch."

"I know just what you mean," agreed Anna. "It's the same with his sister Sarah. I borrowed a pencil from her the other day and had to wipe it on my apron before it didn't feel sticky."

"Those backward Bylers," said Harvey. "You'd think they'd try not to be so sloppy."

Just then Harvey and Anna's conversation was interrupted by a dog's rapid barking. "Oh, that stupid Buster," sneered Anna. "Why does he always have to come out and bark like that when we pass by? This morning we were talking so much that I didn't realize we were at Larry Yoders already."

"Get out of here," said Harvey to Buster. But the large black dog barked even louder, bracing his feet on the ridge of lawn that separated the Yoders' yard from the gravel road. Harvey's eyes searched the road and lighted on a rock the right size to throw at Buster. But when Harvey bent down to pick up the rock, Buster quickly retreated behind the large maple tree in the Yoders' front yard. He continued to bark.

"Buster certainly doesn't have any manners," said Anna as they walked further down the road toward school. "I can't see why anybody would keep a dog like that."

"They say he isn't worth a nickel for herding cows," added Harvey.

"I don't think he's good for anything," laughed Anna, "except barking. Maybe the Yoders like to hear him bark all the time, but I sure wouldn't if I lived there. Why, he barks at all the school children who walk past each way from school and at most buggies that drive past."

"Not to mention the milkman and mailman and any other cars and trucks," added Harvey.

The schoolhouse was in view now. Smoke was curling up from the chimney. "Standing beside the warm stove will feel good this morning," said Anna. "It's chillier this morning than I first thought."

"Too bad it didn't snow more," said Harvey. "I was looking forward to going sledding."

The rattling of buggy wheels made the Millers look around. A buggy turned into the school lane right as they did. Some of their classmates waved from the

buggy. Harvey spied a sled inside the buggy, wedged between the children's legs and the front of the buggy. "Looks like I wasn't the only one hoping it would snow enough. Oh, well, maybe tomorrow it will snow more."

"Tomorrow is Saturday," mentioned Anna. "Even if it does snow you won't be here at school to enjoy it."

"But I could go sledding on the hills in the pasture at home."

"Oh, I hope it doesn't snow," said Anna quickly as she thought of something.

"Why do you say something like that?" asked Harvey. "I thought you wanted to go sledding, too."

"I just happened to remember that yesterday I got a dozen tins of Rosebud Salve in the mail, and I would like to go from farm to farm tomorrow to sell them. And if it doesn't snow enough for you to go sledding, maybe you'd hitch up Prince and take me."

"Say, you have things all figured out, don't you," laughed Harvey.

"Well, will you?'

"Oh, I guess so."

Harvey and Anna entered the schoolhouse. After removing their boots and coats, they gathered beside the wood stove with some of the other pupils. They chatted about all sorts of things. When the bell rang, Harvey went to his desk in the seventh-grade row and Anna to the eighth.

The morning passed with nothing unusual happening. Recess came and went, and so did the noontime. The usual Friday afternoon spelling tests were being given. The teacher said, "Your next word is 'Antique'." She pronounced it clearly a second time and then gave the eighth graders time to write it down. As they were writing it she happened to glance out the window. Then instead of pronouncing the next spelling word, she looked at all the upper-grade pupils and asked, "Who left the woodshed door wide open and didn't pick up a big piece of wood that dropped halfway between the shed and the schoolhouse?"

The classroom was very quiet.

"Who are the wood haulers this week for the stove?"

"Reuben Byler and Sammie Schrock," answered one of the pupils.

Sammie quickly spoke up, "I got my load of wood first, so it must have been Reuben."

"Reuben, were you the last to carry wood for the stove at noon?"

"Yes," nodded Reuben self-consciously. "I guess I must have forgotten to close the door."

"And did you also drop a piece of wood?"

Once more Reuben nodded his head.

"Well," said his teacher, "as soon as I have given your class its spelling test, you may go out and close the shed door and bring the chunk of wood in for the stove."

Anna Miller gave her brother Harvey a look across the aisle. She raised her eyebrows and puckered her lips as if to say, "Oh, those Bylers!"

When the school day had passed, the Millers walked home with some of their friends who lived in the same direction. When they came opposite Larry Yoder's house, Anna pointed. "There's Buster digging a hole right in the front yard. What a terrible dog."

"Maybe he will be so busy digging that he won't bark at us," said one of the other children.

"Don't count on it," whispered Harvey. "He won't miss his favorite fun."

Sure enough, Harvey was right. Even though the children had stopped talking, the clicking sounds of their boot buckles and lunch bucket handles reached Buster's ears. He promptly forgot the hole he was digging and came barking toward the children. He stopped at the edge of the road as he always did.

"He's really beside himself this afternoon," smiled Anna. "Must be mad that we almost sneaked by without him seeing us."

At the corner of the road, the Millers turned east and the other children west. Soon Harvey and Anna were at home. Their older sister Fannie was in the kitchen baking cookies. They helped themselves to one each and sat down and looked at what had come in the mail. After about an hour they went upstairs and changed into their chore clothes. Before long they were out in the cow barn beginning to the evening milking. As they sat beside the cows their conversation turned to the events of the day at school.

"Didn't that about top it all," chuckled Anna, "that Reuben Byler forgot to close the shed door and didn't even bother to pick up that big piece of wood he let drop."

"Sure was funny," laughed Harvey.

"What's so funny?" asked Fannie entering the cow stable and hearing their laughter. She walked to the rack on the wall and lifted off a milk stool.

"Oh, we were just saying how Reuben Byler acted at school today," laughed Anna. She went on to explain to Fannie what had taken place.

"The Bylers are always doing something wrong," added Harvey. "The other day it rained and Reuben came back into the schoolhouse before going home to get something. He didn't even take his boots off and there were tracks across the classroom floor."

The conversation went from one fault the Byler children had to the next. Harvey and Anna took turns telling them. Pretty soon Fannie spoke up, "Really, I don't think you should laugh over the Byler children. They can't help it the way they are. Laughing at them won't make them learn better manners. Imagine yourselves in their places and feel sorry for them rather than mock them. After all, you'd be just like they are if you had been born into their home instead of here. You'd be just like Reuben and Sarah if Mom and Dad hadn't trained you better."

Anna was too shocked to say anything back to her sister. But inside she was fuming and thought to herself, "What a thing for Fannie to say! She knows I would never be like Sarah Byler. I'd know enough to wash my hands after eating and to clean my shoes before coming into the classroom. Why the other day there was enough dirt under her desk to fill a shovel!"

When Fannie's bucket was full she rose and walked to the milkhouse. The cow stable was quiet until she had left the barn. Then Harvey exploded. "Wow, wasn't that a slam she gave us, saying we'd be just like the backward Bylers. Why, I'd never drop a great big piece of wood and not go back and pick it up. And I could never stand to have my hair so messy like Reuben does. I don't even think he owns a comb. At least I've never seen him use one when the rest of us boys comb our hair before coming in after the noon hour."

"I think, too, Fannie's going pretty far in what she said," agreed Anna. "But Fannie has been out of school four years and is so much w-i-s-e-r than we are." She drew the word "wiser" out mockingly as she said it.

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SATURDAY MORNING came and there was no snow. "Will you hitch up Prince this afternoon and take me places to sell Rosebud Salve?" Anna asked Harvey.

"I guess so," answered Harvey. "That is, if Mom and Dad say it's okay."

"It is," said Anna. "I asked Mom while washing dishes after breakfast."

So, right after dinner Harvey and Anna were seated in the buggy heading for their closest neighbor a half mile to the west. Anna went into the neighbor's house and explained that she had salve to sell which was good for cuts, minor burns, and other small injuries. She came back to the buggy holding 50¢.

The buggy continued west and then turned south. "The next place is Larry Yoders," mentioned Harvey. "Do we have to stop there? You know all the time you are in their house, Buster will stand and bark at Prince."

"Let's skip their place till on the way home," suggested Anna. "If I still have any salve yet to sell, maybe we can stop then."

An hour passed and the Millers had made quite a few stops, selling Rosebud Salve at most of the places. "There are still three tins to sell," said Harvey. "[illegible] we are at a crossroad. Which way do you want to go?"

"Let's go east," suggested Anna. "I haven't been down that way for quite a while."

The first place the buggy came to said "Roy M. Raber" on the mailbox. Harvey turned Prince in at the lane. A large dog was lying on the porch. He rose and barked, announcing someone had arrived.

"I hope that dog doesn't make any trouble," said Anna nervously.

"Oh, he looks friendly enough," said Harvey. "He is just barking to let the people know someone is here."

The dog stopped barking when Anna approached the house. He wagged his tail and acted friendly toward her. She knocked on the door and was greeted by a girl about her own age. Anna explained what she had to sell, and the girl went to talk with her mother. She returned with 50¢.

"Thanks," said Anna as she walked down the porch steps. "A nice friendly dog you have." She reached down to pat the dog's large head.

Just before her hand reached his head, the dog quickly and excitedly ran away from her. Shouts of "Here Sport, here boy," sounded from the barnyard, and the dog had been the first to hear them.

"Oh, some cows are out in that field," said Anna to the girl who now had left the porch and stood beside her.

"Those are heifers Dad bought last week," explained the girl. "They must have broken the gate down. It was an old one anyway."

"Your dog sure knows how to herd cows," said Anna as she watched Sport go into the field and chase the heifers back into the barnyard. "Where did you get such a good dog like that?"

The girl answered, "We got him three years ago at Andy Helmuths over on Highway 14."

The name "Andy Helmuth" sounded very familiar to Anna. Buster came into her mind. "Say, didn't Larry Yoders get Buster from Andy Helmuth?" she called to Harvey who was sitting close by in the buggy.

But before Harvey answered, the girl beside her said, "Yes, they did. Our dog and their dog came from the same litter even though they don't quite look alike. I know so because I've heard Yoders say that we got the best pick of the litter and they the worst!"

"And I agree," said Anna. "Buster isn't good for anything, and I can see your dog knows a lot. And he's friendly, too."

The girl just smiled. "Maybe I shouldn't say this, for I don't want to give Yoders a slam, but I think the difference isn't in the dogs but in their masters. If Yodders had our Sport and my brother had their Buster, the situation would be the same. They'd still feel we got the best pick. My brother is really good with dogs; he can train them real good. Buster really can't help it the way he is, for he never got the training Sport did. Our Sport would be the same as Buster if he hadn't been trained."

Anna said good-by and thanked the girl for buying the salve. As the buggy drove down the road there was a long silence. All afternoon Harvey and Anna had found lots to talk about, but now they were strangely silent. Finally Harvey looked at Anna, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Anna smiled sheepishly. "I don't know but imagine I am."

"Maybe Fannie knew what she was talking about, after all," said Harvey.

"It's hard to imagine us being like Reuben and Sarah," said Anna. "But maybe if we had their parents instead of ours, it would be like Fannie said."

"I guess we should be thankful for what we've got instead of mocking the Bylers for what they don't have," said Harvey.

The buggy turned into another farm lane and Anna jumped off to sell more Rosebud Salve.

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BRINGING HOME THE TURKEYS

This story was told to me by my grandmother and happened many years ago.

In the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia lived two little sisters, Katie and Susie, with their parents. Their farm was along Dry River, nice, level and fertile land. As a sideline the family raised a few turkeys. This was in the days before the incubator and the turkeys were hatched with chicken hens, just small flocks of forty or fifty.

Now in those days the turkeys were more like wild turkeys, they loved to roam. When they were about half grown, they would leave the mother hen and roam from farm to farm. But they could never find their way back so each evening they would have to be found and driven home.

If you have ever worked with turkeys, you know what a job it is to chase them where you want them to go. In those days there were lots of rail fences for the timber was cheap and plentiful. In some counties, you can still see miles of rail fencing. It is a beautiful sight to look over the hills and see the nice cattle and sheep grazing inside those rail fences.

It was always Katie and Susie's job to find the turkeys and chase them home at sunset. At first they enjoyed it walking among the wild flowers, listening to the crickets along the stream and also to hear the whip-poor-will sing his evening song, while watching the beautiful sunset over the mountains.

After awhile they began to get tired of their job and complained among themselves. They thought their parents were asking too much of them to find the turkeys every evening and drive them home. They began to start looking for some way to get rid of this chore.

One evening on their way to find the turkeys they came to a rail fence and it had poison ivy running all over it. They decided to sit and rest awhile. Then a thought came to Susie and she said to Katie, "Let's rub some of this poison on our feet and legs and then maybe we will get it so bad that Pop won't make us go after the turkeys anymore."

So they sat on the fence and took the leaves from the vine and squeezed the juice out and rubbed it on their legs. In a few days they both had poison but Susie had it the worst. She had it so bad that she suffered a lot and couldn't walk for some time. Once they were recovered again they were glad to go to find the turkeys and chase them home. They had learned their lesson the hard way.

-Mrs. P.T. Martin

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TO ALL MY SISTERS–

I often feel though may not show a great love for you all;
I thank you now this Christmas day for gifts both great
and small.

I do not mean the gifts you wrapped, and tied with
strings so gay;
I love them but I mean the gifts you give from day to day.

The great gift of a sister's love- you've given me this
one;
I wonder in repay for this, what have I ever done?

I want you all to understand that when I'm feeling bad,
I say and do so many things I wish I never had.

For anger shows the worst in me, I'm apt to hurt some-
one;
But please forgive, I'm sorry for the cruel things I've
done.

And no one knows me quite so well as all of you now do;
I could not share my secret thoughts, as I have done
with you.

We've laughed and cried, the eight of us, together fac-
ing life;
We may have seen much of its joy but also of its strife.

And home, that precious place to me, was made that
way by you;
No one means as much to me as all of you now do.

I know I've failed in trying now to show how much I care;
God bless you all this Christmas day for simply being
there.

-Esther Weaver

* * *

> A man may lose the good things of this life against his will, but if he loses the joys of Heaven, he does so with his consent.

ANSWERS TO GERMAN QUIZ from page 16

1. AAS B. carcass, carrion ."....ein Aas ist, da sammeln sich die Adler." Mt. 24:28
2. BEHARRET D. endure, continue, remain firm or steadfast "....beharret bis ans Ende, der wird selig." Matt. 24:13
3. EILEND C. haste, speed, dispatch. "....Und sie kamen eilend, und fanden...." Lk. 2:16
4. EMPÖREN A. stir-up, be enraged or furious, rebel "Denn es wird sich empören ein Volk uber das andre,...." Mt. 24:7
5. FROMM C. just, pious, religious, devout, innocent "....und derselbe Mench war fromm und gottesfürchtig" Lk. 2:25
6. GEBÄUDE B. building, structures. "....dasz sie ihm zeigeten des Tempels Gebäude." Mt.24:1
7. GENEIGT D. inclined to, disposed to "... Dem Du so geneigt und willig bist alle guten Gaben zu geben;" Christenpflicht
8. GERINGSTEN C. least, smallest, unimportant, humblest "....unter diezen meinen geringsten Brüdern, das habt ihr mir gethan," Mt. 25:40
9. GESINDE A. domestic servants, household "... und kluger Knecht, den der Herr gesetzt hat über sein Gesind,...." Mt. 24:45
10. GRUBE C. pit, hole, mine, ditch"....machete eine Grube in die Erde, und verbarg seines Herrn Geld." Mt. 25:18
11. KRÄMERN C. shopkeeper, retailer, tradesman, grocer. "....zu den Krämern, und kaufet für euch selbst." Mt. 25:9
12. MILDE D. gentle, mild, kind, liberal."....neige Deine Ohren und tue auf Deine milde hand...." Christenpflicht
13. NATUR D. nature, constitution, temperament "....dasz ihr dadurch teilhaftig werdet der göttlichen Natur...." 2 Pet. 1:4
14. PFLEGTE C. tended to, executed, cared for "....da er Priesteramts pflegte vor Gott zur Zeit seiner Ordnung." Lk. 1:8
15. RAUM C. room, space, place, area. "....denn sie hatten sonst keinen Raum in der Herberge." Lk. 2:7
16. SASZ B. sat, stay, remain. "Und als er auf dem Ölberge sasz,..." Mt. 24:3
17. TEURE ZEIT B. famine, scarcity, lack, high cost of living."....Pestilenz und teure zeit und Erdbeben hin und wieder." Mt. 24:7
18. ÜBET D. exercise, shown, practise, dexterity. "Er übet Gewalt mit seinem Arm,..." Lk. 1:51
19. VERZOG C. delayed, tarried, dragged, pulled. .."....und verwundertete sich, dasz er so lange im Tempel verzog." Lk. 1:21
20. WUCHS A. grew, development, shape"....Und das Kindlein wuchs, und ward stark im Geist;...." Lk. 1:80

DID YOU KNOW: In German pronunciation the consonants b,d, and g, when in final position, are pronounced like p,t,and k. examples; hab, (like Hap), kind (like kint), tag (like tak).

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DISCIPLINE AND REVERENCE

We cannot separate reverence and discipline for the two go hand in hand. Webster says reverence is deep respect together with awe and affection. Discipline is simply stated "training". So discipline includes a large area — not just giving out punishment. It's guiding and leading and this includes reverence toward God, people and things. If we can implant reverence for God into our children, reverence toward people and things will be included and only as we discipline will any child have this reverence.

Manoah, father of Samson, said in Judges 13:12, "Now let thy words come to pass. How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?"

The first feeling of Manoah on receiving the news from his wife, was that to train a God-given child for God's service, God-given grace would be needed. He therefore entreated the Lord: "O my Lord, let the man of God which thou didst send come again to us, and teach us what we shall do unto the child that shall be born." And when in answer to his prayer the angel came again, Manoah's one petition was: "How shall we order the child and what shall we do unto him?" Manoah's prayer reveals his deep sense of responsibility and unfitness for the holy work of training a child. The angel had already given Manoah's wife the needful instruction, but Manoah is so deeply impressed being chosen as parents of this child, that he must ask for the angel to come again and teach them.

What a contrast to thoughtless self-confidence with which many Christian parents undertake the training of their children! How little effort is made to realize the importance of the work. How little real prayer is there that the Spirit will fit them for it. How little true surrender of a life to God as a necessity for training a child for God!

What would we think of a man offering to manage a bank or to control a ship who had no training to fit him for the job! And what must be said of one that feels no fear in taking charge of such priceless value as a living soul, a child.

Each child is a gift of God and should be trained for God and his service. "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord." We may count on the Father, who has entrusted the child to us, to give the grace to discipline. Let us pray, pray without ceasing, at each step of our work. We, like Manoah, need to feel our unableness and look to our heavenly Father for that strength and wisdom. It's not easy to find time to do this, with all the tasks of little ones to be filled. But a few moments with God mean so much to a busy Mother. This time with the Word of God and pouring out our hearts to God can give us the needed strength and can take a heavy load from our shoulders; I believe we owe this to our children. Discouraged Mothers cannot make happy children.

In I Samuel chapter one we have the story of Hannah the Mother of Samuel. "And they rose up in the morning early, and worshipped before the Lord." Maybe this is what we as Mothers must do. Many times if it's not done early, the day can pass so quickly with no time to be alone with God.

We Mothers can teach children only the lessons which we have first learned ourselves. Training depends far more on example than precept. What we are, means more than what we say.

Godly parents are a reflection of God— like the moon is of the sun. Children form their ideas of God, of love, of forgiveness, of acceptance, from their parents. Children need Fathers and Mothers who get along not just for the sake of the children but in true God-given love. It's the way you live, Mother, more than the methods you use or what you say, that influences your children for God. The most effective way to teach your children reverence toward God is through daily example of your own life.

Teaching God's word is a constant task— morning, noon and evening. Day after day, week after week. One long continuous task.

It is said that 3/4 of a child's basic pattern of life is formed before he is seven years of age. We have our greatest opportunities to mold his character and to influence him before this age. We dare not put off the task of teaching and training our children until a time more convenient to us. Our responsibilities begin as soon as our children are born. What we give our children in childhood will never leave them— be it good or evil.

I believe reverence toward God is a whole way of living. It has to do with manners, with playing as well as praying. The rides on Father's shoulders as well as the rides to church. We need to find the little things in life. It doesn't take much— a moment to look, listen and wonder, and to say "Look, child, God made this." The clouds, the beautiful sky, the blooming rosebud, or an ant running along with a huge crumb. Or just to feel the warm sunshine in the grass.

Children need discipline. Children left to their own wishes and desires are not happy. They really aren't capable of making decisions. They need discipline to teach them the acceptable way of living. Prov. 22:15. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Children want discipline— of course children aren't aware of this, nor do they usually ask for it, but they do want discipline.

Four-year-old Susan who whined and fussed all morning long. Mother's suggestions to color in her new book, to play with the dolls or to have a tea party were all thrown aside. And against Mother's threats, she repeatedly opened the oven door to peep at the cake. Finally in desperation Mother jerked her from the floor, slapped her and laid Susan on the bed. To her astonishment Susan sobbed, "I wish Father were home. He'd make me listen." Susan appreciated Father telling her what she could do and what she couldn't do. All children appreciate that. We should say what we mean and then stick to it. We may find this hard to do at times. But I believe this is an important factor. If you tell your child a certain thing he must do, see that he does it. This is so easy to overlook. We get busy with something else and forget that we had told the child to do it. We can save ourselves trouble by seeing that it gets done.

There must be consistency. You can't allow one thing today when you feel fine and tomorrow forbid it because you are tired. Effective discipline requires much time, much thought, much patience. The Scriptures are clear that punishment and discipline are essential for developing character in the children. Proverbs 19:18. "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Some parents feel they can't correct and punish their children because they love them, but the Bible says we hate our children if we won't punish them. Love will punish the child so that he doesn't continue in his wayward course. Prov. 13:24. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him."

We can be too severe in our punishments and how careful we should be that we don't punish when in anger. But the modern trend of not using the rod of correction is unbiblical.

There are many ways to discipline and punish a child beside the rod. In some cases and with some children other forms work better. Little ones don't enjoy being away from the rest of the family, like having to sit on a chair in the next room. This of course is only for the child old enough to reason.

The very young child needs to be told over and over again. It's like forgiving— it needs to be done seventy times seven in a day's time. Small children's span of interest is very short and they need "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Then, too, they need to be watched. We can't depend on them to stay away from the fire or the pond or the highway just because you told them to do so. Keep telling and watching. Some children grow out of this stage sooner than others. Along with any method of discipline we need understanding, patience and love. We discipline to build character not to give vent to our feelings.

Reverence in a church service can be taught very young. I have seen it done and I always marvel at Mothers that have such a wonderful way with their children.

Be careful about noisy toys for they can be very distracting in church. During the week watch what kind of toys he enjoyed, keep this type of toy for the next service.

Everybody enjoys babies in church but when we can't keep or get them quiet we need to leave the service, so those around us can hear the message. How do we handle our child when we take him out? Do we let him run and have a grand time? He probably will enjoy going out the next time.

What about children using the rest rooms and getting drinks during services? You as Mother know your child best and how to handle this, but I believe we want to guard against this. See that it was taken care of before services.

After the service try to keep in mind that we are still at God's house and God's house isn't a playground. May we keep taking our children to church.

The task of disciplining and of implanting reverence in our children is not an easy one. It's real work and only as we ask God's help are we able to go forward. May we as Mothers take courage and do our best.

My God, I sit beneath thee
My little child upon my knee.
My little one looks up to me
And I look up to thee.

-Mrs. Daniel Ebersole

△

* * *

A TRIP TO TOWN WITH DAD

I was just a little boy running along the street with my father, yes, trying to take the steps Father took but after all, much smaller. Oh, look in that window and see all the good candy! How I'd wish and wish again but it seemed Father wasn't attracted to it for he'd just pass it by. He'd pick up a bag of flour, some salt, a broom, etc., things that didn't interest me. Sometimes he'd hand over a few pennies and say, "Buy yourself something."

For awhile I'd be the biggest boy around, while carrying a few cents in my pocket. In the window it said, "Two all day suckers for 1 cent." There goes one cent, now I want to make another good buy. Finally I found a pack of cinnamon gum for one cent. I thought I made quite a haul that time.

On the way home, Father said, "You bought two cents worth of goodies but that is not worth as much as this bag of flour because Mother can make many good things out of that to eat." But I didn't feel that way about it and thought Father didn't understand that I had made the best deal in town. Afterwards I once dreamed about having a whole barrel of goodies but it was so much that it scared me and I woke up.

Another time I was in town with Father looking over the goodies and wishing he'd give me some money when an elderly man came in whom I had seen before. He said "Hello" to my father and I soon recognized him as a cattle buyer, and soon they were talking about cattle, horses and hogs. All at once he pointed out a small red can to the storekeeper and laid down some money. I think it was 5¢. On the side of the can it said, "Prince Albert." He took the can, opened it and pulled out a little pack of papers and took one in his hand. Holding it in his palm, he poured out some brown stuff from the can which looked like the grapenuts we used to make but had a very strong smell. Then he took his fingers, wrapped it up so nothing would fall out and licked it with his tongue. After this he put it in his mouth, got a match from his pocket, stroked it along his thigh and held it to the paper. So much smoke came out of it that I wondered if his whole face is burning up.

On the way home I asked my father, "Why did that man burn up that brown stuff instead of eating it?"

"Because that's all it's good for," Father answered. "If you eat it, it's poison. A bag of flour will feed the family but that won't. Candy is good to eat, too, but if you get too much, it isn't good for your stomach, but you don't just blow it away. We have to eat to live, not just because we like it. We buy flour to feed the family, we dig potatoes, we keep chickens to lay eggs and all these things are good to keep people alive."

He also told me that in some countries the people don't have these things to eat and that we should be thankful that we don't need to go hungry. Then I began to understand why he had said that gum and candy are not as necessary as the other foods but I did have to wonder why anyone would want to buy something to put in their mouth and burn it up. -O. A. Graber

IF a Horse COULD Talk

To thee, my master,
I make these requests:

Feed me, water me and care for me. When the day's work is done provide me with shelter and a clean dry bed

Always be kind to me and talk to me. Your voice means so much to me.

Pet me occasionally and I will serve you all the more gladly.

Don't jerk me for sometimes my mouth is very tender. Don't whip me when going uphill. Don't mistreat me when I don't understand what you want me to do, but give me a chance to understand.

Watch me and if I fail to do my work properly see whether anything is wrong with my feet or my harness.

Do not rein me up so tight that I cannot use my head freely. If you want me to wear blinders, I hope you will see that they stand away from my eyes.

Do not overload me and never tie me where water will drip down on me.

Keep me properly shod and examine my teeth for sometimes I may have an ulcerated tooth which can be very painful.

Do not tie me so that my head is in an unnatural position. Leave me my tail for it is the best defense I have against flies.

Give me plenty of fresh water to drink for I cannot tell you when I am thirsty. Give me shelter against the heat of the sun and when it is cold, a blanket feels very good.

If you do these things, I will do my best to serve you and do what you want me to do.

When I am old and my strength fails, do not sell me to a cruel owner but take my life in the kindest way possible.

If you do these things then your Master will reward you for your kindness toward me. For is it not true that He was born in a stable?

-Selected and Adapted

WE NEED A REVIVAL

There is reason for much concern about short dresses in our community, not just among girls for married women and even a few among our ministers' wives. Is not this a great abomination before God? We should have a great revival on this subject. Why must it be this way? Where does it fail? We know the style in the world is for short dresses, but why must it show up in our so-called Christian churches? Can God call us Christians who take part in something like this?

Yes, the ministers do mention it but still so many do not heed and go on and are allowed to partake of communion in this way. It seems people don't notice or they get used to it. They wear short dresses when in girlhood, a little longer when baptized, and then it stays the same when they enter marriage. But all the time a little shorter.

When we were young our parents wouldn't take us to church so immodestly dressed. Nowadays some parents seem happy if their young folks are in church at all, no matter how short their dresses are or how they have their hair fixed. Isn't it a shame for our younger children to see them? We shudder to think that there are parents in the church who are content with their children this way. If outsiders would step into our church and see such immodest dress what a shame it would be for us and what would be their opinion of the so-called "plain" churches?

Where does it fail? Isn't the home the first place? Why do our ministers baptize anyone in this condition? We need not point to more liberal churches who hardly wear any head covering, capes or decent dress, while we have it right here in our own churches. Isn't this the downfall before the end times? Are we helping to bring on the desolation of the end times? Sad, sad.

-Praying for a change.

Gum Is Filthy

When I was a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

I feel these words of Paul could very well be applied to chewing gum. When I was a boy I enjoyed to chew gum, but later I cared less for it. Until I taught school I came to find out how disrespectful gum chewing can be. It seems to me it would be very annoying to a minister when trying to deliver an important message and people just sit and chew contentedly on their cud.

Recently I came across the topic of "Gum" in the World Book. I found some interesting facts about gum. I will quote a part of it. "Those who favor gum chewing claim that it sweetens the breath, and that it aids digestion by increasing the flow of saliva. It is also said to help preserve the teeth to a small extent. Some physicians believe that it is beneficial to chew gum after a heavy meal, but aimless chewing for hours at a time serves no good purpose. Well-mannered persons do not chew gum in public...." Chicle is a tough, firm, fragrant gum, nearly white when fresh and clean, but it is rarely pure. The incisions in the trees are made by native workmen, who cut the trees spirally so that the juice runs into cups at the base of the tree. As the sticky sap is being gathered, it catches all the bugs and flying things which come to it before it hardens. Manufacturers of chewing gum try to remove these foreign substances, but without complete success."

Just think of it, bugs and flying things, probably moths, spiders, and ants, that they cannot completely remove. Anyway it annoys me to see someone chew and chew and chew. And much more to find that some innocent child has found some old worn-out wad that should have been disposed of 6 months ago, stuck to the bottom of a bench — and chews it! Isn't that filthy?

Henry D.

HOW DO YOU HAVE Christmas ?

The time of year is drawing near that we celebrate the time our Saviour was born. How do you have Christmas at your home?

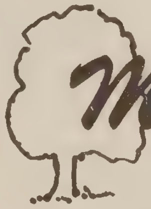
Do your children unwrap a pile of toys and after unwrapping the last toy with tears in their eyes looking up to Dad and Mom and ask, "Is this all we get?" Or after getting the farm paid for do you tell your neighbors that this year we are going to have Christmas? Are we so little concerned about what actually happened on Christmas, that we begin to think that the neighbors who bought their children lots of toys had a better Christmas than we did? Or are we such people who would invite our neighbors over and take them to the table and tell them to eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow is Christmas Day? To have Christmas dinner with our neighbor, I see nothing wrong. But to drink to serve the lust of the flesh would not have been good enough for our Saviour to take part in. Why do so many of our older people take part in such an act?

Prepared people need to make preparations in order to get ready for Christmas Day.

By faith Moses when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharoah's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. He esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. Heb. 11:24-26. If we don't have faith and are not God's people, we will enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season and look unto the treasures of the world for our reward.

With which people are we going to suffer affliction with? -Fredericksburg, Ohio

NOT GEARED THE SAME



MATURITY IN MARRIAGE

"The next time I go over to the Masts I think I'll make sure I whistle loudly so they hear me coming," Elam Beiler told his sister Fanny.

"Why do you say that?" Fanny asked.

"Because it's pretty embarrassing to stumble upon a man and wife who are arguing like everything, and don't know you're around. Not only was I embarrassed, I'm sure they were too. If they weren't, they should have been."

"A better solution would be if William and Ada stopped arguing so much. Then they wouldn't have to worry about anyone coming upon them unexpectedly."

"I agree there," Elam said wholeheartedly. "What makes a man and wife quarrel like that all the time anyhow, I'd like to know."

"You know what their trouble is," Fanny said knowingly. "Those two people aren't any more geared alike than nothing; they never should have gotten married. Why, William is a real go-getter, he comes from a family that always got up early, always had their work finished, and always were the first at church on Sunday morning. But Ada's just the opposite; she's a regular slowpoke. She likes to take her time to everything, and she doesn't care when she gets finished. Could you hear what they were arguing about?"

Elam shook his head. "I didn't try to hear. I quick knocked on the door and let on the window hadn't been open!"

"Well, I heard them one time, and it only convinced me more that their problem goes back to the way they are natured so different. I had run over one morning to borrow some baking powder, and I heard William bawling her out because she didn't have breakfast ready. Then Ada yelled back, and you know how her shrill voice carries, 'Hurry, hurry, hurry, and then hurry some more. That's all you know all day long. I'm getting breakfast as fast as I can, and if that doesn't suit you, you can get your own!'"

"Maybe they're natured too much alike, if they both like to yell at each other," Elam suggested.

Fanny shook her head. "No, it's because they're geared so different. My Aunt Mabel says it always was that way. People who are natured so different, just shouldn't marry each other, that's all."

Fanny was very sure of herself in diagnosing William and Ada's problem, but did she really know what she was talking about? We all know that it is important that husband and wife are in harmony on spiritual matters, on their faith and doctrine and convictions. But what about the way people are natured, their personality and character traits? How important is it that man and wife be geared the same in these areas? What if one is neat by nature, and the other sloppy? What if one is swift and the other slow? What if one is excitable and nervous, and the other cool and calm? What if one likes to go away and visit a lot, and the other loves to stay at home? What happens when two people discover after marriage that they aren't "geared the same"? Are they doomed to a stormy relationship forever after that? Are there any advantages to being geared differently? Are there any couples who are "geared" different in every area, or any that are alike in every area?

If you feel that you have any experiences or viewpoints that may be helpful in a discussion of the above questions, sit down and write us. Your name and address will be kept confidential. Address your letter to:

Department MM
Family Life,
Route 4, Aylmer, Ont.
N5H 2R3

PROBLEM No.2

THE WHITE BARN TURNED TO GRAY

This story is true but I have changed the names. I was well acquainted with the people connected with this story.

Soon after Albert Miller was married, they moved on a farm he had rented. Being a hard worker, and his wife also a good manager, they soon had accumulated enough money to make a down payment on the farm so he bought it. The next several years were spent building new fences, cutting brush, repairing the buildings. In due time the farm was in top-notch shape and stood out in the neighborhood. They were childless so they decided to adopt a little girl, Edna.

The neighbors remarked, "What a very nice place Albert Miller has."

Albert was a regular church member. He was in the rules of the church. With good management, he acquired a second farm. It seemed Albert realized he had the nicest looking farm in the neighborhood.

Now Albert did one thing which was regrettable. He painted his barn white. It so happened that Albert lived in a church where the members were forbidden to paint their barns white. They could paint them red, or gray if they liked, but not white. But Albert painted his barn white.

The ministers talked to him about it but what was done was done. He refused to budge, he would not paint the barn another color. To his way of looking at it, there was nothing wrong with painting a barn white regardless of what anyone else thought of it.

When Edna grew up to be a young woman, she married and became the wife of Leon Chupp. Then Leon was to take over the business of farming. Soon after this, Albert's wife died.

Leon didn't think the farm was making enough money so he became interested in buying and selling merchandise which took up most of his time. Soon the cows were wandering around the neighbors' fields for the fences were falling down. The barn doors started falling off and the stalls in the barn were kicked down and trampled in the manure. The paint started peeling off the barn and weeds grew tall around the buildings.

Leon was not a very good manager and soon lost several thousand dollars in bad deals. Through his dealings, he became dishonest and was expelled from church.

Albert was now in poor health, and was in and out of the hospital a number of times in his last years. When he neared his journey's end he had to see that his money was all spent, his nice farm an eyesore in the neighborhood. His daughter and children were without a church in his own home, and neglected.

I often have to wonder if it might not have been different if Albert Miller could have been more humble, if he would not have thought so much of his farm? Albert Miller has now passed on and we do not want to judge, but we can't help from wondering if perhaps he esteemed the material things in this world much too highly? If he had been concerned first in seeking that which is eternal, he might have been satisfied with a red barn, a gray barn, or even an unpainted barn, rather than to insist on having his own way.

Now when I see someone doing something which they cannot do and be in peace with the church, I think of Albert Miller and his white barn and the board fence around it. Then I wonder how it looks in the sight of God. △

OUR LIFES - A BOOK

Books we are that are read every day,
By all who happen to come our way.
More meaning by far are the lives we live
Then all the words we could ever give.
-A Mother

THE PROBLEM FARMERS

(Continued from page 10)

have to give up. This would have meant selling the farm, and seeking employment in town, with likely the same results as in the previous example.

Fortunately at this point a brother in the church offered assistance. He practically took over management of the farm, dictating to the farmer what to do and what not to do. It must be said to this farmer's credit that he was willing to listen and to obey. Otherwise the plan would never have worked.

The result was that in a few years' time he was once more farming on his own. His family was saved from destruction, through the foresight and charity of a fellow church member, (and because he was humble enough to accept the help, he profited greatly by it).

EXAMPLE FOUR: These people, too, lacked the ability to manage a farm. They lived in a village, where by frugal living, they managed to eke out a living from the husband's income as a farm laborer. The children were "farmed out" among friends, doing chores after school to help defray the cost of their board. The children are now all grown, and farming on their own with the parents living with one of them. All have remained with the church.

EXAMPLE FIVE: An arthritis victim lived in town and operated a woodworking shop. When his eldest children were grown, they moved to a farm, where they have been successful. Most of the family have married and are farming on their own. All stayed with the church.

EXAMPLE SIX: These people lived on a farm with limited production. The father worked out to bolster the income, leaving the young boys to do the farm work. Their farm education suffered and they grew tired of farming. Eventually they left the farm and the church.

In looking over the situations, several points seem to stand out clearly to me but I would be glad for the opinion of others.

1. There is a definite relationship between the farm-oriented family and their support of the Old Order Church. No other atmosphere seems quite equal to the farm.

2. Where it is necessary to take off-the-farm employment, the closer the work is associated with farm life, the better.

3. Income for the farm laborer is low but the cost of living is also relatively low.

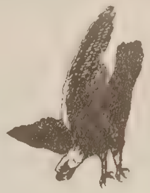
4. In some instances it may be necessary or beneficial to "subsidize" low income familes to enable them to stay on the farm. After all, what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose the soul of his neighbor? Or what shall a man be required to give in exchange for that soul? △

Pride and Humility

One day a Christian farmer, troubled by the sin of pride, decided to do something about it. Going to a shed in a remote corner of his land he got down before God, abasing himself, confessing, weeping and repenting. Finally he got up, but as he walked homeward, the devil gave him this thought, "After all, there are very few, if any in this county, who have lain in the dust all day and gotten as humble as you are." Pride dies hard!

Pride is the parent sin, the root, indeed, of all that we call sin. It is the thing that rots human personality at the core.

"Some people are proud of their humility."
-Beecher



"The high mountains are barren, but the low valleys are covered over with corn; and accordingly the showers of God's grace fall into lowly hearts and humble souls." -Worthington

"One of the most obvious evidences of pride is our readiness to look for it in others, while assuming that we are not guilty of it ourselves."
-B. Charles Hostetter

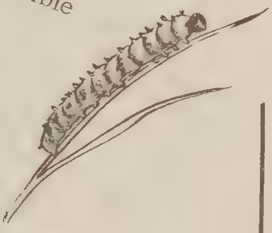
"In reality, there is perhaps none of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, stifle it, mortify it as much as you please, it is still alive and will every now and then peep out and show itself."
-Ben Franklin

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave. -Knox

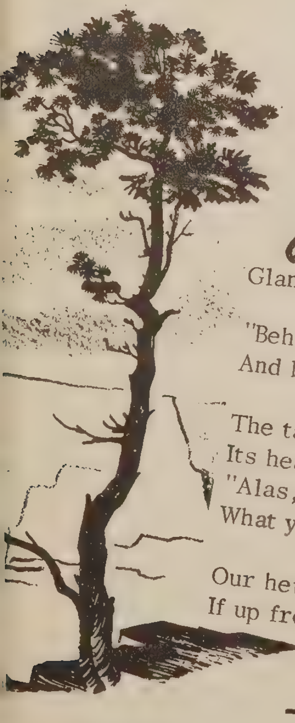
"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." -The Bible

"If you ask what is the first step in the way of truth, I answer humility. If you ask, what is the second, I say humility. If you ask, what is the third, I answer—humility." -St. Austin

"When a proud man thinks best of himself, then God and man think worst of him." - Horace Smith



"Pride is a tumor in the mind, a worm in thy treasury. It is a friend of the flatterer, the mother of envy, the nurse of fury, the sin of devils, the evil of mankind. It hates superiors, scorns inferiors, and owns no equal." -Bolingbroke



A LITTLE TREE, short but self-satisfied
Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its head and cried,
"Behold, how tall I am, how far from earth!"
And boasting thus, it swayed in scornful mirth.

The tallest pine tree in the forest raised
Its head toward heaven, and sighed the while it gazed,
"Alas, how small am I, and the great skies how far;
What years of space betwixt me and yonder star."

Our height depends on what we measure by—
If up from the earth, or downward from the sky!

At the dinner table of a well-known millionaire, the discussion turned to the value of prayer. The rich man said he did not believe in it. "Why should I?" he asked. "I have everything I wish for. Why I could buy a kingdom. There is no limit to what I can purchase with my wealth. I do not need prayer."

A Christian who was present said, "Ah, sir, but there is one thing you might pray for."

"And what is that?" asked the arrogant millionaire.

"You might pray for humility, sir."

FARM & FIELD

FARM PROBLEM FOR THIS MONTH

Old Jacob Miller was sawing up some firewood with the bucksaw when a sleek new car pulled into the driveway. A young man with a briefcase came walking over toward the woodpile. "Say, that's a good job you have there, Mr. Miller," the salesman said. "Mind if I help you awhile."

After visiting for sometime in a friendly way, the salesman started in on what was the purpose of his call. "How many cows you milking now, Mr. Miller?" he asked.

"Reckon about six and the calves sucking one," he replied.

"What kind of minerals you feeding to the herd now?" he asked.

"Not feedin' nothin' at all, 'cept a little chop with their hay and silage."

"No minerals at all!" the man exclaimed. "Surely you must be having a lot of problems with cows."

"Nothing wrong with them as far as I know," came the reply.

"Well, I'm surprised. We have a real good mineral and if you once fed it, you'd never want to be without it. We can't raise your test but feed our minerals the way we tell you and we'll guarantee you 10% more milk and it'll take care of all your problems besides."

Mr. Miller started in sawing again and the salesman kept on talking. After some time Jacob Miller decided he had heard enough so he stopped sawing, faced the man and said, "Mister, I'm not interested in your minerals. I've been milking cows for fifty years and got along without any kind of mineral and I ain't figuring on starting in now."

Which of these two men was right, or is there a possibility that both were wrong? Just because there was no need for minerals fifty years ago, does this mean that there is no need today? We know that the soil is constantly being robbed of its nutrients until now many soils are critically low in plant foods. Pasture and hay which is grown in mineral deficient soils can be seriously lacking in minerals.

We must bear in mind that cattle today, especially milk cows, have far greater mineral needs than they did fifty years ago. The average dairy cow produces nearly twice as much milk now as she did when Jacob Miller started farming. In fact, a cow giving a milk can full of milk uses up more minerals than she is able to assimilate from her feed, no matter how much mineral you feed the cow.

On the other hand, the salesman's claim that his mineral will make the cows produce 10% more milk plus solving all the problems is outright ridiculous. The only problems which minerals can solve are those problems which are brought on by mineral deficiencies. Obviously there are many ailments and sicknesses that can hit any herd even if they have the best mineral supply in the world.

The salesman was also wrong in inferring that his mineral is the only one which will meet the needs of the herd. Most of the salemen who make farm to farm calls are selling a mineral which is perhaps 5 or 6 times as expensive as other minerals on the market which are probably just as good.

He is also wrong in assuming that all livestock need minerals. The use of mineral supplements when they are not needed is not only a waste of money, but may also in some cases be actually injurious. If we feed more minerals than the body needs, the kidneys throw off the excess amounts in the urine. But if too much is fed for too long, the kidneys may not be able to take care of it and the result will be injury to the animal's health.

→ →

Dear Grandma and Grandpa:

We always look forward to your visits but we have a request we would like to make. Would it be asking too much of you to not give our children candy every time you see them. Perhaps you don't realize that this might be giving them a habit which would sometime cause a disease which might finally ruin their health. Dentists say it also causes teeth to decay. I once read an article which said too many sweets will give someone a bad temper.

Wouldn't there be some other way by which you could win our children's love? Maybe by love you could win their hearts easier than by candy. If you love them, you won't want to hurt their health.

If you want to give them something why not try a shiny red apple, a juicy orange, some fresh grapes or a tiny box of raisins? Our children also like books. They would think just as much of you, and we will, too. I'll be looking forward to your next visit to see if you read my letter.

Sincerely,
Your Grandchildren's Mother

Which Minerals Are Lacking?

Although farm animals need dozens of different minerals there are only three which are ordinarily lacking. The first and most common of these is salt. Nearly all farm animals and poultry need additional salt, but cattle, sheep, and horses have the greatest need. Swine, and poultry do not show as great a lack because their rations usually contain meat scraps, tankage or fish meal, all of which contain considerable salt as well as other minerals.

Salt is an appetizer, promotes the action of certain enzymes and stimulates the saliva. Considerable salt is thrown off in sweat. For this reason it is important that work horses have access to salt at all times. It has been found that men who do hard work at high temperatures and sweat considerably such as in mines or boiler rooms will suffer less from fatigue if they take salt tablets regularly or drink water with a small amount of salt in it.

If salt is withheld from animals long enough, they are unable to digest their food properly, they lose their appetite, quit growing and fail to reproduce. Farm animals are not harmed by eating more salt than they need. Since it is so cheap, cattle on range are sometimes fed a protein supplement mixed with salt so as to limit the protein intake. Beef cows have been known to take as much as 2 lbs. of salt daily without any injurious results, providing plenty of drinking water was kept available. If no fresh water is available, too much salt will hurt the livestock, and especially poultry.

Calcium And Phosphorus

These two minerals make up 90 per cent of the mineral matter in an animal's skeleton. Large amounts are also thrown off in the milk. All animals need a daily supply of these minerals, but especially animals which are growing, are pregnant or are producing milk.

Young animals are able to assimilate calcium out of the feed much more efficiently than older ones. It is therefore important that older animals have a particularly good supply of calcium in their feed.

When animals have plenty of calcium and phosphorus in their feed, they store up reserves of these minerals in their bones. The long bones in their bodies are soft at each end, and this is where they store up their reserves, but the middle portions of these bones are hard.

When milk cows are dry, they store up reserves which are drawn upon when they freshen. A high producing cow will throw off more minerals in her milk than she is able to assimilate from her feed, even with the best mineral supplement. During this period, she draws from her reserves at the ends of the bones. This is the normal way and meets the lack of mineral in her feed. But if this goes on too long, the reserves become exhausted and she will take calcium and phosphorus from the middle portions of her bones. When this happens, she is headed for trouble, and may end in breeding trouble and broken bones.

Minerals In The Feed

Most farm grown feeds are low in minerals. The one exception is legume hay, which is rich in calcium. A ton of good legume hay may easily contain 25 lbs. of pure calcium. Livestock that receive plenty of legume hay ordinarily do not need additional calcium.

Farm grains such as corn, oats and wheat contain quite a bit of phosphorus. Animals which are fed liberally on grain, especially wheat or wheat by-products, are not apt to suffer from phosphorus shortage.

Since swine and poultry do not ordinarily consume legume hay, they are more apt to suffer from calcium shortage than cattle. But they are fed large amounts of grain, which usually meet their phosphorus requirements. Minerals for swine and poultry should be higher in calcium than in phosphorus, while cattle and horse minerals usually have an equal percentage of calcium and phosphorus.

Vitamin D

Without Vitamin D, animals are unable to properly assimilate the calcium and phosphorus in their feeds. This is usually noticeable only during the winter time or when animals are confined inside where they do not receive any sunlight.

Sun-cured hay contains lots of Vitamin D, or it may be supplied through cod-liver oil or irradiated yeast.

Signs Of Mineral Shortages

When breeding animals are fed rations low in minerals, the mother will do her best to furnish enough to the unborn young, even robbing her own body to do it. But the young may be born either weak or dead. This happens quite often in cattle and swine.

Growing animals fail to make normal gains and in dairy cows, milk production will drop off. Animals may gnaw bones, wood, or other objects or eat dirt in an effort to get the needed minerals.

Dairy cows which suffer from phosphorus deficiency are commonly thin and run down in condition. If they lack calcium, they may be in good flesh but their milk yield is reduced and their bones may break without any unusual strain or shock.

Trace Minerals

In a few areas of the country there is a shortage in the soil of one of the trace minerals— iodine, copper, iron, cobalt, or manganese. In such areas, adding these trace minerals can work wonders for the health of livestock. But it must be borne in mind that in most areas there is no shortage of these trace minerals. Money spent for these minerals in such places is wasted. If in doubt as to whether your area is short in trace minerals, consult your county agent or agricultural college.

Finding A Suitable Mineral

You can mix your own mineral mixture by using ground limestone, wood ashes, steamed bone meal, deflorinated rock phosphate, dicalcium phosphate or monocalcium phosphate. Remember that for most farm animals, the percentages of calcium and phosphorus should be about the same. This ratio is important. For swine, use a higher percentage of calcium that phosphate.

Usually it is less bother and not much more expensive to buy your mineral supplement from a feed company. There are a number of such supplements on the market which are both economical and effective. Be sure to read the label to see the content of salt, calcium and phosphorus. Salt, of course, is cheap, but there is no objection and can be a decided advantage in having it in the mineral mixture.

Some companies who have agents on the road, emphasize the fact that their minerals contain no salt and are supposed to contain valuable trace minerals. Usually these minerals are much more expensive than equally satisfactory minerals which can be purchased from reliable feed companies. Be sure to check the analysis closely and compare prices on the basis of the percentage of salt, calcium and phosphorus. △

Deadline for Answers: January 10, 1975

WHAT DO YOU THINK

Question:

It so happened that a newly-married couple moved next door to us and we were pleased to have them although we were sorry to see the other ones go. Now we had a nearly new market wagon sitting in the barn which we use at certain times of the year to go to market with and it wasn't long until he came to borrow it. We were glad to loan it to him and after he had gotten it several times we told him he need not bring it back between times as we don't use it much at that time of the year. We supposed he would be getting a buggy for himself and bring ours back, but a year passed and he was still using ours. When we wanted to use it, we had to go after it. He used it regularly to go many pleaces, often times when he could have used his own buggy just as well.

Finally one of the wheels got loose in the rim and he said something to us about it but since he had used it quite a bit, we thought we'd give him the chance to fix it himself. We were always taught that if we borrow something we take it back in the same shape we got it.

We finally fixed it and then he came and got it again. The question is, were we doing the right thing by allowing him to do these things or could we have "helped" him in a better way? Later we learned that he had loaned his team to a neighbor and charged him so much an hour for the use of the team.

My husband once confided his troubles to a close friend of his and the friend said, "If he comes and borrows that wagon again, that's your fault!" But what and how should we say it?

We think it's all right to make sacrifices for neighbors but how far should one go? The Bible says, "Give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away." And doesn't it say somewhere that we should lend and not ask for it again?

I believe this letter sounds like a letter of complaint. Are we too selfish? What do you think?

-Wishing For My Wagon

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION ABOUT THE STORY OF MARTHA AND MARY, WHAT DID JESUS MEAN BY WHAT HE SAID TO MARTHA AND WHAT LESSON CAN WE TAKE FROM IT FOR TODAY?

I think Jesus was trying to put first things first. She should have done as Mary did and spent more time and considered it more important to listen to His teachings than to have everything just so around the house.

I think we can take a lesson from this, some of us are guilty of spending so much time cleaning and getting everything just so when we have church at our house, sometimes working late at night the evening before. Then the next day when the most important part comes, namely the sermon being preached, we are too tired (or perhaps sleepy) to get much good from it.

-Ashland, Ohio

This incident was not told as a parable but it actually took place as Jesus and His disciples "went on their way". Martha's working and preparing the meals for the table wasn't all wrong, but it was her attitude of being anxious and troubled. Meals certainly do need to be prepared, it's just that Martha needs to be partly Mary and put first things first. It's not a case of being either Mary or Martha but of being both.

-Peach Bottom, Pa.

If Jesus rebuked Martha for making many cares for his hospitality, what might He say today should He see the lavish meals often prepared for company? To me the rebuke has always meant that we are not to put bodily comfort and hunger before spiritual hunger. If we have little time in the evening and have to choose between getting the kitchen in order or reading the children a Bible story, which one do we choose. If getting the house in order is the more important than we are being a Martha, if we choose the other, we may remember His words, "It shall not be taken from her." Yet the conditions of some of the churches make me wonder do we have many Marthas and few Marys?

-Pennsylvania Mother

I think Jesus rebuked Martha because she was putting too much emphasis on serving in material needs. We can apply this rebuke to our lives, for it is easy to get caught up with the things of this world and to be "careful and troubled about many things."

I don't think Jesus meant to imply that serving in material things was wrong. Suppose we got company one day. It would not be unnecessary to hurry and scurry about to lay out a meal complete with pudding, pie and cake. On the other hand, it would not be expected of us to sit and visit with our guests without making any efforts to get something to eat when mealtime came.

It's the same way in many things. We can go to extremes both ways and it must be Martha was putting forth more effort to serve in material things than necessary. If she had really and truly needed Mary's help, I don't think Jesus would have given her the answer He did.

-Trying Not to be a Martha, Ontario.

I believe the mistake which Martha made was a very common one. If we read the story closely (Luke 10:38) it sounds as if it were not only Jesus that dropped in on Martha and Mary that day but his disciples as well and very likely others. How would you feel if twelve men stopped in for dinner and your sister were not concerned to help prepare something to eat? But even under such conditions Jesus wanted to show that it was better to listen to the words of the Master than to be overly concerned about getting something ready to eat. Surely there is a lesson here not only for Martha but for most of us as well.

-A Sometime Martha's Husband

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I don't think Jesus meant that Martha wasn't serving him while getting dinner ready and washing the pots and pans. He was telling her it isn't necessary to be so anxious about her daily work that she frets and fumes the way she did. She even went so far as to become ill-mannered and lose all tactfulness as she called upon their Guest to try and persuade her sister Mary to help with the work. Had Jesus obeyed her, the Bible would have been written quite differently.

We can believe that Mary worked as hard as Martha did before the Guest arrived but Mary felt her spiritual weakness and knew what she needed to gain strength to overcome her sins. Most Christian people have both the spirit of Mary and Martha battling for mastery in their hearts.

I'm reminded of a young mother who had quite a large family. When it was her turn to have church, she had plenty of work to do yet. None of her children were old enough to help much. On Monday morning she could hardly hold still long enough to enjoy the family devotions.

But she was able to overcome the Martha spirit and then take plenty of time for devotions and to care for the children. Later she confessed she was better prepared for church than other times.

Was Martha extravagant with her hospitality? In those days the people didn't make fancy jellos and things like that. We can easily become a Martha and have too many cares — these cares are the thorns that choke the good fruit (Matt. 13:22). Martha's cares choked the fruits of patience as can easily be seen.

In these days it is so easy for our "Martha" spirit to rush us through prayer and Bible reading. We need the "Mary" spirit to first sit at the feet of Jesus and listen to what He tells us (and then do our work afterwards).

-One who is too often a Martha.

I feel there is a much needed lesson in this little story about Martha and Mary. On the other hand, however, I can't agree with those who say that Mary was serving Jesus while Martha was not. I once read a parable of Martha appearing at the Judgement Day and Jesus telling her that He never knew her. From the way I understand the Bible, this is not Scriptural.

I believe both of them were serving Him but Mary had the best way of doing it because Martha apparently put too much emphasis on preparing the meal. Christ rebuked her for this but where is a Christian who is not frequently rebuked by God's word?

It is worth noticing that the next incident we read of concerning Martha and Mary was when Lazarus had died (John 11). This time Martha went out to meet him while Mary remained sitting at home. The conversation which took place here between Jesus and Martha does not sound like the conversation of one who never knew Jesus. This time it appears that Mary remained sitting in the house so long that it was necessary for Jesus to send word for her to come out.

It is quite possible that the Marys of this world need to be rebuked at times, too, perhaps even to be more concerned about the welfare of their families. That is the secret of the Christian life, to have first things first, but the material needs should not be neglected.

-Ontario

△

Men stumble over pebbles not mountains.

WOODLAND IN WINTER

Woodland in winter, a beautiful sight
Covered with snow all sparkly and white;
The stately pines so dark and tall
Seem to be watching over all.

The oaks reach out with branches bare
To greet the snowflakes on wintry air.
Wild berry bushes peek through the snow
To the ridge above where the hard maples grow.

The dainty birch in winter's fold
Now stands deprived of all her gold.
The blue jays flutter and grey squirrels roam
From the hollow tree which they call home.

The merry brook has ceased to flow,
Now children skate by the bonfire's glow,
Their laughter gay as embers fade....
Then homeward bound o'er hill and glade.

The narrow pathway crunchy and white,
Dappled in shadows of pale moonlight...
Woodland in winter, a landscape sublime
By the touch of His hand, your Master and mine.

-Selected by Esther Herrfort

HOME REMEDIES and suggestions

I SEE THAT PEOPLE have different opinions about vitamins. I believe the right kind of food is our best medicine. Our children were often given vitamins though, through the winter months. Usually multi-vitamins, which I had purchased at a drug store or from a peddler. But we still had plenty of colds and flu. We usually ended up with medication from the doctor which is expensive, and then we used Vicks.

Later I discovered the benefits of vitamin C-A-D and others. I sent for vitamin C in the form of rose hips and rose hips tea, vitamin A and D in the form of cod and halibut liver oil, and then I added garlic perles. Garlic is a natural antibodic. We started taking these during the early fall and through the winter. Would you believe it, we weren't sick or had any colds all winter. No Vicks and no doctor bills. I thought I really discovered something. I even noticed the children's hair was more shiny and healthy looking.

We again started using them this winter. No colds and no flu. A month ago we ran out of everything but garlic perles. I thought I'd experiment and cut down on the garlic. Today one of the children didn't go to school. He's sick with flu. Some of the others have sniffles too. I'm convinced now that the vitamins help. During the winter we don't have the variety of fresh fruits and vegetables, and the children's colds tell me that something is lacking. We feel our investment in vitamins is small and worth all the money. -Ohio

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ULCERS OF THE MOUTH To one cup of lukewarm water add 1 scant teaspoon baking soda and a pinch of salt. Dissolve well and rinse your mouth with this several times a day. If used when first symptoms of ulcers are noticed they will not break out. -One who has had them

△

Across the Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

NEGLECT

It is so human to neglect
The things that God would have you do;
Just putting off from day to day
Your duties old and new.
Expecting later on in life
You'll gather up the odds and ends
And bless your neighbors more than now
And prove to them you are their friend.

But somehow duties drift away
Which you can never overtake,
And things today that should be done
So many, many just forsake;
Or maybe say unto themselves,
"This should be done, but it can wait."
But when a little time slips by
They sadly find it is too late.

Neglect, neglect; O thief of time!
Just think of how it steals and robs,
And soon life's golden years are gone—
It brings so many sighs and throbs!
Therefore today make this resolve,
That you will do your duty now,
Accepting each thing when it comes
As to the will of God you bow.
-Author Unknown

* * *

BY THE TIME these pages come into your homes, the Christmas season is upon you. Maybe some of you mothers won't even have time to read this. But I don't like to think of the busy spluttering season that the world speaks of. I like to think of quietness, and to imagine the quietness of the first Christmas night when Christ was born. The world was unaware at the time that such a great Personality was being ushered in, so no one rushed to the stable door. Probably all the noise that could be heard was the donkey and maybe a goat, munching their hay and stomping on the soft straw. The doves sat in the dark loft with their heads under their wings. The light of the moon fell dimly on the stable floor, which was probably all the light they had at that time. Here was no rushing or meeting of appointments; only the solemn stillness and peacefulness that pervades in a small barn...and that should be with us every Christmas season.

Several mothers mentioned that there will be less candy this season, which means less toothache and undoubtedly better health. One mother told her family they shouldn't be expecting anything but clothing for Christmas this year. Doing with less and sacrificing builds stronger characters— but can we call this a sacrifice?

* * *

After reading about the shortage of jar lids, I thought you may want to know what I discovered this summer. I boiled my used flats for 10 minutes and they came out looking like new and can be used again. By mistake I used some three times but I would not advise it. The cans sealed though. Care must be taken when opening jars. I mark the lids every time I use them and the ones I used for cold packing one year can be used for pressure canning later. -Mrs. Lawrence Kropf

* * *

I am wondering how others plan and cook meals for one who is on a low-fat diet— no eggs, cheese, whole milk, etc. I would be interested in seeing recipes for different items on a low-fat menu. -Christieanne Lapp

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A PAGE FROM MY JOURNAL

The house is quiet. Everyone else is in bed. As I sit here meditating, I think of the Psalmist who wrote, "I remember thee upon my bed and mediate on thee in the night watches. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice"(Ps.63,6,7).

I ask myself, "Do I always rejoice and feel thankful, even when things seemingly go wrong? " Like today, which was to have been a special day. We had planned one last day of visiting together at my sister's house before one of the family leaves for their distant home. The children were excited about going away, even offering to wash the dishes so we could go sooner.

But why is the baby so unusually fussy? I begin to wonder if she is sick, but I continue getting ready to go. Before we leave I pick her up to feed her and feel she's hot. We wait a while, but she continues getting more feverish. Reluctantly, we finally put our wraps away and resign ourselves to staying home.

Wanting to do something, I tackle the pile of mending. But oh, the interruptions of a mother with small children. Two-year-old comes crying, begging to be held. My first impulse is to push her away, then the thought comes, "This child will soon be too big to hold." So I rock and sing to her. The older ones ask what the words mean in the song I am singing, so I tell them again of Jesus. The hours pass quickly.

Now another day is done. My plans did not materialize and I didn't get much work done. Not much, then I remember the children's eager faces and their questions about Jesus. Yes, I can truthfully say, it has been a worthwhile day. God has been my helper and in the shadow of His wings do I rejoice.

I needed this lesson in giving up, in humbly saying, "Thy will, not my will be done," and meaning what I say. -An Indiana Mother

* * *

Mothers are always ready for new lunch box suggestions. Here are a few from Mrs. Harry Oberholtzer: Grate or slice raw carrots. Sprinkle with salt, then spread on buttered bread for a sandwich. Pickles are also good this way, canned or raw. (Pickles with peanut butter is also delicious. -Aunt Becky)

Send raw potatoes, wrapped in tinfoil, along to school to be baked on top of the stove. Mark them with toothpicks. Cheese sandwiches can be toasted over a coal fire.

* * *

Well scrubbed, potatoes (unpealed) are delicious when put through the grater and fried in oil.

I suppose many elderly people remember the old-fashioned way of preparing potatoes which they referred to as

PATCHES

Finely grate 6 cups raw, peeled potatoes and drain in a colander. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour and enough milk to make a thin batter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Parsley and onions may be added, but the patches are also delicious without. Fry in a well-oiled hot skillet, as small pancakes.

* * *

FIVE-MINUTE FUDGE

2/3 cup Carnation milk
1 1/2 cups marshmallows
1 2/3 cups sugar
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 t. vanilla

Boil milk and sugar together. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add remaining ingredients. Stir until marshmallows are melted. Pour into buttered dish. -Ohio

* * *

CARMEL FUDGE CANDY

3/4 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup sweet cream
1/3 cup white karo

Cook until it forms a soft ball (234°).

4 T. melted butter
2 T. corn starch
2 T. flour

Mix together and heat in skillet; add to first part and bring to boil. Remove from heat and stir in 1 cup nuts, then pour into buttered pan; cut in squares. Wrap in waxed paper.

* * *

FINGER JELLO

5 pk. Knox gelatine
2 pk. (6 oz., any flavor) jello
2 1/2 cups water
2 cups cold water
1/4 cup sugar

Put gelatine in 2 cups cold water. Let set. Put jello and 1/4 cup sugar in bowl. Add 2 1/2 cup boiling water. Add the gelatine. Stir until everything is dissolved. Add 1 cup cold water. Let set. Cut in pieces and eat with the fingers. -Mrs. Marian Zimmerman

* * *

APRICOT SALAD

2 boxes apricot jello
2 cups cold water
2 cups water

Allow this mixture to thicken then add 2 bananas, diced, 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, drained (save the juice) and 1 cup miniature marshmallows. Put into 9 x 13 pan and chill.

Topping

1 egg, beaten
2 T. flour
1/2 cup pineapple juice
1/2 cup sugar
2 T. butter

Cook until thick and add 3 oz. package of cream cheese, stir until smooth and cool. Whip 1/2 cup cream and fold into the mixture. Spread on top of chilled jello. -Ohio

* * *

HERSHEY'S BROWNIES

Cream together: 1 stick oleo and 1 cup white sugar.
Add: 4 eggs, one at a time and beat thoroughly.
1 can Hershey's syrup (about 1 1/2 cups)
1 cup flour
1/2 cup nuts (optional)

Bake in large cookie sheet 350° for 20 minutes. When cool, put 1 stick oleo, 1 1/2 cup sugar (half brown and half white), 1/3 cup milk in pan and boil 3 minutes. Take off heat and add 1/2 cup chocolate chips. Spread on top of the brownies. —Mrs. Jonas Hostetler, Ohio

* * *

CHOCOLATE MOCHA PIE

Soak: 1 tablespoon gelatin and 1/4 cup cold water.
Combine in saucepan:
1 tablespoon cocoa
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 1/4 cups milk
3/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon instant coffee

Bring to a boil. Stir constantly. Remove from heat and add gelatin. Cool until slightly thickened. Stir in 1 cup whipped cream, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour in pie crust and top with chopped nuts.

*Dream whip may be substituted for whipped cream.

* * *

CORRECTION:
Regarding the recipe for German Pretzels in The November issue: This recipe calls for 12 cups of flour. Add yeast and then six cups of flour. Remainder of flour is added later.

* * *

Some Mothers Write

On our way home one day our 3-year-old asked, "What was that I wanted to say to you, Mama?" After telling her I had no way of knowing what slipped her mind her brother said, "God knows. He even knows what we forget." We rode on in silence; I with a grateful heart knowing this young mind had understood some of the greatness of God. -A Reader, Peach Bottom, Pa.

AN AUNT WRITES TOO

My sister, the mother of 5 small boys, was asked by one of them what she wants for Christmas. "Five good boys," she answered. She must have been a little taken aback when another exclaimed, "Why, then we'd have ten!" -E.K., Lancaster

* * *

Thoughts from My Rocking Chair

We can test our spirituality by considering what part of Christmas we enjoy the most.
Aunt Becky

* * *

A PAGE FOR Shut-Ins

Twice an Invalid

IT WAS MONDAY afternoon about two o'clock on December 17, 1973. Eli Chupps and we— my husband and I— were on our way home to Indiana after spending the weekend in Madison County, Ohio. Eli Chupp was on the front seat with the driver. On the back seat on my left sat Ella, his wife. My husband (Eli) was seated on my right. My lame leg was a bit tired so I propped it up on the ridge in the middle of the floor. Being then relaxed, I then slumped down and slept while the others chatted. We were all happily looking forward to be with our families again.

Suddenly I awoke with a jolt to the sound of screeching brakes. We three in the back were thrown to the floor. There was a crash of steel upon steel. Then silence.

"Say, we're lucky no one is hurt," I finally heard my husband say as he struggled out of his position on the floor.

I moved my leg. It hurt terribly. "I believe my leg is broken," I told Eli.

"Oh," he said incredibly, as he helped me onto the back seat, "you probably just got a hard bump!"

There was a sharp pain in my shoulder. I was almost sure my collar bone was also broken.

A sound came from the front seat. Eli Chupp was moaning as if in pain. It was then discovered he had flown into the windshield and had a big ugly bump over his left eye. He was in great pain and only partly conscious. His head was bleeding. He and his wife had bruises on their legs.

The driver was unhurt.

We groped around in the broken glass and other paraphernalia for our glasses. They had all flown off in the accident. We found them on the floor. None were broken, and some not even bent.

From seemingly out of nowhere people began to come upon the scene, and were offering assistance. Soon an ambulance came and we were loaded and headed for the St. Ritas hospital in Lima, Ohio. The lone woman driver in the other car was also put into an ambulance. She had not seen us and had driven in front of us from a side road.

Xrays showed that my leg and collarbone were broken— my leg which was still in the healing process from a former accident, but this time it was broken above the knee. The doctors said I would have to be put in traction so we asked to be transferred to a hospital closer home. We were permitted to go but Eli Chupp could not be released. He had a severe brain concussion and an injury to his right eye; so we had to leave them behind.

That evening found me lying in a Fort Wayne hospital, harnessed up in slings and weights. As my mind cleared, I began thinking. Here I was in the same hospital on the same floor I had been on less than a year before, and also with a broken leg. That time it happened in the cow barn while milking. I had received a multiple break with the bone protruding through the flesh. This was in January of 1973.

At that time I learned what it would be to live the life of an invalid...and now this. Did I have to go through all that again? I thought of the sufferings of the past year, of the infection that had set in my leg, causing it to heal slowly. I was in and out of the hospital. The doctors thought of bone grafting, but then decided against it.

The summer wore on. The wheelchair and walker were a part of my days. I could work while sitting and could attend church. Finally the cast was replaced by a leg brace. I could get around, yet improvement was slow. Will I have to be an invalid again, I wondered.

My first break had not healed by the time we went to Madison County to visit Eli's aged father. While we were there we also saw my husband's uncle, Jonas Gingerich, who had parkinson's disease- shaking paralysis. (He has since passed away.) My husband tried to comfort and encourage Uncle Jonas in his affliction. He told Jonas that we thought about him recently while we were reading about Job. Job's wife had been discouraged with their ill fortune and had said to Job, "Curse God and die." But Job had said, "What! shall we receive good at the hand of God. And shall we not receive evil?" In other words, we have been richly blest in times past, shall we not accept this now also— the evil with the good?

Before this, Job had said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," and later, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

These were the first words I thought of after the accident. I found out afterwards my husband had the same thoughts— "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

But as I lay in the hospital bed that first evening in Fort Wayne, I thought, can it really be that I have to go through all this again? Then my thoughts turned to the words Jesus said when he was in the garden of Gethsamane, "Not my will, but thine be done." I resigned myself into His hands, trusting that He knows our load limit and will give patience and endurance for whatever lies ahead. I only had to take one day at a time.

I was thankful my husband was spared and not injured seriously. "I could wish it was me this time instead of you again," he had said at the time of the accident.

"But then we would both have to be handicapped," I answered.

There followed some sleepless nights, and there was pain. The doctors told me I was not supposed to try and be a hero. My body needed the rest. That was maybe what was wrong that my first break didn't heal; I was too active. It took the second break to bring me into stillness so that the leg could fully heal. This was one

When the sun is lost behind the clouds
And the skies above seem gray
It's wonderful to know that God
Is just a prayer away.

of the blessings I received when I became an invalid the second time.

But there were other blessings. Those sleepless nights became precious to me. I could meditate on Jesus and how he suffered not for His but for our sins. In the quietness, He gave me grace and strength and seemed very near to me. God does not let these things happen to us, but for a good reason although we may not always understand.

Now after seven months, I get around without a cane. It is a slow process for all the muscles and ligaments to get back to normal even after the bone is healed. My leg is crooked now, but I am thankful for what I have and for what I learned while being an invalid twice. "Whom the Lord loveth He chaseneth."

-Mrs. Eli Gingerich

* * *

At the handicap gathering this year some forms were distributed to the handicaps and to those who cared for them, saying, if anyone contributes an original accepted article to the PAGE FOR SHUT-INS within the next two months they would be entitled to a free hardbound book that was printed by Pathway (worth $3). Being that date has been extended, this offer is now being announced through this issue. The article should contain more than 300 words and must be dated not later than January, 31, 1975. It may be written in first person, and about a happening, or words of encouragement, or about anything that would be of some value to the reader. Let me hear from you.

Write to: THE SHUT-IN PAGE Route 4 Aylmer,
Ont. N5H 2R3 c/o Pathway

SALT (Continued from back cover)

ing salt out of the earth at that place for the last 600 years.

The third method is by drilling salt wells. In some places there is a salt brine in the earth. Wells are drilled into it and water is pumped down into this brine. After some time the water is pumped out again and evaporated to get the salt.

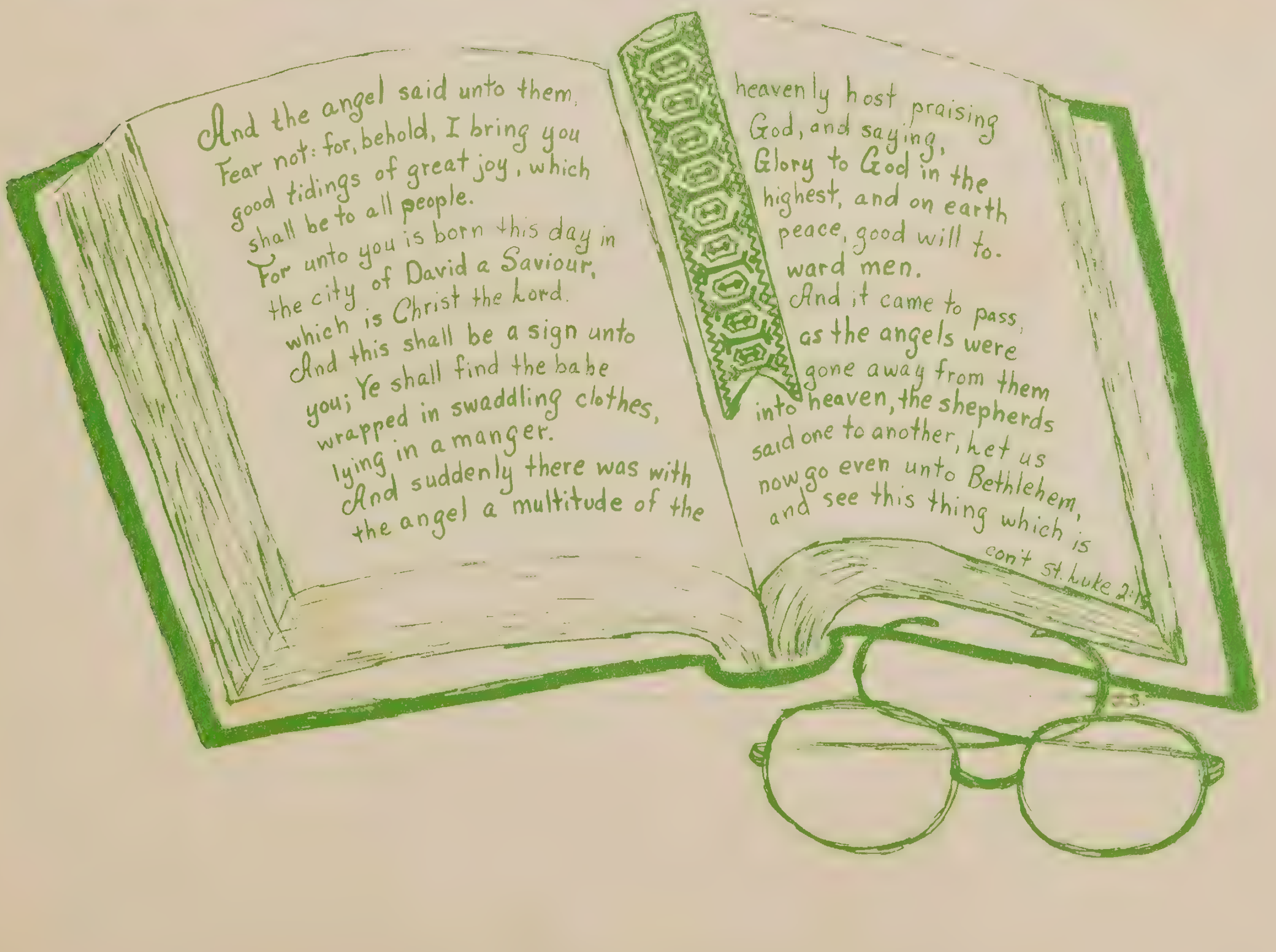
Does Salt Lose Its Strength

In the Sermon on the Mount we find the statement that when the salt has lost its savor, it is good for nothing and must be cast out and trodden under foot. Critics of the Bible have asserted that this is an error, that salt does not lose its strength. As long as it is salt, it is salty. This may be true of the salt we have today but we must remember that in ancient times salt was so expensive that it was often adulterated, or mixed with impurities to make it go further. Sometimes what was sold for salt was mostly common soil. After the salt had been washed out of this material it was worth nothing except to dump upon the road to be trodden under foot for it had lost its strength. △

* * * * *

THE PATH AHEAD

Faith to follow onward, the path ahead each day,
Compassion felt for others; we meet along the way.
Courage, hope and joy, will smooth the path we trod;
And love assures the guidance, of the Precious Hand
of God.



And the angel said unto them,
Fear not: for, behold, I bring you
good tidings of great joy, which
shall be to all people.
For unto you is born this day in
the city of David a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be a sign unto
you; Ye shall find the babe
wrapped in swaddling clothes,
lying in a manger.
And suddenly there was with
the angel a multitude of the
heavenly host praising
God, and saying,
Glory to God in the
highest, and on earth
peace, good will to-
ward men.
And it came to pass,
as the angels were
gone away from them
into heaven, the shepherds
said one to another, Let us
now go even unto Bethlehem,
and see this thing which is
con't St. Luke 2:1

SALT

Salt is such a common thing and so cheap that we are apt to take it for granted. Yet it is so important that we would not be able to live without it. If the price of salt were suddenly to rise and it would cost as much as sugar, then we would realize how important it is. It would be much harder to do without than sugar!

For many centuries salt was a luxury and so expensive that only the well-to-do could afford it. Cakes of salt have been used as money in many ancient countries and at one time the Roman soldiers got their pay in salt. Since the Latin word for salt is "salarium", our word "salary" comes from the payment of the soldiers with salt. The common expression "not worth their salt" means not worth their pay.

Already in the time of Alexander the Great, in the fourth century B.C., there were large salt mines in northern India. Down through the years, trade routes were established, mostly by camel, carrying salt and other items from India to Egypt and all points between. In the oldest book of the Bible (Job 6:6) mention is made of salt as if it were a common item even in that age. Who knows but what the merchants who bought Joseph and took him to Egypt, may have been selling salt.

Where It Comes From

All of the soil around us contains large amounts of sodium compounds. The action of the sun and the weather on this sodium constantly changes a small percentage of it into sodium chloride which is the scientific name for salt. Rain that falls on the earth absorbs small amounts of this salt and carries it into the rivers, and finally to the ocean. A gallon of ocean water contains about 1/2 pound of salt. (The ocean is slightly saltier at the equator than at the poles.)

Some inland bodies of water such as the Great Salt Lake of Utah contain so much salt that a person will float instead of going under. The Dead Sea in Palestine contains an estimated 11 million tons of salt and each year the Jordan River dumps an additional million tons into it.

Salt Has Many Uses

When we think of salt, we usually think of table salt which is used to season our food. Only a small part, about 5%, goes for this use. There are many other uses for salt; most of it goes into the manufacture of glass, soap, paper, and washing powder. Salt is heated and treated to make it into caustic soda, which we call lye. It is also used in preserving foods, farmers use it to feed livestock and to preserve hay in storage. Cheaper grades of salt are used on the highways to melt ice and snow.

Pure salt does not draw moisture from the air. But most of it contains a small amount of impurities on which moisture from the air collects. A few grains of salt added to the bowl hastens the beating of egg whites. A pinch of salt added to the water when boiling eggs will prevent seepage. Salt both lowers the freezing point and raises the boiling point of water.

How Salt Is Obtained

In pioneer days wild animals, such as herds of buffalo, travelled great distances to find salt licks. If you are in a great forest and want the deer to come around you, wedge a hard lump of salt into the cleft of a tree so it cannot be pulled loose. In a few days the deer will find it and come and lick it by the hour.

Many centuries ago people ate their meat either dried or roasted and got quite a bit of salt in this way because all meat contains salt. However, if it is boiled, the salt is lost as it goes into the water. Milk also contains quite a bit of salt. Today there are people in Africa who get no salt except in the meat and milk which they use. But anyone on a vegetable diet will develop a craving for salt, and will eat it by the handful when they can get it.

Return Addresses:
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In U.S.A. — Family Life
LaGrange, IN 46761

Stephen ~~Sxxo~~Scott
1097 Stony Battery Rd.
Lancaster, PA 17601

Today there are three sources of salt. Perhaps the greatest supply of all is in the ocean. It is estimated that if the oceans were dried up there would be enough salt to cover the entire United States with salt 1 1/2 miles deep! Salt is obtained from the ocean by filling huge inland reservoirs with sea water and allowing the sun and the wind to evaporate the water from it. Near San Francisco, California is a large plant of the Leslie Salt Company where a billion pounds of salt a year are produced by this method.

The second method is by mining salt out of the ground. In some places such as near Windsor, Ontario, there are huge deposits of rock salt in the ground. It is mined much in the same way coal is mined. In Poland there is a vast underground layer of salt which is 1/4 mile thick, 20 miles wide and 500 miles long. People have been tak-

(Continued on inside back cover)

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